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James Albee Esq.
Trist. Moore Esq.
Jas. Brooks Esq.
Mr. J. Goldery,
Mr. David Turner,
Mr. Wm. Brant,
Mr. D. Gilson,
J. H. Knight Esq.,
Wilford Fisher Esq.,
D. M. Milne Esq.,
W. J. Layton Esq.,
Mr. Henry S. Beck,
Jas. Cole Esq.

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Volume VIII.

The Standard,

Number VII

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Price 15s.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 19, 1841.

Per Annum.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Standard.

Fredericton, 6th Feb. 1841.

Mr. Editor.
There was a large debate the other day among the Lawyers in the House, about the practice in the Courts of Law which I could not understand. Mr. Street brought in the Bill, and said it would be the means of making cases far more simple, and so removing "the glorious uncertainty of the Law." Mr. End, Mr. Beardsley and Mr. Barbare, denied this, and said that the Bill would cause endless confusion and set Bar, Bench, and Jury-box, all adrift. This put me in mind of the case of "Bullum versus Boatum," reported in one of Master Paul Dougherty's Books, where the hungry Bull set himself adrift by jumping into a Boat and eating the hay band that fastened her to the shore. The debate lasted a long time, but whether they made any alteration in the Law, or what they made of the Bill is more than I can tell, so thinks I to myself "Law's Law provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding."

Mr. Boyd presented several Petitions against the duty on Flour, but nothing has yet been done with them. A great number of Messages from the Governor were read and discussed, and among them was a correspondence of a Mrs. Gordon whose father, it seems had once a grant of land on the Digdegush River, and which was sometime since escheated. In the debate upon this matter there was a regular set-to between Mr. End and Mr. Brown. Then came Mr. Woodward's Bill for the measuring of Saw Logs. This Bill required all the Logs to be entirely straight, to be without knots, and free from rotten sap. All the old-lumberers in the House were against it. I could have told a thing or two about the business myself, and wanted very much to speak, for I soon found that a good many of them did not understand it and did not believe that straight boards could not be made out of a crooked tree, or that a sap rotten pine would make boards as good as straight. At last they agreed it was a good deal and then passed it. After this came Mr. Fisher's Bill for raising a dollar a year out of every hundred acres of unsettled land to help to make the Roads. This Bill was warmly supported by the Speaker, Messrs. Fisher, Brown and Boyd, and opposed by Messrs. Owen, End, Hill, and Gilbert. There was a large majority in favour of it. A great many other little Bills were passed of little consequence to the public at large, as they are local in their operation. One of these was to tax all dogs on the Island of Campbell, another to regulate streets in the Town of St. Stephen, another for the payment of Jurors in the County of Carleton, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Owen proceeded with his scheme of dividing the County, by setting off the Islands as a County by themselves. Mr. Boyd presented two petitions against this measure, upon which Mr. Owen withdrew his proceedings and abandoned his scheme. Mr. Hill moved for leave to present a Bill to make St. Stephen, St. David, and Saint James, into a County, but the House were all against him but two, so he never said one word more about it. A long Bill was presented by Mr. Partelow, which is intended to regulate all proceedings relative to bankrupts, and to allow unfortunate debtors when they have given up all, to go at large and begin the world again. I dare say there were more than sixty petitions offered within the two last days, several of these were from the land purchasers in our County, begging for something in lieu of the large sums of money which they had paid and forfeited to the Crown. They were all unsuccessful, but there appeared in the House a growing disposition to view their claims more favourably, and I think they will ultimately get some land as an equivalent for the large sums of money which they have paid into the public chest.

Mr. Brown presented a Petition from Wilford Fisher, of Grand Manan, praying for some money to help him to pay the expenses of a prosecution which he suffered on account of the burning of the Church. A great deal was said upon this subject, and although several of the members said that his petition could not be received, almost every one who spoke seemed very sorry for him. The petition was finally received and ordered over to a select committee to be examined and reported upon.

