

S. Oil. Fluid

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W. WHITLOCK.  
24, 1851-3.

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H. HATCH.  
Surr. Judge.

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ENS. BANK.  
September 1, 1852.

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D. UPTON, Cashier.

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adopted as Standing  
No. 151.

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NETMORE. Clerk

S &c.

BALSON.

a fresh supply of

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to CURRANTS.

T. CONFECTIONS.

is CANADA FLOUR.

GROUND ditto.

lying at the market

UTTER, from 20lbs.

eral assortment of Gro

at the lowest prices, for

December 24.

OR SALE.

Acres of Land, situ-

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The Standard.  
IF PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY  
A. W. Smith.  
At his Office, Water Street, Saint Andrews, N. B.  
TERMS.  
12, 61 per annum—if paid in advance.  
15, if not paid until the end of the year.  
ADVERTISEMENTS  
Inserted according to written orders, or continued  
all for, if no written directions.  
First insertion of 12 lines and under 3s  
Each repetition of 12 lines 1s  
First insertion of all over 12 lines 3d per line  
Each repetition of 12 lines 1d per line  
Advertising by the year, as may be agreed on

The Standard.  
OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.  
No 3 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1853. [Vol. 20]

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS  
Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.  
If Subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrears are paid.  
If Subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their Bill, and ordered their papers to be discontinued.  
If Subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

From the New England Farmer.  
A WORD FOR FARMERS IN THE COUNTRY.

THE NEWSPAPER.

The good newspaper is generally valued much above its cost. Wherever it has found a friendly welcome, its absence for a single week seems a loss indeed.  
The warm winter fire was blazing on the hearth of the humble farmer, and shone cheerily upon him and his only child, Mary. The tenants of the barn had been fed for the last time that evening, and the prudent yeoman sat down by the fire to enjoy the comfort of his snug home.  
After he had mellowed down every chilled part of his frame with the grateful heat, he raised his eyes, and gave a most searching look all about the room. His eye ran strangely from one end to another. He looked at the shelves hurriedly. What did he hope to discover?

The truth must be told.  
Farmer Hardy did not indulge himself with a single newspaper! He had sent them along—along the lines in his neighbor's kitchen, and the natural craving of a man's heart for a good newspaper now sent his eye in search of some such comfort in his own room. He checked it. He meant to be a "prodigal son." "These things," he would often remark to his daughter, "are almost a woman's things. Mary, sometimes thought in her disappointment, that they couldn't take a paper as well as the rest of 'em," that her father almost practically the necessity of butter, also.

No, there was no such visitor there as the newspaper. So the evening wore rapidly away. The snow was deep. What did they know of the fun the engines had in the huge drifts! The Legislature and Congress were in session. He didn't know to what purpose, certainly. The blacksmith tried to tell him about one Kossuth, but the active hammer drowned half the matter. The miller spoke of a steam-ship that had been burned lately; whether it was a sailing boat or a Nile; as there was a story of a smart chap that had gone out there in some kind of craft, who, having seen a good part of the things above ground, wanted to find out what there was below.

There was a knock at the door. Mary put down her work, gave her apron a quick brush, and stepped to the door. She ushered in a stranger, who inquired for her father. The young man was obtaining subscribers for the New England Farmer, and immediately made known his business. Farmer Hardy quite forgot his hackneyed excuses, he never said a word about bread; but with a pleasant "Well, well," to the young man's story, he ventured to take a specimen paper in his hand. He then held it off at arm's length to accommodate his flattened eyes. "Very good," the "spec" were lifted from the well-read family Bible, and adjusted upon his nose. Farmer Hardy was actually reading the fair, handsome print with evident satisfaction. Mary had asked the strangers to be seated and had handed him the apples.

The farmer finished his hasty examination of the sheet, and passed it over to Mary, remarking, "That's right, my friend, help yourself to the apples. I wish they were better."  
Mary was best pleased, of course, with the "fourth page."  
"Come, what do you say, my girl? shall we take the paper a year and run the risk of getting our money's worth?"  
"Oh! I wish you would father," replied Mary.

The young man departed with a two-dollar bill of the Brighton Bank, and the name of Simeon Hardy in his book of patrons.  
Well, time wore away—weeks, months. The paper, smooth, damp, fresh, had arrived duly each Saturday, and had contributed not a little to the happiness of farmer Hardy and his good daughter Mary. You would have been amused to see how many times he had read aloud to Mary, until the old clock in the corner rung out the hour of nine. "I declare," he would say, starting from a happy obliviousness, "what'd thought it had got to be so late?"

