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

1849.	
Canada	Jan. 13 New York.
Niagara	Jan. 27 For Boston.
Europe	Feb. 10 New York.
America	Feb. 24 For Boston.
Canada	Mar. 10 New York.
Niagara	Mar. 24 For Boston.
Europe	Apr. 7 New York.
America	Apr. 21 For Boston.
Canada	May 5 New York.
Niagara	May 19 For Boston.
Europe	May 26 New York.
America	June 9 For Boston.

DEPARTURES FROM AMERICA.

1849.	
Europe	Jan. 10 New York.
America	Jan. 24 From Boston.
Canada	Feb. 7 New York.
Niagara	Feb. 21 From Boston.
Europe	Mar. 7 New York.
America	Mar. 21 From Boston.
Canada	Apr. 4 New York.
Niagara	Apr. 18 From Boston.
Europe	May 2 New York.
America	May 16 From Boston.

MARINE AND FIRE INSURANCE.
Protection Insurance Company of N. Y.
CAPITAL, \$200,000.
Canada Insurance Company of N. Y.
CAPITAL, \$100,000.
WITH A RESERVE OF OVER \$30,000.
HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CONNECTICUT.
CAPITAL, \$150,000.
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E. D. GREEN, Agent.
Refers to Wm. Kerr, Esq., Agent, St. Andrews, N. B.

Counting-House ALMANAC, 1849.

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
JANUARY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
FEBRUARY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
MARCH	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
APRIL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
MAY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JUNE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JULY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
AUGUST	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
SEPTEMBER	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
OCTOBER	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
NOVEMBER	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
DECEMBER	1	2	3	4	5	6	7

The lost Snuff-Box.

It was a lovely morning in June. It was indeed a glorious heavenly morning. The fleecy clouds seemed both loth to glide across the blue infinity above and joyously did the sun illumine the little inclosure—(cyclope "the garden") that lay before a white-washed cot at the foot of one of the Lowland mountains.

It was the only habitation in sight, and so clean and white it looked, as if it had been built only to make its appearance on such a day as this.

The two upper lattices of the cottage, were thrown open to their utmost extent; let in the passing zephyr to fan the fever-stricken temples of two beautiful sisters, who were passing from the world ere their sun had reached its meridian and who drinking in the balmy air, prayed that heaven might be as sweet, then turned to pain and misery again!

But to her who watched her dying children's pillows, the sunniest day had no charms nor brightness!

But it is time to introduce the principal character of our tale.

On an old arm-chair outside the cottage door, an old man sat—not that years had made him old as much as toil and hardship; but his hair was grey, although he had scarcely numbered fifty summers, and as he doffed the forage cap of the gallant—th Regiment—saying that they were white, his locks flowed thick as ever. On his knees rested a volume that even the reckless and dissolute atmosphere of a barrack room had never separated from him. It was closed, for the morning's never forgotten task of devotion was over, and every attention of the veteran seemed to be riveted on a urchin eight or nine years' old, who, having made himself master of his father's walking stick, was going through the Manual and Platoon exercises under the old man's instructions: a duty that, at intervals, was sadly interrupted, to the utter extinction of all discipline, by some huge drone that intruded upon the "parade ground," whereupon the juvenile musketeer, exclaiming, "Oh! Daddy! there's Bobby!" would forthwith make a grand charge at the approaching foe, beating the air with his wooden weapon until some chance and lucky blow sent the miserable interloper, humming, and buzzing, and kicking, on his back upon the ground.

It was during one of the charging exploits that the incipient hero, happening to look through the garden gate, had his gaze attracted by an object that made him exclaim, with more alarm than pluck, "Oh! pa! here's Bobby come, sure 'nough!" and alas! for poor puerile self conceit, the old stick was suddenly dropped, and Master Bobby might, the moment after, have been espied standing very still (and very white) behind the cottage door with his thumb in his mouth.

Scarcely less astonished was the father of the boy, when he saw the splendid livery of the Castle approach his humble dwelling (he had been there but a week,) and, mentioning his name, delivered a letter sealed with such a profusion of wax as he had only witnessed once before; namely, on his being the bearer of a despatch on the occasion of the meeting of the Allied Armies in France.

The contents of the missive were an invitation to the veteran to take a seat that evening at dinner at the table of the Castle, where his munificent owner—himself a Waterloo man—was giving a feast, in humble imitation of the great Captain of the age, on the anniversary of the day that sealed the destiny of Europe, and witnessed the downfall of the greatest curse incarnate ever let loose on the world and man.

