

Hery, &c.
Wholesale and Retail
of all kinds of
Clothing, Hats, &c.

Spring Clock
Watches, &c.
German dials,
Watch Guards,
and Fancy Set
and Silver
Cases, Gold and
Silver Compas-
ses, and Need-
les, Paper Mick-
les, Hat, Hair,
Baggage, Silver
and Glass Stems,
and Brass Cans
and Razors and
Tea Bells, Pocket
cleanser, Silver
Pencil Cases, Cigs,
and Pen Knives,
and Tailors
Sewer, Hot Water
Sewer, Tea Tray,
and Toilet Powder,
and Toilet Powder
Jewellery, &c.,
Quadrants, Com-
pass, adjusted, Cas-
es, &c.

STICKNEY.
Accompanied by Mr. W. A.
Miles from Saint
Andrews, apply to
S. Mr. D. McCallum
and A. L. Turner,
Fredericton.

STAGE.
T. STEPHEN,
DBAKING
contracted to run
ST. ANDREWS
ILLTOWN, and
week, according to
at 6 o'clock A.
Thursdays and Sa-
M and St. Stephen
on days. The St.
cars have driven up
very attention to the
of Passengers, with
full share of publi-
will remain open a
Hotel, St. Andrews
and Ray's
OMAS HARDY
1849.

ST. ANDREWS
N. B. 1849.
N. SMART.
NEW SWICK
ING SOCIETY
G. S. FUND
in 30th Sep 1847
to Robert F. Hazen
news, Geo. D. Steer
rus, J. G. Stevens.

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The Standard.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
N. W. Smith.
At his Office, Water-Street, Saint Andrews, N. B.
TERMS.—
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15s, if not paid until the end of the year.
No paper discontinued until arrears are paid.
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Inserted according to written orders, or con-
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First insertion of 12 lines and under 3s
Each repetition of 12 lines 1d
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Advertising by the year as may be agreed on

HEALTH where 'tis SOUGHT!



Holloway's Pills.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND STOMACH WHEN IN A MOST HOPELESS STATE.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Matthew Harvey, of Chapel Hill, Andover, Scotland, dated the 15th of January 1850.

Sir—Your valuable Pills have been the means, with God's blessing of restoring me to a state of perfect health, and at a time when I thought I was on the brink of the grave. I had consulted several eminent doctors, who after doing what they could for me, stated that they considered my case as hopeless. I was a last resource got a Box of your Pills, which soon gave relief and by persevering in their use for some weeks, together with rubbing night and morning your Ointment over my chest and stomach, and right side, I have by their means alone got completely cured, and to the astonishment of myself and every body who knows me.

(Signed) MATTHEW HARVEY.

CURE OF A CASE OF WEAKNESS AND DEBILITY OF FOUR YEARS' STANDING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Smith, of No 5, Little Thomas Street, Glasgow, Scotland, dated Dec. 12th, 1849.

To Professor Holloway.

Sir—I beg to inform you that for nearly five years I have been what is called a weak and debilitated man, suffering from extreme weakness and debility with constant nervous headaches, giddiness, and sickness of the stomach together with a great depression of spirits. I used to think that nothing could benefit me, and I had taken many medical men, some of whom after doing all that was in their power informed me that they considered that I had some spinal complaint beyond the reach of cure, together with a very disordered state of the stomach and liver, making my case so complicated that nothing could be done for me. One day being unusually ill and in a dejected state, I saw your Pills advertised, and resolved to give them a trial, and perhaps from curiosity I took a Box of your Pills, and to my surprise I found myself better by taking them, and so I went on persevering in their use for six months, when I am happy to say they effected a perfect cure.

(Signed) WILLIAM SMITH.

CURE OF ASTHMA OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. J. E. Heydon, 78 King Street, Sydney, dated 10th of November 1849.

To Professor Holloway.

