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New York,
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St. John:

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DONALD CLARK,
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properties for

TO LET.

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LONDON

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LONDON, its St.

CEIVED

asks: Ryans' London

and Pale Ale.

Rotterdam Geneva,

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Whiskey.

J. W. STREET.

12, 1852.

NICE.

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of Nevill Thomson, late

County of Charlotte.

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by Alexander McVicar,

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by Public Auction, on

lay of December next,

at the Homestead, on

25th October, 1852.

JOHN NICHOL,
Administrator

Raw Paint Oil.

herness" from Hull

Boiled and Raw Lin-

just received.

J. W. STREET

The Standard.
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A. W. Smith.

At his Office, Water Street, Saint Andrews, N. B.

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The Standard.

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

Evangelium est optimum.—Cic.

No. 32] SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1853. [Vol. 20

From the Provincial Patriot.
Personal and Political Sketch of the Members
of the House of Assembly of N. B.,
as we find them in 1853.

CAPTAIN J. J. ROBINSON.

This Gentleman is one of the Charlotte County Representatives—is son-in-law of Admiral Owen, resides at Campbellville, is Captain in Her Majesty's Royal Navy, and considered possessor of a very handsome fortune. In personal appearance, is of short stature, firmly built, muscular, and agile—with a certain freedom of action, sea-faring carelessness, and "devil-may-care" sprightliness about him, that plainly enough bespeaks him one of the "Sons of the Ocean." With his abidance on the quarter deck of a British man-of-war, we have nothing to do—it is only as a Legislator of New Brunswick, and for the County of Charlotte, that we have to regard him. Accordingly, in debate, Capt. Robinson speaks with difficulty, laboring under some natural impediment, seemingly, and yet it is neither stammering nor stuttering; it may be from a desire to deliver himself as soon as possible—if that be the cause it seriously indicates against the intention. His speeches may certainly be in many of our style—open and above board, but they are far from statesmanlike—his action is sometimes vehement, and very frequently he evinces a warmth of temper when opposed, indicative of one who loves to command. His love for England, English Institutions, and English Laws appears to be sincerely cherished. He glories in them, and the introduction of any political measure in this country, not in strict accordance with the well understood sense of the Home Government, would find in Capt. Robinson an unflinching antagonist. He considers vote by ballot an ancient system, and treats the subject with contemptuous scorn. Notwithstanding Capt. Robinson's acknowledged Conservative predilections, he always evinces in the Legislature a warm interest in the prosperity of the Province, and particularly in that of the County he represents—the St. Andrews and Quebec Districts receives his zealous support, and the Fishery question finds him equally ready to combat the dispute for the good of the Province in particular and North American Colonies generally. Capt. Robinson appears as independent in principle as he is in purse, and would never barter his nobility of soul for a "mess of pottage."

JAMES BOYD.

This gentleman is a Representative of Charlotte County—arrived in this Province from Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1813, during the American War, served the same year in the embodied militia of N. B. Brunswick. Whether he entered the ranks as Private or Subaltern we cannot say; however, the fact that he holds the rank of Colonel in the New Brunswick militia at the present time, is sufficient to justify us in recording in our opinion, that Mr. Boyd has proved himself an efficient Militia Soldier. In personal appearance this gentleman is, in stature, above the common standard—well proportioned—in body and limb, and wearing a frank, manly countenance. His hair is dark, complexion florid, and appears about sixty years of age. By reference to authority before us we find him a member of the House of Assembly in 1839, for the same County which he still represents, and has for the last 14 years, with the exception of last time on account of two Scrutinies, through both of which he passed successfully—the last one, which closed last winter, is celebrated throughout the Province, we may say Province. It commenced in 1851 and ended in 1853, and the expense incurred by the rival candidates—Messrs. Fitzgerald and Boyd, must have been enormous while the time occupied by sitting committees at the Legislature, allowing three dollars per diem to each member, besides contingencies, must have cost the people of the Province no mean sum. Perhaps the amount expended on this notorious scrutiny case, would have made a railroad from St. Andrews to Chamcook! In debate Mr. Boyd evinces no pretension to oratory—his action is dignified enough, being unaffected and natural; his speeches are generally brief, and noted rather for common sense logic, than the graces of eloquence—he is a stubborn advocate for any case he takes in hand—and never beats a retreat from the ground he occupies until fairly overpowered by numbers, or out-generalled by superior political stratagem. As this gentleman's votes on important subjects will be classed with those of others, in a condensed and methodical form, we omit them here. However, we may just observe, that as Mr. Boyd has served the County of Charlotte 14 years, he must be well known to his constituents and they to him. Respecting the abominable looting which was carried on last winter among the Members, Mr. Boyd must certainly be quite innocent, as he did not take his seat until near the close of the Session—and even so, we believe he always carries his own *Sauvage* bay!

