

The Standard.

Vol. 13

OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

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POETRY.

HONOUR TO THE PLOUGH.

(From Blackwood's Magazine for November.)

Troop clouds o'ercrest our native sky,
And seem to dim the sun,
We'll seek the prize with honest toil,
Of deem the day is done
Our rural arts we loved before
No less we'll cherish now;
And crown the banquet, as of yore,
With Honour to the Plough.

In these fair fields, whose peaceful spoil
To faith and hope are given,
We'll seek the prize with honest toil,
And leave the rest to heaven.
We'll give us to our work like men
Who own a holy vow,
And in our own way
Give Honour to the Plough.

Let art array'd in magic power,
With labour hand in hand,
Go forth, and now, in peril's hour,
Sustain a sinking land.
Let never Sloth unnerve the arm,
Or Fear the spirit cow;
These words alone should work a Charm—
All Honour to the Plough.

The heath redress, the meadow drain,
The latest swamp expelling,
And o'er the long expecting plain
Diffuse the quickening steam;
Then fearless urge the furrow deep,
Up to the mountain's brow;
And when the rich results you reap,
Give Honour to the Plough.
And still shall Health by postures green
And nodding harvests reign,
And still behind her rustic screen
Shall Virtue find a home;
And while their better the muses build
Beneath the neighbouring hough,
Shall many a grateful verse be fill'd
With Honour to the Plough.

PARTING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

You slender boy, his bark hath launch'd
On life's perilous tide,
His balmy years of childhood o'er,
He goes without a guide
Amid the stir and strife of men
His devious course to run—
The temper and the snare to bide—
God bless the widow's son.

He turned from the pleasant door
And from the garden fair,
Where with his little spade he wrought
Beneath a mother's care;
He bears his head like manhood high,
Yet tears their course will run,
When on his stranger-bed he rests—
God bless the widow's son.

Ye say he goeth forth alone,
To dare the eventful field—
No, no! a spell is round him thrown,
More firm than diamond shield—
A mournful mother's fervent prayer
—So, till his life is done,
Till time, and toil, and change are o'er—
God bless the widow's son.

Superstition of the Danube.—A superstition once prevails in Upper Austria that the Danube requires a young man for a yearly offering. I myself saw a fellow fall overboard and drown after a long struggle, during which neither the crew of the vessel nor his comrades made the slightest effort to save him. While he was battling against the impetuous waves, the crew stood quite composedly on the deck, and cried out in chorus: "Jack, Jack given in—dost not see 'tis what pleases God."

Nothing New Under the Sun.—Odo Von Foggin kopf, the well known Greek professor of Göttingen, has pointed out that the ancients were certainly acquainted with gun-cotton. The shirt of Nessus, which burnt poor Hercules to death, must evidently have been made of this combustible.—Punch.

A WEDDING PRESENT.—The following strange scene took place a few days ago at the church of St. Eustace, in Paris. Just as the marriage ceremony between a tradesman and a female was concluded, another female with whom he had been living some years and whom he had abandoned, entered the church with their two children, and approaching the bride, presented her the children, saying:—“These madame, are your wedding portion.” The mother and the two children were removed by the Swiss and the benediction, but the astonishment and agitation of the bride may be well conceived.

Why is a man living in Truro, like a person who was born in the city of Rome? Because he is a Truro man (TRURO MAN).

THE FOREST MAIDEN.

It was a low roofed humble log house in the heart of the Western wilderness. At its rude door way stood two beings gazing out upon the wild but magnificent scenery—the proud giant trees with their tall branches rising toward the blue skies.

The eyes of the young maiden at the door wandered delightedly over the quiet scene, and there was a light in their blue depths and a dimpling smile about her rosy mouth which gave indescribable charm to her sweet face. One little hand clasped the strings of the straw bonnet which hung by her side, and the other was raised to her white forehead, half shading the laughing orbs beneath it from the bright sun-light, while the whispering winds lightly touched her pure neck, lifting the wavy brown tresses from her shoulders. She was very young and beautiful, and every glance of her bright eyes told that her soul was full of love and purity. The lady by her side was many years her senior, and there was the slightest shade of care upon her smooth brow, and a saddened and patient look upon the mild face, which told that her life had not been without its changes and trials. All at once the little hand dropped from the forehead and a low ringing laugh came from the lips of the young girl.

