

The Standard.

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OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

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ST. ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1846.

[15s at the end of the Year

TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE.

GENTLEMEN.—Having had the honour of being your Representative in the House of Assembly for the last sixteen years, and having lately received many solicitations and assurances of support from various parts of the County, I am encouraged again to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages, and for that purpose intend to appear before you at the approaching general election.

You can have no difficulty in making up your minds with regard to the fitness of one who has been so long in your service, and with whose public character and conduct you are so well acquainted; and should the result of the coming election prove that I still retain your confidence, you may depend upon the continuance of my most earnest endeavours to promote all the various interests of this County; and also the public good of the Province at large.

I remain,
Gentlemen,
Your faithful Servant,
JAMES BROWN.
St. David, Sep 22, 1846

TO THE FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE.

GENTLEMEN,
I am requested by many respectable and influential persons in the several Parishes of the County, to offer myself as a Candidate at the approaching election. Encouraged and influenced by these requisitions, I now offer myself for your suffrages, and in doing so, I owe to you, Gentlemen, and to myself, briefly to state the principles by which I shall be directed in the event of my securing me as one of your Representatives.

I shall endeavour to bring our Colonial expenditure within economical bounds, which consequently will enable us to reduce the excessive revenue of the Province, convinced as I am, that for all just and requisite purposes, our revenues should not exceed sixty thousand pounds annually; whereas at the present it amounts to the enormous sum of one hundred and thirty thousand. So large, and so oppressive a revenue, is considered by some as an indication of the growing prosperity of this Province; but I widely differ from them, knowing that a large amount of our revenue is collected from taxes imposed judiciously on the necessary articles required for your domestic comforts.

I shall therefore use every exertion to modify, if not totally abolish the duties collected from the principal articles consumed by the mass of the poor.

To the great and bye Roads of the Province, I shall pay the strictest attention, and will cordially support the passing of an Act taxing all blocks of wilderness lands of five hundred acres and upwards, now held, or hereafter to be held, by private individuals; the Tax to be appropriated for opening and repairing Roads.

Our present school law imperatively requires reformation;—I shall therefore consider it my duty to have it so reformed, that the amount now contributed by the inhabitants for the support of our schools, together with the Provincial Grants, shall be most beneficially appropriated to the Emigrant fund, (arising from a Tax imposed on each emigrant coming into this province) is so inconsistent with the objects for which it was established, that it requires to be placed on a more equitable footing.

I pledge myself therefore, that no endowment of mine shall be wanting, to place this fund, under such ready control, that when required for the alleviation of the poor emigrant, it shall be directly available.

The home Government having conceded to us the right of self Legislation, I shall regard it as one of my most important Legislative duties, to see that our Province participate in these benefits, of which that right when wisely managed, must necessarily be productive.

If then Gentlemen you select me as one of your representatives I can assure you that every exertion in my power shall be used for the furtherance of the prosperity of the Province in general and of this County in particular.

I am Gentlemen,
Your humble servant,
B. R. FITZGERALD.
Saint Andrews, Sept. 22, 1846

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE.

The Subscriber at the ensuing general Election of members to serve in General Assembly intends to be a candidate for the suffrages of the Electors. He expects to be tried by his past conduct, and this, of course, furnishes the best assurance of his future course, in the event of his being elected.

Your Obedient Servant,
GEORGE S. HILL.
St. Stephen, Sep. 23, 1846

TO THE FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE.

GENTLEMEN,
I shall offer myself as a Candidate for the representation of the County at the ensuing Election. My father was an American Loyalist—one of that "Giltan Band," whose devotion to British connection, caused them to exchange the fertile fields of their native land, for the waste and snows of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—the comforts, the luxuries of life, for the solitude, the horrors, of a howling wilderness.

A residence of nearly seventeen years in the Province, has afforded me in some degree, the means of becoming acquainted with its Agriculture, Lumbering and Fishing interests. These, I shall foster to the utmost of my power, should I become the object of your choice. All measures having a tendency, in my opinion, to promote the public welfare, I will cordially support.

The Blessings of Education, I will endeavour to diffuse as generally as possible; giving to the children of the poor man, as well as to those of the rich man, an opportunity of fair competition for the prizes of wealth or honor, in the lottery of life.

I am,
Your Obedt Servt.,
JAMES W. CHANDLER.
St. Andrews, September 24, 1846.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE.

GENTLEMEN,
By the dissolution of the House of Assembly, my connection with you, as one of your representatives ceases, I trust however, only for a short time. The general election will take place early in the ensuing month, and I again at the request of a large number of the constituency, offer myself as a Candidate for your suffrages. I have served you, seven years, and I am gratified to learn, that my exertions generally on your behalf, have been crowned with success; and that the course pursued by me in the Legislature, has been approved of. I have nothing to promise you, (if elected) except you should be pleased to try your constituents on the subject, in that case, you may confidently rely, that nothing shall be wanting on my part, to promote the interests of the Province generally, and the County of Charlotte particularly.