WILLIAM PORTER.

This gentleman is also a Representative for Charlotte County, having been elected to that important and responsible situation in 1816. In personal appearance Mr. Porter is far from homely; he is neither tall nor short, but has a slight inclination to corpulent roundness; his face wears the hue of health, indicative of being no stranger to the blessings of *cornucopia*. His nose is slightly aquiline, approaching to what might be termed "Roman." His mouth is small, and rather pretty; his eyes are dark, but too small to be considered handsome; his hair is black, tho' thinly sprinkled with the colour of the venerable; and yet Mr. Porter is not far advanced in life; at least not of an age to militate against his usefulness in any way in which he may feel qualified to engage. In debate, as a politician, Mr. Porter displays no affected pretension to oratory; his own good sense has taught him that nature has not bestowed upon him the necessary qualifications for a fluent and graceful speaker; hence Mr. Porter, in the Legislative Assembly, speaks seldom and briefly. His voice too, is rather low, and his enunciation difficult for a Reporter's ear to catch satisfactorily. In debate, this Member displays, sometimes, much warmth of temper; he cannot brook opposition, and it may be owing to this constitutional impetuosity, that Mr. Porter utters what he does say, almost unintelligible to a listener in the gallery. Mr. Porter, as a Member for Charlotte, evinces a very warm heart; and should he even err—which he may—(for who is faultless?) his constituents should, with becoming charity, attribute it to error of judgment, rather than intention. Mr. Porter's votes on particular political measures, will appear in due course of time.

DOCTOR ROBERT THOMSON.

This gentleman is a Representative of the County Charlotte—in stature, is somewhat taller than the common height, and proportionally moulded. Is an Irishman by birth, and physician by profession; possesses much originality, and is an acknowledged scholar; so far indeed are his literary attainments respected, that even in the House of Assembly, he is generally termed—"The Learned Doctor." Doctor Thomson was returned by Charlotte County in 1842. Since which period he has represented his constituents. Eleven years is no mean servitude. The Doctor's features are neither handsome nor homely. His eyes are small, but very bright piercing, and a certain playfulness of expression lurks continually about his mouth. His nose is long and aquiline, and his forehead just the thing to suit a phrenologist. Before we close our description of the Doctor's personal appearance, we cannot help regretting that his admiration for the fair and gentle sex never preponderated over his aversion to wedlock; especially as his offspring, doubtless, would have largely partaken of their Pa's characteristics. Doctor Thomson is a man still in the prime of life—his form is erect, his step firm, and his abilities of body and mind unimpaired. In debate, the Doctor is a subtle reasoner—close, sound, and logical—and he never fails to spice his speech with such a sprinkling of wit and humour as generally creates a hearty laugh. His delivery is neither fluent nor felicitous, and yet the Doctor always commands attention—the rich originality, so characteristic of Irishmen, dwells largely in the Doctor; and he never spares the expression of a joke—tell on whom it may. In Politics, the Doctor is a conservative to the backbone; what the County calls "reform," he considers an innovation—*à voté by ballot*, he despises—the creed of the Mother Country is his political attribute; and yet no warmer friend sits in the House for any County, than does the Doctor for Charlotte. Should the Doctor be charged with faults, political ones we mean, he has many redeeming qualities—among them, a sense of honor too high to descend so low as to pilfer from the Province, jewelry or stationery! And, *ergo*, would pledge our existence, that Doctor Thomson did not take the lady's ring.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

