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Advertising by the year as may be agreed on

The Standard,

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

E variis sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

No 13] SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1851. [Vol. 18

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS

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Counting-House ALMANAC. 1851.

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
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The Atlantic Steamers.

The undernoted Vessels are appointed to sail as follows:

FROM LIVERPOOL.

Canada	Jan. 18—For Boston
Africa	Feb 1—For New York
Europa	Feb. 15—For, Boston
Asia	Mar. 1—For New York
Canada	Mar. 15—For Boston
Africa	Mar. 29—For New York
America	April 5—For Boston
Asia	April 12—For New York

FROM THE UNITED STATES.

Niagara	Jan. 15—From Boston
Asia	Jan. 29—From New York
Canada	Feb. 12—From Boston
Africa	Feb 26—From New York
Europa	Mar 12—From Boston
Asia	Mar. 26—From New York
Canada	Apr. 9—From Boston
Africa	Apr, 23—From New York
America	Apr. 30—From Boston
Asia	May 7—From New York

I. J. F. ROGERS,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
LATELY FROM NEW YORK,

HAS the honor to announce to the Inhabitants of ST. GEORGE, and its vicinity, that he has commenced business in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Wm. Armstrong, fronting the Public Landing, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, in the most fashionable style, with neatness and promptitude. Having just arrived from the United States, where he has been employed in some of the most celebrated Establishments in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, trusts, that his long experience, knowledge, and superior workmanship, with a desire to please, will entitle him to public patronage. Garments warranted to fit, before leaving his shop.

The Fashions received Quarterly from New York.

POETRY.

For the Standard.

On the arrival of the first Locomotive in New Brunswick, for the St. Andrews & Quebec RAIL ROAD.

Hail! thou long expected stranger,
Harbinger of better days,
Safe, at last, from Ocean's danger;
Gladly, we, upon thee gaze.

Long we've waited for thy coming,
Of thy race to us the FIRST,
Long thy merits we've been humming,
Now, loud praise, from ALL shall burst.

Now, our towns will be connected,
By thy matchless strength and speed,
Other towns, will be erected,
Where the wild deer quietly feed.

In our forests, now, so dreary,
Shall be pleasant fields ere long;
Where, we'll hear, the milk maids, cheery,
And the reaper's thankful song.

Soon, our ports, so long neglected,
Shall with trading ships, abound,
Britain's Steamers, here directed,
Monthly, weekly, shall be found.

Welcome, welcome, mighty stranger,
Thou, our hearts with hope, dost fill;
Welcome, thundering, snorting, ranger,
Sound thy whistle, loud and shrill.

St. Andrews, March 19, 1851. S.H.

DON'T FRET.

A POEM FOR THE NERVOUS.

Has a neighbour injured you!
Dont fret—
You will yet come off the best;
He's the most to answer for,
Never mind it, let it rest.
Dont fret.

Has a horrid lie been told!
Don't fret;
It will run itself to death,
If you let it quite alone,
It will die for want of breath;
Don't fret.

Are your enemies at work!
Don't fret—
They can't injure you a whit;
If they find you heed them not,
They will soon be glad to quit;
Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot!
Don't fret—
Fortune's wheel keeps turning round,
Every spoke will reach the top,
Which, like you, is going down;
Don't fret.

TOUGH.—"You are rather a crooked character, Mr. Jones."

'Rather, sir, but not so crooked as a tree I once knew, It was the tallest butternut I ever saw. Standing close to it, one day, in a thunder storm, I saw a squirrel in one of the top branches. The lightning struck the same branch about three feet above him—the squirrel started—the lightning had to follow the grain, and the squirrel went straight down.—So confounded crooked was the tree sir, that the squirrel, by my watch, got to the bottom precisely three minutes before the lightning.'

'That's a lie.' exclaimed the landlord.

