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The Standard,

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

E. variis sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

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LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPER
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EXTRAORDINARY FORTITUDE.

The loss of the *Magpie*, in 1828, was distinguished by circumstances of remarkable horror, and by a panic which never disastrous in its consequences, could only be expected. The *Magpie* was a small schooner, under the command of Lieutenant Edward Smith, and was sunk by a sudden hurricane in the West Indies, in spite of every precaution to prepare for it.
At the moment of the vessel going down, a gunner's mate of the name of Meldrum struck out and succeeded in reaching a pair of oars that were floating in the water—to these he clung; and having divested himself of a part of his clothing, he awaited in dreadful anxiety the fate of his companions.
Not a sound met his ear; in vain the anxious gaze endeavoured to pierce his gloom, for the darkness was too intense. Minutes appeared like hours; and still the awful silence remained unbroken; he felt, and he thought was agony that out of the 24 human beings, who had so lately trod the deck of the schooner, he alone was left. This terrible suspense became almost beyond the power of endurance; and he already began to envy the fate of his companions, when he heard a voice at no great distance inquiring if there was anyone near. He answered in the affirmative; and pushing out in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, he reached a boat to which seven persons were clinging, amongst whom was Lieut. Smith, the commander of the schooner.
So far this was a subject of congratulation; he was no longer alone; but yet the chances of his ultimate preservation were as distant as ever.
The boat, which had been placed on the beams of the schooner, had fortunately escaped clear of the sinking vessel, and if the men had waited patiently, was large enough to have saved them all; but the suddenness of the calamity had deprived them of both thought and prudence. Several of the men had attempted to climb on one side; and the consequence was, the boat heeled over, became half filled with water, and then turned keel upmost and when Meldrum reached her, he found some stretched across the keel, and others hanging on by the sides. Matters could not last long in this way; and Mr. Smith seeing that the impossibility of any of the party being saved if they continued in their present position, endeavoured to bring them to reason by pointing out the absurdity of their conduct. To the honor of the men, they listened with the same respect to their commander as if they had been on board the schooner; those on the keel immediately relinquished their hold, and succeeded with the assistance of their comrades in righting the boat. Two of their number got into her, and commenced bailing with their hats, whilst the others remained in the water, supporting themselves by the gunwale.
Order being restored, their spirits began to revive, and they entertained hopes of escaping from their present peril; but this was of short duration; and the sufferings which they had as yet endured were nothing in comparison with what they had now to undergo.
The two men had scarcely commenced bailing when the cry was heard of "a shark! a shark!" No words can describe the consternation which ensued; it is well known the horror sailors have of these voracious animals, who seem apprized by instinct when their prey is at hand. All orders were at an end, the boat again capsized and the men were left struggling in the water. The general safety was neglected, and it was every man for himself; no sooner had one got hold of the boat than he was pushed away by another, and in his fruitless contest more than one life was nearly sacrificed.
Even in this terrible hour their commander remained cool and collected; his voice was raised in words of encouragement, and as the dreaded enemy did not make its appearance he again succeeded in persuading them to renew their efforts to clear the boat. The night had passed away—it was about ten o'clock on the morning of the 28th the bailing had progressed without interruption; a little more exertion and the boat would have been cleared, when again was heard the cry of "The sharks! the sharks!" But this was no false alarm; the boat a second time capsized, and the unhappy men were literally cast amongst a shoal of these terrible monsters.
The men for a few minutes remained uninjured, but not untouched; for the sharks actually rubbed against their victims, and to use the exact words of one of the survivors, "frequently passed over the boat and between us whilst resting on the gunwale." This, however, did not last long; a shriek soon told the fate of one of the men; a shark had seized him by the leg, dyeing the water with his blood; another shriek followed, and another man disappeared.
But these facts are almost too horrible to dwell upon; with the deepest distress; and although aware that, in all probability, he must soon share the same fate, he never for a moment appeared to think of himself. There

