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The Standard.

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E variis sumendum est optimum. —Cic.

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THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

It seemed impossible; her memory had been such a sunbeam from boyhood up; the refiner of his nature—the dream that often came to him by day and night. While passing the parochial school, when the full tide of girls rushed from its heat into the thick city air, his heart had often beat if the ringing laugh of a merry child sounded like the laugh he once thought music; and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

"And I have helped to bring her to this," he repeated over and over to himself; even I have done this—this has been my doing." He might have consoled himself by the argument, that if Peter Croft had not drunk at "the Grapes," he would have drunk somewhere else; but his seared conscience neither admitted nor sought an excuse; and after an hour or more of earnest prayer, with sealed lips, but a soul bowed down, at one moment by contempt for his infirmity of purpose, and at another elevated by strong resolves of great sacrifice, Matthew, carrying with him the Drunkard's Bible, sought his bed. He slept the feverish unrefreshing sleep which so frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards—blear eyed, trembling, shaking spectres, pointing at him with their shaking fingers, while, with pestilential breath, they demanded "who had sold them poison?" Women, too—drunkards, or drunkards' wives—in either case, starved, wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, hooted him as he passed through caverns reeking of gin, and hot with the steam of all poisonous drinks! He awoke just as the dawn was crowning the hills of his childhood with glory, and while its magnificent beams were penetrating the thick atmosphere which hung as a veil before his bedroom window.

To Matthew the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winging their way through the darkness and chaos of the world for the world's light and life. He had never thought of that before; but he thought of it and felt it then and much good it did him, strengthening his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the poor Drunkard's Bible. Matthew bent his knees to the ground, his heart full of emotions—the emotions of his early and better nature—and he bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed in honest resolve and earnest zeal. The burden of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was—that God would have mercy upon him, and keep him in the right path, and make him, unworthy as he was, the means of grace to others—to be God's instrument for good to his fellow creatures; to minister to the prosperity, the regeneration of his own kind—Oh, if God would but mend the broken vessel, if He would but heal the bruised reed, if He would but receive him into his flock—Oh how often he repeated: "God give me strength! Lord strengthen me!"

And he arose, as all arise after steadfast prayer—strengthened—and prepared to set about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed.

"I had," he said, "fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform; I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to the right or to the left; there it was, written in letters of light. I went down stairs, I unlocked the street door, I brought a ladder from the back of my house to the front, and with my own hands, in the gray, soft haze of morning, I tore the sign of my disloyalty to a good cause. 'The Grapes' lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to reclaim and succor those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters had been suddenly struck off; a sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer vault, I looked up to Heaven; I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance, which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called a respectable man, and an 'honest publican,' I knew that I was acting a falsehood, and dealing in the moral—perhaps the eternal—deaths of many of those careless drinkers, who had sorrow and torment and quarrels and wounds without cause, even while I who sold the in-

toes to sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause, knew that they 'bit like serpents and stung like adders.' What a knave I had been! erecting a temple to own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow creatures! talking of honesty, when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white faced gin, the brown bounding brandy, could offer—all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty as if I had been honest; going to church, as if I were a practical Christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a 'Stand by, I am holier than thou!' in my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families.

"Bitter, but happy tears of penitence gushed from my eyes as the ocean of intoxicating and baneful drinks swelled, and rolled, and seethed around me. I opened the drain, and they rushed forth to add to the impurity of the Thames. 'Away they go!' I said; 'their power is past; they will never more turn the staggering workman into the streets, or nerve his arm to strike down the wife or child he is bound to protect; never more drag the self inflicted fever of delirium tremens through the swelling veins; never drag the last shilling from the drunkard's hand; never more quench the fire on the cottage hearth, or send the pale, overworked artisan's children to a superfluous bed; never more blister the lips of woman, or poison the blood of childhood; never again inflict the Saturday's headache, which induced the prayerless Sunday. Away—away! I would that I had the power to set adrift all the so perverted produce of the malt, the barley, and the grape of the world! As my excitement subsided, I felt still more resolved; the more I calmed down, the firmer I became. I was as a paralytic recovering the use of his limbs; as a blind man restored to sight. The regrets and doubts that had so often disturbed my mind gathered themselves into a mighty power, not to be subdued by earthly motives or earthly reasoning. I felt the dignity of a mission; I would be a Temperance Missionary to the end of my days! I would seek out the worst amongst those who had frequented 'The Grapes,' and pour counsel and advice—the earnest counsel and the earnest advice of a purely disinterested man—into ears so long deaf to the voice of the charmer. I was a free man, no longer filling my purse with the purchase money of sorrow, sin, and death. I owed the sinners, confirmed to lead the old life of sin in my house—I owed them atonement. But what did I not long to do for that poor Emma? When I thought of her—of her once cheerful, her once innocent, her once beautiful—I could have cursed myself. Suddenly my sister shook the door. She entreated me to come forth, for some one had torn down our sign, and flung it in the kennel. When I showed her the broken taps and the broken bottles, she called me, and believed me mad; she never understood me, but less than ever then. I had of course, more than one scene with her; and when I told her that, instead of ale, I should sell coffee, and substitute tea for brandy, she, like too many others, attaching an idea of feebleness and duplicity, and want of respectability to Temperance, resolved to find another home. We passed a stormy hour together, and amongst many things, she claimed the Drunkard's Bible; but that I would not part with.

