

THE WORLD  
in  
Countries,  
COLUMBIA,  
W. TAYLOR.

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Price \$2.  
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TCHELL, Agent,

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and John Dunn, late Kee-  
gla, in the County of  
ated to present the same,  
we extend months from  
months indebted to the said  
make immediate payment  
ANNEX DUNN,  
H. WHITLOCK

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Sale by the Subscriber  
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ROBERT KLR.

ICE.

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E. LENTINE, Executor,  
1849.

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The Standard.  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY  
A. W. Smith.  
At his Office in Saint Andrews, N. B.

TERMS.  
12s 6d per annum—if paid in advance.  
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# The Standard.

## OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

E caris summum est optimum.—Cic.

No 7] SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1850. [Vol. 17

### Counting-House ALMANAC 1850.

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### POETRY

#### THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

Vainly, vainly, memory seeks  
Round our father's knee,  
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks  
Where they used to be;  
Of the circle once so wide,  
Three are wanderers three have died.

Golden-haired and dewy-eyed,  
Prattling all the day,  
Was the baby, first that died:  
O'twas hard to lay  
Dimpled hand and cheek of snow  
In the grave so dark and low!

Smiling back on all who smiled,  
Ne'er by sorrow thrilled,  
Half a woman, half a child,  
Was the next God called!  
Thou a grave more deep and wide  
Made thy by the baby's side.

When or where the other died  
Only heaven can tell;  
Treading manhood's path of pride  
Was he when he fell;  
Happily thence, blue and red,  
Bloom about his loosened bed.

I am for the living three  
Only left to pray;  
Two are on the stormy sea,  
Farther still than they,  
Wanders one, his young heart dim,  
Oftest, most, I pray for him.

Whate'er they do or fare,  
Whate'er they roam,  
Have them, Father, in thy care,  
Guide them safely home;  
Home, O Father, in the sky,  
Where none wander, and none die.

### TWO BRIDES' FORTUNES.

I had been wandering upon the Continent for many months, and on my return to my native land, I hastened to the home of my father, in the neighborhood of Wanders Lake; and while enquiring after old friends, did not forget the two fair orphans who inhabited a cottage within a few miles of us, and who were generally designated the beauties of the lake. To my surprise I found that both were on the eve of marriage, and also that the double nuptials were appointed to take place on the following day. The eldest, Caroline Wilton, was engaged to a Captain Pamfret, who had been in the army one year, merely for the sake, a sort of wild flower, extremely good looking, but who was by no means particular as to his modes and habits of life. The younger sister Emily had chosen a Mr. Effingham, a gentleman almost unknown to his nearest neighbours. His fortune was evidently limited, although sufficient to command all the comforts of life, and he had nothing in his looks to recommend him, except a pair of expressive and melancholy eyes.

I was too much interested in the fortunes of the sisters to neglect the opportunity of being present at their wedding. It was a fine summer's day; not a cloud passed over the blue expanse of heaven and the birds and flowers seemed to rival each other in doing honour to the day. Caroline was conducted to the altar by one of the handsomest young gentlemen I had ever seen. Emily came afterwards, and Mr. Effingham, seeming to avoid anything like ostentation, walked humbly by her side to the altar.

The service was performed, and Mr. Pamfret handed his bride, with a great deal of ceremony, to an elegant carriage and four, which stood waiting at the church door. They drove off amidst the acclamations of a crowd of villagers to whom they gave in return their blindest smiles; and the church bells rang a merry peal.

"I have no carriage, Emily," whispered Mr. Effingham, "into which to hand you?" but the smile of his bride declared more than words could do—that in possessing his affection she desired no more.

"God bless you both," said I. "I am already blest," was Effingham's reply; "and I know not what I have done to deserve such a blessing!"

The happy pair turned slowly up the hill; I lost them beneath the rose and clematis hung porch of Effingham Villa.

It was, as I have said, a fine summer's day; but I returned to my habitation sad and melancholy. Why is it that extraordinary beauty of any kind has a depressing influence upon the spirits?—Now that Emily was gone, I fancied that the world did not contain a woman I could love. She was exactly what I always fancied my own wife should be, if ever I married; yet I had never thought of loving her! Now it was too late to think of it. As a first I could not help wondering what Emily saw in Effingham. It was my opinion that he was a disagreeable creature; but I had not known him a month when I respected him as a wise and older brother; and I found no greater pleasure than to spend a quiet evening with his bride.

One fine evening Effingham and I sat together on a hill, which threw its shadows over the placid lake, where the quiet stars were counting their bright shadows.