“They are coming, mother! Set, there is father holding Anna and little Eddy upon my black pony, and Oscar in the rear mounted upon Charley. Oh, we shall have such a nice ride through these old roads and down by the bank of that quiet river.”

“Oh, sister Eddy, you little Anna, we have had such a grand time; Eddy and I riding round through the forest with father to lead your dear little pony; and he is so clever and steps so carefully over the green sward and pretty flowers. Oh, I wish we had not got home this whole hour yet!”

But the chubby prattler was lifted from her corset seat and stood dancing at the feet of her mother, while the baby boy clapped his tiny hands and some out his infant cat from the arms of his smiling sister.

Her brother, a tall, noble-looking youth of twenty, smilingly joined the company, and after kissing her gloved hand to the dearest group, they galloped away down the foot-path and were lost to view. After riding a mile or two beneath the drooping boughs of the old trees, they suddenly came to the steep bank of a river of considerable size, and turning to the right had a full view of the open country for many miles around. No obstruction was offered to their progress, and they rode gaily on over a sward of dewy moss, and yielding sward besprinkled with pretty flowers of every hue and variety. At last the horses slackened their pace, walking almost noiselessly along over the flowers ground, as if like their riders subdued to pleasant thoughts by surrounding influences. Just as they came to a clump of trees, which bent over the stream and threw their dark shadow far out into the sleeping waters, a low warbling murmur, not exactly like the carol of a bird—but quite as sweet and full of melody—fell on their ears; and instantly checking the tired horses, they bent breathlessly over their saddles and peered down through the thick leaves; for the sound seemed to proceed from their midst.

A low faint cry of wonder half burst from Eddy's lips; but her brother's hand smothered the sound, while he pushed his way nearer to the edge of the bank, that he might have a more distinct view of the strange wild creature thus thrust upon their vision. She had grasped with one small brown hand a pliant branch of one of the trees that overhung the dark waters and swung herself from the slight foothold beneath, while with the other reaching far up amid the clustering, clambering vines that wound themselves around every limb, she was trying to grasp a bunch of purple grapes which swung to and fro, constantly eluding the grasp of her tender fingers. Her large wild brown eyes with their thick silken lashes were fixed eagerly upon the precious treasure, and her full red lips half opened in their impatience, while the long jetty ringlets of her hair in their lavish abundance fell back from her dark high forehead and hung trembling over the deep waters. The same exquisite music now came again from her full heart, for the extreme peril of her situation seemed unable to restrain its out-gushings of gladness; and the golden bird which had just lighted upon a bough over her head seemed to hesitate before pluming his wings for flight.

She was strangely beautiful; and as she hung there with only that frail limb for a support, and the notes of joy upon her lip, Oscar Dunham and his sister turned pale with terror. She had just reached the purple fruit and torn the rich cluster from its vine, when the bend of the branch broke with a sudden crash, and with one faint cry the darling girl sank beneath the dark surface below. She rose again almost instantly, and the next moment the strong arms of the bold youth had borne her up to the grassy bank where he gently laid her with her head in Eddy's lap. The little hand still grasped the luscious fruit, but the bright drops dripped from the stem, and

the smile had hardly left the pale lip and cheek. Arthur bent anxiously over the marble face, and rubbed the cold hands with his trembling fingers, while Eddy kissed the lovely brow and put back the wet hair, calling on her to awake. At last a faint color came to the lips, the long lashes trembled upon the cheek, and then the brown eyes looked up with a bewildered gaze; but when they fell upon the eloquent pale face of the stranger youth she sprang to her feet, while a crimson glow flushed the cheek and brow, and a cry of fear trembled on her tongue. It was only momentary; for when she turned her sweet eyes to the beautiful face of Eddy Dunham, a smile full of satisfaction and loveliness broke over her features, and she knelt down by her side, clasped her hands in both hers, and gazed fondly into her fair face.