There is nothing new under the sun.—The American coffin which attracted so much attention at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and which, by producing the vacuum by means of the air pump, was thought to be an entirely new method of preserving corpses from decay, has been just proved to have been known in the middle ages. While demolishing a short time ago, the old church of the ancient Welch College at Helmsfield, near Brunswick, a coffin made of lead the lid of which was of glass of immense thickness, contained the body of a young girl apparently about twelve years of age, which still preserved every appearance of youth and freshness, although the coffin bore the date of 1161! A private letter from a bystander tells us that—

"The face and figure of the child were

perfect as in life, not a single sign of decay being visible throughout the whole person.—The cheek preserved its delicate rose tint—the forehead its snowy whiteness. The hair, which was of a beautiful gold color, was parted on the brow, and fell in long ringlets over the bosom, crisp and fresh as though the child had laid down to sleep the moment before. The dress of white satin embroidered in gold flowers, the shoes of white velvet, the lace apron, all seemed bright as if newly purchased; and more astonishing still the bunch of lilies held in the hand of the corpse still looked as fresh and moist as though she lay still hung upon it. The workmen engaged in the demolition of the building were struck with awe, and immediately went in quest of the ghost-magistrate of the place, who soon arrived on the spot, accompanied by several of the inhabitants. Unfortunately, the worthy functionary having recently been made the victim of a practical joke in the town, and being half suspicious of the same thing was intended, would not believe in the reality, and, seizing a spade from the hand of one of the workmen who stood near, dealt a heavy blow upon the lid of the coffin, and smashed one of two of the diamond shaped panes of glass of which it was composed. In a moment, and while we yet gazed, a thin cloud of dust or vapor, like a wreath of smoke, rose up from the coffin and, dimmed the sight, veiling the corpse from our view. When it had disappeared, we gazed down wards in awe; nothing remained of what had struck us with so much interest and wonder; all had vanished, and left naught behind but a heap of discolored dust, a few tags of linen, and one or two dry bones!"

The rage and despair of H-tr W—, the great antiquary and savant of the place, knew no bounds. He did his best to collect the fragments that remained, and that same evening the coffin was conveyed to Brunswick where it will no doubt form one of the greatest ornaments of the museum. There appears no doubt that the high preservation of the corpse had been produced by the abstraction of all air from the coffin; and it is supposed that the child belonged to some great Professor of the University, who had performed the experiment in secret; as it is curious that, amid all the pains and care concerning the body of the child, no means should have been taken to preserve her name from oblivion. No name is engraved upon the coffin, not even her initials—nothing but the date of the year in which she died or was buried (1461)—London Atlas.

A HINT TO FARMERS.

The Maine Farmer gives the following pertinent paragraph on the importance of the proper care of stock:

We may send to England for Durham cows, or to Spain or Saxony for the choicest sheep; we may search the world over for cattle that please the eye; but unless they receive the best care and liberal feeding, they will most assuredly deteriorate and eventually become as worthless and unworthy of propagation as any of the skeleton breeds that now haunt our rich but neglected pasture lands. We remember, an anecdote in point, and will relate it by way of illustration. A farmer having purchased a cow from a country abounding in the richest pasturage, upon taking her to his own inferior pastures, found that she fell short of the yield which he was informed she was accustomed to give. He complained to the gentleman of whom he had purchased that the cow was not the one he had bargained for, or, in other words, that she was not what she was "cracked up to be."

"Why," said the seller, "I sold you my cow but did not sell you my pasture too."