We were waiting for Emily, and the conversation turned upon her merits.

"She is an angel!" exclaimed Effingham. "Before I knew her, I was discontented and dissatisfied with the world. My spirit had been broken by early troubles, and I was happiest when I was alone! But my evenings became long, and I grew tired of reading; then I pictured a happy wife setting by my side. A woman without education and sense I would not have; and one possessing these requisites I feared would not consent to live sequestered and alone with a solitary being like myself. Such were my thoughts when I was introduced to Emily. She would leave her gay companions and dashing sister to seek with pencil and portfolio the beautiful scenery around this neighbourhood. In those rambles I sometimes joined her, and if I marked a picturesque spot, I found it a few days afterward transferred to Emily's album. Whenever asked to sing, she began with the air I said was my favorite. Sympathy, that I said was my favorite, which running through society binds heart to heart, united ours."

I gained ground in her esteem, and I often saw her forsake gay parties for a quiet walk with me. All seemed good except hope itself, and that appeared to me to be presumption. One day, however, it was so evident she preferred my company to any one, amidst a numerous party containing many who would gladly have been her slave for life, that a light broke upon me, which for some time dazzled me; and then I laid my heart at her feet. It was accepted. And now my day is over too long. I am never tired, never dull; she reads to me, sings my favorite tunes to music of her harp; we both love music, walking, reading, and retirement.

In a word, we love each other! And here she ceased; he continued, trying to meet her. Never did rising sun throw more joy over the weary and midnight traveller, than Emily's smiling face did wherever she went.

I left the happy pair, and on the following evening went to the Pamfrets.

"A sovereign let!" exclaimed the dashing officer, "for which of us can drink the most champagne or ride to the sixth mile some first!"

I excused myself, and Pamfret declared I was a fool. Mrs. Pamfret presided at the dinner table that evening with the state and majesty of an eastern queen. Can this, I mentally ejaculated, be sister to the gentle Emily?

"Have you seen Mrs. Effingham lately?" enquired Mrs. Pamfret.

"I replied that I had enjoyed the pleasure the evening before."

"Blessure!" cried the lady, "oh dear! do you think so? It is three months. I fancy, since I saw her, she quite offended me by maturing that poor, melancholy man. She must be miserably dull. I could not live without my parties; and Pamfret is the King of all games. I have quite my own way and am admired by all; whilst Effingham is quite eccentric, sullen, proud, and testish."

The ladies are all eaving me, and wondering how I succeeded in obtaining the hand of one they had vainly tried for; but Emily, poor dear, they wondered how she could possibly have married such a dreary creature as Effingham.

I left the two brides thus enjoying their fortunes, and went again tooting on the continent. It was four years before I returned to Wanders Lake. Four years! What changes occur in that time! A day or two after my return, I sought the cottage on the hill, where I had left Emily and her husband in the enjoyment of all that the human heart could wish. A beautiful boy was sitting on the grass before the door, placing a wreath of wild flowers round the curly head of a lovely little girl.

"Bliss the sweetest creature!" I exclaimed as I stood watching them; and for some time endeavoured to trace a likeness between them and the happy pair whose children I at once concluded that they were.

Is papa at home? I at length enquired: when the little fellow looked up from his play and replied, pointing to the door, "Yes sir, in there; and I hear both laughing the loud unchildish laugh of infancy as I turned towards the house."

Mr. Effingham received me as a long absent brother, but on enquiring for Mrs. Pamfret, I was startled to hear that she was dead.

"Yes," continued Effingham, Pamfret was always gay and wild, and he was at length induced to gamble on a great scale and was ruined. One night he embarked for America, leaving a letter for Caroline, wherein he stated she had always been her own mistress, and might continue so; and that if it had not been for pride, his fortune would not have been wrecked. Poor Caroline was now destitute," said Mr. Effingham. "We forgot her conduct towards ourselves, and did everything in our power to relieve her sorrow and heartfelt degradation. Emily at length induced her to come and reside with us. I managed her affairs, sold her estate, and paid what debts had been incurred with the exception of those of her honor, from which her husband had fled. But Caroline's pride had received too deep a wound to be healed; she had pined, had faded, and within six months of her husband's departure, died."

All that now remains of that once proud family is the dear boy in the garden who is playing with my little girl!

The entrance of Emily prevented any further reference to her sister's melancholy history. She looked, if possible, more handsome than ever. Her face wore the beautiful expression of habitual content.

