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No.
WALD CLARK.

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Public Auction, on
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the Homestead, on

October, 1852.
H. NICHOL,
Administrator
Paint Oil.
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not received.
J. W. STREET.

The Standard,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
A. W. Smith.
At his Office, Water Street, Saint Andrews, N. B.
TERMS.
12s 6d per annum—if paid in advance.
15s, if not paid until the end of the year.
ADVERTISEMENTS
Inserted according to written orders, or continued
till forbid, at no written directions.
First Insertion of 12 lines and under 3s.
Each repetition of Ditto 1s.
First Insertion of all over 12 lines 3d per line.
Each repetition of Ditto 1d per line.
Advertising by the year as may be agreed on.

The Standard,

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

No 44 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 2, 1853. [Vol. 20]

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS
Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrearages 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.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Standard,
Sir,—It is with no little pleasure, I learn a move is again being made to establish Municipal Corporations in our County of Charlotte.

It is true, an attempt heretofore was made for the same object, and failed by a majority of 13 votes. But the people now begin to think, and I think after seeing the good effects of Municipal corporations in Carleton, we shall have better luck this time. It is to be hoped our rev'd. Episcopal clergymen, will attend to their sacred charges and not collect as it is said they did last polling day of every clergyman in the County to prevent this Act. Office-holders and Magistrates are excusable in their opposition, as it may be possible, they would not profit by the change. It is the poor that is to benefit by this change, by self government.

NO TONY.
St. George, October 27, 1853.
We have received by mail, the first number of a little 8 by 10 sheet published at Milltown, Me. and called the "Moon-Beam." It is decidedly rich, racy and spirited in its way, and it is only as well printed as it is edited; the diminutive dimensions would not operate against it. From the editor's address to his readers, we learn his object in issuing the sheet, is to assist the people of that village in disseminating "gossip," which he states "has increased to an almost unprecedented extent, within the past few months, among the inhabitants of Milltown." He pledges himself that nothing scurrilous shall appear in his paper, and that he will endeavor always to speak the truth, which we believe he does in the following paragraph:

THE STRANGER NEGLECTER.—Having had occasion during the past few weeks, to avail ourselves of the superior accommodations afforded by the above named Boat, we take this opportunity to speak our unqualified praise of its officers and crew. It has seldom been our good fortune to meet with a more gentlemanly commander than Capt. Cary Amid all the perplexities arising from the peculiar situation in which he is placed, we have never yet known a murmur to escape from his lips, nor either have we ever known him to lose his self command, even for an instant. Polite and gentlemanly to all classes of passengers he has won the esteem and good wishes of every individual who has had occasion to place themselves under his care and protection. May his slender never be less, and may he always be able to command his Boat in the same gentlemanly manner that he now does.

LIVING BY HIS WITS.
Speaking of the manner in which the man who lives by his wits keeps himself in shoe-leather, I cannot forbear relating a characteristic anecdote of a certain gentlemanly member of the class under consideration. He was travelling, and found himself one night on board a steamer. While making preparations to trouble him with his berth, the thought struck him quite forcibly, as he was kicking off his boots, that he stood very much in need of a new pair. At the same time his mind was suddenly illumined by one of those brilliant ideas for which he was justly distinguished. He sat on a pair of slippers, rolled up his boots in a newspaper, and carrying them on deck, threw them, when moored, into the water. He then retired to rest. On the following morning, he went at an early hour to the water, who had been long engaged in blacking all the boots that he could find about the boat, and took out a shilling to give him.
Well Charley, said he, have you got a pair left on my boots yet?
I expect you see yer face in 'em, replied davey, with a grin.
Which are they? demanded our hero, searching among a bright row of highly polished boots. I don't see them here.
Don't you indemnify em sir? replied the bootblack. I assure you sir, they is here, and I would suggest that by perambulating a little, you will be able to indemnify them ere shiners.
Our hero searched, but of course his boots were nowhere to be found. He became excited, and declared that they were stolen; and although the water protested and entreated, he resolutely went to demand satisfaction of the captain.
The case was a clear one. The boots were evidently in the possession of a thief. The captain was a man of honor, and he feared for the reputation of the boat. After a slight search, he called our hero aside, and with an apology for the probable carelessness of the water, he furnished him with a brand some pair of his own boots, which he received with a most descending smile, expressing

that he merely wished a covering for his feet until he could arrive on shore, inwardly satisfied with his successful enterprise, and went on his way rejoicing.—Paul Creyton.