The above, which we cut from an exchange reminds us of the reply which a shrewd old farmer, whom we knew many years ago, made to one of his neighbours in raising—Shortly after, meeting the old gentleman referred to, he says, "Well, Mr. Sweetest, I'm going to beat you in raising hogs this year: I have got some of J. M.—'s breed."

"A-h-h," drawled out the old man, "you'd better get the breed of his hog trough!"

SENSIBLE REMARK.—The Revd. Henry Ward Beecher in his remarks at the anniversary of the Five Points Mission said:—

"When Christ went where there were sick; He healed them; where there was actual want, He created bread, and came down to their physical condition. Take the gospel to the miserable outcasts of our city, and no man can preach it, unless he does more. It is as though he made a mark in the sand, and the first tide washes it away. Preach the Gospel, and the hunger of the man makes him forget it. There is a great deal more Gospel in a loaf of bread sometimes, than in an old dry sermon. If I go to a man and bring to him his want ever so much philosophy, he will not hear it; if I come down to him and bring him bread, and clothes and medicine, this will give him a correct idea of the Gospel—one which he can appreciate and understand."

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.—A deliberative body goes into committee of the whole, when it suspends the rules of order for the purpose of allowing unlimited debate on some subject which it is deemed requisite to discuss, without restraint. The motion to "go into committee of the whole upon the state of the Union," was frequently acted on during the debates on the Constitution of the United States, when it became necessary to debate all sorts of questions touching the welfare of the country. In committee of the whole the House is changed in character—it is transformed into a committee subordinate to the House proper. The House becomes a committee that comprises every member of the House, and as such reports back its proceedings to the House for final action. The debates assume great latitude, as anything seems to be in order. When the members of Congress wish to indulge in long Buncombe speeches on everything else save the particular business which their constituents sent them to perform, they move that "we go into committee of the whole on the state of the Union."—[New York Sunday Times.

The Ministers in these days do just about what their parishioners desire; but a century or so ago the minister was a law for himself, and no one dared to question his right. In looking over the report of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Lancaster, Mass., which occurred on the 15th ult., we were somewhat amused with the following remarks of the Rev. Mr. Sears in regard to the former ministers of that town:—"He spoke feelingly of them, both of their virtues and their faults. Rev. Mr. Harrington, one of their number, excommunicated a member from his church for having criticised one of his sermons. He refused to baptise children born on Sunday, for he said they broke the Sabbath in their very birth. But it happened that he had a child born to him on Sunday, and after that he relaxed the rigor of his views on the subject. But with all their love of power, they were good and holy men."

Can you tell me, Sir, where the Boston expensory is?" asked Mrs. Partington of our friend Old Roger, the other morning.—She was looking earnestly at the signs along the corner of Summer street, with an anxious expression upon her face, and a doctor's prescription between her fingers. "Yes'm," said the old fellow, pointing significantly at the jewelry which gleamed in Jones, Ball & Co.'s window, "it seems to be an expensory all around here." "I mean," replied she, half smiling, and laying her hand lightly upon his coat sleeve, "the place where they put up doctor's prescriptions graciously for nothing, for Isaac has got an absence on his leg." He pointed with his cane up the stairway to the dispensary, and the old lady climbed up steadily to where she was to obtain the absence-healing dispensation.—[Boston Post.

WARNING TO TRAVELLERS.—We regret that it should be our duty to warn travellers against the dishonesty of parties frequenting our principal hotels. We find that, on Friday last, at the St. Lawrence Hall, Captain Berdmore's room was entered, and a bag containing some £50 currency, in British and American gold pieces, besides some articles of jewelry, was stolen. In the same house, Capt. J. W. Allan, a gentleman from the United States, on the following night, was robbed of ninety dollars from his room.

At the Quawa House, too, Mr. Samuel J. Days, of Springfield, Mass., his room was entered, and \$400 in money abstracted; and another room occupied by Messrs. Geo. Lyon and Hon. A. Allan, was also entered and \$40 in money taken. One person is, we understand, in custody on suspicion of being the robber at the Ottawa Hotel. Travellers should be careful in locking the doors of their rooms.—Montreal Herald.