I almost forget to inform you, that I have been attending Dr. Gesner's evening lectures on what he calls *Geology*, in Mr. Beckwith's large room at the upper end of the Town. This *Geology* is a painting of the whole earth and the greater part of the Heavens, which he has hung up on the wall behind him, and which he points out to his hearers with a long pole. Before him is a globe which he whirled round with all his might, by which he shews that this cold earth on which we live, is nothing more than a lump of the hot burning sun which was thrown off like a lump of mud from a wagon wheel, the heat of which is "kissing hot" to this very hour. Then again he has all kinds of Indian utensils, Pots, Axes, Gouges, Spear and Arrow heads, all

made out of stone, by which he shews what miserable creatures men were before they knew *Geology*. He has ever so many broken pieces of stones of all manner of shapes and kinds, and tells all about them, and how and when they were made. He shews some of them which he says fell blazing from the Heavens, and maintains that they contain substances which on this earth are no where to be found. "The moon, he says, is as hot as Tophet," and full of burning volcanoes; from this I infer, that these flaming firebrands have been hurled down at our heads by my old friend the "Man in the Moon," just by way of fun. However, as this is only my own conjecture, I may be wrong. But this I do know, that Dr. Gesner is the most wonderful man that I ever did hear in all the days of my life. I could sit and listen to him the whole night, and am always sorry when his lecture is done.

Your's,
JACK ROBINSON.

New-Brunswick,

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

Thursday, Feb. 4.

Mr. Boyd presented a Petition from Wilford Fisher, Esq. and 31 others, of the Island of Grand Manan, in the County of Charlotte, praying that a grant may pass towards opening and improving Dark Harbour, in the said Island; which was received and referred to the Committee on Internal Communication to report thereon.

Mr. Owen presented a Petition from Wilford Fisher, Esq. and 31 others; also a Petition from John Robertson, Esq. and 62 others, inhabitants of Grand Manan, Campo Bello and West Isles, in the County of Charlotte, praying that the Islands lying in the Bay of Passamaquoddy, and the Island of Grand Manan may be erected into a separate and distinct County; which were received.

Mr. Boyd presented a Petition from Cochran Graig, and 128 others, inhabitants of the Island of Campo Bello and Deer and Indian Islands, in the said County, praying that those Islands be not separated from the said County, by erecting the same into a distinct County; which was received.

Mr. Hill presented a Petition from Wilford Fisher and Joel Ingersoll, of Grand Manan, in the County of Charlotte, praying that a grant may pass towards paying the balance due to building a Deposit for the Militia Arms at that place; which was decided in the negative.

Mr. Hill presented a Petition from John Marks, of Saint Stephens, in the County of Charlotte, setting forth, that in the year 1835 he purchased from the Crown a Tract of five thousand eight hundred acres of Land, lying between the waters of the River Saint John and St. Croix, upon which he paid the first instalment and entered into a Bond for the payment of the residue, that the Bond has since been cancelled upon forfeiture of the instalment paid, and the relinquishment of the said Land, and praying compensation, either in Land or otherwise, for the amount so paid by him, which was decided in the negative.

Mr. Boyd presented a Petition from John Fish and 54 others, Settlers on the Old Road leading from Fredericton to Saint Andrews, praying that the said line of Road may not be abandoned; which was received.

Mr. Brown presented a Petition from Samuel McFarlan, William Gilmore and David Turner, Overseers of the Poor for the Parish of St. Patrick, in the County of Charlotte, praying to be reimbursed the expenses incurred in the support of an Emigrant Pauper in that Parish, during the past year; which was received, and referred to the Committee of Supply.

Mr. Brown presented a Petition from John Wilson, of the Parish of Saint Andrews, in the County of Charlotte, setting forth certain hardships which has been subjected to under the operation of an Act passed at the last Session of the Legislature to provide a regular supply of Seamen for new Vessels and praying relief in the premises; which was received.

Mr. Hill presented a Bill, to abolish the Fees of the Judges and Clerk of the Pleas in the Supreme Court, and to make other provisions in lieu thereof.

The said Bill being brought in, was read a first time.

Friday, Feb 5

Mr. Brown presented a Petition from Hugh Irvin, of the Parish of St. David, in the County of Charlotte, setting forth that in the year 1830 he made purchase of a lot of Land from the Crown, paid a part of the purchase money, and commenced cultivating and improving the same; that upon application at the Crown Land Office, he found that the Land had been previously granted, and consequently he was obliged to relinquish his purchase; and now praying to be remunerated for the loss sustained by reason thereof; which was received.