"I lost no time in finding the dwelling of Peter Croft. Poor Emma! If I had met her in the broad sunshine of a June day, I should not have known her; if I had heard her speak, I should have recognised her voice amongst a thousand. Misery for her had done its worst. She upbraided me as I deserved. 'You,' she said, 'and such as you, content with your own safety, never think of the safety of others. You take care to avoid the tarnish and wretchedness of drunkenness yourselves, while you entice others to sin.' Moderation is your safeguard; but when did you think it a virtue in your customers?"

"I told her what I had done, that in future mine would be strictly a Temperance house; that I would by every means in my power undo the evil I had done.

"Will that," she answered in low deep tones of anguish, "will that restore what I have lost?—will it restore my husband's character?—will it save him, even if converted, from self reproach?—will it open the grave, and give me back the child, my first born, who delicate from its cradle, could not endure the heat of heat and food, which the others have still to bear?—will it give us back the means squandered in your house?—will it efface the memory of the drunkard's songs and the impurity of the drunkard's acts?—Oh Matthew! that you should thrive and live, and grow rich and respectable, by what debased and debauched your fellow creatures,

'Look!' she added, and her words pierced my heart—"look! I had my young days over again, I would rather—supposing that love had nothing to do with my choice—I would rather appear with my poor degraded husband, bad as he has been and is, at the bar of God, than kneel there as your wife!—You, cool headed and moderate by nature, knowing right from wrong, well educated, yet tempting, tempting others to the destruction which gave you food and pleasuring—your fine gin palace! your comfortable rooms! your intoxicating drinks! the pleasant company I all, all! willing the tradesman from his home, from his children, and sending him back when the stars are fading in the daylight. Oh! to what a home! Oh! in what a state!"

"I do think, as you stand there Matthew Hawney, well dressed, and well fed, and respectable—yes, that is the word, 'respectable'—that you are at this moment in the eyes of the Almighty, a greater criminal than my poor husband, who is lying upon straw with madness in his brain, trembling in every limb, without even a Bible to tell him of the mercy which Christ's death procured for the penitent sinner at the eleventh hour!"

"I laid her own Bible before her. I did not ask her to spare me: every word was true—I deserved it all. I went forth; I sent coal, and food, and clothing into that wretched room; I sent a physician; I prayed by the bedside of Peter Croft, as if he had been a dear brother. I found him truly penitent; and with all the resolves for amendment which so often fade in the sunshine of health & strength, he waited over his lost time, his lost means, his lost character—all lost; all God had given—health, strength, happiness, all gone—all but the love of his ill-used and neglected wife; that had never died. 'And remember,' she said to me, 'there are hundreds, thousands of cases as sad as his in England, in the Christian land we live in! Strong drink fills our jails and hospitals with sin, with crime, with disease, with death; its mission is sin and sorrow to man, woman, and child; under the cloak of good fellowship it draws men together, and the 'good-fellowship' poisons heart and mind! Men become mad under its influence. Would any man not mad, squander his money, his character, and bring himself and all he is bound to cherish to the verge of the pauper's grave; nay, into it? Of five families in this wretched house, the mothers of three, and the fathers of four, never go to their ragged beds sober; yet they tell me good men, wise men, great men, 'refuse to promote temperance. Oh, they have never seen how the half-pint grows to the pint—the pint to the quart—the quart to the gallon! They have never watched for the drunkard's return, or experienced his neglect or ill usage—never had the last penny for their children's bread turned into spirits—never woke to the knowledge, that though the snow of December be a foot on the ground, there is neither food nor fire to strengthen for the day's toil!"

"Poor Emma! she spoke like one inspired, and though her spirit was sustained neither by flesh nor blood, she seemed to find relief in words.

