

FORMS

Office,
To order,
Court,
process; Bailable pro
cess; Bailable writ
General Issue; and

Piracy,
Ticket, Juror's sum
na, Defendant's bond,
hipmaster's complaint
discharge
any deed; Letter
of appointment, Co
maintenance, &
res. Bond to pay
ment. Timber.

GRANT,

of Schenck's Emily
Warr, from
P.A.K.
shipped from
a, through do,
P.O. No. 1, 1893

James H. H. H.
No. 1, 1893

& Co.,

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

TERMS
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17c. 6d. do. when forwarded by mail.
ADVERTISEMENTS,
inserted according to written orders, or continued
if no written directions.
First insertion of 12 lines and under, 3c.
Each repetition of do 1c.
Each 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 12, 1893. Number 2.

MONTHLY ALMANAC				
1893.	First week	Second week	Third week	Fourth week
1 Jan	1	8	15	22
2 Jan	2	9	16	23
3 Jan	3	10	17	24
4 Jan	4	11	18	25
5 Jan	5	12	19	26
6 Jan	6	13	20	27
7 Jan	7	14	21	28

Universal Memoranda.
Average time of Sunrise this day 5:50 a.m. after
Sun set 4:26 p.m. before 1
Moon's First Quarter, on the 24th at 11:40
Do. Full Moon, on the 31st at 11:40
Do. Last Quarter, on the 14th at 11:40
Do. New Moon, on the 21st at 11:40
High Water at Full Moon—2:20 a.m. after

A TALE OF THE CONSCRIPTION

CONCLUDED.

He held up again the glittering treasure, and in a voice as calm and unmoved as if he had been speaking on the most indifferent subject, he continued: "I repeat, here are two thousand francs, a fortune to persons in your station of life—you can procure a substitute for your husband, and live in comfort all the rest of your life; I will take care that he does not quarrel with the means by which you will have procured him ease and happiness. On the other hand, consider well the consequences of a refusal—you acknowledge that you have but a few years remaining. You have already nearly starved yourself to give food to your child; in a few days at farthest your sacrifice will be of no avail, your last sons will be gone, your infant will pine and die before your eyes, and you will remember that it was in your power to save her, and you are to die."

Louise did not interrupt him. In the first bitterness of her disappointment she burst into tears, and wept as those who weep who are exhausted by suffering, hold their last, earthly hope fast from them. After a little time her tears ceased, and she sat as if unconscious of all around. But though no longer weeping, she had an occasional sobbing sigh, and to outward seeming calm, who can tell the agonizing thoughts that made her brain throb and burn, while her heart felt cold and heavy as death itself! She fancied that all that had befallen her was in token of disappointment at the course she had adopted. Disappointment had attended her every hope. It was now eight months since she had written to her husband, and not one line from him had she yet received. Perhaps her letter had never reached him. That was a bitter thought—but bitter still was the idea that, ignorant of her removal, he might have written her at Berny, where even now a letter might be lying for her. The probability of such a circumstance almost drove her mad, and she cursed the impatience which had made her come to Strasbourg. She would instantly retrace her steps and obtain the longed-for treasure. She rose and took up her child, as though she were about to put her plan into immediate execution; but, alas! she was speedily convinced of its utter impracticability. Her little girl was nearly a year older than when she had performed the journey before, while she herself, who was at that time in perfect health, was now exhausted with misery and starvation. Just as this agonizing conviction forced itself upon her, the messenger, expecting words of him she began to believe a messenger direct from the Evil One, enquired upon her. "You will see your child and die before your eyes, and remember you had it in your power to save it, and would not." Another passion of tears burst from that breaking heart, as kneeling at the infant's feet, and clasping her arms round her sweet head, she strained it wildly to her bosom. O God! she exclaimed, tell me my friend, give food to my infant, but save her mother from misery. She arose, calmer and less despairing, for her prayer was pure and sincere. She addressed the tempter, I have still a trifle left, and believe that a gone, Sir, who for-sakes not those that trust in him, will afford me honorable means of escape.