A verbal reply, humbly and thankfully accepting the honor, was the only means at hand of responding to the important document; for to have writing materials would have entailed a three miles-walk to the nearest town, and a greater expenditure of capital than could with any propriety at the present time be afforded.

But who shall scrutinize the old man's dreams of happiness and grandeur as he read and reread the flattering missive to the partner of his existence?

He had heard and read in fairy tales of beggars who had become Princes—of Cinderellas, who had, in a night been transformed to Queens; but this was bringing the romance to his own fireside in stern reality. "How would it all end?" was a self-proposed question that made him giddy to contemplate.

The old regimentals of the—th Regiment were slightly astonished, I promise you, on that day, at being so rubbed, and scrubbed, and brushed, and smoothed, after they had quietly lapsed, into the thought that, like their old master, they had worn out, and, after a long "tour of duty," had been laid on the shelf for ever. In many places they even disdained the stiches of the busy wife, and mutinously broke out as soon as attempted to be set into any thing like wearing order.

Master Bobby was discovered after an hour's hard search, shunning the sword-blade on the homely knife board, to the utter destruction of that useful household article.

At last all was readiness—and having imprinted a kiss on the lips of each of his loved and only earthly treasures, the old Adjutant set forth on his journey to the "Castle."

He had just attained the summit of the nearest hill, when the strokes of the town clock came booming over the plain upon his ear. After all, it was but five! and he was an hour, at the very least, too early.

But what a change had come over the scene! Cheerless, dark, and dimly the wind now whistled past, rudely tearing aside the blue cloak that he had wrapped around him ere his departure; and—strange contrast to the black heather—revealing beneath it the British sculler's uniform, on the top of that bleak mountain!

Clouds—dense, lowering, and thunder-charged, were boiling up around the horizon and in one short hour a melancholy De-olation had usurped the place of all that, just before was bright and beautiful!

This is there a time in life, when, amidst all our imminent and promised happiness and prosperity, we feel the barometer of the mind descend to zero; leaving us who were the moment before all joy, anticipation, and delight, a living monument of indescribable distress!

But how beautifully has Thomas Haines, Bailey described this feeling, in his plaintive ballad—

There's a time when all that grieves us
Is felt with a deeper gloom—
There's a time when Hope deceives us,
And we dream of bright days to come!

Poor Fellow! may those bright days be dreamt of have reached him in a brighter world, that never reached him in this!

But let us listen to the old man's mental soliloquy, as he watches the gathering gloom and feels the same shadow fall over his spirit with an unaccountable influence.

"To the day now passing on its end in storm and darkness, how different has been my life!—Born—ah! where was I born?—In a gaol or a poor-house?—I know not, and little reck it now.—Enlisted at scarce manhood, to save life itself, from starvation and crime! Favoured by Fortune,—praised, promoted,—the Queen's Commission conferred on me for deeds of daring!—uplifted from my low estate, to rank with the high-born of my country—and now about to sit at table with the noblest, the fairest, the bravest of the land! My day, begun in obscurity and darkness, is setting in sunshine and glory!—Gather on, thou threatening storm! darker and fiercer be—and let me read, in thee, the picture of my life reversed!"

(Old man! old man! your eye has not yet come.)

Alone in the drawing-room of the Castle—for the heavy drop of the coming storm had driven him onwards before the appointed time—stood the hero of our story, lost in wonder of the wealth and luxuries that lay around him; the only feeling, save wonder, elicited by the display, being simply that the most tridding article there would keep his family in plenty for probably half their life.

Oh! it's a bitter thing to stand surrounded by another's wealth, when you know not where to get a crust for your own starving home-full on the morrow! when even in your daily sacrifice of prayer, the words "Give us this day our daily bread," tremble on your lips as you breathe them upwards! for you think how vain they are.

But Joy! Joy! why think of sorrow?—the rooms are blazing in countless lights!—glittering trappings!—snowy plumes!—happy voices!—clear-ringing tones of woman's laughter!—(down, down, thoughts of the morrow!)—congratulations, happy and heartfelt!—all these are seen and heard around.

And the old man left alone?—Oh, no! bright eyes beam sweetly on him; noble lips pour forth praises on his head. He, the almost sole survivor of his regiment on the Field of Waterloo, may nearly be considered the Hero of the Penit.

