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SUMMARY OF NEWS.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

On the morning of Saturday the 28th ult. a destructive fire broke out at Charlottetown, which consumed seven of the most useful and handsome buildings in the town.

The Islander says, that the buildings destroyed are, the dwelling house, workshop, warehouse, and stable of Mr. John Scott, who was burned out, on the same spot, four years ago, — part of a dwelling house used by Mr. John Le Page as a school room, J. W. Cairns, (the Globe Inn), his extensive smithy, machine manufactory, warehouses, and stables. Mr. John Hobbs' his dwelling house, warehouse, show room, cabinet manufactory, a house tenanted by Mr. Thomas Jacques, and some out buildings. Mrs. Hardy's dwelling house, and a tenanted house in the possession of Mrs. Foster. Mr. John Breen's stable burnt, and a tenanted dwelling house much damaged, caught on fire several times, one side of the roof destroyed, and other injuries to the lower part. A small house belonging to Mr. McKinnon, tenanted, was on fire in the roof, but was not much injured. Mr. Jacques lost nearly all his furniture.

The loss is estimated at not less than £3000. — The circumstance most to be regretted in the whole matter is, that not one penny was insured. The Mechanics (Messrs. Hobbs, Cairns, and Scott) who are the sufferers, are, without disparagement to others, masters of their respective businesses. The machinery of the two former was very superior, extensive and valuable. They have lost their all, excepting what furniture was saved, after many years of trial and steady perseverance, and are now reduced, by the disposition of an inextinguishable Providence, in one short hour, to the point of starving, and have to begin the world afresh, with the additional burthen of large families.

EXTRAORDINARY CLOCK.—HEARD TO THE DISTANCE OF 300 MILES.—The various telegraph offices along the line from Cincinnati to Pittsburg, were thrown into some excitement last evening by an incessant and uniform ticking, which occurred in their various registers. It appears, that Professors Walker and Luck have connected an Astronomical Clock with the line, in such a manner that its beats were conveyed to Pittsburg, for determining longitude. That a clock going in Cincinnati should tick so loud as to be heard in Pittsburg or Philadelphia and along the intermediate line, at one and the same moment, is an item of "Natural Magic" which a few years ago could scarcely have been predicted. — [Cincinnati Times.]

FROM ST. DOMINGO.—We learn from Capt. Sadquiberg, of the Bremen brig, Auguste, from Port au Prince, 13th inst., that an expedition was about fitting out, to capture the Spanish part of St. Domingo. Capt. Sadquiberg, brought a proclamation of the President's, informing the people of Hayti that it is his intention to send an army against the Spanish part of the island, and to bring it again into the Republic. — [New York Journal of Commerce.]

The owners of the steamer, Guadalupe, are about to establish the following line of steamers: The Cerro and Frigate to navigate the Gulf, making two trips a month between Vera Cruz, Galveston, New Orleans, and Havana, and the Southern United States for Southern Europe. The Guadalupe to receive the correspondence and passengers at Havana and proceed to Porto Rico; three steamers of 1,200 tons, each to be purchased to run between that Island and Cadiz, via the Canaries. This enterprise is to be aided by the Government, and is to go into operation forthwith.

A 10 we not a go-a-head nation?

POETRY.

Here is one of the sweetest little gems of poetry we ever remember to have read. Read it over and over again—does it not come over the spirit like the melody of a June rivulet?

AILEEN ASTOR'S EMITA II

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

Here in this little cave,
The prettiest nook of this most grassy vale,
All amid lilacs pale,
That turn
Their heads into my little vault and emerald
Stranger, I have made my grave.

I am not forgot;
A small hoarse stream murmurs close by my pillow,
And o'er me a green willow,
Doth weep,
Still questioning the air, "Why doth she
Sleep,
The girl, in this cold spot?"

Even the very winds
Come to my cave and sigh; they often
Bring
Rose leaves upon their wing
To strew
O'er my earth, and leaves of violet blue
In smooth, leaves of all kinds.

Fresh is my mossy bed;
The frequent ploy of the rock falls here
A sweet, cold, silent tear,
I've heard,
Sometime a wild and melancholy bird
Sings at my grave head.

Read the small tablet o'er
That holds mine epitaph upon its cheek of
pearl:

"Here lies a simple girl,
Who died
Like a pale flower nipt in its sweet spring
tide,
Ere it had bloomed."—No more.

A GENTLE REPROOF.

One day, as Zachariah Hodgson, was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife, to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him for once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plunged it into the pot. In due time her husband came home, some covered dishes were placed on the table, and, with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"
"Yes, my dear."
"I should like to know how you have cooked it? I will let any thing that you have spoilt it for my eating." (Taking off the cover.)
"I thought so. What in creation never did you try it?—I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried?"
"You didn't think any such thing—you know better—I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"
"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, I told you I liked it best fried, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled."

So saying, she lifted a cover, and for the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure tremble, but which only added to the ill nature of her husband.

"A pretty high this!" exclaimed he. Boiled fish! chaps and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder!"

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a green before him, containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish indeed!" grumbled the discontented husband. "I dare say it is an unpalatable wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large bull-frog, of portentous dimensions and pug-nacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprang from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition!

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong; and declared that she would never again have occasion to read him such another lesson; and he was as good as his word.

IT. The convivial Dick Rigby, once applied at the Post Office to know why some of his franks had been charged. The secretary replied, "We supposed, sir, they were not of your writing—the name is not the same." "Why, not precisely the same, but the truth is I happened to be a little tipsy when I wrote them." "Then, sir," said the secretary, "will you be so good in future as to write drunk, when you choose to make free?"

A gentleman, with his eagerness at the table, to answer a waiter some apple pie, owing to the knut slipping on the bottom of the dish, found his knuckles buried in the crust, where a wag, who sat just opposite him, very gravely observed, whilst he held his plate, "If I trouble you for a bit, while your hand's in."

EXALTATION.—It may seem perhaps a paradox to say that expectation is enjoyment. Nevertheless it is so on this earth. Fruition is for heaven. With the accomplishment of every desire there is so much of disappointment mingled that it cannot be really called enjoyment, for fancy always exercises itself upon the future; and when we obtain the thing we desire, we find it is not what we imagined it to be.

Did we but state the case to ourselves as it truly is, whenever we conceive any of the manifold desires which led us on from step to step through life, the proposition would be totally different from that which we forever put before our own mind, and we should make one step toward deceiving ourselves. We continually say, "If I could attain such an object, I should be quite contented." But what man ought to say to himself is, "I believe this or that acquisition would give me happiness." He would soon find that it did not do so; and the never-ceasing recurrence of the lesson might, in the end, teach him to ask what was the source of his disappointment? Was it that other circumstances in his own fate were so altered, even while he pursued the path of endeavor, as to render attainment no longer satisfactory?—was it that the object sought was intrinsically different when attained from that which he had reasonably believed it to be, which he had reasonably believed it to be, while pursuing it?—or was it that his fancy, while gilded with charms, pictures, and

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