'A lie!' true, sir, as any story ever was.—I afterwards saw the tree cut down, and it was so infernal crooked, it was three weeks before it laid still; then it was made into rails for a hog-pasture. The hogs would crawl through twenty times a day, and so thundering crooked were them rails, that every time the hogs got out, they found themselves in the pasture again.

INDUSTRY REWARDED.—*A True Story.*—An intelligent gentleman of fortune, visited a country village in Maine, not very far from Bangor and was hospitably entertained and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters—two of whom in rich dresses entertained the distinguished stranger in the parlor, while *one* kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her mother, in preparing the food and setting the table for tea, and after supper, in doing the work till it was fully completed; when she also joined her sisters in the parlor for the remainder of the evening. The next morning the same daughter was again early in the kitchen, while the other two were in the parlor. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind—was a close observer of the habits of the young ladies—watched an opportunity and whispered something in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time, but revisited the same family, and in about one year, the young lady of the kitchen was conveyed to Boston the wife of the same gentleman visitor, where she now presides at an elegant mansion. The gentleman, whose portion she shares, she won by a judicious deportment and well directed industry.

So much for an industrious young lady.

(Bangor Courier.

NEW-BRUNSWICK.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

March 18.

The House went into Committee for the third time on the Bill for issuing Provincial Debentures to aid in rebuilding the burnt district, Fredericton. There was considerable discussion upon the sureties to be required, whether nothing but real estate should be taken, or whether securities be taken upon buildings erected on leasehold property, Progress was reported.

Mr. Hayward called the attention of the House to the Despatches lately brought down in reference to the resignation of the Hon Judge Botsford. After eulogizing the venerable Judge, and going through the history of his retirement, he moved a Resolution. Mr. Gray also passed several eulogistic remarks upon Judge Botsford's conduct while on the Bench, and seconded the resolution. Considerable discussion arose, several honorable members expressing their suspicion that the resolution would, if it passed, form a basis whereon to found a claim for a retiring allowance to Judge Botsford. The mover and seconder of the resolution disclaimed any such intention. Mr. Hanington then moved an addition to the resolution, that the House adhere to the opinion expressed by the late House in opposition to granting pensions.

The House next went into Committe on a Bill to repeal the present Act for reciprocal trade with Canada, and to enact other provisions in lien thereof. The Hon. Secretary explained the nature of the bill. Its object is simply to confine the provision for free admissions of Canadian produce to such as is imported direct, and to impose the same duties on produce from that country *via* the United States as on foreign produce. The bill passed without division.

March 19.

In the House to-day objection was made to the third reading of the Canada Reciprocity Bill, which treats Canadian Flour and produce coming through the United States as foreign, and subject to the same duty as though raised in a foreign country. The Bill was, however, sustained, the minority being Messrs. Porter, Thomson, Robinson, Fitzgerald, and Steves.

The Revenue Bill was afterwards brought up, and a lengthy discussion followed, during which much angry altercation took place. The duty on Corn Meal was reconsidered; but finally the Committee concluded to support the whole Bill as framed, by a majority of 27 to 12. Great excitement followed, and the standing order was threatened. Mr. Tilley's motion to prohibit the importation of Alcoholic Liquors, except for Medicine, &c., was lost, 23 to 15. The whole Revenue Bill was afterwards carried for a term of 4 years. The Committee then rose.

Good News from Saint Andrews.—Our readers will be pleased to learn that the Brig AVON, Captain Curry from London has arrived at Saint Andrews with a Locomotive and Tender, a part of the iron to lay down the first ten miles of the Saint Andrews and Quebec Rail Road. The remainder of the iron is shortly expected. The arrival of this pioneer railway ship to these Colonies, was hailed with every demonstration of joy by the people of St. Andrews. We hope to see the work commenced on this end of the line as soon as the weather will permit; such a proceeding would doubtless add another Locomotive to the line before the close of the season.—[Woodstock Sentinel.