"Oh! but for one—the least—of the jewels that lavishly bedeck that fair and most enthusiastic interrogator of the veteran, to save my darlings from starvation!"

He cannot curb his thoughts; but this is all he thinks of.

The dinner, so unusual to English dinners in general, soon thawed into conviviality.—How surely we always find, that the more hospitable the appearance of a country, the more hospitable the dwellers therein; as if to compensate by a profusion of the one for a delinquency of the other.

The dinner ended, and the toasts began.—The ladies had retired to the drawing room, and reminiscences of the eventful day were eagerly canvassed around. Pass round the ruby wine! Not less red nor less profusely—lavish it as you will—flowed another crimson stream, that day five years ago—

It was getting late

"Pass the snuff box, if you please," exclaimed the host, who at an early period after the removal of the dinner had produced an article of elaborate workmanship, studded with brilliants, presented to him by Marshal Blücher in person, as a token of admiration for his valour, and esteem for his friendship.

"The snuff box!" "The snuff box!"—

echoed the guests, passing the word one to the other; but no snuff box appeared.

In vain were the dessert dishes pushed aside; in vain was search made under the table and under the chairs; the snuff box had vanished, as if by magic! The attendants protested having brought it in at the beginning of the evening and having left it on the table.

It is quite ridiculous, exclaimed one of the company, after a while; some of you must have pocketed it in error, and I'll be the first to try my own pockets.

But none had done so.

Matters were looking most unpleasantly serious, and each one at the table was feeling as uncomfortable under the circumstances as men can be supposed to feel, when the noble host rising, addressed the company as follows:—"Brother-soldiers and gentlemen, I have raised an article of unsurpassable value, to me. It strikes me that some one having got hold of the article, has, in error put it into his pocket instead of his own box, and has not now the moral courage to produce it; so I will order in a box filled with saw dust, into which each of you can in turn place his hand; and the one having the box in his possession, may thereby return it without its being known by whom it was deposited.—Does any one object to this?"

No one did, of course,—so the box was brought, and each guest in turn left his seat and walked up to it—his others looking the other way—and thrust in his hand. All had completed the ordeal and the sawdust just was emptied; but still no box appeared.

There is no doubt but some one present has the box, said a noble general the highest in rank at table; and under the circumstances I propose that we each in turn submit to undergo a personal investigation of pockets, and I will set the example by being the first to submit to it.

And I—and I—and I—? flew round the table.

The news had now flown to the drawing-room; and the party that one hour before promised to be a reunion of deep and noble feelings of cordiality and good will, became a scene of general disorder, suspicion and confusion.

I wish the earl had not asked people nobody knows anything of! exclaimed one fast guest.

Yes, indeed! echoed another; people may be officers—but honesty is never tested till a man is a beggar.

(That noble lady! true!—influence can afford to be honest.)

Aye! search us! search us all! eagerly exclaimed all in turn.

All no; All?

One lip grew pallid, one cheek blanched white as the damask cloth before it, when the word "search" was uttered; but no one remarked it; a brimming bumper of wine, taken at a gulp, alone prevented one guest there from sinking sick and faint beneath the board.

Que by one each guest underwent the self-imposed ordeal, until but one remained to undergo the investigation—it was the old Adjutant.

The Adjutant! the Adjutant!—where is he?

Aye, call away! obsequious guests! search him from room to room! and condemn him unfound. He's o'er the mountain, and away—and little hears your calling.

Change we the scene.

Cold—aye, shivering cold; not from the chilling atmosphere of the climate, but of the heart—the old man wandered home wards (Thought, feeling, life almost, all but motion, had deserted him.)

THIEF! at last burst from his pent-up bosom, as he strode homeward—A THIEF?

That, exclaimed a voice at his side, that made him involuntarily turn round, and lay his hand on his sword. He looked around in the darkness, but perceived no one; he was but passing a cavern in the Lowland hills, long since renowned for the clearness of its echoes.

That night at least there was an ample meal for all within those walls that had the power of partaking of it.

The following morning brought numerous messages and messengers from the "Castle," in hopes of recovering the lost bignon.

Entreaties first, then threats, were had recourse to; but each in turn were met by a steady and firm avowal of innocence by the owner of the cottage.

