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Prime quality
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J. W. STREET,
1844.

VOLUME 12

The Standard.

NUMBER 12

OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

Price 12s 6d in Advance]

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The Young Physician.

BY CHARLES F. HILLEY.

CHAPTER I.

"This will never do—this will never do!" repeated Frederic Rodney despondingly, as he arose from his chair and threw aside a late medical review, over the pages of which he had been poring for the last hour. "Four months and over," he continued as he walked to and fro in his neatly carpeted office—"four months and not a single patient yet. A promising beginning truly. I fear this is no place for me. I must order a barrel of calomel and start for the West. A young physician stands no chance here unless he has a diploma from over the sea. If I could but cross the water—walk through a London or Paris hospital, I might—come in! come in! he hastily exclaimed, as a light rap on the door disturbed his soliloquy.

The door opened, and a little child, poorly clad, entered the office, and stammered out a request, that the doctor would visit her mother, who the child said "was sick indeed." Never was a summons more cheerfully obeyed. He had received a call at last, a first call—and though the appearance of the young messenger was anything but promising, what cared he? "The ice was broken—and he had a patient!"

Hastily arranging himself he inquired of the little girl the address of the sick woman, which he immediately transferred to the slate attached to the outside of his door—instructing in bold characters—"At Mrs. Morgan's, Thimble Alley." He then bade the child lead the way, and with a light heart followed.

Frederic Rodney who had recently established himself in the city of ——— Poor and friendless he entered the profession, and it was only by dint of the most persevering effort that he was enabled to maintain himself during his preparatory studies. But he was endowed with a resolution which no difficulty could overcome, and bravely did he conquer the obstacles that beset his path. Despite of the manifold disadvantages under which he laboured, when he received his diploma, he was the acknowledged superior of the class, and received the marked and flattering commendation of the professors. "Go on as you have begun," said the aged and talented President, as he tendered him the coveted parchment, "remit not your persevering and praiseworthy efforts. Be not satisfied with present attainments, study, young man, study—let this be your watch word, and fear not that success will attend you."

Rodney was not one to rest satisfied with mere mediocrity in his profession. He allowed himself no unnecessary relaxation, but devoted all his strong, healthy energies to his noble calling—a calling, we regret to say, disgraced by too many unworthy followers.

With sanguine hope he rented an office, neatly furnished it, stuck out his "shingle," and sat down amidst a small but choice selection of medical works, patiently waiting for a summons to the bedside of disease. Months however, passed away without once having his professional services called in requisition, and he began to think of starting for the "far West," the general receptacle of loafing adventurers.

It was in the midst of a desponding soliloquy, having reference to this subject that he was unexpectedly called upon to visit a patient. The house to which he was conducted, was quite as unimpressive in its appearance as was his little guide. It was a miserable dilapidated building, situated in an obscure alley, evidently the abode of the most

abject poverty. The interior of the building was not a whit more inviting than the exterior. The chinks in the wall—the uneven floor the broken and stuffed windows and the scant furniture all spoke of destitution and suffering. Rodney cast but a glance around the room, when his attention was directed to the sick bed on which was stretched his patient. A slight examination was sufficient to acquaint him with the nature of the disease. The wretched woman was suffering under an attack of the typhus fever of the most virulent character. The black swollen tongue, and the sunken pallid countenance convinced him that the disease had arrived at that crisis which required the most efficient measures. He shook his head doubtfully as he took her hand and felt her pulse. The chance of saving her felt, was very slight. So long as there was life, however, there was hope, and he immediately resorted to those means which the urgency of the case demanded. He neglected nothing that he thought he would have a tendency to benefit his patient, and after prescribing the proper medicines and having directions as to their application to the person in attendance—a sister of the sick woman—he took his departure.

Rodney was young, and had not seen enough of the world to render him hardened to such a scene of wretchedness and want, and although he expected no remuneration for his services, his sympathies were warmly enlisted in behalf of the poor woman. His attentions, therefore, were unremitting, and he was rejoiced to perceive that his exertions were not put forth in vain. The disease gradually yielded to his skilful treatment, and it was not long ere he pronounced the woman out of danger. When he made his last visit, the invalid was profuse in her thanks, and very unexpectedly to him, tendered him some money, for his fees, which she said a young lady had given her a day or two before, together with a number of delicacies so acceptable to the sick, the appearance of which had struck Rodney as somewhat strange in such a place. Who the lady was she could not tell; but she was beautiful and very kind, God bless her! said the woman with much feeling. Rodney declined the proffered money and left his patient showering down blessings on his head.