“Was it you who took me from those dark waters?” she said; “Was it you who saved the Young Fawn to her mother's arms?”

“Not me, dear one—but he—my brother,” replied the smiling girl. “We were passing this way and saw your danger. It was Oscar who brought you to my arms.”

“Then he has my gratitude, and I know my dear mother would bless him, for I am her all!”

“And where do you live?” asked her listener looking about her, for I see no signs of cultivation, no house any where in this region?”

“Oh, no, you cannot see it here,” replied the smiling girl, “we live in the dim, deep forest, yonder over the stream, and our cottage is just behind that ledge of rocks.”

“And is your father dead?” inquired Eddy, gazing delightedly over her animated face and still holding the little hand which had been given her. “Oh, yes—my father was a great chief—a mighty king of a powerful tribe; but he was long ago slain in battle, and since then my mother and I have lived alone, though she often sighs for the dear friends of her childhood, who she says are far away, or perhaps dwell in the spirit-land.”

“Nora,” whispered Eddy to her brother,

“our mother's name.”

“It will not ask too much of you,” continued the Young Fawn, “I would take you to your humble home and show you this sweet mother of mine. She is as fair as you, for I take not this dark brow and jetty tresses from her.”

“We will go,” said Oscar, quickly; “It will not take long, and we can tie our horses to one of the trees.”

The horses were accordingly fastened to a tree near by and left to nibble the fresh grass, while the dark maiden and her companions preceded to the little skiff which was moored beneath the bank, and were soon floating over the smooth surface of the stream. They landed just where a huge dark rock threw its shadow over the rich velvety turf, which stretched back from the river's brink, and stepping forth from the fairy barque, the graceful girl bounded around the projecting cliff followed by the young strangers.

A winding footpath with its soft carpet of green led to the door, and down in a little shady glen near by came sparkling and shimmering the pure limped waters of a tiny rivulet, creeping like a beam of silver light through the fragrant blossoms, which covered its mossy banks.

“Dear mother!” cried the wild sweet maiden, as she bounded through the open door, and threw her arms about the bending neck of a pale, interesting looking woman, who had arisen from her seat at the first sound of her foot-fall. “Dear mother, I am here though sadly wet, and here are some friends who saved me from drowning; for I carelessly climbed on the tree for a bunch of grapes and fell into the dark waters. This young gentleman generously brought me to shore, and his sweet sister kissed me back to life, for I believe I was insensible till her soft breath passed over my cheek, and I thought her gentle voice, as she called on me to awake, was the whisper of the kind angels who you say watch over us.”

And she drew the smiling Eddy toward her trembling mother, looking from the pale anxious face of the one into the tender eyes of the other till her heart gushed out in love and gratitude, and she laughed that soft, musical laugh again till the shade passed from the white brow of her parent and her usual calmness returned.

“You are welcome, sweet girl, to our humble home, and I feel that I never can repay you and your noble brother for the kindness you have shown us. If the gratitude of a fall heart affords you any compensation, it is yours. Nora is all I have to love, and if she were to leave me, life would be cheerless indeed.”

She was rejoiced that a companion so gentle and kind had been found for her child. The birds were her friends, and she had listened many hours together to their merry carols till her own tones had caught the echo, and she sang so gaily as they.

An hour passed by. The strangers had partaken of the simple meal spread by the hands of their new friends and the sun was nearing the distant horizon; but still they lingered. The wild light of Nora's dark eyes

had softened to an expression of calm and tranquil enjoyment, and her voice was low and tremulous; but a deeper feeling seemed to pervade the gentle bosom of her mother. Strange pleasant thoughts had taken possession of her soul; and as she gazed into the sweet face of Eddy Dunham and listened to her voice, the dreams of early childhood seemed haunting her again; and a dim shadow picture of happiness and misery flitted before her.

It was evening and the sun was quite down though his golden light flooded the deep recesses of the surrounding forest, when Oscar Dunham arose and turned from the soft glance of Nora's eyes. He walked to the door, looked a moment abroad, then returning said reluctantly:—“Come Eddy we must reach home, and mother will be so anxious. You know she is always thinking of lurking red men and fears that you may yet be taken captive.”