De la Riviere looked at her as he would have gazed on the performance of a magician, watching with a jealous eye any slightest hand, fearing to give credit to what he held, lest he should discover that what he had excited his admiration and wonder was only a common cheat. We have said but little respecting the beauty of Louise; but beautiful she was, and now, as she stood in all the misery of beauty and holiness, a sculptor, who had wished to embody virtue, might have taken her for his model.

Well, he said at length, take your own way, I am still willing to assist you on certain conditions. I shall leave the money here; if your present hopes fail you, and you choose to comply with them, it is yours—use it freely; but should I hear nothing from you, I shall conclude it is untouched, and return for it in a fortnight.

Oh! for the love of Heaven, as you hope for mercy yourself, show it to me—leave me the money here! Her tone showed the agony she endured. "O tempter, not so sorely," she continued. "On my knees I implore you to take it away, and leave me to my poverty and God's care. Who shall answer for themselves when one dearest than I asks for bread, and the price of guilt lies before them? Take it away—it you know what mercy is, O take it away! She raised her eyes imploringly. He was gone, and on the table lay the bag of money; and there sat her child, pale and terrified at a scene so unusual, and she was alone with misery and temptation.

Ten days had elapsed since that trying visit. The last saleable article had been disposed of, and the provisions it had supplied were consumed. For twenty-four hours the child had not tasted food. The wretched mother sat on the side of the bed, in which

lay sleeping from exhaustion—a sleep how unlike the slumber of health! A low moan broke repeatedly from his lips, and every time that sound met the mother's ear, it seemed to send a pang through her heart, which she pressed with her hand as if to still its beating. She was pale as marble, but not even the trace of a tear was visible on her cheek. After a time the child's sleep seemed easier, and soon its breathing became audible. Suddenly Louise, who had never taken her eyes from her face, rose from her seat and bent over the bed for a moment, then sobbing hysterically, she said, God of goodness, take me likewise, throw herself beside it.

Even this her hope cheated her. The child was not dead, as she had imagined; it opened its languid eyes and stretching out its little hand, murmured feebly, do pain, maman. The wretched girl shrieked with agony, and springing from the bed she had hoped would have been her resting-place from weariness, she pressed her hands to her burning brow, and remained for some moments a prey to torture which convulsed her whole frame. Slowly she uncovered her face, and, spite of its beauty, it was fearful to look upon. The big drops stood on her pale forehead, her lips were colorless, while her eyes seemed dilated beyond their natural size. She took her child in her arms, and kissing it with a vehemence that seemed to partake almost of insanity, she said, in a tone of desperation, She rose—but her steps were unsteady, she was obliged to cling to the wall for support—but she reached the cupboard where she had hid the money that she might not look upon it; she opened the bag, and taking out some silver, quitted the house.

Again was Louise beside her child, but this time the infant did not ask in vain for bread—food of the best quality, and in abundance, was there. O how eagerly she watched it as it ate heartily, showing that as yet it had suffered no serious injury from its fast. The poor old woman, who from suffering and age was become quite imbecile, was not forgotten, and while the two extremes of life were satisfying their wants, unconscious of the terrible price at which they did so, Louise a town and penned the following note:—

"I know not what you are, but your dreadful words have come to pass, I have seen my child pining and dying. She asked me for bread—I had none to give her. I bought some with my money. I prayed for death, but it would not come—so I sold myself to give her food."

The night was cold and dismal—the rain beat against the window—the wind swept by in mournful gusts—a miserable lot of candle served to show the utter desolation of the chamber. There was no fire; but the cheerful hearth at Louise miserably clad, her eyes fixed on her sleeping child; it seemed, indeed, as if all she had retained of life was derived from gazing on her infant. A carriage stopped, and a low knock was heard at the door. Louise trembled violently, but rose and gave admission to the man who took such cruel advantage of her misery. Even he, almost started as he looked on her; she was so pale, so shadowy, and her hand, as he took it in his, had the clammy coldness of death.