Frederic rejoiced not less than the poor convalescent at her recovery. He had mastered one of the most fatal disorders to which mankind are subject, and his humane heart thrilled with a new pleasure as he reflected that he had been the instrument, under God, of relieving the sufferings of one of his fellow creatures. It is indeed a noble and God-like calling—to visit the sick—and the suffering and minister to their necessities. Frederic felt it to be so, and though his profits were small his pleasure was great.

At the time of which we are writing the typhus fever prevailed to a great extent in the lower class of its inhabitants, who from their exposure—their manner of living and unhealthy situations—were peculiarly subject to its attack. By degrees, however, the disease spread and carried its ravages into the dwellings of the wealthy, causing much alarm. Our physician soon had many patients on his list—although his practice was entirely limited to those whose circumstances were such as to afford but little hope of reward. The recovery of his first patient, who had been hastily "given over" by another physician, from an idea, probably, that it was an unprofitable case; was the means of establishing his fame at once among those who were knowing to the facts.

It is not our intention to depict the scenes of suffering, Rodney was compelled to witness. They were many and distressing. It is a melancholy spectacle to witness a fellow creature brought low by disease, the brightness of the eye dimmed, the bloom of the cheek faded, the elasticity of the nerves destroyed, and pain, weakness and despondency taking the place of health, strength and buoyancy of spirit, it is a melancholy spectacle, even though the sufferer be surrounded by all the comforts that wealth and affection can command;—yet if one would realize all the horrors of sickness, he must enter the small tenements of the poor in large cities, where even when disease is absent, a distressing scene awaits him. The small close room—the miserable accommodations—the hard and uncomfortable bed—the unavoidable neglect, the absence of those soothing attentions, which if they do not benefit the patient serve to soften the hardness of disease—these are some of the evils which attend upon the sick-poor.

It was into scenes like those Rodney was now daily introduced, and often was his heart pained at the sight of wretchedness he could not alleviate. Frequently in making a visit he was surprised to notice little articles trifling luxuries—not usually found except by the sick couches of those in prosperous circumstances; and whenever he alluded to them, he was told they were furnished by a benevolent lady, who had kindly brought them or sent them to the sufferer. Who the kind lady was he could not ascertain. Her name was unknown, but she was invariably

described as being both young and lovely. At first these articles did not attract more than a passing notice; but when he had repeatedly met with them, his interest was excited—more particularly as he could get no clue to the name or residence of the fair donor.

She was generally accompanied, he was told, by a servant, who bore the articles, and after making a few kind enquiries she left her gifts—sometimes one thing, and sometimes another, and then departed.

"She is an angel," said a poor woman to Rodney one day, in reply to some remark he made respecting her—"she is an angel, sir—and I do not know how I should have got along in my sickness without her assistance. I am indebted to her for this comfortable bedding; this sick dress and most of the little niceties you see, sir, and her gifts. When my wood was all gone, and my poor child sat shivering over the embers what should come along but a nice load of wood all sawed and split, and ready for use, which the truckman said he had been ordered to leave, at my door. He would not tell from whence it came, but when the young lady called, I knew from her eye that she was the donor. Ah, sir, the Lord will assuredly bless those who thus remember the poor!—Here, sir," she continued, "is your fee, with many thanks for your goodness."

"And was this the gift of the young lady, too?"

"It is, indeed sir. Long has been the time since I have hoarded so much silver of my own."

"Then keep it—you are perfectly welcome to what little service I have rendered you."

"But she told me it was to pay the doctor with," said the woman earnestly, still holding out the money—"She said you were very kind to the sick—which I knew to be a truth—and received but little pay from your patients—will you not take it, sir?"

No, no, my good woman," replied Rodney, his cheeks slightly glowing at the compliment paid to him by the unknown—"keep your money—you have most need of it. I cannot consent to take from you the gift of your generous benefactress."

CHAPTER II.
"Who can she be?" said Rodney to himself, as he sat musingly in his office. Young, lovely, and so benevolent!—Strange that I have never met with her. Go where I will, the footprints of the angel are visible, yet I find her not.

The truth was, the fair unknown had made a decided impression on our young physician. Filled with a generous enthusiasm himself, with sympathies keenly alive to the miseries of others, his heart instinctively warmed towards those who exhibited the same noble qualities. More particularly was he favourably inclined toward her whose secret charity evinced a purely benevolent spirit, a spirit which seeking not the praise of the world, found its sole reward in the consciousness of doing good. Real charity consists not in an ostentatious display of its gifts. The truly benevolent shrink from observation, permitting not the right hand a knowledge of the doings of the left.