"When I spoke to her of the future with hope, she would not listen. 'No,' she said, 'my hope for him and for myself is beyond the grave. He cannot rally; those fierce drinks have branded his vitals, burnt into them. Life is not for either of us. I wish his fate and mine, could warn those around us; but the drunkard day after day sees the drunkard laid in his grave, and before the last earth is thrown upon the coffin, the quick is following the example set by the dead—of another, and another glass!"

"She was right. Peter's days were numbered; and when she knelt beside his coffin, she thanked God for his penitence, and offered up a prayer that she might be spared a little longer for her children's sake. That prayer gave me hope; she had not spoken then of hope except of that beyond the grave."

"My friends jested at my attention to the young widow, and perhaps I urged her too soon to become my wife. She turned away, with a feeling which I would not, if I could, express. Her heart was still with her husband, and she found no rest until she was placed beside him in the crowded churchyard. The children live on—the son, with the unreasoning craving for strong drink which is so frequently the inheritance of the drunkard's child; the daughters, poor, weakly creatures—one, that little deformed girl who sits behind the tea-counter, and whose voice is so like her mother's; the other, a suffering creature, unable to leave her bed, and who occupies a little room at the top of what was 'the Grapes.' Her window looks out upon a number of flower-pots, whose green leaves and struggling blossoms are coated with black, but she thinks them the freshest and most beautiful in the world!"

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

The cholera appears to be prevailing to a greater or less degree all over the country.

THE GRAVE-YARD.

Here no distinctions are; the monarch here No sceptre wields; each is subjected to Death, king of terrors; whom all mortals fear—None can defraud the tyrant of his due—The lord the beggar; all must yield at last,—He reaps the present, and feasts on the past.

Where has the sage, or mightiest hero gone? Thou knowest, death; whole nations are with thee. Millions, upon millions; each lifeless one That ever breathed on earth, in air, or sea; As in the past, thou strik'st, thy victims' die, Thou throwest them to the worms, and here they lie.

While these vile revellers, a carnival Hold on our relatives; and o'er the dead, In myriads the loathsome reptiles crawl, 'Till seems alive, from whom life's spark has fled, Self annihilation gone—a prey, a spoil, Which they prepare to fertilize the soil.

Here comes the hearse, here comes the solemn throng; The hier draws nigh; some weeping are the while; Some are sincere; some think the service done— They leave this charnel-house, to jest and smile; Nor think they may be numbered with the dead, Before the present, fleeting hour is fled.

Come, vain ignoble ones; who boast of birth, And wealth, and boundless power, come here; Reflect a while; here learn, that sterling worth Can only make man hold your memory dear; When friend and foe, have left you here alone, To slumber underneath some sculptured stone.

If these rule you alone your worthless name Shall be swept from the annals of the earth; Sweet immortality, and deathless fame, Are no prerogatives of wealth or birth; Let thought, and effort, to one object tend, That object be, mankind to bless or mend.

Sometimes resort unto this lonely spot Which feelingly reminds us, we are dust, Reflect a while; here learn, that sterling worth Can only make man hold your memory dear; When friend and foe, have left you here alone, To slumber underneath some sculptured stone.

What is the world? a universal grave; Man, beast, and bird are mouldering every where. A shroud, and coffin, is old Ocean's wave, To many noble hearts, now void of care; Like summer flowers, we bud a while, we bloom; We fade, we die, and drop into the tomb.

ALPINE.
St. Stephen.

LATER FROM THE PACIFIC.

Capture of a Russian Vessel by a French Government Steamer—Burning of a Boston Ship at Sea, on her Voyage to California.

NEW YORK, August 11.
The Empire City arrived about 9 o'clock. She left Aspinwall on the 1st inst., and brings about 200 passengers, with California mails to July 15, and \$1,127,000 in treasure.

Considerable sickness prevailed on the Isthmus, and cholera had also made its appearance, but when the steamer left the disease was entirely eradicated.

Very severe thunder storms have been experienced; during one of which the City Hospital at Aspinwall was struck by lightning and sustained slight damage.

A French war steamer captured a Russian brig of 500 tons, from Havana, off Valparaiso, and towed her into that port.

Business at Valparaiso was quite nominal, little doing, and the harbor very bare of shipping.

The papers contain a thrilling account of the burning of the ship Townsend, Captain Woodeson, on the 25th May, in lat. 35 S.—The Captain and crew, twenty four in number, had to take to the boats in very heavy weather, and after a voyage of 600 miles, one out of the four boats, and twelve out of the twenty four men, succeeded in reaching Juan Fernandez, when they proceeded to Valparaiso. Capt. Woodeson was amongst the saved.