Yes brother, replied the fair girl turning from the enticing arms of her friend, you know the reason of mother's anxiety or that ground. She can never forget the dear little sister, who tore from her side long ago, but I am sure we need not fear now, and I do want to stay longer with Nora.

None noticed the deadly pallor which overspread the features of the silent woman; for the dimness of twilight was in the little room; but when a stifled sob broke from her bosom as she grasped Eddy's arm and bent wildly over her, they all looked up in wonder.

Nora screamed in terror and clung about her form, but she heeded her not.

“Did you say the Indians tore her away—that the young sister of your blessed mother was borne from her side a captive? I have been dreaming ever since I first looked upon your dear face—aye, for many long years I have dreamed and shuddered; but I am awake now, I see it all—remember all. We were down in that charming valley at play—she had twined a wreath of wild roses amid the curls of her hair, and as she left me to go around by the shore of the running stream for a white fly, they came and took me away.”

“You!” exclaimed Oscar and Eddy, at a breath; “You! and are you indeed the dear sister of our mother? and is Nora our own cousin? Oh, how glad how happy!”

It was indeed a happy moment. Tears were in the eyes of all, and Nora sobbed like an infant upon her mother's bosom. The glad woman sat down in the rude door-way and brushed the moisture from her smiling eyes.

She found words at last to tell them, how she dwelt from the time of her captivity beneath the roof of the great chief—how he loved her as his own child, and how the young chief smiled upon her. She shed when thinking of the dear friends she had left, of her sleepless nights and cheerless days, and how as years rolled on she learned to love the old chief who was ever kind and good, and to regard the young prince as a brother.

Then she spoke of her unwilling marriage, and told how years had drenched her bridal bed, how they bore her insensible from her husband's arms and took the crushed jewel from her hair; of weeks and months of wretchedness and pining for her early home, and when of returning calmness after the last glimmering of hope had died away in her heart. Years rolled on and her husband, the powerful king of a warlike and bold tribe, was killed in battle, his men taken captives and their vast possessions fell into the hands of the white men; but she and the young Fawn—her darling Nora—had never been molested; they had lived in their wild home alone and almost unknown, though she had never ceased to mourn for the friends of early life, nor to remember the low sweet tones that fell upon her ear, and the gentle loving glance that had so often met her gaze.

It was late that evening, when Oscar Dunham rode up to the door of his father's house and he was alone. He found anxious, fearful hearts and fearful faces waiting, and when his mother looked in vain for the form of her darling. A smothered cry escaped her lips; but her wild eyes fell upon the smiling, happy face of her son, and wonder and astonishment kept her silent. It was not long before they knew all and were weeping for joy at the grateful intelligence. Morning dawned fair and beautiful and ere the sun reached his meridian height, the lone widow of the Indian chieftain and her lovely girl had pressed to their throbbing bosoms the forms of those about whom they had dreamed, and communed with painful interest through long years of loneliness and suspense. It was a happy part that assembled that day beneath the low log cabin in that deep wilderness.

Oscar and Eddy with the happy Nora walked down to the river's brink, and unmoored the little canoe beneath the great rock, and as they sailed gently over the bright waters, and bent their laughing faces to the smooth mirror, they blessed the fate that brought them together and looked with a kind of fondness upon the old tree with its dangling limbs, which had been the instrument of so much fear and pleasure. And Mrs. Dunham and her restored sister

tried every thing to say, and their hearts tangled lovingly together as they told of the past—its joys and its sorrows, and looked fondly to the future with trembling, eager hope.

It is many years since these events occurred; and the great wilderness with the lone house of the dark bright maiden and her fair mother have disappeared together; but in the flourishing village which is built upon the spot, and on the shore of the river Ohio, near where the cabin stood, is a large, beautiful mansion. Its owner, Mr. Dunham, with his gentle wife and dark-eyed children, remembers with pride his noble grandfather, over whose grave the grass is still fresh and green, and the meek and loving partner, who sleeps sweetly by his side—even the Indian chieftain's daughter—Nora, the graceful Fawn.

A BROKEN HEART.