Sir—I have the pleasure to inform you that many extraordinary cures of Asthma have been effected here by means of your Pills. One of the ladies residing near the "Razack," who after having for twenty years been unable to make the slightest exertion, suffering very severely from shortness of breath, coughing, and spitting, but in some of her own expressions, able to run up to the top of the mountain. Another case is that of Mr. Canon, Taylor, of the Buildings, Clarence Street, who was so dreadfully afflicted that he was confined entirely to his bed-room for six months, and to his commencing with your Pills, and attended regularly by his medical man, who pronounced him to be in a dying state, yet he, like me, to my knowledge, has been restored to perfect health by the use of your Pills, and rubbing your Ointment night and morning into his chest.

(Signed) J. A. HEYDON.

ASTONISHING CURE OF THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH.

By this Miraculous Medicine! After every other means had failed!

A Copy of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Maiana, Leghorn, 21st Feb. 1850.

10 Professor Holloway.

Sir—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thinking you before this time for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take the opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and at the same time, to add that your PILLS have effected a cure of a disorder in my Liver and Stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent had not been able to effect; nay! not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of Ointment in case any of my family should ever require either.

I remain, with much respect,
(Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

TIME should not be lost in taking it is Remedy for any of the following diseases:

Ague Consumption Fits Rheumatism
Tumors Asthma Debility Gout
Retention of Urine Ulcers Eritous Com-
plaints Dropsy Head-ache Sore Throat
Venereal Affections Eruptions on the skin
Dysentery Indigestion Scalds or King's Evil
Worms of all kinds Erysipelas Inflammation
Bowel Complaints Female Irregularities
Jaundice Sore and Gland Colic
Liver Complaints Secondary Symptoms
Weakness from whatever cause Lumbago
Constipation of Bowels Dropsy all kinds
Piles Tic Douloureux &c. &c.

These Medicines in England are sold at 1s. 12d. 2s. 3d. 4s. 6d. 10s. 20s. each Box and Pot. There is a considerable saving by taking the large size.

Sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout New Brunswick, and by A. H. Thompson, St. Stephen; Billings & Dyer, Eastport; and

THOS. TURNER,
OF St. Andrews.

Wholesale Agent for the County Charlotte, N. B.—Directions for the Guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box or Pot.

The Standard,
OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

E carrits sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

No 56 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1850. [Vol. 17]

POETRY.
RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid showers gather
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreary fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woe,
As I listen to the patter
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother,
As she used to, years ago,
To survey the infant sleepers
Ere she left them till the dawn:
I can see her bending o'er me,
As I listened to the strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the pater of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair;
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
A serene angelic pair;
Glide around my wakeful pillow
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes delicious blue,
I forget as gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue;
Remembered that I loved her
As I never may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature—
That subdued sobbing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the pater of the rain.

Home—Home is a genuine Saxon word; a word kindred to Saxon speech, but with an import common to the race of man. Perhaps there is no other word in the language that clusters within so many and so stirring meanings, that calls into play, and powerfully excites, so many faculties of our being. "Home,"—say but the word, and child that my merry guest begins to weep. "Home,"—play but its tones and the bearded soldier, that blinked not in the breach, droops, and sickness and dies. "Home,"—murmur but its name, and memories start around it that put fire into the brain, and affections that all most suffocate or break the heart, and pictures that bewilder with scenes in which joys and sorrow wrestle with delicious strife for possession of the spirit. "Home,"—what does it not stand for, of strongest, of most moving associations!—of childhood's grief and gladness—for youth's sports and hopes, and sufferings, and passions and sins—for all that brightens or dims the eye—for all that convulses or tranquilizes the breast; for a father's embrace, or for his death-bed; for a mother's kiss, or for her grave; for a sister's love, or a brother's friendship.

Rev. Henry Giles.

A FAITHFUL SLAVE.

The following is an extract from the Will of Judge Uphur, late Secretary of State of the United States, killed by the explosion on board the steamer Princeton:—

"I am a slave, and I set free my servant David Rich, and direct my executors to give him one hundred dollars. I recommend him in the strongest manner to the respect, esteem, and confidence of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty-four years, during all which time he has been trusted to—very extent, and in every respect. My confidence in him has been unbounded; his relation to myself and family has always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us, and yet he has never been detected in any serious fault, nor even in an unintentional breach of the decorum of his station. His intelligence is of a high order, his integrity above all suspicion, and his sense of right and propriety correct, and even refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me in the new relations which he must now form: it is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him. In the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given, nor had occasion to give, him an unpleasant word. I know of no man who has

fewer faults or more excellencies than he."

