

# ATION.

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WEEKLY ALMANAC.						
1885	SUN.	MOON.	High	Low	Water	Wind
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POETRY.  
Having been frequently applied to by friends  
for copies of the following Sonnets, originally sung  
at a farewell dinner given to the Hon. Richard  
Simmons by the People of Miramichi, in Jan-  
1884; we now adopt the suggestion and comply  
with the request of a number of friends in giving  
it to the public—

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.  
When Phillip's warlike son of old,  
His conquests far extended;  
And thro' the world his thunder rolled,  
He sigh'd when they were ended:  
Here must we stop, the hero cried,  
Such is the will of heaven;  
Then well or woe—whatever betide,  
We'll bless the Land we live in.

The Lilly pure of ancient Gaul,  
To virtue may incite her;  
Proud Spain presents th' embattled Wall,  
And the Church's states, their Mite;  
Each ENIGMA is a gift sublime,  
To erring mortals given,  
And tells that men in every clime,  
Should bless the Land they live in.

Old England boasts her beauteous Rose,  
The Lark, see Cambr'ia rearing;  
The fearless THISTLE, Scotia shews;  
And the SHAMROCK's dew to Erin.  
New-BRUNSWICK bears an Emblem fine,  
By Nature's self 'twas given;  
Then let us join, to hail the PINE,  
And bless the Land we live in.

NEW-BRUNSWICK PINE.  
A SONG BY J. OF ST. G.

In Brunswick's forests, dark and wild,  
A stately tree is found;  
With foliage gay and verdant green,  
And branches spread around;  
And still may Greece her myrtle boast,  
And France her sunny vine,  
We envy not their happy lot  
So we but have the PINE.

It is the PINE that forms our home  
So dear to every heart,  
'Tis this that builds our winter fires  
And bids chill care depart,  
'Tis this that brings from foreign lands  
The produce of the vine;  
Then let us raise our notes and praise  
Our country's Loast, the PINE.

Green be thy fields my native land,  
And green thy favorite tree,  
Thy daughters fair and flourishing,  
Thy sons forever free;  
And this shall ever be our toast  
Pledged with the sparkling wine,  
Let us be to our colours true  
And constant as the PINE.

SINGULAR OLD SONNET.  
The longer life, the more offence;  
The more offence, the greater pain;  
The less defence, the lesser gain—  
The loss of gain long ill doth try,  
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!  
The shorter life, less count I find;  
The less account, the sooner made;  
The count soon made the merrier mind;  
The merrier mind doth thought invade—  
Short life, in truth, this thing doth try,  
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!  
Come, gentle death, the ebb of care,  
The ebb of care, the flood of life;  
The flood of life, the joyful fare;  
The joyful fare, the end of strife—  
The end of strife, this thing doth try,  
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!

## SAINT ANDREWS STANDARD, NEW-BRUNSWICK. Volume 2, Number 18. QUID VERUM ATQUE DECENS CURO ET ROGO. Thursday, January 22, 1885.

Civil List and Judiciary.  
A series of Extracts from the Nova Scotia of  
Nov. 12, 10, 20, and Dec. 3, 1834.

A vast responsibility rests on the people of  
Nova-Scotia at this crisis. Upon the settle-  
ment of this question depends not only their  
emancipation from the insidious grasp of  
office holders and trading politicians, but  
the rescue of their neighbours in New  
Brunswick from the machinations of a  
faction more powerful, more daring, and as  
the vantage ground from which they carry on  
their warfare upon the country is higher,  
more sanguine and adventurous than our own.  
That Province has had even a more narrow  
escape than this; the government having  
been sufficiently ill advised, to reject an offer  
more liberal and profuse than we were call-  
ed upon to give—an offer which, more than  
anything we have lately seen, demonstrated  
the weakness of the people, and the power  
of their opponents; an offer that we sin-  
cerely trust no majority will ever be found  
in that Province willing to renew. If we  
do our duty, our friends and neighbours will  
follow our example, if we get justice, to them  
it cannot be refused; but if we slumber and  
sleep, and yield up our purse strings in De-  
cember, the people of New Brunswick will  
infinitely be robbed in March; if we submit,  
all they can hope for is the Cyplo's privilege  
of being the last devoured.

In approaching a discussion which was to  
embrace the whole Civil List, and to end in  
fixing for a series of years, a heavy burthen  
on the industry of the country, the question  
would naturally arise—What ought Nova Scot-  
ia to pay? What should be the scale of  
remuneration to public officers, in a Colony  
of her size and population, fairly estimated by  
the amount of service to be performed, and  
the average incomes to be earned in the other  
walks of life. We will suppose that the peo-  
ple are now discussing the matter, and are  
desirous of coming to a conclusion that is  
just and wise—au' that will carry conviction,  
not only to the rational minds in the Colonies  
by which they are surrounded, but approve to  
a British Minister, and if need be, to a British  
Parliament, the soundness of their views, and  
the fairness of their decision. Let it be ob-  
served that we are not trying the question  
upon mere despatches, but upon its merits  
—upon those principles which would lead us  
right, were there no difficulties in the  
path.

