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The Standard

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ENGLISH MAILS.
Days on which the steamships sail from Europe and America.

Destination	Date	Ship
Canada	Jan. 13	New York
Niagara	Jan. 27	For Boston
Europe	Feb. 10	New York
America	Feb. 21	For Boston
Canada	Mar. 10	New York
Niagara	Mar. 24	For Boston
Europe	Apr. 7	New York
Cambria	Apr. 14	For Boston

DEPARTURES FROM AMERICA.

Destination	Date	Ship
Europe	Jan. 10	New York
America	Jan. 24	For Boston
Canada	Feb. 7	New York
Niagara	Feb. 21	For Boston
Europe	Mar. 7	New York
America	Mar. 21	For Boston
Canada	Apr. 4	New York
Niagara	Apr. 18	For Boston
Europe	May 2	New York
Cambria	May 16	For Boston

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Protection Insurance Company of N. J.
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Counting-House ALMANAC, 1849.

Month	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
JAN.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31						
FEB.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30				
MARCH	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31			
APRIL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
MAY	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31					
JUNE	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30			
JULY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
AUGUST	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31				
SEPT.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		
OCT.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31						
NOV.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30				
DEC.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

ELEGY ON A LEG.
Here rest, and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer and laugh,
Is laid a BRITISH GALE.
For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole,
Will find such laugh was premature,
For here lies too, a SOLE.

And here five other ones repose,
Twin born with other five,
Unbeheld by their brother toes—
Who are all now alive.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
Rest here, of one commanding;
Who though his wit he may retain,
Lost half his UNDERSTANDING.

And when the guns with thunder fraught,
Poured bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught
To give the foe *LEG* BAIT.

And now in England just as gay,
As in the battle brave,
Goes to the rout, review and play,
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here showed her spite,
Since he will still be found,
Should England's sons engage in fight,
Resolved to stand his ground.

ICP The author of the following lines is destined to occupy a good position among the American poets. Who is he?
I would I loved another gal,
Her name it was my ruin
But betsy dear my luv for is
is 40 times more tier.

Charley Dickens, a Taylor Man—One of the witty editors of a Boston paper says: Dickens, in his last work, makes Mr. Peggotty say of his household—"You'll find us, nought, sir, but you'll find us nought."

SELFISHNESS.
Selfishness has no soul. It is a heart of stone encased in iron. Selfishness cannot see the miseries of the world—it cannot feel the pang of thirst and hunger. It robs its own grave, sells its own bones to the doctor, and its own soul to the devil. Who will fight manfully against a selfish disposition? It grows gradually, and then mutual, increases rapidly day by day. Prosperity and good luck feed the passions—silver and gold make it laugh outright. Who has not seen the eyes of the selfish water at a good trade? Who has not seen him leap for joy at the rise of flour, while the poor were starving about? Selfishness is a passion of hell, and good men should labour to keep it there. An anecdote is told of Bartha, a French author, which may serve to illustrate this passion. He called upon a dying man to obtain his opinion on a new comedy, and insisted that he should hear him read it. "Consider," said the dying man, "I have not more than an hour to live. Ay," replied the selfish man, "but it will take but half the time."

WASTE.
What is there that a man cannot waste? and that too, without a single instance of lavish profligacy; but solely by those minute scarcely perceptible squanderings, which like the constant dropping of water upon the rock, wears away that which seems most likely to endure. He may waste his health by little indulgences of pernicious habit—by constant irregularities slight in themselves, and their effects in single instances, scarcely perceptible but which, as the laws of his being will work gradual, but certain inroads, upon the strongest constitution, until the energies decay, the fountains of life are dried up, and premature old age sinks like a crown of thorns upon the head of early manhood. He may waste fortunes in petty squanderings—time and talent on tridles, or idleness and listlessness. How many a giant mind has been frittered away in pursuit of the unbenefiting objects of low ambition! How often do we see powers perishing for lack of thought—shrivelling into fastidiousness for want of intelligence to feed upon, which use might have polished to the highest brilliancy, and exercise would have made equal to achieving the noblest purposes! How many scatter, in idleness, or in indifference to their value, the little minutes particles of time, till golden hours and days and years are wasted, the treasure of life all scattered, and death finds nothing but a poor naked and useless thing at last.