THE GLASS RAILROAD.
THERE WAS A MORAL IN THAT DREAM.
[A dream of the Millard Bard, during one of his fits of mania a potu.]
It seemed to me, said the bard as though I had been suddenly aroused from slumber, I looked around and found myself in the centre of a gay and happy crowd. The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne along with a peculiar and gentle motion—a soft gliding motion. I looked round and found that I was in a long train of cars, which were gliding over a railway. I could see the train, far ahead, it was turning a bend of the railway, and seemed to be many miles in length. It was composed of many cars. Every car open at the top, was filled with men and women—all daily dressed—all happy, all laughing, talking and singing. The peculiar graceful motion of the cars interested me. There was no grating such as we hear on a railroad. They moved on without the least jar or sound. This I say interested me. I looked over the side, and to my astonishment found the railroad and cars were made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. This soft gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness.

I was so happy! It seemed as if every thing was at rest within me—I was full of peace. While I was wondering over this circumstance, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the railroad, on either side, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffin, one on either side of the railroad, and every one containing a corpse, dressed for burial, with its cold white face turned upward to the light. I yelled in agony, but could make no sound. The gay throng who were around me, only redoubled their singing and laughter, at the sight of my agony, and we swept on, and on, gliding with glass wheels over the glass railroad, every moment coming nearer to the bend of the road, which formed an angle with the road, far in the distance.

Who are those? I cried at last, pointing to the dead in their coffins.
These are the persons who made this trip before us, was the reply of one of the gayest persons near me.

Why trip? I asked.
Why trip we are now making. The trip in these glass cars over this glass railway, was the answer.

Why do they lie along the road, each one in his coffin? I was answered with a whisper, and a half laugh, which froze my blood. They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad, said the person whom I addressed.

You know the railroad terminates at an abyss, which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end it precipitates its passengers into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought up here and placed in coffins as a warning to other passengers; but no one minds it, we're so happy on the glass railroad.

I can never describe the horror with which these words inspired me.
What is the name of this railroad? I asked.
The person whom I addressed replied in the same low voice.
It is the railroad of Habit. It is very easy to get into these cars, but very hard to get out. For once in these cars everybody is delighted with the soft gliding motion. The cars move so gently!—Yes it is a railroad of Habit, and with glass wheels we are whirled over a glass railroad toward a faithless abyss. In a few moments we'll be there; and then the'll bring our bodies, and put them in coffins as a warning to others, but nobody will mind it, will they?

I was choked with horror. I struggled for breath—made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle awoke. I knew it was only a dream; and yet whenever I think of it, I can see that long train of cars moving gently over the glass railroad. I can see the cars far ahead, as they are turning the bend of the road. I can see the dead in their coffins clear and distinct—on either side of the road—while the laughter and singing of the gay and happy passengers resounds in my ears. I only see these cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted, and their frozen hands upon their shrouds.

And the bard's changing feature; I and brightening eye, attested the emotion which had been aroused by the memory of the dream. It was indeed a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars, gliding over a glass railway, freighted with youth, beauty and music, while on either hand stretched the victims of yesterday, gliding over the railway of Habit, towards the faithless abyss.

"There was a moral in that dream,"
Reader, are you addicted to any sinful habit? I break it off ere you are dashed against the rocks.

The Locust Bird.—It is most gratifying to state that the locust bird has made its appearance in the adjoining district of Beaufort, in great numbers. Opportunity was afforded us about nine days since, of witnessing several flights of this bird, and it was peculiarly interesting, in connection with their rapid but graceful motions while in pursuit of their prey. Their numbers like the locusts, are incredible, presenting at a distance the appearance of a dark cloud floating in graceful evolutions in the clear atmosphere. Their pursuit of the locust is incessant, starting occasionally into regions so high, as to appear to the spectators mere specks, and then descending with the velocity of a swallow, which they greatly resemble when on the wing, to the surface of the earth. The largest flight of locusts is destroyed by them in a day or two, and sometimes in a few hours, and this merciful provision is made by an ever-watchful Providence against a scourge which, but for Omnipotent Power, would speedily lay bare and render useless some of the fairest regions of the earth.—[Graham's Town Journal.]