Why have you brought yourself to this, Louise? he said. But come away—this is no place to remain in longer. I love you, and will make you forget all this wretchedness.

She made no resistance—she was passive as an infant in his hands; only she gave him a note directed to his mother's housekeeper, who had showed her great kindness when she had been in the habit of going to the house, and requested it might be delivered immediately. It was only, she said, to beg her to come and remain with her child till her return; or, if she never came back, to be a mother to it, and a friend to Jeannette.

As she spoke, her voice was firm and clear, but so low, so mournful, it sounded like a distant knell, borne to the ear on the evening breeze of summer.

You shall never return to this wretched place, said the man; but the old woman shall be taken care of, and your child shall be brought to you.

in the same calm chilly voice in which she had before spoken, asked for a glass of water, and taking it with a steady hand, turned her back on him. The man's no longer suppressed an expression of wonder and admiration; he watched her narrowly, and in an instant springing to her side, and seizing a paper which she had let fall, dashed the jet of unsteady gold from her lips.

Forbear! he cried, make me not a murderer. Oh, Louise, look on me, I, who have never bent the knee to aught on earth or in heaven, kneel to you for forgiveness. No, not for countless empires would I sully purity like yours. Till now, I thought holiness and virtue were but a tale. Base that I was, to require such proofs of the excellency of woman! But forgive me, Louise. 'Tis now my turn to sue for mercy, and, angel as you are, I feel that, sorely as I have tried you, I shall not plead in vain. Do not hate me for my cruelty, but try to look on me as a brother, and one whose greatest happiness will consist in promoting yours.

The girl looked on him as he knelt at her feet, and she gazed wildly, and passed her hands across her eyes as though she thought it was all a dream; but the tone of truth cannot be mistaken, and as she became convinced of the sincerity of his words, the revulsion of feeling was too great for her exhausted frame—she burst into a wild laugh, and fell senseless on the floor.

For many days she lay hovering between life and death, and when, at length, her youth and good constitution triumphed over disease, and her consciousness returned, it was long before she could be convinced that all she saw was not a deceitful dream, which would melt away, and leave her desolate as before. She lay in a comfortable bed, in a cheerful, neatly furnished apartment. Her child, the picture of health, was playing on the floor, while Jeannette, well clothed, sat in an arm-chair beside a blazing fire. A smiling young girl stood by the bed, and gave her a draught, which seemed to endow her with new life. It was not, however, till two days afterwards that the physician allowed her to receive a letter which her young attendant had been most anxious to give her. It was from the Marquis de la Riviere, and contained the following words:—

No! Louise, I will not talk of reparation—I can never make you amends for the suffering I have caused; but let me show you, at least, that I am anxious to make what atonement is in my power. The cottage you are in, with the land attached to it, is settled on your husband, together with a pension of a thousand francs a year. I have found a substitute for him, and he will be with you in a few days. I have interest enough to prevent his ever being called upon to serve again. Forgive me, I implore you, and let me speedily hear of your recovery. Remember, till I do, I know not whether I am a murderer or not. Pray to God that you may recover, that so I may be spared being the destroyer of her who has been a guardian angel to my soul.

What a restorative is happiness! It freshens the heart like summer showers. And, O the bright and lovely things which spring forth beneath its influence, where all before was scorching and arid. It was not more than a year after the foregoing circumstances that the narrator of these first befalls Louise. It was on a beautiful evening in the latter end of August. The cottage stood in the midst of corn-fields, full of wheat-sheaves. Beneath a porch grown over with jasmine and honeysuckle sat old Jeannette, watching, with almost childish glee, the little girl who was making a garland of wild flowers. Paul was arranging a pattering in his beautiful wife took great delight, and she stood beside him a living exemplification that virtue has its reward. When she was not giving him directions about her garden, she continued working at something she had in her hand, I had been in conversation with them some time, when I could not help remarking how beautiful the embroidery was on which she was employed, and asked her what it was for? She answered, it is a dress for the young Marquis de la Riviere's first child.

London "Metropolitan" for November.

EARLY RISING AND LYING A-BED.