were but six men left; and these he endeavoured to sustain by his example, cheering them on to further exertions. They had once more recommenced their labours to clear out the boat, when one of his legs was seized by a shark. Even whilst suffering the most horrible torture, he restrained the expression of his feelings, for fear of increasing the alarm of his men; but the powers of his endurance were doomed to be tried to the utmost; another limb was scrunched from his body; and uttering a deep groan, he was about to let go his hold when he was seized by two of his men, and placed in the stern-sheets.
Yet when his whole frame was convulsed with agony, the energies of his mind remained as strong as ever; his own pain was disregarded, he thought only of the preservation of his crew. Calling to his side a lad of the name of Wilson, who appeared to be the strongest of the remaining few, he exhorted him, in the event of his surviving, to inform the admiral that he was going to Cape Ontario in search of the pirate when the unfortunate accident occurred. "Tell him," he continued, "that my men have done their duty, and that no blame is attached to them. I have but one favour to ask, and that is that he will promote Meldrum to be a gunner." He then shook each man by the hand and bade them farewell. By degrees his strength began to fail, and at last became so exhausted that he was unable to speak. He remained in this state until the sunset, when another panic seized the men, from a reappearance of the sharks; the boat gave a lurch, and the gallant commander found an end to his sufferings in a watery grave.—*Grilly's Shipwreck of the Royal Navy.*

Daily Mail from Quebec to Montserrat.—We learn from Le Canadien, that the Post Office department of Canada is about to establish a mail six times a week from Quebec to Montserrat, instead of three times a week, as at present. Tenders for this service, are to be received until the 13th December, in two portions—the first from Quebec to River-du-Loop, (where the post to New Brunswick branches off,) and the second portion from River-du-Loop to Montserrat.
The Railroad line from Quebec to Montserrat (200 miles) follows the line of the post-road very nearly; and the establishment of a daily mail on this route shows clearly the extent of business and the importance of this portion of Lower Canada.

Mr. Paxton, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Corbett, have been knighted by the Queen, and the Royal Commissioners have granted Mr. Paxton, £5,000 for designing the Crystal Palace.
Kossuth had arrived at Southampton, and was most enthusiastically received,—addresses, speeches, &c., were made in great abundance.
Louis Napoleon had formed a new Cabinet, said to be quite as good as his predecessors.

The news from the Cape of Good Hope is very gloomy. The Kaffirs had been victorious in several engagements.
Accounts from Vienna state that the Austrian Minister in London had received instructions to break off all diplomatic intercourse with the Court of St. James, if the British Secretary should grant Kossuth an audience.

Cure for Hydrophobia.—Mr. James Hubbard, of Boone County, Illinois, in a letter to the St. Louis Republican, says:—"Eighteen years ago, my brother and myself were bitten by a mad dog. A sheep was also bitten at the same time. Among the many cures offered for the little boys (we were ten or twelve years of age,) a friend suggested the following, which he said would cure the bite of a rattle-snake:—
"Take the root of common upland Ash, generally called Black Ash; peel off the bark, and boil it in a strong decoction; of this drink freely. Whilst my father was preparing the above, the sheep spoken of began to be afflicted with hydrophobia. When it had become so fatigued from its distracted state as to be no longer able to stand, my father drenched it with a pint of the ash root decoction, hoping to ascertain whether he could depend upon it as a cure for his sons. Four hours after the drench had been given, and the astonishment of all, the animal got up and went quietly with the flock to grazing. My brother and myself continued to take the medicine for eight or ten days—one kill three times a day. No effects of the dreadful poison were ever discovered on either of us.—It has been used successfully in snake bites to my knowledge."

The new editor of the Boston Pathfinder, Mr. A. E. Newton, throws rather a heavy brick at the New Yorkers; see if he doesn't. The New Yorkers are in a bad way.—They erect costly churches, which poor people cannot afford to enter, and thus obstruct the way to Heaven by their love of show; and we learn that they are removing the obstructions at 'Hell Gate' at public expense! This latter passage was spoken of, several hundred years ago as being 'wide'; but it seems to have been found insufficient to accommodate the increasing travel from Gotham.