HOME PRODUCTION.—We have examined some of the flour manufactured from wheat the produce of this country, at Davis' Mills in this place, and find it to be of a superior quality. In sweetness of taste, and whiteness of appearance, it can compare very favourably with the Genesee. A friend of ours tells us that in the early part of this winter he had some flour ground from wheat taken to Carry's Mills, Houlton, yet he much prefers that manufactured in the above establishment.

We are glad to say this is not the firs time we have had to speak well of these Millst The enterprising owners deserve every patronage. May they meet with that success they richly merit.—[Ib.

EXPLOSION OF A MAIL BAG—An accident of a singular natiure, and likely to have been attended by great inconvenience, occurred to the Canterbury letter bag from London, on Monday. On arrived at Dover (wither the Canterbury mail is conveyed) it was thrown on the cart, when a sudden and violent explosion took place, resembling the firing of a rocket; and on opening the bag it was discovered that the contents were on fire, but owing to the tight manner in which the letters and papers were packed, few were burnt, the smouldering more. However, many were scorched and blackened. A box, which it was supposed occasioned the explosion, was detained for further inquiry. Whatever it was that caused the accident, it was evident that the explosion arose from the bag being thrown up which brought the combustibles into forcible contact.—(Kentish Observer).

A newspaper published at Colombo, in Ceylen, contains the followihg story about Sir John Franklin. It was communicated in a letter from Singapore of the date of January 6:—

Her Majesty's surveying ship Herald arrived here from the Artic regions, via the Sandwich Islands and Hong King, during the last week, and she has the latest advices from the North. Near the extreme station of the Russian Fur Company, they learned from the natives that a party of white men had been encamped 300 or 400 miles inland that the Russians had made an attempt to supply them with provisions and necessarties, but that the natives, who are at enmity with the Russians had frustrated all attempts. No communication could be opened with the spot where they were said to be, as a hostile tribe intervened. From the Esquimax they had this vague story very satisfactorily confirmed, with the addition that the whites and natives having quarrelled, the former had been murdered. As to the possibility of these unfortunates being Sir John Franklin's party, I leave you and your readers who have paid attention to the case in all its bearing to judge. Whether those men spoke of were or were not Sir John's company, little hopes can now be entertained of finding them alive, as their provisions must have been expended one year, and their fuel, which is as necessary, must have all burned out nearly two yeats since.

Haydn and the Sea Captain—Haydn used to relate whimsical anecdotes of his stay in London. A captain of the navy came to him one morning, and asked him to compose a march for some troops he had on board, offering him thirty guineas for his trouble, but requiring it to be done immediately, as the vessel was to sail next day for Calcutta. As soon as the captain was gone, Haydn sat down to the piano-forte, and the march was ready in a short time. Feeling some scruples at gaining his money so very easily, Haydn wrote two other marches, intending first to give the captain his choice, and then make him a present of all the three, as a return for his liberality. Next morning the captain returned, and asked for his march. "Here it is," said the composer.—The captain asked to hear it on the piano-forte; and having done so, laid down the thirty guineas, pocketed the march, and walked away Haydn tried to stop him, but in vain—the march was very good. "But I have written two others," cries Haydn, "which are letter; hear them, and take your chice." "I like the first very well, and that is enough," answered the captain, pursuing his way down stairs. Haydn following, crying out, "But I make you a present of them." "I won't have them," roared the seaman, with a nautical asservation, and bolted out at the street door. Haydn determined not to be done, hastened to the Exchage, and discovering the name of the ship and her commander, sent the marches on board with a polite note, which the captain, surmising its contents, sent back unopened. Haydn tore the marches into a thousand pieces, and never forgot the liberal English humorist as long as he lived.

THE PLUM PUDDING.—The following is told of a Yankee captain and his mate.

When there was a plum pudding made by the captain's order, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next the captain, who after helping himself passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed upon the steward to place the end that had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it.—Picking up the dish and turning it in his hands as if merely to examine the china, he said:

This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool, and put it down again as though without design, with the plums next to himself.

Is it possible! said the mate, taking up the dish; I supposed it was not worth more than one; and as if in perfect innocence, he put forth the dish with the plum end next to himself.