Mary had many a hearty laugh after the remark had been repeated a score of times, at hearing her father say, "Mary we must save this paper carefully, this piece is richly worth reading again some day. Now it unluckily happened about the time the farmer had discovered what a deal of comfort a good paper could be to him, that "it failed to come." Mary so brought back word from the store, where the papers were left when brought up from town. Mary was further cross-questioned to no purpose. But the disappointed farmer could not "give it up so." He ate his supper with less relish than was his wont, and then set off himself, in search of the missing paper, although at the store he was told the same story, yet he

hardly believed it, and begged the trader to look the papers over again, but all to no purpose. Homeward he was obliged to turn, disconcerted, vexed. Mary tried to soothe him by saying, "Well, father, after all, you will only lose about four cents."

All you who labor in various ways to prepare such a welcome visitor every week for so many unseen and unknown readers, all you would have been proud to hear the honest farmer's reply:  
"Four cents! Mary, that paper was worth nearer forty cents to me. Haven't you seen in my better farming, already, that I get a great many valuable hints from it about my work? and don't we enjoy reading the news once a week which we find there?"

Truly spoken.  
I close as I began. This humble sketch may have failed to show it, but it is not true, that where a good newspaper has long found a friendly welcome, its absence for a single week is a loss indeed?

THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD FIELDS.

We have received Victoria papers of the 7th of Sept., announcing the discovery of two fresh gold fields on the "Anaki-hills," and in the Forest Creek district. The Anaki-hill field has been found by the agents of the Exploration Company; its yield has as yet been merely middling, worked as it was by agents for the purpose of testing its qualities, rather than making a profit from the result of their labors. The locality has been entered into the local maps under the name of the "Sharp's Run" Diggings. The second newly discovered "placer," the "Daisy-hill," is about 30 miles from Forest Creek, on the main line of road from Adelaide to Mount Alexander and Bendigo. These diggings are situated on a "blind creek" connected with one of the branches of the Deep Creek, exactly where, about four years ago, a heavy jump of gold was picked up. The whole surrounding district, to the extent of some miles, is strongly impregnated with gold, and it is supposed that there must be a number of valuable "pockets" which will make the fortunes of those who are lucky enough to pick them. The Daisy-hill Diggings have within the first days of their existence attracted a population of about 100 miners, chiefly Adelaide men, who stopped on their way to Mount Alexander. The richness of the soil has in a great measure indemnified these novices for their want of skill and mining experience. Many of them made three pounds weight (4136) and more in a week; the nuggets of from 5 oz. to 8 oz., varying in shape from that of a bean to that of a heart and defied shilling, have been frequently shown to the correspondent of the Melbourne Argus. This will consequently attract vast numbers of miners as soon as their fame has had time to spread. The discovery of a large and rich gold field at Bingenara, too, is again confirmed by the latest advices. This is a fact of incalculable importance, because it demonstrates the existence of auriferous strata in a northerly direction. And lastly, what hitherto has been but vaguely reported and extensively doubted is now announced as a positive fact; a gold-field has been discovered within eighteen miles of Adelaide, South Australia. It may not perhaps prove equal to Mount Alexander or Ballarat, but it appears, upon competent authority, to be at all events remunerative. It is now proved by actual events, that a vast belt of highly auriferous land extends across the Australian continent, from the Victoria goldfields, to those of Bathurst and its neighborhood, and thence to the banks of the Hunter and the back of Moreton Bay—a belt of land of several hundreds of miles in length and of unknown width. And the more marvellous circumstances is, that even the older diggings, and those which have been most worked, yield surprising quantities of gold to every set of Irish miners, or after every change of the mode and manner of "digging" or "washing" the "dirt." The flat between Adelaide Gully and Watley Tree Flat, in the Forest Creek district, where as mentioned in a former report, four Adelaide men dug out 150 pounds weight of pure gold between breakfast and dinner, has subsequently sustained its reputation by finds of 9, 12, and 20 pounds weight in a day. It was confidently expected that 500 tons of gold would be taken from the Forest and Friar's Creek districts. The most fortunate of diggers are undoubtedly the Adelaide men, chiefly because a great many of them learnt the art and mystery of mining in the South Australian copper mines.—160 pounds of gold were taken by an Adelaide party of three at Fugley Gully, Bendigo, and 70 pounds weight at New Bendigo Flat, Forest Creek; and 70 pounds weight in the lower part of Friar's Creek, all by about 20 Adelaide men, who acted £1,000 less than a fortnight! For the future these Adelaide miners will probably exert their skill and ingenuity on the mineral treasures of their own province; for we see that a great many vessels were announced

as leaving Melbourne for the Adelaide diggings, South Australia.