An Agreeable Customer.—An amusing scene took place on the steamer Europa, just as she was leaving for Cleveland. A curious genius came aboard with a powerful bulldog at his heels. Walking directly to the office, the individual said to the clerk:
Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this office, till the boat starts.—I'm afraid somebody will steal him.
You can't do it, said the clerk. Take him out.
Well, stranger, that's cruel; but you're had dispositioned alike, and he'll be kinder company for you.
Take him out, roared the clerk.
Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you need watching. Here, Bull, sit down and watch that fellow sharp; and the individual turned on his heels, leaving the clerk, who gave him the better half of his office.

Boots.—The "doctor" sat near us, anxiously examining his boots. We remarked to him playfully—
Doctor your boots are looking rather billowy.
Yes, replied he, coloring; those boots cost me just three dollars. I gave two dollars for one, and one dollar for the other, and got shaved at that.
The doctor didn't exactly fancy our free comments on his boots, in presence of company; so after meditating about fifteen minutes, he fixed his eyes on our feet, which rested across a convenient chair.
I say, he remarked quickly, you'd make a good president of a track society!
How so I we enquired.
Why look at your big feet! said he.
We slid right out of our seat.—[True Flag]

WHO EVER HEARD IT.
There is or used to be, a cunning wag of a fellow in Brunswick, Maine, who had a know nothing kind of look outside, but inside was full of all manner of witty conceits and outwits. One day an honest old Quaker came into town with a load of hay for sale. Tappan wanted it, and though he was out of money, ordered it pitched off into the barn. This done, Broadbrim came round to the shop after the pay.
Can't you pay to day, uncle,—no money. Boy, friend Tappan, there should have told of this before.
Surely I didn't think of it uncle, but there's the hay,—spose you'll have to pitch it on again.
When can thee pay me, friend.
Give you my note for thirty days.
But friend Tappan, spose thee should be taken away?
Poh, poh! who ever heard of a man's dying in thirty days!
Uncle Drab pocketed the promissory, and drove home, cogitating deeply upon the price of hay, and the science of morality.—[Charleston (N. Y.) Courier]

RULES OF LADY PRINTERS.
1. Must be at the office when required.
2. No reading of motu papers and love stories, during the working hours.
3. No "hand" shall be allowed to have her beau in the office to see her set type at any time.
4. No matter how gifted a "hand" may be, if she make "pie" in the office, she will be compelled to assort it.
5. No "hand" shall sit in the sanctum longer than to procure copy, unless requested by the editor.
6. No attempt to kiss the editor for the sake of very "clean copy." He will use his prerogative to kiss or soold all "hands," as occasion may require.
7. Ladies who bring their dinner, shall not make a dining saloon of the sanctum, or use proof paper for a table cloth.
8. Any lady "hand" about to emigrate to the State of Matrimony shall give at least one month's notice, that her place may be supplied by another.
9. No married woman will be allowed to work in this office, provided it be known.
10. No lady shall be allowed to laugh

at the motion of another while engaged at the case.