In compassion to the veteran he was not once handed over to the civil power; but in a few days afterwards he received a letter from the Horse Guards, to whom the matter had been fully communicated, and the half pay of the old man's rank, upon which he had retired, was immediately suspended, leaving him a beggar, and powerless in the world!

True, he might have claimed the alternative of a court-martial; but were not all the circumstances of the case arrayed against him—bearing on their face a moral certainty of conviction, in spite of his honor or his oath.

Nothing was now left him but starvation or

LAW RESPECTING NEWS PAPER R
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the workhouse, and he chose the latter.

In a huge white-washed building in the nearest town he found himself separated for the first time in life from his only solace in the world—his wife and children—from her who had shared his troubles as a private soldier, and his honor as an officer. Those whom God had joined together, man, at last, put asunder.

Sharp and agonising was the anguish at first; but ere a week had elapsed, another blow more stunning than this was doomed to descend upon the martyr's head.

He heard the church-bell tolling, and saw—but at a distance—all that was mortal of his two darling daughters borne from out that white-washed world of sorrow to the grave!

A settled melancholy, bordering in idiosyncrasy, came over the old man's spirits. His daily task was gone through mechanically; but his wife still lived, and he might yet one day meet her again alive, and that was indeed a consolation in his sorrow; but alas! how faint even that poor ray of hope!

Faint—faint indeed—poor Outcast! You have looked your last, and breathed your last farewell, ere you entered within the walls that now enclose you!

The intelligence of his wife's death was soon after communicated to him, accompanied by a permission for him to have access to all that remained of one once dearer to him than life itself, and further boon was conceded of following her to her long last home.

How willingly would he have availed himself of this kindness—but as the first boom of the bell tolled out, he fell back insensible, and so remained till all was over.

His son was now all that was left to him, and he had been bound as apprentice to a town several miles distant.

Yet at some wakeful moment of the night would a thrilling sense of desolation come over him, and involuntarily was breathed the prayer that the wind might be tempered to the sheep lamb; but like all soldiers he was a strict fatalist, and rather in obedience to the rod, than strive to relieve his sufferings by self energy or by prayer.

Days, weeks, months, a year had elapsed and his routine of life remained unaltered and unvaried. Nothing seemed to have any effect on him, save when a casual visitor remarked, in an undertone, (but what tone is too soft for sensitive ears to comprehend?) That is the old officer who stole the snuff-box at the Castle.

But what most astonished every one was, that no trace of the box had been, or could be discovered. It was not found concealed in the old man's cottage, neither buried in his garden, for even that had been turned up in hopes of recovering the lost treasure; neither had it been pawned in the town.

A heavy rolling sound breaks on the dreamer's ear as he starts at midnight from his thimble stretcher, and feels the cold damp walls of his tiny cell around him!

He had been dreaming happily.—He dreamt that an angel—it was like his dear lost wife, but yet it was not her—had brought the lost jewel to his bedside—had told him it was sent from Heaven to restore him to his own again; who were all at home awaiting his return; and that his trial on earth was over.

Louder and louder swelled the roar without!

"Fire!" "Fire!" "Fire!" roared a thousand voices in chorus!—A fire at the Castle! and the rolling of the engines and the clashing tread of the horses succeeded one another in rapid succession.

At length nature was exhausted, and he sank once more to sleep until the morrow.

What means that thundering knocking at the gate? A pauper would not knock so loud.

Even the old Adjutant looked up from his daily task, but soon looked down again as he saw the hated livery of the Castle standing at the portal!

He heard his name pronounced, and the pallor of death fell over his brow and cheek. In another minute he found himself ushered into the governor's room, and confronted face to face with the noble giver of the banquet at which his misery had begun.

He had scarce time to gaze steadfastly on the face of his visitor, ere the latter seized him by the hand; but before a word could be uttered, a flood of tears—tears of repentance for a bitter and irreparable injury done to an innocent man, and coming from the noble and contrite breast of a soldier, broke from the long pent up channels of the General's heart, and he wept aloud on the old man's shoulder. So totally was he overcome, that it was with the greatest difficulty that he prevented the official authorities from introducing immediate medical assistance, and like a flash of lightning through the gloom of night, the pauper's dream flashed over his recollection.

To-morrow! to-morrow!—come to the Castle—at any four—but come. I am ill! I must go now, exclaimed the General, and thrusting a purse full of notes and gold into the wonder-stricken old man's hand, he allowed his valet to lead him to his carriage.

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