POETRY

SPEAK BOLDLY! By William O. Bourne.

Speak boldly, Prometheus! while to-day
The strife is rising fierce and high,
Gird on the armour while ye may
In holy deeds to win or die!
The age is Tragic's whole battle-field,
The Day is struggling with the Night,
For Freedom hath again revealed
A Marathon of holy right.

Speak boldly, Hero! while the foe
Treads onward with his iron heel;
Strike steady with a giant blow,
And dash aloft the polished steel;
Be true, O Hero! to thy trust!
Man and thy God doth look to thee!
Be true or smite away to dust—
Be true, or hence to darkness flee.

Speak boldly, Prophet! Let the fire
Of Heaven come down on altars curst,
Where Baal priests and seers conspire
To pay their bloody language first;
Be true, O Prophet! Let thy tongue
Speak fearless, for the words are thine—
Words that by morning stars were sung,
And angels hymned in strains divine.

Speak boldly, Poet! Let thy pen
Be nerved with fire that may not die;
Speak for the rights of bleeding man,
Who look to Heaven with tearful eye.
Be true, O Poet! Let thy name
Be honoured where the weak have trode,
And in the summit of thy fame,
Be true to Man! Be true to God!

Speak boldly, Brothers! Wake and come!
The Anankim are pressing on!
In Freedom's strife be never dumb!
Gird flashing blade tis all is won!
Be true, O Brothers! Truth is strong!
The foe shall sink beneath the sword—
White love and bliss shall thrill the song
That Truth to Man is Truth to God.

IRREPARABILITY OF SICKNESS.—Those who are blessed with health can never know, till they in their turn are called upon to suffer, what heroic strength of spirit lies hidden under the mask of silent, uncomplaining suffering; how strange the temptations are to be unreasonable, petulant, or repining—how difficult it is to be grateful, and still more to be amiable, when this irritation of every nerve, renders the most skillful attendance irksome, and the dearest presence importunate—when the diseased frame loathes the sunshine of a smile, and dreads the tear and the cloud, where all is pain, weariness, and bitterness. O! let the healthy lay these things ever to heart, and while they scrupulously perform their duty, and while they reverence and almost adore the fortunate but patient of the gentle and resigned, let them have a pity upon many a poor and querulous sufferer—upon their side let the sick not forget that the reverence, adoration, and love thus excited, are as the elixir of life to their often wearied and over-taxed nurses—quicken them to exertion by the sweetest influence, instead of exhausting them with the struggle to perform an ungrateful duty.—[Mrs. Marsh in "Angles."

Hints to Farmers' Boys.—There is one thing I would like to impress upon the minds of the farmer in this country. To all you that have boys that can write, get each one a memorandum book, a few sheets of paper will do, if nothing better can be had, and in that have each one keep an account of every day's work in the year, the kind of work employed in, and the day of the month and date of the year. If in sowing, mention the kind of grain, and the amount of seed per acre, the time of planting and of reaping. In fact I should have them note all the passing events of the farm; and as they grow older they will find more of importance to note.—Six cents will buy a book that will last one year, in commencing with. My word for it, if the farmer will adopt this course, their sons will be much better farmers than their fathers. It may seem like dry business to commence with the first of January, but as the Spring opens, the green grass appears, and bright prospects are in our paths, and the tasks will be more pleasing every day until the close of the year. Who would not give twice what the paper and ink cost, could they obtain a memorandum book written by a grandfather a hundred years ago? Try it, farmers, young and old; keep a journal of every day, and you will become a race of scientific book farmers, not to be imposed upon.—George Washington, one of the best farmers of America, kept a journal of the farm. Much might be written to prove the benefit of such a course, if adopted; but I leave it for the present, hoping some more capable will write upon the subject hereafter.

THE STANDARD.