I have the honor to be Gentlemen,
Your Obedt Servt.,
JAMES BOYD

TO THE FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE.

GENTLEMEN.—Having received most flattering Requisitions, signed by the Magistrates and Freeholders of the Parishes of Grand Manan, West Isles, and Campobello, as almost to amount to an unanimous wish on the part of the inhabitants of these parishes to offer myself as a Candidate at the ensuing Election, and having had most cordial promises of support from most of the other parts of the County—upon the principle that this district is entitled to a Member upon a fair division of Charlotte (although far be it from me to advocate the system of a mere local Member, a man who goes for the County ought to be a Member for all parts of it, and there are many local subjects that a resident could give much information upon that others could not.)—I beg leave upon these grounds now to offer myself to the Electors of Charlotte for their suffrages—there may be some Parishes in which I have not the good fortune to be much known, but the same may be said of other Candidates as regards these Parishes. But as I before stated, it is almost the universal wish of my neighbours that I should offer myself, and if it stands for any good at an Election in the minds and opinions of other persons, my friends have no misgivings as to the state of the Poll on the day of Election.

I shall make it my business prior to the Election, to be an every Parish and see as many of the inhabitants as possible; until then

Believe me, Gentlemen,
Your faithful Servant,
J. J. ROBINSON.
Campobello, 13th August, 1846.

Saint Andrews Broom Factory.

The Subscriber offers for sale at his Factory, south side of the Market Square, an assortment of CORN-BROOMS & BRUSHES, of every variety, manufactured by the best American Broom Makers, which he will sell as low as similar qualities can be manufactured in the Province or imported from the United States.

THOMAS SIMS, Junr.
St. Andrews June 24, 1846.

BIASS LONDON BROWN STOUT & PALE ALE.
Just received ex Duke of Wellington from London, via St. John.
60 CASKS 3 doz. each. Biass London Bottled Stout & Pale Ale. For sale by
July 16, 1846. W. W. STELLI

PAT MURPHY'S FORTUNE.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.
(Concluded.)
Our last chapter concluded with the threat of the unfeeling Agent, to turn the widow Murphy out of the house, and to send the children to the almshouse; after which he went away leaving the door open after him.

Helen sighed the old woman, as she shivered over the ashes, which she was raking about with a bit of fath, in the hope to coax heat out of the tinder-like embers of pure shavings—Heigho! we are all born, but we are not all buried yet! Them as is at the top now, may find themselves at the bottom before they die!

True for you, mother—but never say die yet. Maybe there's room for us at the top too, without pushing any body else down, said little Pat.

Heaven forgive me, and so there may be, Paddy, dear! but one can't help thinking, Well, the sun has risen to-day, but it isn't set. No—nor it won't, neither, till it sets on brighter faces, for here he comes that never came without a welcome, nor left without your blessing, said Patrick, going from the window to the door.

A gentleman of some five and twenty entered, cheerful and humane in countenance, kind, yet not mincing in his manner. Hey-day, good folks! he said, all in the dumps? Who is sick?

No one, sir, said Pat.

No! you all will be, if you don't keep warmer but that's poor comfort, you say, to those who can't. Come, Mr. Murphy tell us all about it.

Patrick, in a clear and straightforward manner, told the new comer, what the reader already knows. When he had done, the stranger said: One, two, three, four dollars—is it. Well, I can't afford to give you that—but, Mr. Murphy, I'll tell you what. I'll lend you five, four for the rent, and one for you to start fresh on.

Pat and the mother overwhelmed him with thanks, which he did not stop to hear, but was off before the widow could catch herself at his feet and clasped him by the knees.

These matters, I could you the sun was not yet set, said Pat, exclaiming a most difficult thing to do, in his own shoes. News boys are familiar with theatricals—that is, such as they prefer, and the prospect of going back upon the penny vending Rialto, no longer a lame duck, but as he expressed it, in town again, with his pocket full of rocks, elated little Paddy quite as much as a recovery from hopeless bankruptcy could have pleased any one of his seniors. His head was already as full of plans for the future as his heels were of activity. He counted the provision to be drawn from the doctor's kitchen as good for a couple of days at least; and being now in comfortable circumstances, he began to think of enabling his sisters in some way to contribute their share to the maintenance of the household. How very little will suffice to make the poor happy! And how readily might the fact be experimentally tested by thousands who know nothing of it, but, repining amid competence, excise their heartless intolerance, and indifference to the real sufferings of others, with the deceptive pipe, that they should be glad to do good if it were only in their power.