THE LARGEST RAILWAY IN THE WORLD.

The largest railway in the world will shortly be possessed by Canada. That branch of it which is opened this morning from hence to Portland, is, comparatively, but a small portion of the whole. Preliminary to the payment of the dividend, which during the week has rejoiced the hearts of the stockholders, who have either been fortunate enough to hold on to their original stock or to have become possessed of stock by purchase, the definite arrangement was made for the amalgamation of the following lines: The Grand Trunk Railway, or that road, which was to connect Montreal with Kingston; the Toronto and Guelph Road; the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Road; the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada East, or that road which is intended to connect Quebec

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with Trois Pistoles; and, lastly, the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, or that portion of the road hence to Portland, which lies in the territories of the United States.—The Grand Trunk Company have not become possessed of the fee simple of the latter road; but they have got what, according to the old English saying is as good as a freehold—a ninety nine years lease, at a rent calculated at 6 per cent. on the outlay incurred by the American Company amounting to some \$5,000,000. On the 18th inst. it is expected that the arrangements for incorporating the Richmond and Quebec Railroad with the rest will also be concluded. When that shall have taken place, there will be under one management—finished in rapid progress or about to be begun—the immense extent of eleven hundred and twelve miles of railroad. We imagine that the first portion of the road now opened must be secure of an enormous passenger traffic, passing as it does through the most romantic scenery from the St. Lawrence to the sea.—[Ib.

DEMOLITION OF BROOK'S MONUMENT.—The Rochester Daily American published the following letter, dated on Monday, on board the steamer Ontario:—

Dear Sir:—The celebrated land mark on Queensston Heights, erected in memory of Sir Isaac Brock, who fell on that field Oct. 13, 1812, was on Saturday felled to the ground. An ineffectual attempt had been made to blow it up the day before. It was found necessary to use a second blast, which shattered the shaft to atoms.

It was not done by hostile hands, but by direction of the British Government, who will erect a new and beautiful monument in its place.

The remains of General Brock were first interred at Fort George, with those of his Adjutant-General, Capt. M'Donald, October 16, 1812, and placed in the vault under the monument, Oct. 13, 1824. The remains are now in the vault of the Hamilton family, at Queensston, and will be removed to the new monument when ready.

"Barney, where have you been?" "To widow Muford's bill, and an illigant time we had of it,—four fights in fifty minutes, and plucked down with the watchman that left but one whole nose in the house, and that belonged to the tea kettle. Bo-Ad, the likes were never seen since we waked old Donnelly." From these remarks it will appear that some people's ideas of the "illigant" differ somewhat from others.

A schoolmaster was met by a nobleman who asked his name and vocation. Having declared his name, he added, "I am master of the parish." "Master of the parish?" How can that be?" "I'll tell you, I am master of the children of the parish; the children are the masters of their mothers, and the mothers are the rulers of the fathers; and consequently I am master of the whole parish."

THE SNAKE AND THE CROCODILE.—(A Tough One).—She following thrilling account of an engagement between a box coon and a crocodile in Jara, is given by an eye witness:

It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountain. The waters were clear as crystal, and everything could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close over this pond was a gigantic teak tree, and in its thick shining, evergreen leaves lay a huge box, in an easy coil, taking its morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape of the baboon species, a learing race of scamps, always bent on mischief.

Now the ape from his position saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with in the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a limb of the tree, but a battle royal immediately commenced in the water. The serpent grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious contortions. Winking his fold round the body of his antagonist he disabled his two hinder legs, and by his contractions made the scales and bones of the monster crack.

The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. At this time the cause of the mischief was in a state of the highest ecstacy. At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene; the folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were troubling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water.

On enquiring—There is a man living in Livingston Co., N. Y., by the name of Atherton, who, in one week in January last, thrashed four hundred bushels of wheat, three conabales, and seven deputy sheriffs. Where's the man?