

## Chapter Two

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### *The St. Andrews Standard*

**A**SIDE FROM A short-lived newspaper called the *St. Andrews Courant*, which was published by Colin Campbell and for a time operated by his three teenage sons, and of which no copies are known to exist, St. Andrews' next newspaper was the *Standard*. It was the longest-running of all the St. Andrews papers, being published continuously between 1833 and 1880. Its first editor was George N. Smith, who was also an artist of some repute. After 1842 or so the paper was taken over by his son Adam Smith, who with unremitting ardor turned out his paper faithfully until the day of his retirement. In 1880 Mr. Smith penned a touching farewell to his beloved newspaper, reproduced at the end of this chapter.

The *Standard* was a larger four-page paper than the *Herald*, and devoted much more space to world, Dominion, Canadian and provincial news. Like its contemporaries, it was also liberally endowed with local ads. But for the first time in local history the *Standard* made a practice of reporting on town events, and this interest grew with time. St. Andrews saw many changes between 1833 and 1880: the Irish immigrant crisis, the removal of protective tariffs which sent the economy of New Brunswick into a permanent decline, the conception and construction of the St. Andrews and Quebec railroad, the first in New Brunswick; the Fenian crisis of 1866, the great Saxby Gale of 1869, the beginnings of St. Andrews as a watering place. All these major events and many minor ones such as temperance processions, fire brigades, tramps and mountebanks, thefts and celebrations, jailbreaks, storms, fires, paupers, skating parties, mesmerists, excursions and picnics—are faithfully chronicled in its pages. Although a mostly serious paper, there are also occasional flashes of humour in the *Standard*, a few of which are noticed in the following selections.

Upon Smith's death from pneumonia in 1896, Editor R. E. Armstrong of the *St. Andrews Beacon* wrote: "About fifteen years ago, he felt the necessity for retiring from active editorial life, and he ceased the publication of his paper. But his pen was never idle. Through the columns of the *Beacon* and the other Provincial newspapers he was constantly urging the claims of St. Andrews. He loved the place as he loved his own flesh and blood, and he had the most unbounded confidence in its future. It may almost be said that he laid down his life for his beloved town. Even in his last moments this theme was one of the uppermost in his thoughts." ❧



An Early View of St. Andrews from the Maine Shore, circa 1835  
Provincial Archives of New Brunswick  
MC 1916

## Rambles and Remarks

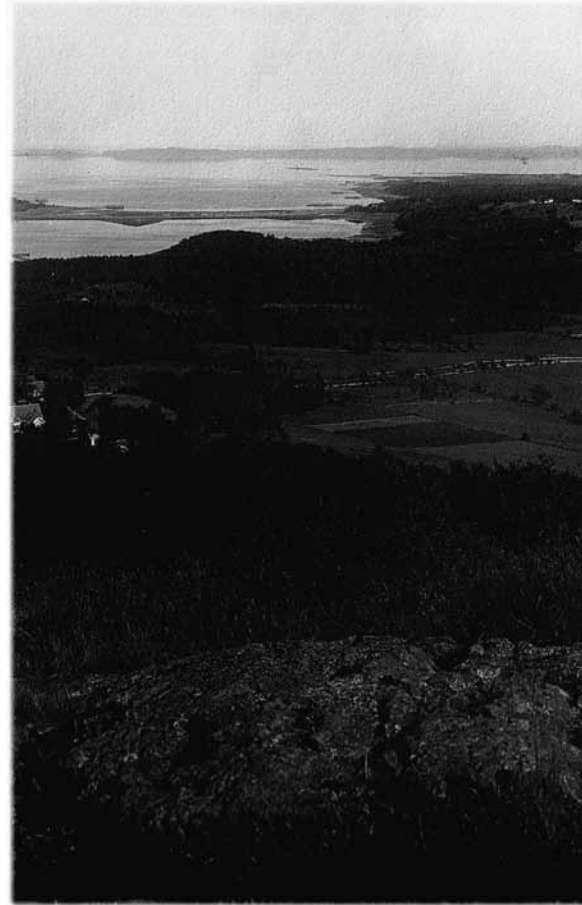
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### Part One