Charity ever finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet.

In the receiver. It was not the manner alone with which the fair unknown bestowed her gifts that excited the admiration of Frederic. Superadded to her goodness of heart were other points of attraction that won his interest. She was young and beautiful—these with the mysteries that shrouded her, were enough to awaken a lively sentiment in his bosom.

Rodney rather avoided than courted society—fashionable society. It was too hollow and artificial to enthrall one who had to grapple with the stern realities of life. Not that he was of a reserved disposition, for he delighted to mingle freely in the social circle, where he could enjoy that intercourse which springs from congeniality of mind—where warm, unstudied heart-feelings are indulged in, undisturbed by those cold formalities which chill and restrain confidence. He had formed a lofty estimate of female character—not as developed in the ball room or in the crowded asiree, but as exhibited in the domestic circle, in all its natural loveliness. He loved to look upon woman, not as a mere plaything with which to while away a passing hour, but as a purer order of being, whose office is to minister to our higher and better nature, as well as to be a comfort and solace to those who require her gentle sympathies. And such had he found her—possessing all those pure and noble qualities that shed such a blessed influence on the heart and mind—improving the moral sense and exalting the intellect. By the touch of suffering, too, he had found her, amidst scenes of wretchedness and want—an angel of mercy ever—soothing the pillow of sickness and relieving the necessities of the distressed.

In his contemplations of the fair unknown

he fancied her endowed with all these estimable qualities. He had traced her in the shroud of poverty, extending consolation and affording relief, and he willingly believed that one whose character shone so bright in this respect, beamed with equal lustre in the other relations of life. Therefore it was that she was ever in his thoughts, and an embryo passion kindled in his heart towards one he had never seen, and of whom, save thro' her acts, he knew absolutely nothing. He knew he was nursing what, after all, might prove a sheer delusion; yet, delusion as it might prove, he cherished it. He would have ridiculed the sentiment in another, still he sought not to banish the vagary from his mind, but suffered it to grow and strengthen, until at length it pervaded his whole being. He did not attempt to conceal from himself that he was deeply in love with—an abstraction! He was not quite so infatuated, however, with his ideal charmer, but that he found it difficult at times to restrain a laugh at his own expense.

"I am a fool!" said he one day—"a very fool to be haunted with this one idea perpetually—to build up hopes on such a sandy foundation.—What is that fair stranger to me? That she belongs to the wealthy class her own munificent acts prove, and should chance ever make us acquainted, she would in all probability scorn the love of one who has nothing but a fervent heart and an empty hand to offer her. Away with the folly!" And our hero sat down to his readings, fully resolved to banish the lovely stranger from his mind.

He had scarcely formed this reasonable resolution, when a servant entered his office, and handed him a note, immediately departing. Frederic hastily broke the seal and read—

"Will Doct. Rodney call professionally at Mr. W. Danvers, number 23 Park Row, Mire Street, as soon as he can make it convenient?"

"Friday, P. M."
"Mire Street, Park Row!" said the young physician, as he re-pursued the billet, which was written in a beautiful hand—evidently a lady's.—Here is some mistake. Mire Street—why all our wealthiest men—our nabobs—live there, and Park Row is the very hot-bed of aristocracy. This is not intended for me."

He turned to the superscription. There it was plain enough—Doct. Frederic Rodney, 14 Calvert Street. Frederic was at fault. Why should he be sent for, perfect stranger as he was, and so comparatively unknown in his practice?

"Ah! I see how it is"—said he, after considering a short time—and re-perusing the note again and again—"some of the help have heard of me, I may have been consulted, by some mother, or sister, or aunt, among my poor patients—hence this call."

With this humble conclusion our hero hastened to obey the summons—not forgetting, however, to inscribe in a very legible hand on his slate the name of the street and number where he might be found.

Had there been any quackery about our hero he would probably have hired a coach, or a chaise, and driven post haste to Park Row, for the purpose of making a sensation, but as he was really supplanting he plodded along on foot. We will not take it upon ourselves to say, that he felt not a slight degree of importance as he emerged from the moving throng that crowded the sidewalk and ascended the marble steps of the very aristocratic looking mansion, number 23. He paused a moment at the door; for not until then did he perceive that the bell was muffled, affording conclusive evidence that it was not in the kitchen his services were required.

Hastily pulling out the note to assure himself for the hundredth time that he was not mistaken, he glanced his eye over it, and then with some hesitation, gently rapped for admittance. The door was opened by the bearer of the note, who ushered Rodney into the drawing room, whence he was shortly summoned to the sick chamber. He now learned for the first time, that his patient was none other than the owner of the mansion. The invalid was sitting in a sick chair, while a young lady who was introduced to Frederic as his daughter, was bathing his head.