THE GREAT RAILROAD!—In the *Observer* of the 11th inst., we notice a very plain and common sense letter to the Editor, on the propriety of the people of New Brunswick, choosing the shortest and most beneficial line to Quebec. It is evident the writer labors under the impression, that the Legislature of Nova Scotia will adopt Mr. Howe's first scheme of making the North Shore Railway, which he very justly says, would never be wanted, and merely for the purpose of bringing the trade of Canada to Halifax. We may be mistaken, but it appears to us that Mr. Howe would be as well satisfied to have the central New Brunswick line, which beyond contradiction is not only the shortest but best route, and will open up a fertile tract of country, already sudded with thriving settlements, and abounding in wood and minerals, and possessing numerous other advantages, superior to any the North Pole line can produce. We have not the least doubt as to how the Legislature of this Province will view the subject. The truth is, a million of perhaps more will be voted for the construction of a line to Quebec, but the details as to the line will be arranged afterwards, and no person in his senses will think of taking the Shore route, when one can be had a hundred miles shorter, and through flourishing towns and villages. The writer justly observes: "It is not Halifax the Canadians want, but the nearest port on the Atlantic, and in the summer season the steamers and barges could come down all the way from the Lakes to Grosse Island, 100 miles below Quebec, and put their produce on the soil there, when it could be carried to either St. John or St. Andrews, and American or West India goods taken back, and this by a road not over 200 miles long." The following are the concluding remarks of the writer, who styles himself "A true New Brunsvicker":—
"I do not see why we should not get the money at 34 per cent, for this road as well as the North Shore road. I don't suppose Mr. Howe holds the purse-strings and has the bag at his sole disposal; and this road would connect the Colonies and make a military road from Halifax to Quebec, shorter and better in every respect than the other.
"The Province has already invested money and given charters to the Saint Andrews and Quebec road and the European and North American.
"Just look at it; the two together will make precisely our portion of the Halifax and Quebec road, and it would be much the best and cheapest plan for us to give a little more to those roads so as to continue the road from Woodstock to Quebec, and also advance in the same proportion to build a cheap branch line from the Bend to Miramichi, than to lose what has been invested in the St. Andrews road and break faith with the Stockholders, and then to turn to and build the European road and the North Shore road, thus making three roads, to please Mr. Howe and build up Halifax, when one road is all we want."

HALIFAX AND WINDSOR RAILROAD.—We understand that C. R. Fairbanks, Esq., Civil Engineer, has been most fortunate in the choice of a railway line to Windsor. His purpose is to branch Westward from the main trunk line at a distance of 25 miles from Halifax from the point to Windsor. The distance by the routes surveyed this season will be about thirty-eight miles,—the summit heights are 350 and 299 feet above medium high tides in Halifax harbor. The grades are all good, none to exceed 40 feet per mile, and may be as low as thirty feet per mile.—All the land on the branch is granted; there are no extensive hedges, cuttings or embankments, and the estimate per mile is £5,000 currency.—It is proposed to run light trains at a speed of thirty miles per hour. The minerals along the line are slate, rock, plaster, freestone, limestone, and salt.—In every point of view the new route is best adapted for the wants of the country through which it passes, and in fact is all that can be desired or required.—[Halifax Church Times.

Affection of the Whale for its Young.—I have heard of one of these whales with a cub, when driven into shoal water, being seen to swim around its young, and sometimes to embrace it with her fins, and roll over and over with it in the waves, evincing the tenderest maternal solicitude. Then, as if aware of the impending peril of her inexperienced offspring, as the boat neared her, she would run round her calf in decreasing circles, and try to decoy it seaward, showing the utmost uneasiness and anxiety.—Reckoning well that the calf struck, the dam

would never desert it, the only care of the harpooner was to get near enough to bury his tremendous weapon deep in its ribs, which was to sooner done than the poor animal darted away with its anxious dam, taking out an hundred fathoms of line.—It was but a little time, however, before being checked, and the barb lacerating its vitals, it turned on its back, and displaying his white belly on the surface of the water, it floated a motionless corpse. The huge dam, with an affecting maternal instinct more powerful than reason, never quitted the body, till a cruel harpooner entered her own sides, then, with a single tap of her tail, she cut in two one of the boats, and took to flight; but returned soon, exhausted with loss of blood, to die by her calf, evidently, in her last moments, more occupied with the preservation of her young than herself.—*The Whalman's Adventure in the Southern Ocean.*