On motion of Mr. Brown; further Ordered That the said Petition be referred to the Committee appointed on the second instant to take under consideration a Petition from

Isaac and Thomas Murray, praying relief relative to proceedings had with regard to Lands purchased from the Crown by Duncan Barber, a Crown Debtor to report thereon; and On like motion of Mr. Brown, Ordered That a Petition from Joseph Walton, presented to the House on the 23d day of January last, praying that a sum of money overpaid on Land purchased from the Crown may be refunded to him, which Petition was ordered to lie on the table, be referred to the same Committee, to report thereon.

Mr. Hill presented a Petition from Robert Lindsay and 50 others, inhabitants of a part of the Parish of St. Stephens, in Charlotte praying an amendment in the present Act relative to the performance of Statute Labour on the Highways, so far as relates to the Salt Water and Mill Town Villages in the said Parishes; which was received.

Mr. Boyd presented a Petition from Nian Lindsay, of St. Stephens, in the County of Charlotte, setting forth, that he had made purchase from the Crown, in the year 1835 of a large tract of Land, and paid the first instalment; that not being able to complete the remaining instalments due, he prays to be allowed a grant so much of the said tract as will be equal to the amount so paid, or that he may be allowed to cut Lumber therefrom, the stumpage of which shall be equal thereto; which was received.

Mr. Boyd presented a Petition from John Appleby, and eight others, Officers in the 3d Batt. of the C. C. Militia, praying that a grant may pass for the purpose of purchasing a piece of ground whereon to erect a building for the safe keeping of arms and other property belonging to the said Battalion, which was received.

Mr. Allen presented a Petition from Colin Campbell, Esq. late Sheriff of the County of Charlotte, praying that a grant may pass to reimburse him a sum paid to the Atty. Gen., being the amount of debt and costs in a suit instituted on behalf of the Crown against one Sylvanus L. Blake, for the recovery of a demand against him; which was received, and referred to the Committee of Supply.

Mr. Brown presented a Petition from Joseph Moore, of the Parish of St. David, in the County of Charlotte, setting forth, that he had in the year 1835 made purchase of certain Lands from the Crown, and upon which he paid the first instalments, and not being able to pay the remaining instalments, he was obliged to forfeit the amount paid and relinquish the Lands so purchased; and now praying some remuneration for the loss and injury sustained in consequence thereof; which he read.

And upon the question that the said Petition be received and ordered to lie on the Table, it was decided in the negative.

Mr. Brown presented a Petition from J. Kyle, in the Parish of St. James, in the County of Charlotte, formerly a Soldier in the 21st Regt. of Foot, praying a free grant of Land in consideration of his long services; which was received.

Mr. Hill presented a Bill, to increase the Jurisdiction of the Peace in certain cases.

The said Bill being brought in, was read a first time.

Mr. Brown brought in a Bill, to alter and amend the Militia Law.

Mr. Hill brought in a Bill, in further amendment of the Law.

The said Bill being brought in, was read a first time.

Mr. Hill brought in Bill, in addition to an Act, intitled "An Act relating to Landlord and Tenant; which was read a first time.

CHRONICLES OF LIFE.

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

THE PAWN-BROKER'S WINDOW.

CHAPTER I.

"All the sad variety of woe,"
Thomson.

There is more philosophy of life to be learned from a Pawnbroker's window, than in all the libraries in the world. The maxims and dogmas which wise men have chronicled, disturb the mind for a moment as the breeze ruffles the surface of the deep, still stream, and pass away; but there is something in the melancholy grouping of a pawnbroker's window, which like a record of ruin sinks into the heart. The household Gods—the cherished relics—the sacred possessions affection bestowed, or eyes now closed in death had once looked upon as their own—are here as it were profaned—the associations of dear old times are here violated—the family hearth is here outraged—the ties of love—kindred—rank—all that the heart clings to are broken here; it is a sad picture, for in spite of the glittering show, its associations are sombre.