The Editor of the United States Gazette, in a letter from Cape Island, gives the following account of a broken-hearted woman, who had trusted in man's love, and had been betrayed. We have read many tales of woman's love and man's infidelity, but few have appeared more strongly to the feelings than this:

“A strong attachment had grown up between a female and a young man of the neighborhood whose condition in life was considerably below her own, but whose gifts and attainments seemed to give assurance of future usefulness, honor, and position; and if the father of the young woman did not encourage the attentions of the youth, it is probable that he believed the good of both would be promoted by a less devotion of their time to each other, and that a union following the fulfillment of some of the promises of his life, would be better for both than a union formed in those promises. Offense was rendered by the female, and the young man turned upon some pursuits that seemed to hold out hopes of success. I know not what he was engaged in, but it was certain that there was a correspondence between him and the young woman, an occasional visit and no strong disapprobation of the father, though on more than one occasion he intimated a doubt of the stability of the young man's principles.

Some few years after that, this young man became involved in difficulties, that led to criminal proceedings against him, and finally he was sentenced to the State Prison. It was said by some that he was a hard case; that the verdict was one of those spasmodic movements of justice by which they make compensation to society for allowing one guilty to escape by condemning one comparatively innocent. The efforts of the young woman, (and it is said her promise to have no further correspondence with the culprit), were unavailing; the young man pardoned, he found means to satisfy her that he was wholly guiltless, at most only imprudent, in the matter that led to his trial and condemnation. The father became incensed at the renewal of the intercourse, and obtained from his daughter a promise never to marry the man without his consent. The state of affairs at home became unendurable. With some little possession of her own, the young woman left her father's house, went to the city, and took boarding in a respectable family, and added to her limited means of support by the use of her needle and pencil, and her knowledge of music.

The young man visited the family, and it was believed that a part of the hard earnings of the young woman was given to him.

He had the meanness to accept money from such a source. And she was at length admonished by an acquaintance, that her affections and her confidence were abused—“When did woman ever believe right against one she loved? or ought as had as others asserted? Twice was that young woman compelled to change her residence, from the unwillingness of families to receive the visits of her friend, but never once was there a thought injurious to her reputation. Her anxiety and her constant labor were undermining a constitution originally excellent, and her pale cheek and sunken eyes seemed to indicate also a lurking, growing apprehension, that she had sacrificed her home duties, and her home comforts, for one so unworthy such a price,—how unworthy, she did not dream.

On the sixteenth of last May, she received a letter informing her that her father had died, and his last words were forgiveness and blessings for her. He died too justate, and she was the inheritor of a considerable portion of his large estate. When the first gush of grief was passed, the anguish that a daughter ever feels at the death of a father, she recollected (perhaps sooner) that she was now released from her promise not to marry without her father's approval, and that her means were ample to support herself and him, and to live (as of course he could easily do) to live above, and to outlive, the suspicions to which his poverty and misfortunes had exposed him.

The next day but one, she learned that he who had her love, and for whom she was holding her wealth, had married a female of indifferent character, and was living regardless of her, her interests, her afflictions and her sorrows.

Intelligence.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 4. The meeting of the Board of Directors of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce...

The Great Britain Steamship Co. The ship 'Great Britain' is expected to arrive at Liverpool...

London, Monday. A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce...

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quainted with all the higher branches of their profession, combined with an intimate knowledge of practical astronomy...

LIVERPOOL TRADING MARKET, Dec. 4. The arrivals from British North America...

The arrivals from British North America were very large last month, consisting of 403 vessels, 62,150 tons...

From 1st February to 30th November, 1854. Quebec, 323 vessels, 119,910 tons; St. John, 105 vessels, 102,730 tons...

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Guggun Singh, a man of base extraction, who stood high in the favour of the Queen...

Several Communications received for the week ending the 23rd inst.

THE STANDARD. St. Andrews, Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1846.

St Andrews and Manufacturing Company. R. M. Anderson, Esq., President.

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NEW-BRUNSWICK. A Volume of Original Testimonies...

SEVERAL Ladies and Gentlemen, desiring to see the original Testimonies...

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Original issues in...