The best way to determine what we are  
able to pay, is to look at the

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.  
We find a new Colony and a thin population,  
among whom the privations of abject poverty  
are seldom felt, but who are still greater  
strangers to affluence and ease. We have no  
class out of office who can afford to live with-  
out labour; every man must toil to maintain  
his position or to make it more desirable.—  
If he does not, poverty and mortification  
overtake him. Some families, nursed in in-  
dolence and comfort, have tried the experi-  
ment from time to time, but found that they  
were at once thrown back among the dregs  
of the people, of whom labour is the universal  
law. The necessities and comforts of life  
may be secured by all, but close attention and  
unremitting toil are the price which all must  
pay. The bulk of our population are em-  
ployed in

AGRICULTURE,  
and by far the largest portion of them scarce-  
ly save any thing from year to year beyond  
what they require to spend; and the majority  
of farmers are satisfied if they can lay by a  
very small sum, at the close of a laborious and  
anxious year—and we have been informed  
by persons of the best judgment and great  
practical experience, that £100 currency is  
the very highest sum cleared in a season, by  
the most affluent and successful farmers,  
throughout the length & breadth of the land.  
From our own knowledge of the country—and  
our opportunities for observation have been  
rather extensive—we think we may safely  
affirm, that there is not an Agricultur-  
ist in Nova Scotia who would not abandon  
his farm for a situation worth £500 per an-  
num—that there are not ten to whom £300  
would not be a sufficient inducement; and  
that the great bulk of our farmers would give  
up all their prospects of a living to be assured  
of half the sum. Are these then the people  
by whom large salaries should be paid—are  
these the men to saddle themselves forever  
with a costly array of officers, set in contrast  
to the moderate incomes by which their wants  
are supplied, and with which they are con-  
tent? Is it possible that in an Assembly  
where these people are represented, men can  
be found having the effrontery to declare, that  
any

would be ill treated if he did not receive a  
larger sum than the wealthiest farmer in the  
whole province can afford to spend—and that  
it would be robbery and injustice to take any  
thing from those who have, without our con-  
sent, seized upon twice, thrice, nay four time  
that amount? Should this class—driven  
daily by the pressure of inevitable necessity,  
have any portion of their hard earnings with-  
drawn annually from them, to pamper in idleness  
and splendour a few families, to corrupt by

their example the industrious classes—and  
who though fed at the hands of the people,  
would reward them for their boundless ex-  
travagance, with unmeasured contempt—and  
though hired to serve, soon aspire to com-  
mand? But it may be said, the agricultur-  
ists—though unquestionably the stamina  
of the country do not afford the best com-  
parison—let us turn then to some other classes.

THE MERCHANTS  
are quoted by the lovers of large salaries—  
and the cry is, that unless they are paid too  
much, the wealthy merchants will not asso-  
ciate with them. We think we can show  
that there are but very few of whose society  
—and even if these few were to become so  
strangely exclusive, we are foolish enough  
to believe that life might not only be sup-  
ported, but enjoyed, without that narrow and  
frigid circle that they could draw around  
them—and that associates might be culled,  
in whose society one would not miss either  
the light of their countenances, or the illu-  
mination of their minds. But let us look  
to commercial men as a class, and see whether  
they are very likely to shun the society of  
a poor public officer, because he has only  
five hundred a year. In what part of the  
Province are these fastidious merchants—are  
they in Lunenburg, Liverpool, or Yarmouth?  
His Digby, or Bridgetown, or Horton any  
of those proud traders, of whose society  
our Judges and Secretaries are likely to be  
deprived? We don't even the merchants  
of Windsor, though their riches are dug out  
of Plaster rocks, have hearts so hard—and  
as to those in the eastern counties, we do not  
know a man in business from Amherst  
to Sydney, who would be uncivil to an officer  
with only £500 a year; indeed we have  
often met at their tables, persons employed  
by government, who were treated in all  
things as gentlemen, though their salaries  
did not amount to a third of the sum. Nay,  
we will say more, that to the best of our  
judgement, there is not a man in trade  
outside of the town of Halifax, who would  
not retire to-morrow, and abandon the anx-  
ieties and anticipations of business, if tem-  
pered with an annual income of £500. There  
may possibly be such a person, but we  
certainly have not the pleasure of his ac-  
quaintance; and of this we are assured, that  
permanent incomes to one-third of that  
amount, would shut nine tenths the stores in  
nearly all the outposts. To Halifax, then  
we must come for the

WEALTHY MERCHANTS,  
in whose eyes a five hundred a year is so con-  
temptible a sum.

