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 subscribers to assist
 every CUTLERY,
 &c. which will be
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 Watch Guards,
 and Fancy Set
 Gold, Silver, and
 Cases. Gold and
 Companion
 and Needle-
 Paper Mach-
 ines, Hat, Hair,
 Brushes, Silver
 and Glass Scen-
 ic, Chops, Thero-
 and Brass, Cap-
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 Tea Pails, Pocket
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 and Pen Knives,
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 Sess Tea Trays,
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 Jewellery, &c.,
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 miles from Saint
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 ST. ANDREWS
 HILL TOWN, and
 week, according to
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Thursdays and Sa-
 M and St. Stephen
 days.
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 vers has driven up-
 every attention to th
 of Passengers, wh
 full share of publi

will remain open a
 Hotel, St. Andrews
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 OMAS HARDY
 1850.

Stoves!

divided on assignment
 ion, a large supply of
TOVES,
 store, in the Market
 W. MacLEAV,
 1850.

NSWICK
 DING SOCIETY
 GS' FUND.

on 5th Sep 1847
 at, Robert F. Hazen
 news, Geo. D. Stree
 ens, J. G. Stevens,

Public

Office,
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 the inconvenience ex-
 present arrangement
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 founded in he said
 ship the Postmaster
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 Raw Linseed-Oil,
 Paint, 14, 28 & 56
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 from Boston,
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 ELTAN from Liverp
 March.
 AMES W. STREET

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 No paper discontinued until arrears are paid.
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 Advertising by the year, as may be agreed on

The Standard,
 OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

No 13] SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1851. [Vol. 13

**Counting-House
 ALMANAC.**
 1851.

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POETRY.

For the Standard.
 On the arrival of the first Locomotive
 in New Brunswick, for the St. Andrews & Quebec
 RAIL ROAD.

Hail! thou long expected stranger,
 Harbinger of better days,
 Safe, at last, from Ocean's danger;
 Gladly, we, upon thee gaze.

Long we've waited for thy coming,
 Of thy race so us the first,
 Long thy merits we've been humming,
 Now, loud praise, from ALL shall burst.

Now, our towns will be connected,
 By thy matchless strength and speed,
 Other towns, will be erected,
 Where the wild deer quietly feed.

In our forests, now, so dreary,
 Shall be pleasant fields ere long;
 Where, we'll hear, the milk maids, cheery,
 And the reaper's thankful song.

Soon, our ports, so long neglected,
 Shall with trading ships, abound,
 Britain's Steamers, here directed,
 Monthly, weekly, shall be found.

Welcome, welcome, mighty stranger,
 Thou, our hearts with hope, dost fill;
 Welcome, thundering, sporting, ranger,
 Sound thy whistle, loud and shrill.

St. Andrews, March 19, 1851. S.H.

DON'T FRET.

A POEM FOR THE NERVOUS.
 Has a neighbour injured you?
 Don't fret—
 You will yet come off the best;
 He's the most to answer for,
 Never mind it, let it rest.
 Don't fret.

Has a horrid lie been told?
 Don't fret;
 It will run itself to death,
 If you let it quite alone,
 It will die for want of breath;
 Don't fret.

Are your enemies at work?
 Don't fret—
 They can't injure you a whit;
 If they find you heed them not,
 They will soon be glad to quit;
 Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot?
 Don't fret—
 Fortune's wheel keeps turning round,
 Every spoke will reach the top,
 Which, like you, is going down;
 Don't fret.

Touch.—You are rather a crooked
 character, Mr. Jones.
 "Rather, sir, but not so crooked as a tree I
 once knew, it was the tallest buttress I ever
 saw. Standing close to it, one day, in a
 thunder storm, I saw a squirrel in one of the
 top branches. The lightning struck the same
 branch about three feet above him—the squirrel
 started—the lightning had to follow the
 grain, and the squirrel went straight down—
 So confounded crooked was the tree sir, that
 the squirrel, by my watch, got to the bottom
 precisely three minutes before the lightning."
 "That's a lie," exclaimed the landlord.
 "A lie!" true, sir, as any story ever was—
 I afterwards saw the tree cut down, and it
 was so infernal crooked, it was three weeks
 before it laid still; then it was made into rails
 for a hog-pasture. The hogs would crawl
 through twenty times a day, and so thunder-
 ing crooked were them rails, that every time
 the hogs got out, they found themselves in
 the pasture again.