11 No smoking, chewing, or dram drinking allowed in the office.
12 No gossiping, quarrelling, puffing of hair, scratching of faces, or singing of love songs, during working hours; and no lady shall have free admission to, or orders for the theatre, opera, or other places of amusement, unless accompanied by a gentleman.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.
NORTH WEST PASSAGE ACCOMPLISHED.—The London papers received by the Aries contain the authentic intelligence of the passage of the British government ship Investigator, Commander McClure, through the Arctic Sea, from Behring's Straits to Davis' Straits, having passed three winters in the intervening years. She will thus have accomplished, on her arrival in England, the complete circumnavigation of the continent of North and South America.
This information is published on the authority of the Admiralty, from despatches received from Commander McClure, brought directly by Commander Inglefield of the steamship Phoenix, which sailed for Davis' Straits last spring, with supplies for Sir Edward Belcher's squadron, and who has returned bringing despatches from Sir Edward Belcher, and also from Commander McClure of the Investigator, who sailed in search of Sir John Franklin by way of Behring's Straits, having left England in December, 1849, and also from Capt. Kellie, who sailed on the same mission to Davis' Straits, in the government ship Resolute, in the spring of 1852. The despatches of both these officers will be extremely interesting, although both have entirely failed in the special object of their arduous voyage. Commander Inglefield arrived at the Admiralty on the 7th inst., having left the steamer Phoenix at Thoron, N. B. The following particulars are all which have been published:
Commander Inglefield brings no intelligence of Sir John Franklin's expedition; he has, however, succeeded in depositing his supplies as directed, and we are happy to say is accompanied by Lieut. Creswell, of the Investigator, with despatches from Commander McClure, thus enabling us to satisfy the public, and the friends of those embarked in the Investigator, concerning which ship considerable anxiety had existed, as to her safety. The Breadstean transport, which accompanied the Phoenix, was totally wrecked by a nip of the ice—the crew saved and brought home by the Phoenix.
It is concluded from Sir Edward Belcher's despatches, that that officer would endeavor to retrace his steps this season to Beechey Island to winter. It is further to be gathered from these despatches, that the Investigator had completed the passage between the two oceans, having passed into the Arctic Sea by Behring's Straits, and returned home by Davis' Straits.
Despatches have been received of the Admiralty from Commander McClure, who sailed in December, 1849, in search of Sir John Franklin, to H. M. S. Investigator, and from Captain Kellie, who sailed in the spring of 1852, in H. M. S. Resolute, on the same mission. We regret to say that no traces towards success in the main object of their mission have been discovered; but we have been favored with communication of a letter from Commander McClure, dated H. M. S. Investigator, Bay of Mercy, Behring's Island, April 1853, which announces his success in accomplishing the long problematical enterprise of the North Western Passage. The gallant vessel states that during the winter of 1850, his vessel wintered in pack, without sustaining any damage, (and surprising to say, he has to report the same result at the end of the third winter, and without the loss of a single man of her crew) in the frozen waters called Prince of Wales's Strait, and communicating with Barrow's as he ascertained on the 28th Oct. of that year. In July, 1851, he states, "such a body of ice came down upon us with a strong east wind, and set the vessel so far to the south, that we determined to attempt a message by the east end of the cliffs of Bank's Land, forming the north entrance of the large island under which we now are."
The difficulties and dangers of the passage may be estimated from his statement that the ice floes encountered measured from 45 to 70 feet beneath the water, only 6 to 7 above. We must refer, for the details, of which we cannot now make even a hurried transcript, to the despatches, which of course will be immediately published.

It is interesting to learn that inhabitants have been discovered higher northward than known previously, at Wallis and Victoria Lands, and northward still on the track designated as Prince Albert Land. These were found exceedingly kind and friendly; and great quantities of copper were found, apparently in a very pure state. This metal is used by the natives for edging their weapons, &c., but they appeared to be amused at see-

ing pieces of it picked up by the crews, as possessing value.
In April, 1852, Commander McClure went to Melville Island on sledges, expecting to find there one of Captain Austin's vessels, or, at all events, a store of provisions; but was disappointed to find only a notice left by Lieutenant McClintock, saying where provisions were, and giving the positions of their ships. It was inferred that the search was supposed to be abandoned, and no other vessel expected to have come thus far.
Since October, 1851, the crew of the Investigator is stated to have been put on rations allowance—half a pound of meat per diem in a climate where their commanders state they could readily have consumed four. On the hills adjacent to the bay, from which the letter is dated, large numbers of deer and other game have been found; which must have constituted a welcome relief from the short commons of the previous polar sojourn.
The only portion of Captain Kellie's letters with which we are, as yet, made acquainted, is the brief notice dated Melville Island, 7th May, that McClure had joined about 4000 miles, but had arrived. From Captain McClure's own letters, it appears that he had already detached some of his crew to return home by Baffin's Bay, and a small party by the M'Clintock.

IF YOU'RE COMING, WHY DON'T YOU COME ALONG?
So "Mose" was want to say aforetime, and it embodies a good bit of practical philosophy. Every new Engine strikes us every new Railway is a record of it—every new medium of advertising illustrates it. The saying originated in the Bowery, may be, but it is destined to be cosmopolitan. It began with individuals; it is going on with nations; it will end with the world.
"If you're coming, why don't you come along?" It is uttered in almost all tongues, in almost all lands. It has rung around Christendom: the iron-bis end of Procrastination has been left behind, with the torch and fagot. It has sounded like a slogan through the political world, and the "old fogies" are among the baggage-wagons and wounded.
It has electrified the realm of literature; prose is becoming the living voice of humanity, and poetry, its echo. The old Remonstrance, has given place to the cylinders whirled by the faunting engine, and thought that moved at a funeral pace, now rushes on in a tremendous charge. The old "Guard" and "Marion's men" were nothing to it. "If you're coming, why don't you come along?" "Six paces to the front," is the word to everybody and everything that wants to be listened to or looked at. If you have anything to say, say it; if you have anything to do, do it; if you wish any body to see something, show it. "If you're coming why don't you come along!" It used to take six men to make a pin; now, one boy, a pull, a clip and two strokes, do it for business.