Mr. Danvers immediately stated, that in the absence of his family physician, he had sent for Dr. Rodney, by the advice of a young female friend, who strongly recommended him to his notice. Frederic acknowledged his obligations to his unknown friend who had so kindly interested herself in his behalf—shrewdly guessing at the same time, that Mr. Danvers' young friend and his invisible charmer, were one and the same person.

Rodney found his patient in a really bad state. His pulse was very quick, and he complained much of pain in his head and back—in fact, he exhibited all the symptoms of a high fever the nature of which Rodney could not in the then early stage of it decide. He had his fears, however, that it

was an attack of the prevailing epidemic, although Mr. Danvers affected to think lightly of his illness. After a full examination and consideration of his case, and leaving proper directions, Frederic left the room.

In the drawing room he met with Miss Danvers, who sought with much anxiety the opinion of Frederic, respecting her father's sickness. He frankly stated to her his fears, and required of her the strictest attention to the prescriptions he had left—intimating that should her father grow worse, it might be agreeable to her, as well as to him, to call in a more experienced physician.

"Not at all," was her reply to this suggestion—"My father as well as myself, have the utmost confidence in your skill, and until you advise it, we shall not think such a course necessary."

The speaker was about eighteen years of age, with a face strikingly beautiful—not merely in its contour, but in that expressive-ness which is the index of a heart flowing with affection and sympathy, and a mind richly endowed with the treasures of intellect. She was of a medium size, and displayed a form of faultless symmetry. There was a gentleness in her tone, and in her whole address an ease and grace, which completely won the heart of Rodney. As he gazed upon the lovely speaker, he tho't how applicable to her was that beautiful portraiture of Scott's—

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eye lank dark, and down-cast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned."
(To be Continued.)

Negotiating a Loan.—The does in the following case deserved to lose his money for his veracity:—

"The other day, says a Baltimore paper, a decently apparelled man walked into the exchange and lottery office of Mr. Miller & Co. at the corner of Baltimore and St. Paul's streets, and began a conversation by inquiring if there was any person in the office. On learning that there was not, he very frankly stated that he was a thief, and after some further remarks observed that he had plenty of money, and would lend Mr. M. \$50 or \$100 if he chose to borrow it, at the same time taking a roll of notes from his pocket and displaying them in his hand. Mr. M. said he did not wish to borrow any money; the liberal visitor, however, was quite pressing, saying that he would lend it without note or acknowledgment, and would take the honesty of Mr. M's face for security.—The loan was, however, still declined, whereupon the stranger altered his course, and remarked that, although he thus offered to lend any amount to Mr. M., he would venture to say, that Mr. M. would not lend him a dollar.—Not to be outdone in a generous spirit, Mr. M. took a dollar from the drawer and lent it to the stranger, who, after twirling it in his hands a few moments, said he really didn't want the dollar, but had he asked for five, he doubted if he would have got it. Mr. M. made it \$5, with which the stranger walked to the door, and looking round with a smile, came back to the counter, threw the \$5 down and said he didn't want the money. He would, however, try Mr. M. once more, and see whether he would make it \$20. Mr. M. under the fascination, we suppose, of the stranger's manner, placed \$20 in his hand, with which he walked to the door, cast a look up and down the street, and departed. Mr. M. went to the door to look after him, but he was not to be seen. It is needless to say that he has not been back 'already.' He managed to get \$4 the same way at the office of Mr. Bell, and tried the game, but unsuccessfully, at several other places.

A Good Hint.—If you want a son not to fall in love with any splendid gal, praise her up to the skies, call her an angel, say she is a whole team and a horse to spare, and all that.—The moment the critter sees her he is a little disappointed, and says, "Well, she is handsome that's a fact; but she is not so very, very excellent, pretty after all." Then he criticizes her. "Her foot is too thick in the instep; her elbow-bone is sharp; she tangles is affected," and so on; and the more you oppose him the more he abuses her, till he swears she is misreported and sent her spony over head and ears in a minute. He sees all beauties and no defects, and is for walking into her affections at once. Nothin' damages a gal, a preacher, or a lake like overpraise. A lass is one of the coldest things in nature that is helped by it.—(Sam Sick in England.)

A Distinction without a Difference.—Did you whip Margaret Duffer? said the Deputy Attorney General to an Ethiopian lady in the prisoner's dock.

"No, sir," was the reply.
"Did you count any assault and battery on her then?"

"No, Sir, I cut her head."