INDUSTRY REWARDED.—A True Story.

An intelligent gentleman of fortune, visited
 a country village in Maine, not very far from
 Bangor and was hospitably entertained and
 lodged by a gentleman having three daugh-
 ters—two of whom in rich dresses entertained
 the distinguished stranger in the parlor, while
 one kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her
 mother, in preparing the food and setting the
 table for tea, and after supper, in doing the
 work till it was fully completed; when she
 also joined her sisters in the parlor for the re-
 mainder of the evening. The next morning
 the same daughter was again early in the
 kitchen, while the other two were in the pa-
 rlor. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed
 a discriminating mind—was a close observer
 of the habits of the young ladies—watched an
 opportunity and whispered something in the
 ear of the industrious one, and then left for a
 time, but revisited the same family, and in
 about one year, the young lady of the kitchen
 was conveyed to Boston the wife of the same
 gentleman visitor, where she now presides at
 an elegant mansion. The gentleman, whose

portion she shares, she won by a judicious de-
 partment and well directed industry.
 So much for an industrious young lady.
 (Bangor Courier.)

**NEW-BRUNSWICK
 PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.**

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

March 18.
 The House went into Committee for the
 third time on the Bill for issuing Provincial
 Debentures to aid in rebuilding the burnt dis-
 trict, Fredericton. There was considerable
 discussion upon the surties to be required,
 whether nothing but real estate should be ta-
 ken, or whether securities be taken upon
 buildings erected on leasehold property. Pro-
 gress was reported.

Mr. Hayward called the attention of the
 House to the Despatches lately brought down
 in reference to the resignation of the Hon
 Judge Botsford. After eulogizing the vener-
 able Judge, and going through the history of
 his retirement, he moved a Resolution. Mr.
 Gray also passed several eulogistic remarks
 upon Judge Botsford's conduct while on the
 Bench, and seconded the resolution. Con-
 siderable discussion arose, several honorable
 members expressing their suspicion that the
 resolution would, if it passed, form a basis
 whereon to found a claim for a retiring allow-
 ance to Judge Botsford. The mover and se-
 condor of the resolution disclaimed any such
 intention. Mr. Hanington then moved an ad-
 dition to the resolution, that the House adhere
 to the opinion expressed by the late House in
 opposition to granting pensions.

The House next went into Committee on
 a Bill to repeal the present Act for reciprocal
 trade with Canada, and to enact other provi-
 sions in lieu thereof. The Hon. Secretary ex-
 plained the nature of the bill. Its object is
 simply to confine the provision for free admis-
 sions of Canadian produce to such as is im-
 ported direct, and to impose the same duties
 on produce from that country via the United
 States as on foreign produce. The bill passed
 without division.

March 19.

In the House to-day objection was made to the
 third reading of the Canada Reciprocity Bill, which
 treats Canadian Flour and produce coming through
 the United States as foreign, and subject to the
 same duties as though raised in a foreign country.
 The Bill was, however, sustained, the minority
 being Messrs. Porter, Thomson, Robison, Fitz-
 gerald, and Steves.

The Revenue Bill was afterwards brought up,
 and a lengthy discussion followed, during which
 much angry altercation took place. The duty on
 Corn Meal was reconsidered; but finally the Com-
 mittee concluded to support the whole Bill as
 framed, by a majority of 27 to 12. Great excite-
 ment followed, and the standing order was threat-
 ened. Mr. Tilley's motion to prohibit the importation
 of Alcoholic Liquors, except for Medicine,
 &c., was lost, 23 to 15. The whole Revenue
 Bill was afterwards carried for a term of 4 years.
 The Committee then rose.