The late Judge Mansfield, is said, when in court to have made a practice of inquiring into the habits of life of all the witnesses who had attained old age; and this curious inquiry invariably found that however differing in other matters, they had all been early risers. The celebrated Dr. Cheyne, in his "Essay on Health and Long Life," gives it as his opinion, that "nothing can be more prejudicial to tender communications, and studious and contemplative persons, than lying long in bed, lolling and soaking in sheets, after one is distinctly awake or has slept a due and reasonable time. It necessarily (he says) thickens the juices, enervates the solids, and weakens the constitution. A free open air is a kind of cold bath especially after rising out of a warm bed, and consequently makes the circulation brisker and more complete, and braces up the solids, when

lying in bed dissolves and soaks them in moisture. This is evident from the appetite and hunger which those that rise early feel beyond that which they get by lying long in bed." John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists, who had studied the art of healing, wrote a sermon on the advantages of early rising. He observes in it—

"One common effect of either sleeping too long, or lying too long in bed is weakness of sight, particularly that weakness which is of a nervous kind. When I was young my sight was remarkably weak. Why is it stronger now than it was forty years ago? I impute this principally to the blessing of God, who fits us to whatever he calls us to; but undoubtedly the outward mean which he has been pleased to bless was the rising early every morning." Dr. Wilson Phillips, in his "Treatise on Indigestion," says—"Although it is of consequence to the debilitated to go early to bed, there are few things more hurtful to them than remaining in it too long. Getting up an hour or two earlier often gives a degree of vigour which nothing else can procure. For those who are not much debilitated, and sleep well, the best rule is to get out of bed soon after waking in the morning. This at first may appear to early, for the debilitated require more sleep than the healthy; but rising early will gradually prolong the sleep on the succeeding night, till the quantity the patient enjoys is equal to his demand for it. Lying late is not only hurtful by the relaxation it occasions, but also by occupying that part of the day at which exercise is most beneficial." The Lord Chancellor More rose at four in the morning, Milton left his bed about the same hour; so did Bishop Burnet; the historian, Sir Matthew Hale, when a student, devoted sixteen out of twenty-four hours to study. Dr. Parkhurst rose at five o'clock all the year round; and Archdeacon Paley, and Drs. Franklin and Priestly, all recommended and adopted this practice during the greatest portion of their lives.

Portry.
TUE USED UP
The jig is up; I have been flung
Sky high—and worse than that—
The girl whose praises I have sung,
With pen, with pencil, and with tongue,
Said "No,"—and I felt flat.
Now, I will neither rave nor rant,
Nor my hard fate deplore;
Why should a fellow look askant
If one girl says she won't or can't,
While there's so many more,
I strove my best—it wouldn't do:
I told her she'd regret—
She'd ruin my heart, and chances too,
As girls don't like those fellows who
Their walking papers get.
In truth I loved her very well,
And thought that she loved me;
The reason why, I cannot tell,
But when I wooed this pretty belle—
'Twas a mistake in me.
She's blue of eye—and her sweet smile;
Like some of which I've read,
Is false, for she with softest guile
Lured me 'mong rocks, near love's bright ile;
And then she cut me dead.
My vanity was wounded sore—
And I had both the worst;
You see, laughily look I wore,
And thought she could not but adore
Of all men, me the first.
Well, thank the fates, once more I'm free—
At every shrine I'll bow,
And if again a girl cheat me,
Exceeding sharp I guess she'll be—
I've cut my eye-teeth now.
Oh, like the bumblebee I'll rove,
Just when and where I please—
Inhaling sweets from every grove,
Humming around each flower I love,
And dancing in each breeze.

Queen Victoria with a French Husband.

A friend has shown us a private letter from London, which says—"The question of marriage between the Queen and the Duc de Nemours, it is said, was submitted to the Privy Council yesterday, (6th November,) at Windsor. It cannot, of course, be publicly known to any one out of the Council. If a proposition to this effect has come from Louis Philippe—and it is not unlikely, as he is a cunning as well as ambitious 'cove,'—it must be brought before Parliament, and before it can be entertained. The intimation of the marriage is received with much favor by the public, and is daily gaining ground."—Boston paper.