It is stated that out of 4,603 citizens holding office under the United States Government, 701 are foreigners—515 in Custom Houses, 104 in the Departments at Washington and 82 as Ministers or Consuls. In New York there are 96 foreigners to 703.

Peaches will not be abundant this year.—The crop in New Jersey will be only a quarter one, in Delaware about a half. Fine fruit is sold in New York for \$5 a basket.—Arrivals there have been plenty. Apples are not promising much.

EMIGRATION.—The packet ship David G. Fleming, from Liverpool, arrived at the quarantine ground on Monday morning, having on board 119 steerage, and six cabin passengers, all in excellent health. The Black Ball line thus maintains its high reputation for bringing passengers across the Atlantic, with the greatest speed, safety and comfort, combined with entire freedom from sickness.

It is a great blessing that this year the emigrants have arrived in such excellent health, as had it been otherwise, there might

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS

Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrears are paid. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their Bill, and ordered their papers to be discontinued. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

have been much confusion and difficulty, and even greater alarm than has existed. At present, there is not a single emigrant at Partridge Island, and the hospitals and other buildings there are entirely empty.—(New Brunswick.)

FROM HAVANA.—Charleston, Aug. 11.—The steamer Isabel, from Havana on the morning of the 8th, via Key West on the evening of that day, arrived at this port last evening.

We learn from Havana that there were well grounded reports in that city to the effect that a high official residing on the south part of the island had been assassinated. There were also rumours of a speedy change in the government of the island: a new Governor to succeed Pezuela, was shortly expected. Additional troops had arrived at Havana.

The city continued to improve in health, but was more than usually dull. The sugar market continued very firm, and for some qualities higher prices had been paid. Molasses scarce, and very firm at 10s 6d quotations. Freight to Europe and to the United States were very dull, but without any quotable change since previous advices. There were but very few vessels in port, and those of a small class.

ADDITIONAL RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Made and passed at a Special Session of the Peace held at St. Andrews, in the County of Charlotte, the 20th day of June, A.D. 1851, for the Prevention and Removal of Nuisances injurious to health, and for the Promotion of Cleanliness, and Preventing the spreading of Contagious Diseases in the said County, under and by virtue of Act 13 Vic., cap. 30.

1.—That any two or more Justices shall have full power and authority at any and at all times, either by themselves or by persons appointed by them, and any Constable or Constables and person or persons acting in their aid, to enter into and upon all houses, buildings, yards, inclosures, or lands not inclosed, within the County of Charlotte, and remove, or cause to be removed therefrom, every thing which may be considered by them, or the persons appointed by them, offensive, noxious, or likely to cause the spread of any diseases or distempers, or injure the public health; and the houses, buildings, goods and inclosures, or lands inclosed of the poor, or of persons who will not immediately attend to their directions to fumigate, cleanse, and use such other means for purifying as they shall deem necessary to preserve the health of the inhabitants; and may cause any avenue, street, alley, or any other passage whatever, to be fenced up or otherwise inclosed, if they shall think the public health and safety require it, and adopt suitable measures for preventing all persons whomsoever from going to any part of the Town, Parish or District so inclosed. And may in their discretion prohibit or regulate the internal intercourse by land or water between the Parishes or Districts in said County; and may direct that all persons who shall come into the said Parishes or Districts, shall be apprehended and conveyed to the vessel or place whence they last came, or beyond the confines of their respective Districts, or if sick, that they be conveyed to such hospital or other place as they may appoint, and may adopt proper measures to prevent the spread of any contagious or pestilential Disease when it shall appear to their satisfaction that any person within the said County is afflicted with a disease of that character, and may forbid and prevent all communication with the house or family so infected, except by means of Ministers of the Gospel, Physicians, Nurses, or Messengers to carry the necessary advice, medicines and provisions to the afflicted, and unless by permission in writing; and direct, by a written order, that the infected person be removed (if deemed necessary) to some proper place under the superintendence of a Physician.

2. That all Tavern Keepers, or other House Keepers whatever, within the County of Charlotte, shall make report to the nearest Justice of the Peace in and for said County, of all and every person or persons whatsoever coming by what route soever from any port or place infected into any or either of their families, under a penalty of five pounds for each and every person so omitted to be reported as aforesaid.

3. That any two or more Justices may appoint such and so many other persons as may be necessary to act under them in carrying into effect the foregoing Rules and Regulations.

4. That any person refusing, or neglecting to obey the written order or instructions of the said Justices, or obstructing the said Justices or the persons appointed by them in the discharge of their duties, or the Constables acting in their aid, shall, upon conviction, be liable to a penalty of five pounds.