We have a list of them before us—and  
really are unable to discover one. In fact  
the few very wealthy merchants we have,  
have become so by a long course of active  
industry and attention—and over whose moral  
trifling concerns, for very many years, a  
rigid economy reigned. These people, so  
far from eclipsing public officers, in their  
style of living—and the splendour of their  
establishments, have usually set them a better  
example; and in fact have rarely launched  
into extravagance, until connection or inter-  
course with the families of well paid pub-  
lic officers, made it a matter of necessity—and  
brought all the guns of fashion to bear on the  
steady habits of business. But, says

THE MAN OF OFFICE,  
we give up the chance of amassing a capital  
and providing for our families; admitting you  
do—are you not relieved from the evils of a  
fluctuating income, and the risk of bankrupt-  
cy and ruin? And have you not actually a  
salary, at which either of the wealthy men you  
could name would have jumped, at your age,  
and out of which they would have created a  
capital scarcely inferior to what they now  
possess? Are there any periods of stagna-  
tion and distress, to which you, as a class, are  
liable?—can the accumulations of years be  
swept from you by the losses of a day?—  
must you be upon your wharf at day-light—  
and often retire to a sleepless bed, to ponder  
upon the missing ship and the losing voyage?

If we seek in vain, among the commercial  
and agricultural classes, for any shadow of  
argument to support extravagant salaries,  
where else are we to find them—among  
THE CLERGY  
or the Doctors? With the exception of Bi-  
shop Inglis, there is not a man in any church  
in Nova Scotia who receives as much as a  
Puisne Judge, and not three who ever dream  
of possessing a fixed income of five hundred  
a year. Nay, there are many ripe scholars,  
pious christians and amiable men, to whom  
the prospect of half the sum would be delect-  
ful—and dozens of worthy men, who go thro'  
every year more bodily and mental labour  
for less than £100, than is performed by some  
half a score officers we could name. It is  
clear, then, that if one Bishop were  
shut any man out from his society, because  
his salary was too small—he might take re-  
fuge with another, and all the rest of the clergy  
of all the churches, who would perhaps  
reconcile him to the loss.

What say

THE DOCTORS?

Would they turn up their noses at £500 a

year; would they give up their long cold rides,

their jealous rivalries—bad debts and disgust-

ing offices, for a snug salary of that amount,

and the assurance that no scoundrel would

ever again break their rest, and call them

out at midnight during the Christmas Holi-

days, to walk three miles to a patient who

was not worth a rap? From that profession

alone, we could pick a dozen men, superior

in genius and cultivation to one-third of the

official folks who turn up their noses at five

hundred a year; men who live genteelly on

half the sum, without any person ever sup-

posing that more is required to keep them ho-

nest, and prevent them from betraying their

trust?

In making this survey, we have assumed

that £500 currency, was the

MAXIMUM OF EMOLUMENT

to our provincial officers—and it is clear, that

even if we were to reduce every officer below

the Governor to that sum, we would be just-

ified by the circumstances of the country—by

the scale of income and expense furnished by

all the other ranks and classes of the people.

Our consciences would not be burthened,

if we gave what we could afford; and we

could certainly in such a country never be at

a loss for efficient public servants who would

faithfully earn salaries, and receive them with-

out complaint. But, it may be said, this

might satisfy yourselves—but how are you

going to satisfy the requisition of public opin-

ion abroad, and above all, how can you con-

vince the extravagant Ministers and lavish

Parliament of England? The process cannot

be difficult—if the facts we have furnished

are not sufficient, we will show what others

say for similar services—and as respects the

people of England, we will prove to them

that in proportion, even they do not pay half

so much.

We are well aware that this is a branch of

the enquiry which, our grasping officials con-

sider the most secure—and to which they

dare their opponents with cool composure,

taunting insult, or the most eager hope of

triumph. "What," say they, "would you

quote the cheap governments of the United

States—you are a demagogue, a leveller, a

republican—but look to England, and see how

nobly she rewards her servants—and turn to

the neighbouring Colonies, and learn that

they pay, without a murmur, even larger sums

than themselves would voluntarily "suffer" to

be paid. Now we shall take the "suffer" to

glance at all those countries—and beginning

with

THE COLONIES,

we will freely admit, that with perhaps three

exceptions, the general scale of remuneration

to public servants is higher in the other North

American Provinces than in Nova Scotia.

We concede this cheerfully, candidly, at the

outset, to the enemies and deceivers of the

people. But what does it avail them? Do

they not know that in every one of those Co-

lonies, these salaries have been fixed, not con-

stitutely without the consent of the inhabitants

from whose labour and resources they were paid,

but against their will, and often in spite of

their most strenuous exertions? Do they not

know that in all of them, without a single

exception, the honorable name of the British

nation, the benevolent intentions of the Brit-  
ish Parliament, and the peace and prosperity  
of the Colonial population, have been sacri-  
ficed to the measureless effrontery and gras-  
ping ambition of little knots of favoured fam-  
ilies, office holders and placemen, whose con-  
stant cry has been, like that of the horse-leech  
of scripture, "give, give;" and who, to defend  
their unholy spoils, have never ceased to  
brow beat and oppress the people, and deceive  
the government at home.

Are we to be soothed by comparisons with

LOWER CANADA,