SAVE.
What! is there a man who cannot save and improve? By curbing appetite and restraining passion; by observing prudence and maintaining regularity; he may save his health, husband his strength, and thus preserve the springs of life, as constant fountains of energy and happiness to sustain and

cheerful him under every labor, and every hardship. He may save a fortune by industry, and denying himself needless indulgence he may find a pure enjoyment in degoting it to noble uses. Time—the indolent might make wealth of it. It comes to us in brief minutes, to show us that present application is the sole duty required of us, yet these same we waste in our days and years, that misimprovement of the present is always at the expense of the future! One of the hours of each day wasted in idleness, saved and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury of intelligence to a mind torpid from lack of thought—to brighten up and strengthen faculties perishing with rust—to make the life a fruitful field, and death a harvest of glorious deeds.

WOMAN NEVER AT A LOSS.
AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.
I read her my manuscript—I had been adding women, I must confess. Not a single good word could I say for the sex—and long did my companion and I battle the point. My truisms, much that was strictly veritable had I brought forward, and she had been obliged to yield to the justice of all my remarks, though disclaiming against my slander at the same time. Finally—"You intended to marry, yourself?" she asked.
"Certainly," I replied; "to find a woman bold enough to take me, after having convinced her that I know all the duplicity of the sex, will henceforward be the dearest of my hopes."
"Is this resignation or fatuity?"
"That is my secret."
"Well, then," she said, "most learned doctor of conjugal arts and sciences, permit me to relate to you a little Eastern Apologue, that I read long ago in a small volume that was offered to us every year in the shape of an almanack." I bowed my delightful attention. The pretty creature threw herself back in her *chaise longue*, rested her little feet upon the fender, and fixed her arch, dark eyes upon me.
"At the commencement of the Empire," she began, "the ladies brought into fashion a game which consisted in accepting nothing from the person with whom one agreed to play, without saying the word 'I desire.' An affair of this kind lasted as you may suppose, whole weeks, and the height of delicacy was to surprise one another into receiving a trifle without uttering the magic word."
"Even a kiss?"
"Oh! I have twenty times gained 'I desire' in that way," she said, laughing. "It was, I believe, about this time, *opposus* of this game, of which the origin is either Arabian or Chinese, that my apologue obtained the honors of print."
"But, if I tell it to you," she interrupted, looking doubtfully at me, and passing her taper finger slowly across her lips, with a charmingly coquettish gesture, "promise me to insert it at the end of your book!"
"Will you not be bestowing a treasure? I owe you already so many obligations, I do not hesitate to add this; therefore, I accept it at once." She smiled maliciously, and went on in these words:
"A philosopher had compiled a very large collection of all the tricks our sex can play, and so, to guard himself against our wiles, he carried this constantly about him. One day, in travelling, he found himself near an Arabian encampment. A young woman sitting under the shade of a palm-tree, got up suddenly, on the approach of the stranger, and invited him so obligingly to repose under her tent that he could not resist accepting. The husband of this lady was then absent. The philosopher had scarcely established himself upon the soft carpets, when his graceful hostess presented him with fresh dates and a vessel full of milk; he could not help seeing the rare perfection of the hands which offered the beverage and the fruit. But to recover from the confusion into which the charms of the young Arabian had thrown him, and whose drew out his book and read! The enchanting creature, piqued at this disdain, said to him in the sweetest voice, "That book must be very interesting, since it seems to be the only thing you consider worthy of notice. Would it be an indiscretion to ask the name of the science of which it treats?" The philosopher replied without raising his eyes, "The subject of this book is beyond the comprehension of women!" This refusal excited more and more the curiosity of the young Arabian. She put forth the prettiest little foot that ever left its transient trace upon the shifting sands of the desert. The sage began to waver; his ironical looks would wander toward these tiny feet till his eyes were powerfully tempted, finally mingled the flame of admiration with the fire that burned from the ardent and black orbs of the young Asiatic. Again, then, she asked in her soft, low tones, "what is the book?" and the charmed philosopher replied "I am the author of this work. It contains a record of all the tricks that woman have ever invented?"
"What! all—absolutely all?" inquired the daughter of the desert.
"Yes—all! And it is only in studying

women constantly, that I have been able to overcome my fear of them."
"Ah!" said the Arabian, dropping the long lashes of her snowy eyelids, and then throwing suddenly upon the pretended sage the full lustre of her Eastern eyes, she made him forget in one instant his valuable book and its valuable contents. Behold my philosopher the most impassioned of men!

