THE
ST. ANDREWS STANDARD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
AT SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK BY
GEO. N. SMITH.

TERMS.
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17s. 6d. do. when forwarded by mail.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
Inserted according to written orders, or continued till forbid if no written directions.
First insertion of 12 lines and under, 3s
Each repetition of Do 1s
First insertion of all over 12 lines 3d per line
Each repetition over 12 lines 1d per line
Advertising by the year as may be agreed on.

The Standard.
NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 6. SAINT ANDREWS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1839. *Number 1.*

MONTHLY ALMANAC

1839. Jan.	First week	Second week	Third week	Fourth week	Odd days
Tuesday	1	8	15	22	5
Wednesday	2	9	16	23	
Thursday	3	10	17	24	7
Friday	4	11	18	25	
Saturday	5	12	19	26	
Sunday	6	13	20	27	
Monday	7	14	21	28	

USEFUL MEMORANDA.
Average time of Sun rise this day 53m. after
Do ——— Sun set ——— 25m before 8
Moon's First Quarter, on the 24th at 4h. 48
Do. Full ——— 1st 40m before
Do. Last Quarter ——— 23h—56m. before
Do New ——— 17th 18m fo.
High Water at Full Moon—23m. after 10

THE NEWS BOY'S ADDRESS
TO THE PATRONS OF THE
Saint Andrews Standard
January 1, 1839.

The ceaseless course of time has now brought round
The happy period when young bosoms bound
Elate with joy—the time of the moon enhance;
Also! too often lost, as yes advance.
Now, friendly greetings, and the social hearth,
Spread wide content, and heart enlivening mirth
At this gay time—by custom's ancient claim—
The Printer's Boy—O no!—forbear that name!
But rather let me say the *News-Boy* pays
His court to all his Patrons, in these lays;
Wishing them health, and peace, and glorious cheer
And wealth encrease with each succeeding year
Such *ancient custom* would I now pursue,
And pay my special compliments—To You.

But lest you think a simple lay,
Unfitted for this festive day;
I would my honoured Patrons greet,
In strains more lively, and more meet

Thy ancient use at New-Year's time,
Demands the News boy's annual visit;
And bids him carefully to tell
Whatever of note last year befell;
Unequal to the task, I pray
Indulgence to th' imperfect lay.

To Britain first our eyes we turn,
Where freedom's holiest altars burn;
Where jarring strife the few embroil;
But where no slave pollutes the soil;
Where fair VICTORIA rules—whose sway
Extends with every rising day.

To India's orient plains also—
The envy of th' ambitious Czar,
Who seeks the proposed point to gain
Thro' powerless Persia's broken reign,
And thro' gulf-wrinkled Hindostan hidden,
To seize on mighty Indian—
To where Columbia sees the wave,
Her western hills, pacific lave.

Shame! that where peace would fain dwell, as
St. Cathrine, by Britain's man,
A crew ingrate should dare to rise
In open rebellion, with cries
And by relentless hostile blow
Sink deep in misery and woe
A fertile land—whose choicest care
Was Britain's aim her gifts to share.

Shame! that a friends-friendly power,
On whose own land the fates now lower—
Should with a nerveless, faint display
Of rule, that owns no sway from sway,
Its bandit citizens permit,
Havock and murder to commit,
The name of liberty profane,
And prove the truth by extent—
Yet retribution will assert the cause
Of freedom, peace, just right and equal laws.

The rash Insurgents hand?
Whose values saved the land.
Who, that would crush presumptuous foes
Will not cry boldly—Shame! on those
Who with weak measures seek to oppose
Who to expedients blindly yield
The laws that they should sternly wield,
And those true heroes nobly shield

Now turn we to more welcome lays,
And truly sing New Brunswick's praise.
New Brunswick—under British sway
We live, and generous laws obey;
Where science, arts, and industry,
Secure a proud prosperity;
Where loyalty's bold banners wave
And fame and freedom shield the brave.

Back let us turn a watchful eye
To where European Kingdoms lie.
First Spain where civil discord rages,
And state with state the warfare wages
Where feeble state state shed renown
On Carlos' glaive, or Isabella's crown.