"So good hearts live!" and may they live and prosper, eternal sunshine dwelling o'er their heads!"

RE-APPEARANCE OF A MERCHANT AFTER TWO YEARS.—The New York Evening Post of Monday contains the following paragraph:—

"Jonathan Hunt, Esq., whose mysterious disappearance about two years since is probably in recollection of many of our readers, has at length been seen in England. The idea was generally entertained that he had been drowned. He possessed a large fortune which, after all hope of his recovery had been given up, was regularly administered upon. Within a month past he was seen at Liverpool by a gentleman of this city, who had formerly known him well, and who had lodged at the same house with him in this neighbourhood. The gentleman recognized him and had a long conversation with him. Mr. Hunt said that he had passed two years in travelling through different countries of Europe."

To which the New York Herald appends the following remarks:—

"About two years ago Mr. Hunt disappeared, and was traced as far as Charleston, South Carolina, where he was lost in the

mists of the future. It was supposed at the time by some, that he had gone to Europe. Mr. Hunt was a very eccentric man. He lived in fine style in Chambers street, and had his house filled with rare and costly paintings, of which he was quite a connoisseur."

It was formerly a dry goods merchant in Mobile, and was thought to be worth from two to three hundred thousand dollars. After his mysterious disappearance, his property was, we believe, placed in the hands of Mr. J. Prescott Hall, the present United States Attorney, to arrange and settle for the heirs. It has long since been divided, and Mr. Hunt counted among the dead. His re-appearance may lead to some litigation in our courts of law."

From the New-Brunswick.  
SIR,—Finding among your masses of intelligence occasional notices of Railroads, their profits, advantages, and utility, I am desirous of informing the public, through the medium of your columns, of the extensive operations now being carried forward by the enterprising people of Massachusetts and Maine, who are intent on interlarding their country with Railways for the purpose of their internal traffic, and to secure the transportation over them of the trade of Canada and of this Province. Before we enter on an inquiry as to the means we should employ to preserve to ourselves the profits of transporting our own products, we shall first take a view of what our neighbours are doing.

There is now a Railway completed from Boston to Portland, Bath, Augusta and Waterville, on the Kennebec which is in successful operation, commencing the stockholders' profits, and increasing real estate and other property along the line, four-fold in value. From Waterville a line has been surveyed and chartered to Bangor, 544 miles, and every requisite is ready to carry on the work next spring. From Bangor a railroad has been for some time in use to Old Town, 15 miles up the Penobscot, and a prolongation of it is now in course of formation to Lincoln 33 miles further up the river. From Lincoln a line is laid out to Louis Island, on the St. Croix, 38 miles; from thence to Bangor, 20 miles, and from thence to Calais, 5 miles; making in all 112 miles from Bangor to Calais. Although this enormous route is 40 miles longer than a nearly direct line would be, yet the Americans wisely combine circumstances for future purposes. They are looking forward to the extension of their railways up the Penobscot to Houlton—to the Aroostook, Fish river, and the Allenshaw; which will open to them, a most extensive country and trade, and bring them directly to the river Saint John! What then becomes of every dollar of trade from the Grand Falls, Woodstock, and all that part of the Province? Assuredly it would pass through the United States. The preparations made at Calais would in a similar manner absorb the traffic on the lower districts of the St. John, and all through the enterprising means of constructing railroads.

In order that I might connect the above statement, I deferred, on mentioning Calais, to say that a terminus for this line is already purchased, the right of way secured along the wharves to the whole extent of the town, and also to Bangor, 7 miles up the river, and the old board-railway from the Salt Water to the St. Croix Mills obtained by purchase. The road work and wooden superstructure are contracted for, the iron and cars already bought. I am informed by Mr. Hanscome, the President of the Calais and Bangor line, that it will be made to Bangor by midsummer next, and the whole way completed by 1852; so that we shall have the steam whistle sounding at our very doors, before we awake from the fatal lethargy which has so long disposed us to inactivity, and retain us, by a necessary consequence, in a state of hopeless poverty. Mr. Hanscome, however, who looks at difficulties only to overcome them, expresses an anxious desire that a Railway should be continued from Calais through St. Stephen to St. John, and ultimately to Halifax; which would open up a way from these Provinces through Bangor, Portland, Boston, New York, and onward to New Orleans.—THREE THOUSAND MILES BY RAIL, WAY!