"Thinking that he perceived in the manner of his young hostess a slight touch of coquetry, the stranger hazarded an avowal of his admiration. How could he have resisted? The sky was so blue, the sand shone in the distance like a blade of gold; the wind brought before him the perfume of the flowers, and the absent Arab seemed to reflect all the brilliancy with which she was surrounded. Her bright eyes, too, became liquid, and she seemed, by a slight movement of her graceful head, to consent to listen to the honeyed words of the quondam philosopher.
"The wise man was in a full tide of eloquence when the distant gallop of a horse was heard rapidly approaching.
"We are lost!" cried the alarmed Fatima; my husband is coming! He is jealous as a tiger, and so I more fierce. In the name of the prophet, and if you love your life, hide yourself in this chest! The frightened author, seeing nothing else to do, rushed into the chest, his hostess shut it down, locked it, and took the key. She went to meet her spouse, and after several caresses, which put him in the best of humor, "I must tell you," said she, "a very singular adventure."
"Is this, my gazelle," said the Arabian, seating himself upon a cushion and crossing his legs after the Oriental fashion.
"There came here to-day a kind of philosopher; he pretended to have collected in a book all the treacheries of which my sex is capable, and this false sage—spoke—to me of love!"
"Well?"
"I listened to him! At these words the Arab bounded like a lion, and drew his kaftan; the philosopher, from the bottom of the chest, heard all, and sent to the devil his book, women, and all the men of Arabia Petraea.
"Fatima!" cried the husband, if you wish to live, answer! "Where is the traitor?"
"Borrified at the stories she had raised, Fatima threw herself at the feet of her lord, and trembled under the menacing steel of the poniard, she pointed out the coffer, with a single look, as prompt as it was true. Then rising, ashamed, she drew the key from her girdle and gave it to her jealous lord. But—as he turned furiously from her, the malicious beauty burst into a fit of laughter, and laying her white hand upon his shoulder, "I desire!" she exclaimed; at last, I shall have my beautiful gold chain!—Give it me: you have lost. Another time, Fazon, have a little better memory! The husband, stupidly, let fall the key, and presenting the golden chain, on his knees, offered his dear Fatima to bring her all the jewels of all the caverns that pass that year, if she would only give up such cruel methods of gaining the ladies." Then, as he was an Arabian, and did not like to loose his gold chain, though it was to his wife, he remounted his steed and went off, growling at his ease in the desert—for he loved Fatima too much to show her his regrets.
"At last, the young woman released the philosopher more dead than alive from his prison, and said to him gravely,
"Mr. Philosopher, don't forget this trick in your collection!"

By Telegraph from Boston.
Advices from San Francisco to the 9th ult. have been received. Previous accounts from the gold region are fully confirmed. At Valparaiso nearly all the merchants and many others have left, or are preparing to leave, for the mines in California.

An arrival at San Francisco from Canton, brings intelligence that it was feared that another rupture would take place between the Chinese Government and the English on the arrival of an additional English naval force at Canton, which was expected in the course of the present month.

STATE OF CANADA.
From the London Morning Chronicle.
We are sorry to find that the letters and newspapers brought by the mail steamer from Canada, representing the state of public feeling in that province to be even more critical and dangerous than we originally supposed. The discontent and disaffection are more deeply seated; the chances of reconciliation are fainter, and the sympathy with the United States more openly pronounced. The "Rebellion Losses" Bill, which Lord Elgin has suffered his Ministers to introduce, without any remonstrance on his part, has acted as a most laudable train of gunpowder; and there is too much reason to fear that the explosion will shatter the existing political and social system of Canada to atoms. A war which during the last ten years, has been slumbering, and, by judicious management, might have been extinguished altogether, but which must

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now run its course, and will only end with the complete subjugation of the one or other nationality.