Next Lusitannia claims a rhyme;
Distracted soil with glorious clime;
Where giddy Gierra's wants supplied—
All other cares she casts aside,

Now pass we to old Gaul's bright land,
And view its gleesome buoyant band;
Jackets, by proud hearts, have sons to date
Yet [illegible] Despotic sway to bear.
A [illegible] voice to day;
A King to morrow—"Vive! hurza!"
Next, sounds the solemn funeral bell;
And next, "ha! vive la liberte!"
Strife, name, resists all check,
And still maintains its wonted pages
While in succession—under still
In esque displays or slang

Some to wind a long harangue
With complimentary clue
We'll try to run our simple course
With more effect and better force,
The Foreign matters all we'll send you,
With all domestic news attend you.
Of Government which way is turned
Of [illegible] how con[illegible]

A TALE OF THE CONSCRIPTION.

Among the thousands of French subjects who had to deplore the misery brought by the conscription, no one did that relentless system cause deeper anguish or severer trials than M. [illegible] Dupuis.

On a calm and sunny evening of August, in the year 18—, the inhabitants of the secluded village of Berny might be seen collected in groups, reviling and lamenting the arbitrary measure which on the morrow was to wrench asunder all the sweet ties of domestic life. Fathers looked on their sons just opening into manhood, reveling in the fresh joys of their young existence, and last represented the vigorous form stretched, mangled and powerless on the gory battle field! To the young men themselves, albeit to be torn from all they had been taught to love and value, glory was an unmeaning word, and fame held out no decoy sufficiently alluring to reconcile them to the destiny decreed by tyranny. Mothers, as they pressed their first born to the bosom which had nourished him, cursed the cruelty which deprived them of the pride and support of their declining years. The maiden, late so buoyant with hope and joy, gazed on her betrothed with tearful eye and blanched cheek, while silence sadly stamped upon her heart every feature and look of him she dreaded to think she might never behold again. But though sorrow had possession of nearly every abode in the village, none presented a scene of deeper anguish than the hitherto happy cottage of Paul Dubois.

Paul and his young wife were cousins and orphans. They had no recollection of when they first began to love each other. In infancy he had watched over Louise with the care and affection of a brother, but as they grew up, his manner assumed a tenderness which does not belong to that character.—He had he [illegible] by up money enough to pay the first year's rent of a piece of land which was afterwards to support them! for, without knowing how or when, they came to [illegible] they were married, and their little [illegible] made them an ample return. A beautiful child completed their happiness; [illegible] arrangement with his landlord respecting an additional portion of land, which he calculated would more than double his present resources—all this came the Conscription. Like a blighting tornado, it blasted his young and destroyed his hopes, and the sturdy peasant looked on the home and the blessings he had so hardly earned, and wept. His unconscious infant slept peacefully in his arms—his wife sat at his feet [illegible] no sorrow, neither uttered sigh [illegible] but her quivering lip and large dark eye told a tale of agony which needed not words to make it intelligible. Occasionally her gaze wandered for a moment from her husband's face around their little dwelling, and then a sigh, like one from a breaking heart, escaped her, as each familiar object recalled scenes and hours never to be renewed!

Paul again commenced his pathetic appeal against conscription.—"Do not look so miserably, dearest Louise; your sad face will unman me, and unfit me for every thing; let us endeavour to keep up our spirits by remembering how [illegible] flies, why the two years we have been married, *chère amie*, do not seem more than as many months!"

But here poor Paul was forced to cease; something seemed to choke him. Alas! in his eagerness to comfort her, he had unwittingly struck a chord which yielded only sounds of sorrow, for how strongly did those bright bygone hours to which he had alluded contrast with the dreary ones in store for them! He took her in his arms, and, as it acknowledging the futility of any attempt to reconcile her or himself to their cruel lot, [illegible] kissed and wept over her, giving unrestrained vent to the feelings of bitterness [illegible] and [illegible] a temptation to suppress.