There hangs the watch, the old chased repeater, that hung over the head of a dying parent when bestowing his trembling blessing on the poor outcast who parted with it for bread; the widow's wedding ring is there, the last and nearest of all her possessions; the trinket—pledge of love of one now dead, the only relic of the heart's fondest memories—

silver that graced the holiday fast, the gilt framed miniature that used to hang over the quiet mantle shelf—the flute, the favourite of a dead son, surrendered by a starving mother, to procure food for her remaining offspring—the locket that held a father's hair—or gloomier still, the dress, the very covering of the poor is there, waving like the flag of wretchedness and misery.

It is a strange, sad sight;—to those who feel aright, there are more touching memorials to be seen at a Pawnbroker's window, than in all the monuments in Westminster Abbey.

At no great distance from Limehouse, about eight years ago, there was a Pawnbroker's shop which had many customers, and to judge by the mingled collection which filled its window they were of every rank and condition of life. The shop had a high narrow door, a dim, abrupt entrance, and looked like a dusty spider's web to entangle the flies of a poor neighbourhood.

It had a designing look. A barber's was next door, a grocer's on the other side, and when the sun shone upon them the two latter had an honest hearty appearance, but the former with all its glitter, seemed to wear a sardonic smile. Yet let not the business of a pawn-broker be judged too harshly, since, if he follow his calling honestly, he is one of the most useful members of society, as but for him the last crumbs of life would often be withheld from the lips of misery.

One cold wet night, about the time already mentioned, there were three persons lingering near the pawnbroker's. It was quite dark and the rain falling fast, and pattering loudly in the deserted street. Each of the three appeared anxious to enter the shop, but were restrained by the presence of another already there. They were all waiting until the shop was empty, and although they did not speak to each other, each seemed to understand the other's errand, and with the morbid pride of poverty to wish to execute their own unnoted and alone.

One of these was an old man whose drooping attitude, feeble step, and the abject look which his features expressed when he turned them towards the light, proclaimed him most dejected of the three. He was shabbily dressed, his long gray hair hung over his hollow cheeks, and his almost shoeless feet were soaked with the rain.

He was the first to enter the shop. With a trembling hand he drew a metal watch from his pocket. The pawnbroker rapidly uncase it, and after a word or two laid a few shillings on the counter. The old man gathered them up, and hurried out of the place as if anxious to remove himself from such a scene. He was succeeded in the shop by another of those who had been lingering near it, waiting until it was empty; a poor looking woman wrapped in a grey cloak. She entered with a timid, flurried look, drew a worn silver spoon from her pocket, received a small sum, in exchange, and glided from the shop as stealthily as she had entered.

The last of the three was now left alone. It was a young woman poorly dressed, she appeared more agitated than any of the others had been, and once or twice wrung her hands as if in agony of thought. As she drew near the shop the light that fell upon her features showed that although pale and sorrow-worn they were of touching beauty—while her youth (she could not be more than twenty) increased the interest which her evident distress of mind was calculated to inspire. She reached the door—her hand was raised to open it, but she shrank back again, and drawing a little miniature from her bosom looked at it wistfully by the light of the window; the tears started to her large blue eyes—she kissed the portrait, and thrusting it again into her bosom, passed on. She walked a few yards—then paused—then proceeded—then came back again. There was now another customer in the shop, she had once more to pass on. It was still raining heavily, the November wind was sweeping the dark street, and the cold blasts were piercing; yet the young woman heeded them not; the struggle which was evidently going on in her own mind rendered her insensible to the miseries of the scene around her.

Again she came to the pawnbroker's door. The shop was now empty, but again she appeared to hesitate. At last instant the clock of the neighbouring church struck eight.—She started at the sound, and without another symptom of irresolution entered the doorway. She drew out the miniature and laid it up and held it to the light. It was the portrait of a young sailor, and mounted in gold. The man looked at it for a moment—examined the painting with a sort of careless curiosity, but the gold which surrounded it with more attention.

"How much do you wish on this?" said he, addressing the young woman.

"A sovereign," was the reply.

The man looked at her keenly. She blushed. He examined the trinket again. "A sovereign," repeated he, as if meaning "Did you purchase this miniature yourself?"