Come! father, cried Helen, the next morning, do lay down that pamphlet, and come to breakfast. You are too old a man to be completely swallowed up by the shop. You care more for a gallipot than for your breakfast, and would rather read a tedious medical periodical than see your family. I declare you are so redolent of pulverised liquorice and rhubarb, that I am almost sick of the sight and odour of you!

Why, Helen, said her mother, how you do run on! I declare I am quite ashamed of you. The good old doctor smiled with arch meanings, as he submitted to his daughter's railery. Never mind, wife, he said, as he took his seat at the table. Physicians are such nuisances, that I can never think of admitting another into the family; and so that number of the Medical Examiner, it's a stupid affair, sure enough. It is nearly half filled with a paper contributed by some young quack, named Harry, or Henry, or some such name.

Helen laughed and blushed, and blushed and laughed again. Her weapons were now fairly turned against her, and she had nothing to do but to look out that she did not scald her fingers in doing the honours of the breakfast table, while her father, making the most of his advantage, pressed her unmercifully. The real truth was, that the report of Dr. Henry's case, in which Dr. Gregory had been so much abused and reported in a manner which shewed the young man to be a master of his profession, and a most excellent practitioner, Helen had shrewdness enough to perceive that her father was in a most excellent mood as regards her wishes and hopes, and therefore courted rather than deprecated his mirth. She was, therefore, most disappointed that played when her father changed the subject, by saying to his wife:

Well, my dear, did you miss any spoon yesterday?

This question being answered in the negative, the doctor continued: Then unless little Pat considers your basket to be worth more than anything he would be likely to get here to-day, he will come back this morning.

To be sure he will come, said Mrs Dr Gregory.

To be sure he will, father, said Helen.

Well—perhaps—said the doctor, pretending to have his doubts. Knowing that all women-kind are more or less inclined to contraction, the doctor cunningly took care that their negatives should support the affirmative he wishes to reach. Betty here announced that the young gentleman was already below stairs.

Give him some breakfast, Betty, said the doctor, and then send him up. Now, you see, added the doctor, turning to his daughter, that little Pat is deep. He throws a sprat to catch a shad. He will keep on till he gets far enough into your confidence to steal something worth while.

You hard-hearted old gentleman, said Helen, how can you be so uncharitable! He knows that honesty is the best policy.

He will come to the fallows in the end, said the doctor, winking to his wife to observe how their daughter's fine face lighted up with the excitement of contradiction.

He will come to a fortune, and own a whole square! retorted Helen.

So-o, said the doctor: good so. And I'll tell you what, my pretty prophesies—I know you believe what you predict, and I'll make you a promise on the credit of your own father you shall marry this young Dr. Henry, or Harry, or whatever his name is, whenever Pat has a house to let you; and happy father, laughed immoderately at his own wit. His wife joined—and Helen though she rose from the table, and pretended to be angry, could not help joining too.

Before she could return a reply, Betty announced a caller. It was one of the doctor's tenants, and he desired that he should be shown up. He was the lessee of several large old houses, in a poor part of the city, which the doctor hardly saw once in a year, and could not point out without a guide. His lease was about expiring, and he called to obtain a renewal; but wished it on diminished terms, as he said, there was a prospect that certain city improvements would entirely ruin the property.

So-o, said the doctor, a hard improvement that they pay me little more than the taxes now; and if they are improved at that rate, I shall be made a beggar with them. I must look into this a little, sir.

At this moment Pat made his appearance at the door. Helen went to him, led him to a farther window, and entered into conversation with him. He looked like another boy this morning—hope and pleasure shone in his face, and his whole appearance was tidy and cheerful. The doctor's lessee soon took his leave, having first conversed in an undertone for a moment or two, with a frequent look towards Pat. The doctor's countenance shewed that the young lad had gained but little in this interview.

Now, said the doctor, as Helen led the lad to him. Your name is Patrick, I believe? Patrick bowed. I am very sorry, the doctor continued, to learn that you are a very bad and a very impudent boy—though I might have guessed the last.

Helen and Mrs Gregory looked astonished, and poor Pat, gathering a hope of sympathy from their faces, said, as he hung his head, and burst into tears—Sure, sir, that will be news to my poor mother, wherever you heard it.

Come, come, sir, said the doctor, no more play with us—we've had enough. I don't want to condemn you unheard, and if you are deserving, I would do you good. Your sharp answers will serve for an hour's amusement; but if you are, as I am told, a very bad boy, you are a dangerous plaything; and if you can establish your character, I would do something more than amuse myself with you, for to tell the truth, you have interested me very much. Now, answer me, without evasion:—What have you ever done to maintain yourself?