We learn that the Telegraph Wires are to be extended to St. Andrews, and also to Chatham, Miramichi. The distance from the line between this City and St. Stephen to the former place, is only about five miles, we believe, and it is surprising that our friends in St. Andrews have not availed themselves of the advantages of the wires before now. We learn from the Gleaner, that two gentlemen from Richibucto, pledged that if parties at Miramichi would, on either side, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffin, one on either side of the railroad, and every one containing a corpse, dressed for burial, with its cold white face turned upward to the light. I yelled in agony, but could make no sound. The gay throng who were around me, only redoubled their singing and laughter, at the sight of my agony, and we swept on, and on, gliding with glass wheels over the glass railroad, every moment coming nearer to the bend of the road, which formed an angle with the road, far in the distance.

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I was choked with horror. I struggled for breath—made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle awoke. I knew it was only a dream; and yet whenever I think of it, I can see that long train of cars moving gently over the glass railroad. I can see the cars far ahead, as they are turning the bend of the road. I can see the dead in their coffins clear and distinct—on either side of the road—while the laughter and singing of the gay and happy passengers resounds in my ears. I only see these cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted, and their frozen hands upon their shrouds.

And the bard's changing feature; I and brightening eye, attested the emotion which had been aroused by the memory of the dream. It was indeed a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars, gliding over a glass railway, freighted with youth, beauty and music, while on either hand stretched the victims of yesterday, gliding over the railway of Habit, towards the faithless abyss.

"There was a moral in that dream,"
Reader, are you addicted to any sinful habit? I break it off ere you are dashed against the rocks.

The Locust Bird.—It is most gratifying to state that the locust bird has made its appearance in the adjoining district of Beaufort, in great numbers. Opportunity was afforded us about nine days since, of witnessing several flights of this bird, and it was peculiarly interesting, in connection with their rapid but graceful motions while in pursuit of their prey. Their numbers like the locusts, are incredible, presenting at a distance the appearance of a dark cloud floating in graceful evolutions in the clear atmosphere. Their pursuit of the locust is incessant, starting occasionally into regions so high, as to appear to the spectators mere specks, and then descending with the velocity of a swallow, which they greatly resemble when on the wing, to the surface of the earth. The largest flight of locusts is destroyed by them in a day or two, and sometimes in a few hours, and this merciful provision is made by an ever-watchful Providence against a scourge which, but for Omnipotent Power, would speedily lay bare and render useless some of the fairest regions of the earth.—[Graham's Town Journal.]

We learn that the Telegraph Wires are to be extended to St. Andrews, and also to Chatham, Miramichi. The distance from the line between this City and St. Stephen to the former place, is only about five miles, we believe, and it is surprising that our friends in St. Andrews have not availed themselves of the advantages of the wires before now. We learn from the Gleaner, that two gentlemen from Richibucto, pledged that if parties at Miramichi would, on either side, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffin, one on either side of the railroad, and every one containing a corpse, dressed for burial, with its cold white face turned upward to the light. I yelled in agony, but could make no sound. The gay throng who were around me, only redoubled their singing and laughter, at the sight of my agony, and we swept on, and on, gliding with glass wheels over the glass railroad, every moment coming nearer to the bend of the road, which formed an angle with the road, far in the distance.

Who are those? I cried at last, pointing to the dead in their coffins.
These are the persons who made this trip before us, was the reply of one of the gayest persons near me.

Why trip? I asked.
Why trip we are now making. The trip in these glass cars over this glass railway, was the answer.

Why do they lie along the road, each one in his coffin? I was answered with a whisper, and a half laugh, which froze my blood. They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad, said the person whom I addressed.

You know the railroad terminates at an abyss, which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end it precipitates its passengers into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought up here and placed in coffins as a warning to other passengers; but no one minds it, we're so happy on the glass railroad.

I can never describe the horror with which these words inspired me.
What is the name of this railroad? I asked.
The person whom I addressed replied in the same low voice.
It is the railroad of Habit. It is very easy to get into these cars, but very hard to get out. For once in these cars everybody is delighted with the soft gl