"No," said she, in an unsteady voice, "It was given to me."

The man eyed her suspiciously. Her dress soiled by the rain, her tattered bonnet and pale face seemed to him at variance with the nature of such a present. She looked distressed and held out her hand to receive the offered pledge again. The hand was white and delicate—the voice was mournful and soft—the manner in which she addressed him, although timid, was gentle and lady-like; the pawnbroker said within himself, "She has not stolen it." A sovereign and a duplicate were handed her—the miniature was put aside—she looked for a moment anxiously after it, then drawing her wet faded shawl over her still colder bosom, departed with a look of grief.

She walked hurriedly on—the lamps she passed showed that her eyes were filled with tears—and again she wrung her hands;—she entered a more narrow and desolate looking region, the lamps there were nearly all extinguished by the wind, and there was no shop to send a glare into the street. She proceeded to one of the houses, knocked gently, and was admitted. In a few moments she came out again with a small basket in her hand, and proceeded to the more frequented part of this quarter of the town.

When she returned a stranger followed her. He kept himself some distance behind, as if anxious not to be seen; but he followed her step for step, and watched the house she entered. He was a tall man, wrapped closely up in a dark great coat, with his hat drawn forward over his eyes. No sooner did the young woman disappear than he left the street.

She ascended to a small room on the second floor. It was poor and scantily furnished, but had a look of order and neatness. There were two beds in the room, on one of which a woman apparently an invalid, was lying, and on the other some articles of female dress were scattered. There was a small but bright fire in the grate; the invalid slept.

The young woman threw off her shawl and bonnet, opened the basket she had brought, and took out some tea, wine, sugar & bread. In a few minutes she prepared a glass of warm negus and a slice of toast; and with these she approached the bed. Laying her hand softly on the sleeper's shoulder she whispered "Mother!"

"Nance, my poor Nance," said the other languidly opening her eyes; "those long watchings will kill you. Kiss me, Nance, and go to rest. Poor girl, you have hardly tasted food to-day."

"Mother," said Nance, "let me assist you to sit up. Here is what will do you good. I heard you murmur for it in your sleep." The invalid put the negus to her mouth. The parched lips, the dry fevered throat were refreshed and an expression of pleasure lit up the pale sharp features.

Nance knelt beside the bed, and as she watched her parent a smile of joy brightened the tears which still stood in her eyes.

"Where did you get this?" inquired her mother.

"I shall tell you afterwards," whispered Nance. "I have disturbed you—try to sleep again; the negus I hope will do you good—I have tea too for the morning, continued the affectionate girl with the fond delight of a child—sleep, sleep, dear mother."

"Nance, yesterday we parted without last shilling—how came these things here?"

"I shall tell you to-morrow—your eyes are heavy, sleep now."

"Go to rest then, Nance—you will make yourself ill by watching—God bless your kiss me yet again—and take a mother's blessing."

The girl hung over her. The warm tears fell upon the invalid's sunken cheeks, and the daughter threw her arm over the attenuated form and sobbed upon her bosom.

At length the mother slept, and Nance sat down and watched. The rain beat against the window, and the gusts of wind broke in long moans upon the silence. Nance thought of the future—it was a cheerless reflection—the thro' of the past and wept again.

But as with the future the reader will soon be made acquainted, it is fitting he should know something of the past.

Nance Campbell was the only child of a surgeon who had died some years before, and who having once served in the army, left his widow and young daughter without a scanty means of subsistence from the limited pension allowed the former by the war office. Upon this they had hitherto lived. They were poor without friends but restricted as was their income they had struggled to support an appearance not wholly inconsistent with their character and feelings assigned them. The widow had fallen sick, and the fees of her medical attendants had made sad inroads on their limited finances—their rent and other debts had been allowed to run into arrears. Mrs. Campbell was compelled to sell her little property to liquidate her debts, and to remove into an obscure lodging in a cheaper part of London. There the mother and the daughter now resided; the illness of the former had suffered no abatement, debts and embarrassments now increased: the poor widow was on her death-bed, and with her would cease the scanty income which supported them both.

(To be continued.)