I HAVE LONG admired that beautiful expression of Shakespeare—the air smells wooingly—but I feel it this morning with something like that conscious delight which experimentalists must feel who find their theories result in reality. I was always an early riser and could hold a thousand arguments in favour of the practice. I am now afoot ere the sons of commerce and the busy imps of toil have resumed the labour of the day. Yesterday I enjoyed the fine view from the higher grounds of the town. Today I mount that peaked hill which retains its Indian name, the Chamcook, and from its summit I anticipate a glorious scene. Here comes my companion.

Excepting by water, St. Andrews possesses but one highway leading to and from the town; its peninsular position, however, renders this no inconvenience. The improvements in the environs, I am informed, have been rapidly made, all within these few years. After passing the next villa belonging to the Sheriff of the County, the road rises rapidly, and from the top of the ascent, a splendid prospect opens in every direction, and now we see the noble Chamcook reposing in the placid stillness of the early dawn. We accelerated our pace for about a mile, and after turning to the right came to the foot of the mountain. Cultivation has crept up its sloping sides, and denuded it of its majestic clothing. Its bald crown rises above its fair scattering locks still strewed on its venerable head, and a fringe of foliage environs it below, like the ample beard of an ancient dervis. Utility is ever at variance with the picturesque, and the best taste may be compelled to bow to circumstance. The proprietor, a gentleman by the name of MacLauchlin, is making extensive and I think judicious improvements; and no doubt takes as much pleasure in contemplating his cultivated slopes, as I should, to find them covered with their wonted forest. Merely as an admirer of natural landscape I lament the disappearance of the wilderness, but as a traveller I rejoice at the cause. This is not quite so extravagant as sentiments I heard lately expressed on the picturesque, which I am tempted to extract from my journal as follows:

During my sojourn in Canada I was much amused by the foppery of a red-coated aristocrat, who was mincing twaddle to a young woman whom I cannot designate by the term of lady, for according to my acceptance of that word, it means a female of education, good manners and intelligence. The beau and the fair one lounged on the quarterdeck of the steamer, and while we glided through some delightful scenery, they pored drowsily over the contents of an album. Ere they had turned over a tithe of the motley leaves, they came to a pause, an awful pause, prophetic of the end. Like most of these fashionable trifles, it seemed as if the powers of its projector had been exhausted in the first mighty effort, and a void of space remained to be otherwise employed when the magnificence of the binding should be forgotten. After a long listless look at the gaudy gilding, the hero drawled out—“Aw, the myrtle is exquisite, quite recherche, but, aw, pardons, not a single sketch of Canada.” “O la la Major,” exclaimed the belle, “positively now, how can you only fancy a view of spruce birdcage-like houses and long straight-roofed barns! Nothing else among these poor people for improving their farms, no dilapidated castles, no dear old



**The View from Chamcook Mountain, Looking Towards Minister's Island**

Early visitors to St. Andrews spoke of the view from Chamcook Mountain in terms reserved today for the Swiss Alps.

Notman Photograph, 1904  
**Charlotte County Archives**  
**P110.9**

## On Scenery Near St. Andrews, New Brunswick



This is the first notice in the local paper of St. Andrews as a tourist destination.

ruins. This new Country is altogether entirely quite too young for such delightful accidents.”

Methought I heard the voice cry sketch no more; utility is ever at variance with the picturesque. We may now return to the Chamcook.

To ascend this hill is fine exercise; unlike the labour of Sisyphus, it is just sufficient to quicken respiration moderately, without causing exhaustion through fatigue. We reached the summit by a devious track and at length stood on the topmost point. All my poetic preconceptions were realized. I can feel, but not convey them. I shall merely enumerate the leading features of the grand and varied view.