Let us now look at things as they are. New-Brunswick rests her hopes on aid from without; if she is still depending on the smiles of her parent not only to point out her path, but to form it for her; if she cannot let go the leading strings, nor depend on her own energies to walk alone—then she must be content to let the terminus of the New Orleans railway remain at Calais. What a mockery has the government interference been respecting a rail line from Halifax to Quebec! Running round the north-eastern outskirts of the Province for the safe transportation of our red-coats, as if Canada were always to depend upon British protection, and as if the inhabitants of this country were always to be the aim of an unfriendly Yankee rifle! The only seriously attempted Railroad in the Province is that projected from St. Andrews to Quebec, and now under general formation from St. Andrews to Woodstock. But instead of extending our aid, or

### LAW RESPECTING NEWS PAPERS

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expressing our good will to this spirited undertaking, it has been the custom of our City printers to repeat and reiterate each others' ridicule of a project which they could not as equally impracticable and insane. That such illiberal feelings are still working mischievously on the energies of the people in this Province, and that too for interested and sinister ends, is strongly evinced in the new-year's leader of that sordid print the St. John Courier.

In descending on the past doings and future prospects of the Province, railroads occupy in the article alluded to a prominent place; but the most sedulous care has been taken, and the most cautious means employed, not even to touch on a chord that would awaken in the mind the least recollection that the St. Andrews and Woodstock line was ever spoken of, or to inform the people that it is at this very day in actual process of formation!

Now, Sir, while such disjunctive prejudices contaminate the minds of our people—while jealousies are engendered by the prosperity of sectional enterprise—while expedients (like the Shelburne line) are employed to alley the disappointment of great projects, (like the Halifax and Quebec line)—while a race, accustomed slavishly to obey the dictates of others, have not learnt to command their own energies into action—while these characteristics point out the people of New Brunswick, they must endure the bitter scorn of those whom they economically under-rate, and bear the taunts of the American who can truly tell them, "You have not a single, solitary mile of Railroad in all your country!"

The United States can count right thousand miles of Railway; and more than one half of this amazing extent has been constructed through the British gold and silver, obtained on the faith and credit of the individual States, honestly, wisely, and fearlessly pledged, for periods of thirty and forty years, by issues of scrip.

How, then, stands the case with us in reference to such transactions? With all our boasted connexion with the parent country, are we less credit at home than foreign States? Or is the maxim true that those will be most likely to obtain help who are most disposed to help themselves?

I find that I am extending this article beyond my expectation, but as much remains to be considered that I shall stop here to day, and trust to your kindness to allow me to continue the subject to your next. C. K.

### IMPORTANT FROM CANADA

The following important information from Canada has just reached us, and we hasten to give it publicity. We sincerely congratulate the friends of British connexion throughout the colonies, that England remains true to herself, and that Her Majesty's Ministers are firmly determined to uphold the power of the Crown in British North America, while any portion of Her Majesty's subjects therein desire to retain their allegiance.

A telegraphic message from Toronto, dated the last inst. received at Boston, says:—

"Lord Elgin has received a despatch from Earl Grey, urging him to use every lawful means to suppress the annexation movement, thinking him for what has already been done in this way, and declaring that long as any portion of the Canadian people are desirous of maintaining their connection with Great Britain, they will be supported by the whole power, the blood, and the treasure of England."

TORONTO RAILROAD.—At a public meeting held at Toronto, a resolution was passed, recommending the Corporation of that City to invest the sum of £100,000 in the Toronto Railroad, by an issue of debentures of \$1000 each, not less than £100 each, at 20 years' date, bearing interest at 6 per cent. per annum.

TWO WOMEN FROZEN TO DEATH.—We regret to learn, that one night last week, two middle aged women, one named Mrs. Lindsey and the other Mrs. Jordan, having left this City for their home—their residence being on the opposite side of the Kennebecasis river—were found frozen to death next morning, close beside each other on the ice about the centre of the river. It seems that both of the women had bundles conveying home, and that they left the road for the ice when near about Mr. Appleby's ship yard, some 8 or 9 miles from St. John; and it is supposed that the cold benumbed them, which ultimately led to their death. Further particulars we did not learn.—[Morning News]

Fire, and loss of Life at St. Stephens.—A fire broke out in an early hour yesterday morning in a house at St. Stephens, occupied by 3 or 4 families. A woman, named McGeorge, in whose room the fire originated, was burned to death. The house was entirely consumed.

The thermometer at Milltown on Wednesday indicated 30° below zero, and at Calais 25 degrees.—[By Telegraph to News room.—New-Brunswick.]

Why are girls like arrows?—Because they require bows to get them off.

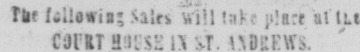












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