



AY'S OINTMENT!

linary Cure of a Case

ABANDONED BY METROPOLITAN KING'S AND CHARING-CROSS HOSPITALS, LONDON.

month in this 3rd day of March

the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.

BY AFFIDAVIT.

KEE, Messenger of No. 9, Southwark, London, Maketh

that he, (this deponent) was

FIFTEEN RUNNING UL-

cers, and ulcerated sores

in both legs, for which de-

ponent an out-door patient at

an Hospital, in April 1841,

found for nearly four weeks

a cure there, but was de-

livered at the three following

ing's College Hospital in May

at Guy's Hospital in July,

and at Charing Cross Ho-

spital of August for some weeks

deponent left, being in a far

more than when he had quitted

Sir FRANCIS COOPER, Medical

officers of the establish-

ment that the only chance of

was to lose his arm. The

upon called upon Dr. Bright

at Guy's, who, on viewing

deponent, kindly and liberally

only at a loss what to do, for

is half a sovereign; go to

AY, and try what effect

the ointment will have, as I

have used the wonderful effects

of deponent cases. You can

regain." This unprompted

reply by the respondent, and

effected in three weeks, by

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS &

ster ointment. Hospital had

Dr. Bright was shown by the

out of his advice and che-

er am both astounded and

thought that it ever I saw

it would be without you

compare this cure to a

London House, of the city of

5th day of March, 1842

W. BROOKE,

JOHN PIERCE, M.D.,

RESIDES OF THE SKIN,

1 Weymouth, and Ulcers, Bad

applies, Stomach and Ulcerated

Swelling, Gout, Rheuma-

tism, likewise in cases of Piles,

above cases, ought to be

remedied by this means

with a much greater cer-

the time that it would re-

ment alone. The Oint-

ment is certain remedy for the

Scalds, Burns, Chirurgical

Chilblains, Chapped Hands,

and a fine cure will be

the use of the Ointment,

are not only the finest reme-

dy with the Ointment, but

some there is nothing equal

affection, as well as in

debility, of where there is

the blood and fluids, they

ETH TO ALL!

for the Guidance of Pa-

reth Pet.

Chilblains, Chapped Hands,

and a fine cure will be

the use of the Ointment,

are not only the finest reme-

dy with the Ointment, but

some there is nothing equal

# The Standard.

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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1845.

[1845, at the end of the year

Frontier's Magazine!

TRUE LOVE: A HUNDRED YEARS

AGO.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Gentle reader, do you like a story with a

beginning, a middle, and an end? It so turns

the page, for this will not be your taste. I

am weary of treading the same track. I will

tell my tale in my own way, even if it be like

a child's first experiment in knitting, where,

though the thread is left unbroken, many a

stitch is dropped—or, like old Dr. — as

sermons, which contain broken bits of a golden

chain of thought, but are always wanting in

connecting links. My story begins in the

middle, and finishes after the end: now read

if you will, I have given you an honest warn-

ing. In a spacious apartment, whose low ceiling

and carved panels were in keeping with the

quaint and embossed furniture, which the

Parsons of Albany furnished at the be-

ginning of the last century, sat two persons

engaged in deep and earnest conversation.

The lady was young and very beautiful, but

there was pride in every motion of her stately

form; pride in the curve of her graceful

neck; pride in her broad, high brow, pride in

the cold clear light of her superb eyes, pride in

every lineament, save in the curve of her

sweet mouth, that only feature which cannot

be educated to false coloring. There

was an expression of exquisite tenderness in

the full softness of her lips, which was

strangely at variance with the calm, and sta-

ble character of her commanding beau-

ty. Her companion was a man in the prime

of early manhood, with a tall, commanding

figure and a face full of noble ingenuities.

Even the most careless observer might have

discovered how much more easily the seal of

worldliness is stamped on the doctress char-

acter of women, than on the less impressive

nature of man; for his cheek glowed and

paled his lip quivered, his eye flashed and

filled with tears, while the calm earnest gaze

of the lady seemed to reproach him for such

unrestrained emotion.

"You must learn prudence, Horace," said

she, in a low clear voice. "I have you and

have been weak enough to confide to you my

regard for you, but remember my pride is as

strong as my affection. You drew upon me

the eyes of a gazing crowd by your vehem-

ence and I cannot submit to be a laughing

stock of fools."

"Do you mean to say, Gertrude, that I

must tamely submit to see others claiming

rights where I dare not ask privileges? Why

did you refuse me your hand, and then five

minutes afterward, allow that puppy Saun-

ders to lead you to the dance?"