A jumbled mixture of crags and knolls and volcanic inequalities stretch in indistinguishable confusion far to the west. The Wolves seem to repose in a hazy placidity on the almost undisturbed bosom of the Bay of Fundy, which withdraws until the eye cannot distinguish it from the misty mixture of the lower clouds. To the south, that long stretch of something bluer and denser than the distant vapour is the island of Grand Manan. The broken and irregular indentations which hem in the nearer bay are a series of Islands from Great Latete to Campobello. The territory to the eastward is part of the State of Maine: with a telescope you may plainly discern the star-spangled banner of the fort of Eastport. The Bay of Passamaquoddy occupies the middle space, and there lies St. Andrews Island in front of the town, but by far the finest portion of this panorama is the County watered by the Schoodiac. A splendid outline bounds the horizon to the northwest. The undulating district of St. David, the mountains of the lakes, the hills of Pleasant Ridge, a purple conical peak far away northeast, and a succession of eminences to the right complete the circle. We are placed on an almost isolated elevation, and can take in an immense assemblage of mountains and plains, forests and cultivated lands, rock and streams, and the great ocean commingling with the sky. Although the woods were most splendidly arrayed in hues as gorgeous as the sky at sunset, and all the tints of hill and dale and sea and sky were blended in harmonious perfection, yet neither my friend nor I were attracted by the beauty of the colouring; a sense of the grand and severe admitted of no minor impression.

Our unsated gaze was long turned to the diversified objects around us—the varied beauties of nature seldom pass upon the senses; but the sharp morning air at length brought us to the craving sense of a keen appetite. Luckily my friend had not neglected the commissariat, and whilst he untied a well-stored napkin, he repeated the appropriate lines of Allan Ramsay. Seated by a mountain rill, we went through a practical illustration of the poet’s assertion and having finished our repast descended joyously to the highway.

We next directed our steps to the hamlet at the outlet of the Chamcook Lakes, where we were attracted by new and interesting objects.

—A. Z., *Standard*, October 30, 1834

## Rambles and Remarks on Scenery Near St. Andrews, New Brunswick

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### Part Two

AFTER DESCENDING A steep bank we were all at once among the bustle and activity of the extensive establishment of John Wilson, Esq., a merchant of standing in St. Andrews, whose intelligence and enterprise have blended the ocean and the waters of Chamcook for the purposes of manufacture and commerce. There is an air of precision about the place, which together with the embosomed snugness of its position, tenders it an agreeable scene to the eye of a fisher.

We proceeded directly to the lake from which the stream debouches at an opening between the surrounding hills, and ere its brief course has measured the extent of a furlong, it is lost in the waters of Passamaquoddy Bay. But in that short distance the genius of enterprise has applied its current as the motive power of a series of machinery, which thousands of streams that roil their mighty length in volumes to the sea, cannot boast of. These varied and useful works consist of a number of detached erections comprising the following particulars, viz. a barley mill in full operation, and I can bear witness that it produces as fine pearl barley as can be imported from any country in the world. Here is also a grist mill, set aside particularly for the convenience of the farmers of the surrounding country. Lower down we find three saw mills, with gang saws, and circular plates for edging deals and trimming their ends; a process which enhances their quality and consequently brings a higher value in the market than can be obtained for those manufactured in the ordinary way. Every convenience has been studied for hauling up logs and piling the sawed lumber. Below these are a kiln and mill for making oatmeal, and for grinding Indian Corn. The lower mill is now manufacturing 2,300 bushels of wheat per diem from a cargo of 15,000 bushels imported by the proprietor this season from Hamburg. The flour is of a superior quality; they pack it and make it up in barrels that might receive the brands of Genessee or Howard Street.