Good News from Saint Andrews.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that the Brig
 Avon, Captain Curry from London has ar-
 rived at Saint Andrews with a Locomotive
 and Tender, a part of the iron to lay down the
 first ten miles of the Saint Andrews and
 Quebec Rail Road. The remainder of the
 iron is shortly expected. The arrival of this
 pioneer railway ship to these Colonies, was
 hailed with every demonstration of joy by the
 people of St. Andrews. We hope to see the
 work commenced on this end of the line as
 soon as the weather will permit; such a pro-
 ceeding would doubtless add another Loco-
 motive to the line before the close of the season.
 [Woodstock Sentinel.]

Home Production.

We have examined some of the flour manufactured from wheat
 the produce of this country, at Davis' Mills
 in this place, and find it to be of a superior
 quality. In sweetness of taste, and white-
 ness of appearance, it can compare very fa-
 vorably with the Genesee. A friend of
 ours tells us that in the early part of this win-
 ter he had some flour ground from wheat ta-
 ken to Carry's Mills, Houlton, yet he much
 prefers that manufactured in the above estab-
 lishment.

We are glad to say this is not the first

time we have had to speak well of these Mills.
 The enterprising owners deserve every pat-
 ronage. May they meet with that success
 they richly merit.—[Ib.]

Explosion of a Mail Bag.

An accident of a singular nature, and likely to have been
 attended by great inconveniences, occurred to
 the Canterbury letter bag from London, on
 Monday. On arrival at Dover (whether the
 Canterbury mail is conveyed) it was thrown
 on the cart, when a sudden and violent ex-
 plosion took place, resembling the firing of a
 rocket; and on opening the bag it was dis-
 covered that the contents were on fire, but
 owing to the tight manner in which the letters
 and papers were packed, few were burnt, the
 smouldering more. However, many were
 scorched and blackened. A box, which it

was supposed occasioned the explosion, was
 detained for further inquiry. Whatever it
 was that caused the accident, it was evident
 that the explosion arose from the bag being
 thrown up, which brought the combustibles
 into forcible contact.—(Kentish Observer.)

**A newspaper published at Colombo, in
 Ceylon, contains the following story about
 Sir John Franklin. It was communicated
 in a letter from Singapore of the date of Janu-
 ary 6:—**

Her Majesty's surveying ship Herald ar-
 rived here from the Arctic regions, via the Sand-
 wich Islands and Hong King, during the last
 week, and she has the latest advices from
 the North. Near the extreme station of the
 Russian Fur Company, they learned from
 the natives that a party of white men had
 been encamped 300 or 400 miles inland, that
 the Russians had made an attempt to supply
 them with provisions and necessaries, but
 that the natives, who are at enmity with the
 Russians had frustrated all attempts. No
 communication could be opened with the
 spot where they were said to be, as a hostile
 tribe intervened. From the Esquimaux they
 had this vague story very satisfactorily con-
 firmed, with the addition that the whites and
 natives having quarrelled, the former had
 been murdered. As to the possibility of
 these unfortunates being Sir John Franklin's
 party, I leave you and your readers who
 have paid attention to the case in all its bear-
 ing to judge. Whether those men spoke of
 were or were not Sir John's company, little
 hopes can now be entertained of finding them
 alive, as their provisions must have been ex-
 pended one year, and their fuel, which is es-
 sential, must have all burned out nearly
 two years since.

Haydn and the Sea Captain.