"It might be sufficient to say that such

was my pleasure; but I will give you another

reason. Your attentions to me have been

marked, so exclusive all the evening, that

something very decided was necessary to

silence the tongues of gossiping friends."

"Then we must forever play each other

false, lest the world should suspect our

love?"

"Nay, Horace, let us understand our posi-

tion. We are both proud and proud—we have

been nurtured in high notions, and we have

to secure our position in society—by our

talent and education—and I, by my

poor beauty and woman's tact. My family

are ambitious for you, and they anticipate

your future marriage with wealth, as an es-

ential means of acquiring distinction. Some-

thing of the same kind is expected of

me. Nay, never frown and shake your head

—it is even so. They would fain barter you

for that which they most need, nor do I

blame them for trying to preserve their time-

honored station in a society, by all lawful

and proper means."

"Even by the sale of true hearts, I sup-

pose," was the bitter reply.

"You forget Horace, that they know nothing

of our real feelings, and that therefore

they anticipate no such sacrifice. But each

being the play with regard to us, you will

know what fierce opposition we might expect

if our secret were suspected. It may be that

I carry my womanly pride too far, but I am

sure that I could never endure the ridicule

or the contemptuous pity of the world. I am

content to wait for better times. Horace, and

I only ask you to be as patient as myself."

"With me love is a sacred and holy thing, it

must not be blazoned before the eyes of every

one; I will cherish it in my heart, but I will

not bear its badge upon my breast."

"You mean to say, Gertrude, that you

would rather sacrifice me to the world than

give up this world for me?"

"You talk of giving up the world as if it

lived in the days of romance. We must

live in the world, and as the world does, at

least as far as appearance goes. I will not

sacrifice a principle to the whims of society,

but I will always resist an impulse, in order

to avoid its censure."

"How can you reason so coldly, on a matter

which to me involves something dearer than

life?"

"I tell you, Horace, that all affections, rich-

est store of gifts could not repay me for the

loss of that dignity which is only to be pre-

served by self-governance."

"Good heavens! Gertrude, how can you

still offer charms. It is wrong in me to suf-

fer you thus to devote your best years to a

wayward brother."

"I am happy, perfectly happy with you,

Horace."

"But, are you not resigning for my sake,

the hopes so dear to every woman's heart?

Tell me—mind, I must be answered truly—

have you never felt the stirrings of an

impassioned nature—never recognized the

first dawnings of an affection which might

have brightened into happiness?"

"Never, dearest brother, never have I

known that bewildering emotion which is

called love. From my childhood I rever-

enced you as a being of lofty order, you were

my girlish ideal of all that is beautiful, and

good, and noble in manhood. I worshipped

your image instead of fashioning for myself

some hero of romance, as maidens do. As

I grew older and saw something of society,

I found that there was none other like you;

all other men shrunk into pigmies beside

you—you were the King of Israel, towering

above his future subjects, in physical as in

moral grandeur. I cannot love where I do

not reverence, Horace, and you already pos-

sess the deepest veneration of my spirit—I

have loved you with all a sister's affection,

with all a woman's devotedness. The

whole thought of my nature has been ex-

ended here, and never has a thought pro-

ceeded to you. At your side I would find

live and die. One thing only sometimes

overshadows my spirit, mine is a jealous

love, and I dread lest a being unworthy of

your high excellence should at some future

time claim, as a wife, the privilege of

ministering to your comforts, while I shall

be cast out."

"Fear not that, Julia; I have no faith in

woman: I know your truthfulness, your no-

bleness, your unselfish devotion, but you are

the only being of your sex whom I would

trust. You are one, but the name of the

false is Legion. Yet it is not strange that

the same vague fear of future separation

should have come to the hearts of both of

us. I am sure all that have loved you,

I have found none worthy of you, and I have

sometimes doubted whether I was not blind-

ed by my selfishness."

"Let us then quit all such anxieties, Hor-

ace; let us make a spiritual marriage—let

me bind myself to be the companion of your

future life, the partner of all your fortunes,

sharing with you every sorrow and every

joy."

She knelt down before her brother as she

spoke, and her countenance was almost

beautiful, illumined, as it was, by the pure

enthusiasm of affection. The eyes of Hor-

ace were suffused with tears as he bent for-

ward and pressed his lips to her fair and

open brow.

"Be it so, sweet sister," said he, "we will

live for each other. It shall be my privilege

to guard you from