DISPOSITION OF CATTLE TO FATTEN.—Many people act on the supposition that all cattle are alike in their disposition to fatten; no greater mistake can be committed, since half the feed will bring forward one animal, required to produce another, and the economy of fattening cattle depends in no small degree in selecting the right animals. Mr. Stephens gives some rules for selecting animals disposed to early maturity. He says:—"The most prominent indication of this disposition is a loose, thick, mellow skin, as if floating upon a stratum of fat below; and such a skin is invariably covered with long, soft, mossy feeling hair, bearing a decided color. A firmness of texture over the whole body is essential to a disposition to fatten; no fat encumbers the bones of the legs and of the head. All the extremities, the limbs, head, and tail are small, fine, and tapering from the body. The eye is prominently set in the head and with a placid expression. The forehead is broad. The ears are sensible to every new sound. The muzzle is sharp, the nostrils distended, and the jaws distinct and clean. The muscles broad and flat. The blood-vessels large and full. The chest is broad, and the tail flat at the top, and broad and tapering to the tuft of hair. The line of the back is straight and level, and the ribs round. A back, high above the level, is narrow, and is accompanied with flat ribs and a long narrow face, which are both indications of a want of disposition to fatten. When the back is below the level, the fat and flesh are mostly upon the lower part of the carcass and the hollow increases in the interior. The flanks and cod are then thick and fat. In such a configuration the fore quarters are larger than the hind. Such an animal evinces a disposition to fatten, but lays on coarse pieces. When the curved lines abound over the body and play into one another, giving a brilliancy to the surface, while the sweeping lines of the contour, with the tapering fineness of the extremities, the pleasing countenance, and the joyous spirit, a symmetry, a state of health, and disposition to improve are conjoined, they afford the highest satisfaction and profit to the breeder."

A ship with 300 Chinese arrived lately at Callao, where they were sold out for three years, at an average of \$407 a piece.—At the end of that time they have their freedom, three years' service being the consideration for their passage. Chinese domestics are much sought after at Callao.

Singular Circumstance.—A reliable friend detailed recently to the editor of the *Memphis Enquirer* the following singular and interesting occurrence:—
"Since the commencement of the term of the Circuit Court for our county, it became necessary for Merriweather, brother of the gentleman some time since murdered in our county, to attend as prosecutor of Peterson, the perpetrator of the horrible crime. It happened that he rode the horse that his deceased brother was riding on the day of his murder by Peterson. He was in the company of some friends, and travelled the same road.—
"The horse is a very fine spirited bay, docile in temper, and with an intelligent eye. When they approached near the scene of the murder, the horse manifested evident signs of a large and restless spirit. Observing the singular conduct of the horse, Merriweather determined to give him the rein, and watch his movements. As he approached near the spot of the murder, he elevated his head and tail, and appeared to be watchful, and frequently uttered that snort so peculiar to spirited horses when apprehensive of danger. The noble animal finally smelt the ground and trailed the course which the body of his former master had been conveyed by his murderer. He finally reached the spot, smelt the ground, and pawed and snorted. He then took a circle in the woods at a moderate trot, returned to the place where the body was found, and repeated the same ceremony. And when he had done several times in succession. And when he had done up it was with great reluctance that he was forced to leave the place.—It is his instinct, reason, or what is it?
"The man who had to bury his friend, called to pass under Wheeling bridge, arrived in Cincinnati last week. He was laboring under a slight attack of the colic, and the dam

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