Haydn used to relate whimsical anecdotes of his
 stay in London. A captain of the navy
 came to him one morning, and asked him to
 compose a march for some troops he had on
 board, offering him thirty guineas for his
 trouble, but requiring it to be done immedi-
 ately, as the vessel was to sail next day for
 Calcutta. As soon as the captain was gone,
 Haydn sat down to the piano-forte, and the
 march was ready in a short time. Feeling
 some scruples at gaining his money so very
 easily, Haydn wrote two other marches, in-
 tending first to give the captain his choice,
 and then make him a present of all the three,
 as a return for his liberality. Next morning
 the captain returned, and asked for his
 march. "Here it is," said the composer.—
 The captain asked to hear it on the piano-
 forte; and having done so, laid down the
 thirty guineas, pocketed the march, and walk-
 ed away. Haydn tried to stop him, but in
 vain—the march was very good. "But I
 have written two others," cries Haydn,
 "which are better; hear them, and take your
 choice." "I like the first very well, and that
 is enough," answered the captain, pursuing
 his way down stairs. Haydn following, cry-
 ing out, "But I make you a present of them."
 "I won't have them," roared the seaman,
 with a nautical assertion, and bolted out at
 the street door. Haydn determined not to
 be done, hastened to the Exchange, and dis-
 covering the name of the ship and her com-
 mander, sent the marches on board with a
 polite note, which the captain, surmising his
 contents, sent back unopened. Haydn tore
 the marches into a thousand pieces, and
 never forgot the liberal English humorist as
 long as he lived.

THE PLUM PUDDING.

The following is
 told of a Yankee captain and his mate.
 When there was a plum pudding made by
 the captain's order, all the plums were put
 into one end of it, and that end placed next
 the captain, who after helping himself passed
 it to the mate, who never found any plums
 in his part of it. Well, after this game had
 been played for some time, the mate pre-
 vailed upon the steward to place the end that
 had no plums in it next to the captain. The cap-
 tain no sooner saw the pudding than he dis-
 covered that he had the wrong end of it.—
 Picking up the dish and turning it in his hands
 as if merely to examine the china, he said:
 "This dish cost me two shillings in Liver-
 pool, and put it down again as 'though' with-
 out design, with the plums next to himself.
 Is it possible! said the mate, taking up the
 dish; I supposed it was not worth more than
 one; and as if in perfect innocence, he put
 forth the dish with the plum end next to him-
 self.

**The captain looked at the mate, and the captain
 laughed.**

I tell you what, young one, said the cap-
 tain, you've found me out—so we'll just cut
 the pudding lengthways this time, and have
 the plums fairly distributed.

A German wine merchant of Rheims, who
 has for several years been doing an immense
 business by the sale of wine, which had a
 peculiarly agreeable and exhilarating quality,
 causing it to be in demand above all other
 wines, has finally lost his secret. Liebig an-
 alysed some of it, and found that the peculiar
 quality was caused by the introduction of

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 papers to be discontinued.
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laughing gas, or protoxide of nitrogen.

Jenny's Independence.

Jenny is a good
 girl, and she delights in making everybody
 happy around her, if possible. Notwithstand-
 ing this, she despises the humbugery and
 deceit which is occasionally resorted to by
 others, who would profit by her extraordinary
 talent, unfairly; and she possesses the spirit
 to resent imposition, when she encounters it,
 as the following anecdote shows.

A London correspondent states that it was
 known she was to pass through a German
 town on a certain occasion, and a couple of
 amusement mongers hired the only public
 hall there, and fitted it up in anticipation of
 engaging the Swedish Nightingale for a con-
 cert. They even went so far as to sell sev-
 eral hundred tickets at exorbitant prices, for
 the concert in embryo. As soon as Jenny
 arrived, this pair of speculators called on her,
 and enquired what they should pay for her
 "I do not wish to sing for," replied Jenny
 Lind.

"But we will pay you liberally for your ser-
 vices."

"I do not wish to sing for you," replied the
 renowned cantatrice.

"We have already engaged and fitted up
 a hall, and sold tickets at high prices, and
 will pay you three thousand dollars to sing
 for us one night."

"I cannot sing for you."
 "Name your own price, and we will give it."
 "I will not sing for you," was the inexor-
 able reply of Jenny.

"The gentleman could scarcely conceal
 their indignation, as they remarked—
 "This decision of yours almost ruins us—
 We have expended \$700 in decorating the
 hall and making arrangements for a concert,
 at which we had no doubt you would sing."

Jenny Lind immediately counted out \$700
 and placed it in their