The harbour of Charlottetown was frozen

over, so as to be crossed on foot, as early as the 11th inst. a circumstance of unusual occurrence. Indeed we do not recollect of its even being frozen over so early, with the exception of the year 1855, when foot-passengers crossed on the ice on the 4th of December, and horses on the 7th. We have known more than one instance of vessels arriving in the month of January; and on the 18th of January, 1831, although the river was frozen over above the town, the channel was navigable from the wharf as far out as the blackhouse.—P. E. I. Herald.

Sir Charles and Lady Mary Fitz Roy entertained a large party at Government House on Monday evening, in celebration of Miss Fitz Roy's birthday. After supper, dancing was resumed, and kept up with great spirit, until three o'clock the next morning, when the company reluctantly took leave of their hospitable entertainers.—Herald.

His Excellency Sir John Harvey, has given a donation of £210 in aid of the subscription for a new wing in Fredericton, to assist the destitute families of individuals who have been killed or wounded in the late engagements with the brigands in Canada. The amounts obtained in that place up to last Tuesday, was £71 10.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
The Canada papers state that there was a large quantity of Bank paper belonging to the Bank of British North America, on board the Calbourne, recently wrecked in the Bay Chaleur. This was saved, and the parties who got possession of it, have put it into circulation, with forged signatures. A gentleman connected with the establishment, passed through this place on his way to the Bay, to enquire regarding the same.—Miranichi Gleaner.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Standard.

MR. EDITOR,
By inserting the following communication in your next publication, you will much oblige A Subscriber.

FREEDOMLOVERS OF CHARLOTTE.—The meeting of the Legislature approaches apace.—For the first time since Charlotte was a County, it must be unrepresented in the councils of the country—at least not represented to the extent of its legal right—you have, indeed, three representatives of your own choosing, but the fourth is imposed upon you against the will of the Electors, a majority of sixty-eight having declared that he was not the man of their choice.—But it is said, the chosen candidate forfeited his sea by a breach of privilege. Let this be granted, (though circumstances say the contrary) still, your rights and parliamentary usage both required, that if the seat of one of four representatives was vacated for any cause, you, and none other should have the right of choosing another to fill it; and that other could not be the man whom a majority of sixty-eight (freedomlovers, in legal form at the poll and nearly one thousand persons subsequently by petition, had declared against. If the imposition of a man thus rejected, were not, practically saying, you were unworthy of the elective franchise and that the house would exercise that right for you, I know not what is. That this proceeding is contrary to parliamentary usage, not remote but recent cases show. So late, I believe, as the last session of the Imperial Parliament, Lord Teignmouth and Sir William—had been rival candidates for the representation of one of the suburban boroughs. Sir William had the majority of votes at the close of the Poll. On a scrutiny, brought at the instance of Lord Teignmouth, it was found that Sir William was disqualified. This case was perfectly analogous to that of Thomson and Owen; and had the Commons House of Parliament acted as our House of Assembly, Lord Teignmouth must have taken the vacant seat; but the house said no, you are not the choice of the Electors—I am, they have chosen a man disqualified by law to represent them, and you have been his duly qualified antagonist; but this does not entitle you to their choice; the house will therefore issue a writ or a new election and will impose a man on the people whom, by their votes, they have already rejected. Here is parliamentary precedent, by which our Assembly is bound to guide itself. I say, you a fellow-freeholders, had you not an undoubted right to the same measure of justice at the hands of the House of Assembly since, which was meted out to Thomson and Owen, by the Commons House of Great Britain to the Electors of the County of Devon? Undoubtedly your case is still stronger than that of Thomson and Owen, for your man was not disqualified at the time of his election, but only by an alleged breach of privilege imposed upon you, as a representative at once to justice and precedent. You are loyal subjects, not rebels. Such treatment, however, to create discontent, than legislative or Executive action strikes at you elective franchise.