I sold the papers, sir.

So-o. Yes—that explains something.—Why don't you tell them now?

My father took sick, sir, and was very bad—and one day with another, sir, I spent my little money, and lost my stand, sir, and other boys got my customers, sir, and my heart was gone, and my mother and sisters were starving, and the rent wasn't paid, sir—and the Lord save you and yours from tasting the bitter cup!

Helen turned her head to brush away a tear, and Dr. Gregory continued his questions, but in a tone more kind: But how could a boy suffering all this be so full of fun and nonsense as you were yesterday, and as you would have been to-day, if every thing had gone as you expected.

Oh, sir, there's many ways in the wide world, and them as travels in one don't know the ways in another! Two or three days, sir, I'd shivered bare-footed in the cold and

could the people what I could you just now, sir, and I couldn't get a sixpence, for I thought of trying another track, and your kind face, sir, made me try it on you—and that's the whole truth, sir. I'm no black-guard, if I look like one.

Very well put in—very well told, Patrick. But I've something more to say yet. The house you live in is mine, and your landlord is my tenant.

Then I hope, said Pat, he's a better tenant than landlord!

Well, he tells me that yesterday you hid him down that you hadn't a dollar in the world.

Lied him down! Sure it was the blessed truth, sir!

But he says he threatened you with the house of refuge, and that this morning your mother found money to pay the rent, in full. Now you must either have had this money, or—I am unwilling to say it—you must have stolen it since, for he says you are very poor. Ah, look at him, your honour! Think of this black-biter one! He knows, Dan poor, he says—and he threatens me with the house of refuge for not paying my mother's rent; and perhaps he didn't tell you that, but he told me that I might as well have begged money as shoes, and abused me for the very kindness which your ladyship had for me. And then he says I stole the money, and still he put it in his pocket without a tear.

Patrick, you have made the case bad for your accuser, but you have not helped you self yet. Tell me honestly—where did this money come from?

It was loaned to me, sir.

Loan'd! said the doctor smiling his disappointment at what seemed a new evasion.

Yes, sir, said Pat, proudly, loan'd! Maybe you think the impudent little blackguard has no friends, but there's a God above, sir, who remembers the widow and the fatherless, and he sent a friend to us when we were all in the sorrow. The man that loan'd Pat Murphy five dollars—four for the rent, and one to buy papers—and here it is, said Pat, he showed it—then he knows Pat Murphy will pay it, if he leaves his body to the surgeons to do it with. And it isn't the first good thing he's done, sir. He's come out of his bed in the bitter night, time and again, to soothe the pain of the poor who could not give him fee nor reward, and then he's put his hand into his own pocket, over and over, to pay for the medicine and the food for the dying man, when he knew he couldn't live so much as to thank him—the blessings of heaven fell on him for it. And now my poor father is in heaven, and Dr. Henry may one day meet him there—may it be a long day off, for the good of the poor on earth! Good morning, ladies, and you, sir, too; and when next you would play with the poor, don't put the farce before the tragedy, if you please sir, for that's not the way at the Bowersy.

Helen was in tears, and her mother in silent amazement at the little fellow's eloquence.

Here Pat, stop! shouted the doctor, as the boy moved away.

Is it more play you want, sir? asked the boy, turning half round.

Your name is Murphy, and the doctor's is Henry—eh?

Yes, sir.

Well here, continued the doctor, taking up the Medical Examiner, is your father's case all printed.

I can read, sir, said Pat, proudly. Don't play with the bones of the dead, if you please sir.

No—no—Patrick, said Dr. Gregory, taking him by the hand, and drawing him to him. I know Dr. Henry, and there are those in this house who know him better than I. Pat shrewdly looked toward Helen, and she blushed crimson. We shall enquire about you. What rent do you pay?

A dollar a week.

Fifty-two dollars a year. And how many rooms have you?

One, sir.

And how many tenants are there in the whole house?

Ten, sir, besides the corner grocery.

So-o-o! hummed the doctor; why, the fellow gets more for that one house than he pays me for three—and he wants me to reduce his rent at that. Miserably are the poor oppressed by such harpicks!

True for you sir, said Pat—if your honour would only take the house into your own hands.

I can't do that, my boy, said the doctor, musing. Pat! said he, after a pause, how did you do?

Seventeen, come Easter.

So-o. Well, I'll ask Dr. Henry about you, and if he gives you half as good a character as you do him, I'll give you charge of the house you live in. You shall have it at the same price he pays—on condition that you don't charge the others more than enough to get your own part rent-free, and a fair price for the trouble in collecting. And I'll not renew his lease for any of them, neither. If you show yourself honest and capable, here's an offering for a living for you.

(concluded on fourth page)