My attention was particularly attracted by a capacious wet-dock constructed immediately below the mills capable of containing a number of vessels in 22 feet of water, which is the depth of the channel of the inlet when the tide is out. This is the first basin of the kind I have either seen or heard of, on this continent; and it is much to be desired that the great facilities offered to the shipping interests by this stupendous undertaking may be widely embraced, and secure to the spirited projector, a remunerating and well deserved patronage. I had the satisfaction of seeing the first vessel that had entered in the process of loading. She lay close to the mills, and received the deals directly from the piles clean and dry. It may be a homely remark but I will make it that owners and masters must feel great satisfaction in the consciousness that their vessels ride in perfect safety—their boats, crews and property quite secure—light work in loading and the utmost despatch given, consequently, much expense, inconvenience and delay obviated. In touching on these matters, the writer should be better informed of their general nature than I can pretend to be, as I am indebted to the gentlemen who accompanied me for all their prominent points. Our last look was at the shipyard where several vessels had been built—the last of which was the Princess Victoria, a fine ship of 561 tons.—A. Z., *Standard*, November 7, 1834

The first detailed description of the shipbuilding business in St. Andrews, at that time a significant part of the local economy. John Wilson was a wealthy and dynamic entrepreneur who along with Colonel Christopher Hatch and others began also at this time to take a serious interest in the possibility of a railway from St. Andrews to Quebec City.

For a later account of Wilson's ship-building business in Chamcook see "Chamcook of Other Days," pp. 202-3.

### Railroads

IN A PRECEDING column may be found some pertinent remarks by the Editor of the *Montreal Gazette* on the proposed Railways to Quebec from Boston, Portland, and Belfast. We have also made some extracts from a report on the valleys of the Etchemin and Chaudiere, by Captain Yule of the Royal Engineers; who was appointed by His Excellency Lord Aylmer to make a reconnaissance in August last, in compliance with an address from a Committee of Citizens of Quebec, appointed to promote a Railway Communication between that City and the Atlantic, through the State of Maine. Col. Long of the U. S. Service has also made a report on the Portland and Quebec Route, which we have likewise inserted.

The great object of the Canadians is to overcome the untoward circumstance of their being shut out from marine commerce for one half of the year, and a very feasible means of accomplishing this object presents itself in the construction of Railways from the Saint Lawrence to the Atlantic. The Americans, fully aware of the immense benefits which their country would derive by possessing the transit of British and Colonial trade have entered on the exploration of practicable routes through different parts of Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont, with a vigour and perseverance which shews the value they set on its accomplishment. They will engage to carry the whole line as far as Quebec, if authority be given them by the Provincial Government. With these facts before our eyes, does it not become an important inquiry, to us, whether an opening may not be made through our own territories, which would equally serve the commercial purposes of Canada, and diffuse the benefits which would flow from it over these provinces?

We find a remarkable coincidence in the opinions of the Belfast people and those of Capt. Yule as to the effect the Railways through Maine would have in extending their advantages to this province; but Capt. Yule in considering the best direction for a permanent line, throws out a hint that it is highly important to keep in view the intended Steam-boat communication from Valentia to Halifax, and that a more easterly course of the line from Quebec, would lead through New Brunswick. An attentive perusal of the copious extracts in our preceding columns, will tend to elucidate the preliminary observations we now make on a subject which is of paramount importance to British North America; and to no portion of it more than our own.

Other ages have been celebrated as the days of invention, but the present period may be called the era of execution. Splendid and extensive projects produce surprise and distrust at their first announcement, and are often the subject of ridicule, but our present experience should enable us to correct this error, which is the bane of enterprise and the direct enemy to genius. A quarter of a century ago, he would have been considered a bedlamite who should have suggested the possibility of covering the ocean with ships divested of sails but perfectly adapted to the purposes of navigation; or of propelling vehicles on land at a rate exceeding the velocity of the wind; yet we have seen these miracles performed and progressively extending their wonders. Under these views we do not entertain any serious doubt of seeing a Railway extending directly from this town to Quebec.—*Standard*, October 1, 1835

The first notice in the local newspaper of what would become the St. Andrews and Quebec railway, begun in 1847, the first railway in New Brunswick. Unfortunately, funding problems with the Colonial Government and a border dispute with Maine effectively put it out of the running in the race with Portland, which reached Quebec in 1849 and became part of the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway system in 1850. The St. Andrews and Quebec Railway did not reach Woodstock even until 1862. Even so, the railway was an important part of the town's future. It was taken over by the CPR and in conjunction with the Short Line from Montreal became a conduit of much summer tourist traffic to St. Andrews, not to mention a significant freight line.