Once, *exults* reeked the grain for the granary; now a *whirlwind* on wheels cuts, and thrushes it in a breath.
Once fathers and mothers had the precedence for a few years; now, bells with dolls, and beaux in pin-foret, displace the old folks at home; and take up the city of the world.
"If you're coming why don't you come along!" Once they crossed the Atlantic in a hundred days; now, let them exceed ten, and somebody hauls them from land's end, as they heave in sight. "If you're coming, why don't you come along!"

We noticed, in our last, the arrival of the Pensioners, under the immediate command of Major Tulloch. We are happy to say, that up to the time we write there is not the smallest appearance of disturbance in the city. The Criminal Court is proceeding with the ordinary cases, and attracting few auditors, except those interested in the case presented.—[Montreal Transcript.]

The weather still continues very stormy, though somewhat warmer than hitherto. Workmen to put up stoves are in unusual demand for this period of the season, and can scarcely be obtained.
The demand for flour is very active, though it is doubtful if there will be any disposable freight; but, the railroads furnish abundant opportunities from shipping it from other ports.
We apprehend that the lowering of the price of potatoes has been principally owing to circumstances similar to what one or twice occurred at home; to the farmers burying the sound portion of their crops in market, in the apprehension that they kept it might rot.

BEARS IN BOSANQUET.—A few days since a boy named Campbell, of about 14 years of age, went into the woods to look up some of his father's cattle, when upon reaching a Tamarack swamp he was chased by a bear. The boy ran for a tree, up which he climbed a little way; but the bear seized him by his leg, and was dragging him down, when his dog attracted by his cries—came up and made a rush at the bear, which escaped into the bush. Two of her cubs were seen at a short distance. The lad was badly wounded, but is in a fair way of recovery.—[London Free Press.]

THE GREAT GALE.—The great gale of the 27th and 28th inst. commenced blowing from the South West at an early hour in the morning, and continued with a level height during most of the day. A number of fences and other obstructions were blown down. The vessels were driven with great violence against the wharves, and some of them receiving considerable damage. The Sahr. Maria, of this port, Driscoll bound hence to the Bend of Pettoicadia, with a cargo of merchandise valued at upwards of £5000 on returning into port in the forenoon was driven ashore on the S. E. of the Barracks in a heavy surf. The persons on board, five in number, whose lives were in imminent peril, were nobly rescued by the life boat from the Steamer Eastern City, under charge of Capt. Simon Pike, second Pilot of that vessel, and manned by him, and Thomas Long, wheelman, and Mr. Scott, of Cahira, Maine. The American ship, President Coffin, loaded with deck logs to Liverpool, drove from her anchorage to the Eastward of Partridge Island and grounded in a heavy surf on the beach near Red Head, and it is feared she will become a total wreck. The Captain was on shore; his wife and thirteen of the crew were on board. The ship is provided with life boats; but so great was the gale that these were of no use. We learn that one was launched from the ship, but she was swept away immediately.

Had it not been for this one life boat belonging to the Eastern City, the hands saved from the schooner would have perished. In a great shipping port like St. John, the Corporation ought to have several life boats in readiness for any emergency. We are told that every marine port in England is provided in this way. About six years ago an English ship got on shore near where the present one lies, and all hands, seven in number, including the Captain perished. We shall feel great anxiety until the hands on board the President are rescued. She lies in a perilous situation. Yesterday afternoon thousands of people from the high parts of the city were looking after, many of them with spyglasses, while the spray was discharging over her, sometimes completely enveloping her hull from view. When night closed upon her, it did not appear as if she could hold together until the morning. Beacon Fires were kindled on the beach last night, and we observed two lights on board the ship. It is supposed some persons on board are in the upper part or aloof of the vessel, with the doors closed to keep out the sea, which (at the present writing) is breaking over, and engulfing her at every surge. The chief hope is in the wind moderating, and the tide leaving the vessel far enough to enable the crew to effect a landing. Her keel is completely gone, parts of it having floated ashore.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the Eastern City folks for their manly conduct, as noticed above. The steamer Columbia was in the harbour, but we have not learned whether any of her life boats were sent to the rescue. Several dependant families had fallen.

P. S. Since writing the above we are gratified to learn that the report is incorrect that the Captain's wife is on board the vessel.—[Morning News.]
The New Brunswick says that the male mate was washed overboard; the male crew, 14 in number reached the shore in the boats nearly exhausted. The vessel is a wreck.

FARM FOR SALE.
THE Subscriber offers for Sale by Auction on the 1st November, the "Hill" Farm and Lot occupied by him on the Coleridge, on the St. John Road. The farm contains 10 acres and is well cultivated and contains a good house and out buildings. For particulars apply to
JAMES EDWARDS
Auctioneer, 100 Water Street, St. John.

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