Four thousand two hundred and eighty-three emigrants arrived in the colony in the first week of September, and the labor market was consequently well supplied; but, as the demand was nearly equal to the supply, wages did not change materially.

The social condition of Victoria is represented as deplorable in the extreme. Society has been tainted with the disease of English goods. Of the Government it is stated in very strong terms, that it wants perseverance, energy, and wisdom, and that its "laxity, parsimony, and absolute imbecility" have done the colony incalculable harm. Crimes of the most fearful character and degree abound on all sides, the country is overrun with bushrangers, and the towns are infested with burglars. In broad day-light, and in the most public streets, men have been knocked down, ill-used and robbed. Shops have been invaded by armed ruffians, who have "stuck up" the inmates and filled the premises. Thieves appear so thick on the ground, and so unceasing in their operations, that it is quite clear they must often rob one another. Murders are numerous, and remain always unsupplied. The police are cowed or leagued with the ruffians, and the administration of the law is fast sinking into contempt.

We have," says the Melbourne Argus, "all the evils of Lynch law without its vigour, and a considerable portion of the community make no ceremony of advocating that barbarous and sanguinary practice."

ARISTOCRACY.

TEN or twenty years ago, it is one hundred; and that one noble family, in their one sole butler and chef, and a fourth one carried on a distillery; another one was a canal contractor, others were merchants, farmers, &c. They were acquainted with both ends of society—as their children will be after them, though it would not be to say it out loud. For often you shall find that these toiling wretches have landed, and they live about a year. In many instances, the father grubs and grows rich; his children strut and use the money; their children inherit their pride and go to shiftless poverty; and their children re-emergent by fresh piteous blood, and a smell of cold, come up again. Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes leaves and blossoms spreads them abroad to great glory, sheds them to the earth, again to mix with the soil, and at length to re-appear in new trees and fresh germination.

Crowns of Kings.—That sovereigns have ever worn some ornaments upon the head to distinguish them from their subjects is undoubted. We see in the sacred writers the remotest antiquity crowns mentioned; they were of gold and seem to have been estimated by their weight. The fairs of these crowns we never can know; as there were few statues of the monarchs they have long since disappeared, if they had money, with their effigies it is long since a single specimen remained. In Persia and other Asiatic kingdoms of great antiquity, the diadem was a fillet of fine blue cloth, the Macedonian monarchs had the laurel, but the laurel is more frequently seen on coins; moreover, all nations that we know of in the past, as well as in the present, were reduced to the debt of Alexander, had we we should think very propitious—had we represented as growing near the ears to show them sovereign power; hence the expression in the Serpents—Horns shall be placed, their dependence on them for protection. These horns are, it is said, invariably those of rams. The jealousy of the Romans in the first ages of the imperial government made these monarchs take only the laurel branch to bind their brows. It is said Cæsar first adopted it to hide his baldness. The Turkish Emperors are invested with the sword, not crown. During the Republic our kings had diadems, and those of Merca were distinguished by a crescent, why is not known. The Anglo-Saxon Monarchs have diadems so various that it is scarcely possible to enumerate all their varieties, from the plain gold fillet to the closed crown not much unlike what we now have. The Anglo-Danish and Anglo-Norman sovereigns adopted our English diadem, and were continued by our Plantagenet monarchs until the reign of Edward I, when the royal mask crown with an open diadem, fluted, appeared for three centuries upon our money. Our monarchs were wont to deliver our rings and gems to prelates, abbots and priors, in the same manner as the insignia of the Order of the Garter, which at the death of the digressor was ceremonially returned to the sovereign. Our kings formerly wore the crown in the field of battle, either over their helmet or otherwise. Henry V. had a diadem in the year 1415, and Richard III. in the latter the year 1485, and the other at Bosworth. —*London Sunday Times.*

SMILES.

How often the smile, the smile that lights up the face, and makes the eyes sparkle, is the greatest of all graces. It is the smile that makes a man forget his own misfortune, and the misfortune of others. It is the smile that makes a man forget his own poverty, and the poverty of others. It is the smile that makes a man forget his own sorrow, and the sorrow of others. It is the smile that makes a man forget his own pain, and the pain of others. It is the smile that makes a man forget his own death, and the death of others. It is the smile that makes a man forget his own life, and the life of others. It is the smile that makes a man forget his own existence, and the existence of others. It is the smile that makes a man forget his own nothingness, and the nothingness of others. It is the smile that makes a man forget his own eternity, and the eternity of others. It is the smile that makes a man forget his own God, and the God of others. 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