### Disgraceful

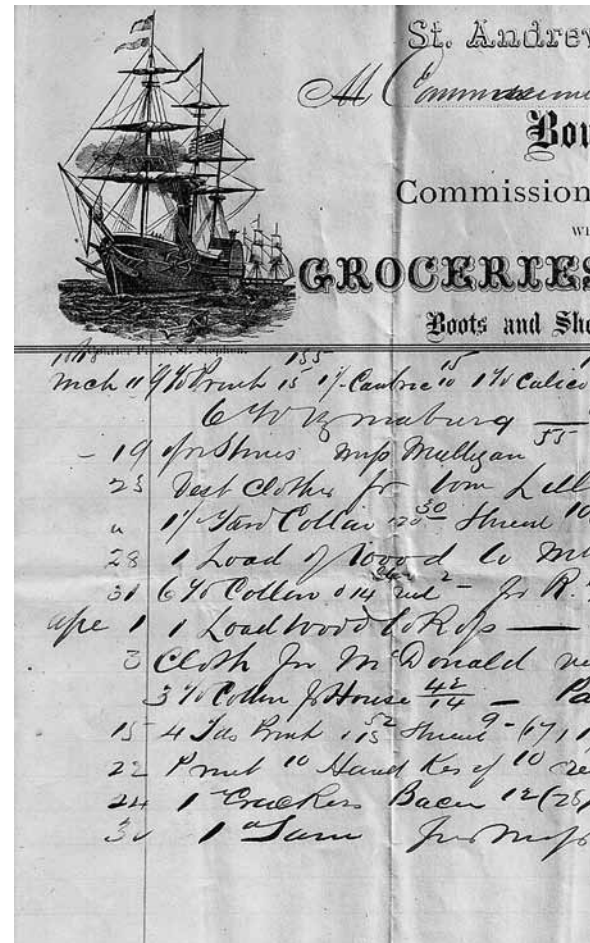
ON WEDNESDAY EVENING last, as Mr. Young (a witness attending the Court) was passing along Water street, near the Post Office, a collection of boys assailed him with a volley of stones and sticks, cutting his face and otherwise abusing him in a shocking manner, without any kind of provocation. Mr. Young, who is a peaceable, sober man, was inclined at first to treat the outrage as a joke, until he was followed up and struck with a bludgeon which knocked him down. As we were passing near the place at the time, we saw Mr. Young bleeding profusely from his face, surrounded by a gang of young scamps, who are nightly collected in our streets, disturbing the inhabitants. It is a matter of deep regret that the Magistrates do not put a stop to such infamous proceedings by appointing a special Constable to patrol the streets at night. Such conduct is a disgrace to any community, and we trust that the offenders in this case will be brought up and severally punished by making a public example of them. While mentioning this outrage we cannot avoid calling attention to the disgraceful conduct of these youths at the evening Book auctions; instead of embracing the opportunity of purchasing cheap information, they have invariably molested the auctioneers in various ways and stopped the sales at an early hour, and in one instance several books were stolen. We again call the special attention of their Worships to these proceedings, and hope they will follow the method adopted in other towns in the Province, by making examples of the culprits and publishing the police reports giving the names.—*Standard*, November 5, 1841

### The Market House

WE NOTICE THAT the lower part of the old Jail is undergoing repairs, for the purpose of converting it into a Market House; the room used formerly for holding the Courts in, is also to be repaired and fitted up for a Public Hall. The partitions and floors of the old jail were lined with iron bars about six inches apart and double planked over timber, notwithstanding which several places can be seen where we are informed persons have cut through and made their escape out of holes barely a foot square. The iron and spikes appear to be good and may be disposed of to advantage.—*Standard*, June 17, 1842