In considering this question, we must never forget the peculiar circumstances of the country in which it has arisen. The men now in power are, in reality, the heads of that party which rebelled against the British crown in 1837-8; while the opposition consists mainly of that party by whose assistance the rebellion was put down. The Ministerial measure, therefore, is designed, understood, and felt to be a symbol of conquest and revenge,—a token whereby the English or (as they used to be called) the loyal population, are made to feel that they are undermost, and that the yoke is on their necks. We are not about to enter into the question, whether or not the Act, now introduced by the Provincial Ministers, necessarily involves the indemnification of rebels; and we shall only observe, that, whether it does or not, the evident and obvious intention of the Government is to work in that spirit and to that end. If such were not their intention, they might get rid of all uncertainty, and at once set themselves right with the public, by a simple declaration to that effect—a declaration that (in the words of the amendment proposed and rejected in the Assembly) "none of those who aided and abetted in the rebellion should be compensated;" and that the commissioners should take every means in their power to ascertain and define (for the purpose of exclusion) the class of persons who should come within the category. But, instead of doing so, the Government (by the mouth of their Inspector-General) admit that "parties engaged in the rebellion may not be excluded from compensation;" the same Inspector-General having declared, during the debate, "that the people were justified in taking up arms," the Solicitor-General of Canada Wason; but added, that Sir Allan M'Nab (the leader of the Volunteers) and his party were the true rebels.

Not do we purpose to examine further, whether the Governor-General, considered as the guardian of this country's interests in Canada, was abstractly bound in honor not to permit the introduction of such a Bill, by such a faction, in their capacity as Ministers of the Crown. Upon this point we have before expressed a strong opinion, from which we see no reason to recede. But at a question of not less importance, and hardly less concerning the reputation of Lord Elgin as a statesman, is, whether, as a matter of policy, his conduct has been judicious—whether, in fact, he has done what was most expedient, under the circumstances, for the honour and interests of the Crown and people of Great Britain—and upon this point the events now passing appear distinctly and undeniably to condemn him. Lord Elgin, be it remembered, has permitted this measure to be hurried through the Legislature with the most indecent haste and he has refused to test the expediency of the Province on the Subject by a discussion. By so acting he has managed to identify himself and the Imperial authority in the public opinion with the party in office. Now the present Canadian Ministry may be a public necessity; the majority of the Canadian population may hold opinions favorable of the rebels of 1837-8, and they may be determined, at all hazards, to pay them; but it will be for the British people to say whether it is either wise or seemly that the representatives of the Queen, and the guardian of British interests, should allow a scheme so momentous, so dangerous so open (under the most favorable interpretation) to misconstruction, and so derogatory, in its very terms, to the honor of the Crown, and the authority of the law, to be adopted by the existing Legislature, without taking the sense of the country on the question: or that he should permit himself to appear in the odious light of sympathizing with, or supporting a set of men whose undying hatred to the mother country is among the least of their demerits. This Lord Elgin has done, for he has not only treated it as a local matter, with which the Imperial Government has no concern, but he has made it perfectly clear that he is in his Ministers on this point, and that he is determined to back them steadily in the heavy blow and great discouragement which they are inflicting on the friends of British connection.

We do not wish, as may well be supposed, to defend the tone taking by the English population, in opposing this measure; nor do we indeed believe that the better class of that population, sympathizes in all respects, with the spirit which is exhibited by their press and as their meetings or that all which is said, even by the more violent, is really meant,—yet after making every allowance for exaggeration, there remains, as we have already said, enough to show, not only a fierce and concentrated indignation at the insult offered to the Anglo-Saxon race, by a people whom they despise, but also a very serious and increasing disaffection against British authority and connection. The Establiation of Canada is republican in character, feeling, and institution, to an extent of which the people of this country are by no means aware, for, in fact, we have