* * * * * * * *

Thirty conscripts went forth from the village of Berny to the shrill sound of the fife and wooden noise of the French drum. O what mockery did that merry music seem to the hearts of the mourners who remained! For many days after their departure, poor Louise passed the hours in the listless indolence produced by stricken sorrow, unmoved by the consolations of the neighbours, who in the midst of their own grief, were anxious to comfort, if possible, the desolate young mother, and regarding each all that concerned her own future prospects. It was not long however, before something occurred that [illegible] the arms to which her young men of thirty years [illegible] was about to cross the Rhine. This intelligence roused Louise from her torpor. She conceived a plan which she lost no time in putting into execution.

On the Sunday following the day on which she had [illegible] her husband's [illegible] hanging from the other, and to sing [illegible] back on the home and friends of her infancy, determined to walk to Strasburgh, a distance of two hundred miles, prepared to encounter fatigue, privation, perhaps insult, for the sole purpose—not of being *with* the object of her love—O no! that was happiness too great to create—but to be on the spot where a letter could reach her some hours earlier, and where, perhaps, she might meet an occasional traveller from the city—some one who had seen him, and could tell her how he looked and spoke, whether he was well or ill, sad or cheerful, and, in short, answer the thousand endless questions she would have to ask.

At the period to which I refer, a very considerable augmentation of the military force had been required, and consequently the levy had not been confined to any particular province or district. During her long journey, Louise scarcely entered a town, large or small, where she did not hear the voice of wailing and lamentation. But if the sights she daily beheld kept alive her own horror in all its freshness, the grief so manifestly in common with herself, procured for her and her child sympathy accompanied by kindness and hospitality, and as night approached, she was always certain of finding a seat at the board, and shelter beneath the roof of the first habitation she should enter.

At length her weary pilgrimage drew to a close. Before her rose the towers of Strasburgh, and as she pressed her infant closer to her bosom, a feeling almost of joy arose in her heart as she felt she was so much nearer to him who was her life of life.—Traversing the city, and looking about on every side for accommodation humble enough to suit her scanty means, she stopped before a small house in one of the suburbs.—The door was opened by a clean, kind-looking old woman: an arrangement was speedily concluded, and Louise installed in her strange home. Her first object was to obtain employment, by which she could support herself and child, and, applying to old Jeannette, her landlady, asked if she could [illegible] the appearance and manner of Louise singularly striking, and they must have had a harder heart than Jeannette who could have listened to her simple but affecting request without feeling a glow of interest.

"Are you a good embroiderer?" asked the old woman, when she had heard her request.

I have always been reckoned so, replied Louise; I was brought up by the Ursulines, and they are noted for their skill in fancy works.

Well, that's very fortunate, said Jeannette, really happy to be able to forward her wishes. My grand-daughter is femme de chambre to Madame de la Riviere, and she came to me only the other day to know if I could recommend any young person to her mistress to work for a dress. I will give you a line to Julie, and if you have not already found some one else, no doubt you will get it, but remember, my child, I hope you *are* skilful, for if Madame's dress should be spoiled, what should I do?

Louise assured her kind friend she need be under no apprehension, as she was quite confident of giving satisfaction; and leaving her child, with many a tender injunction to her care, set forth in quest of the hoped-for employment. Perhaps it was the long journey or it might be, that parting with her child for the first time though but for so short a period, subdued and depressed her; but as she went on her unknown way, a feeling of sadness and apprehension came over her, making the distance, which in reality was trifling, appear interminable; yet, when arrived at the house, she felt an unaccountable reluctance to enter, and when, having conquered what she reproached herself for as her weakness, she asked for Julie, and gave her grandmother's name it was some time before she sufficiently subdued the emotions which so strangely overcame her, to convince the [illegible] consent continued respecting her child—some weak kindness and attention [illegible] Paris [illegible] to any [illegible] in extreme, [illegible] made her sit down and take refreshment [illegible] her feet; and [illegible] departed [illegible] volubly on the [illegible] she had seen in [illegible] The dress was [illegible] a good [illegible] the [illegible] Louise, with [illegible] a [illegible] Paris [illegible] Louise [illegible] Paris [illegible] Louise [illegible] Paris [illegible] Louise