### The West India Trade

WE REGRET TO learn that in consequence of lumber being allowed to be carried from the United States to the West Indies on the same footing as from British American Colonies, a number of our vessels loading for the West Indies enter and clear on the American side—where we are informed it only costs about \$12 port charges, by which means our vessels avoid paying light-money, hospital money and other charges, which makes a serious difference in their port charges, besides their purchasing their provisions and small stores much cheaper on that side than they could on this side of the water; and should the Export Duty law go into effect they will avoid paying the shilling per ton duty. These acts are driving the trade from our shores—in fact we are informed that already there are two Establishments moved from St. Stephen over to Calais, or they have agents doing their business for them.—*Standard*, July 13, 1843



In the nineteenth century New Brunswick's economy was based largely on the export of lumber to Britain and the West Indies. Britain's removal of protective tariffs on Baltic timber in 1820 and on timber entering the West Indies in 1842 put the province into a permanent decline. An economic depression hit New Brunswick in 1843.

St. Andrews, N. B., May 1868

Bill of Sale of A. D. STEVENSON,  
Merchant, Auctioneer,  
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in  
TEAS & TOBACCO  
and Staple Dry Goods, &c., &c.

6	102	8	276	
		Robby	55	
			52	
		House	55	
			90	
		Barrel	86	
			80	
			32	
			222	
			71	
			22	
			52	
			50	14 53

Bill of Sale of A. D. Stevenson to  
Commissioners of the Poor, 1868  
Provincial Archives of New  
Brunswick  
RS 148.E.5.H

**Tremendous Snow Storm**

ON SATURDAY NIGHT and Sunday last we were visited with the greatest snowstorm that has been witnessed for many years. The snow as it fell drifted on the road and even in the centre of our streets in some places from ten to twelve feet. The roads being quite impassible, the mail for Saint John was dispatched by the schooner Favorite, Capt. Helm, and the St. Stephen mail was carried by the driver on snowshoes. On Tuesday between thirty and forty sleds, and a large number of men with shovels, headed by the commissioner of roads, broke a road through the streets, and out as far as Chamcook, when they were met by the Bocabec settlers, who had broke the road from that settlement to the Mills. Last night however it snowed and drifted up the highways as bad as ever, and the people will be under the necessity of again turning out as the storm still continues. There has been no mail from Saint John since Saturday, and but one Western mail. The roads as far west as Boston are completely blocked up with snow.

Hay is very scarce at present in this County; many persons have been compelled to kill their cattle to prevent them from starving, and a number of farmers in the out-parishes have been browsing their stock, for want of hay or meal, and the snow is now so deep, that they cannot even do this. Some exertions should be made to prevent the distress increasing.

There is abundance of venison to be had at the Market House. Within the last fortnight some of our Townsmen have killed a number of deer, and the Indians brought in two carcasses of very fine moose meat since Monday last, which is selling at 2d. a pound.—Standard, April 6, 1843

**Pleasure Trips by Steam**

WE OBSERVE BY the Fredericton, Saint John and Halifax papers, that steam trips are all the go. The people of Halifax visited Lunenburg, and the Lunenburgers returned the visit. A large party from Saint John called up to see the Frederictonians, and they are to return the compliment. Last week a large party from Fredericton, including his Excellency the Lieut. Governor and family, with a number of the Officers of the 52nd regt. and their excellent bands visited the Grand Lake in the steamer New Brunswick. Why cannot the people of St. Andrews follow their example, make a party, give our friend Mitchener of the Linnaeus a benefit, and visit some of the pleasant places in the vicinity of St. Andrews? Try it gentlemen.—Standard, September 14, 1843

**Serious Nuisance**

ANOTHER SERIOUS NUISANCE that gives rise to much complaint, is the practice of making compost heaps on the streets! Some of these heaps containing several tons of manure, from the decay of animal and vegetable matter of which they are composed, emit an intolerable stench. We cannot too strongly express our disapprobation of such a practice; and we are really at a loss to conceive why these offensive and disgusting nuisances are permitted to disgrace our streets, and to endanger the health of the people.—Standard, June 4, 1845