The captain looked at the mate, and the mate looked at the captain, and the captain laughed.

I tell you what, young one, said the captain, you've found me out—so we'll just cut the pudding lengthways this time, and have the plums fairly distributed.

A German wine merchant of Rheims, who has for several years been doing an immense businesss by the sale of wine, which had a peculiarly agreeable and exhilarating quality, causing it to be in demand above all other wines, has finally lost his secret. Liebeg analysed some of it, and found that the peculiar quality was caused by the introduction of laughing gas, or protoxide of nitrogen.

Jenny's Independence.—Jenny is a good girl, and she delights in making everybody happy around her, if possible. Notwithstanding this, she despises the humbuggery and deceit which is occasionally resorted to by others, who would profit by her extraordinary talent, unfairly; and she possesses the spirit to resent imposition, when she encounters it, as the following anecdote shows.

A London correspondent states that it was known she was to pass through a German town on a certain occasion, and a couple of amusement mongers hired the only public hall there, and fitted it up in anticpation of engaging the Swedish Nightingale for a concert. They even went so far as to sell several hundred tickets at exorbitant prices, for the concert in embryo. As soon as Jenny arrived, this pair of speculators called on her, and enquired what they should pay for her

'I do not wish to sing for,' replied Jenny Lind.

'But we will pay you liberally for your services.,

'I do not wish to sing for you,' replied the renowned cantatrice.

'We have already engaged and fitted up a hall, and sold tickets at high prices, and will pay you three thousand dollars to sing for us one night.'

'I cannot sing for you,'

'Name your own price, and we will give it.'

'I will not sing for you,' was the inexorable reply of Jenny.

'The gentleman could scarcely conceal their indignation, as they remarked,—

'This decision of yours almost ruins us—We have expended $700 in decorating the hall and making arrangements for a concert, at which we had no doubt you would sing.'

Jenny Lind immediately counted out $700 and placed it in their hands, at the same time expressing the hope that they were satisfied, 'inasmuch,' she added, 'as your arrangements have been made without my knowledge or consent.'

The managers expressed themselves satisfied and withdrew.

The next day Jenny Lind announced a concert for the benefit of the poor in that town. The receipts amounted to several thousand dollars, every farthing of which was devoted to charity.

THE NEWSPAPER.—The definition of this cheapest of all earthly luxuries is thus given by Bulwer the novelist:

"The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization, the common reservoir into which every steam pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink It is the newspaper which gives to liberty its practical life, its perpetual vigilance, its unwearying activity. The newspaper is a daily and sleepless watchman, and which reports to you every danger which menances the institutions of our country, and its interests at home and abroad: The newspaper informs legislators of the public opinion, and it informs the people of the acts of legislators—thus keeping up that sympathy and good understanding between the people and legislators which conduces to the maintenance of order. The newspaper is a law book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor."

A STRIKING THOUGHT.—"The death of an old man's wife," says Lamartine, "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, fall upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand had withered—one wing of his eagle was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which might have soothed his passage to the grave."

A lover, writing to his sweetheart says:—You are so sweet that honey would blush in your presence, and molasses stand appalled.

The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men.

TAKE THE PAPERS.—We might mention many instances of depravity arising mainly from a neglect to "take the papers," some of them so shocking, withal, that we dare not publish them. A rare instance occurred on Sunday. A good old lady who was always regularly in her place on the Sabbath, at church, was missed for two consecutive Sabbaths. In the afternoon of the second Sabbath, a friend called upon her fearing she was sick, and found herself and two daughters up to their elbows in soap suds. What? said the visitor, it can't be, Mrs. Jones, that you do up your washing on Sunday? Sunday? said Mrs. Jones, you don't go for to say it's Sunday? I do. Oh! created endurance—I told my husband it would be so. He said he was too poor to take the paper, and stopped it, and since that time things have gone on badly. Lord forgive us for what's past but I'll set my foot down that we shall have a paper after to-day.

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