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Campbell Esq

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J. Goldrey

John Hanson

Wm. Branch

H. Gilson

James Hunter

Ed. Fisher Esq

M. Milton Esq

Layton Esq

Henry S. Beck

Joe, Cate Esq

The Standard, OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Price 15s. in Town]

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 20, 1842.

[17s. 6d. sent by Mail.

THE COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE,

TO DAVID W. JACK, TREASURER, Do.

THE COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE IN ACCOUNT WITH DAVID W. JACK, TREASURER.

		1841			
Apr 23	To Paid W. R. Law, Gaoler, his Account, passed April 1841.	£71 5 0	Apr 13 By Balance in Hand per Account audited	£78 11 6	
26	James McNall, Constable, for services	4 6 6	Am't Rec'd from John Campbell Colr of Rates St. Stephen for 1840, 20	0 10 4	
26	Richardson Haddock, do do	3 6 0	William Morrison, do do	1 4 7	
26	Maxwell Rankin, do do	2 15 0	E. Griffin, do do	2 15 3	
26	Peter Dorin, do do	2 18 0	Francis Low, do do	19 5 0	
26	Robert Shaw, do do	5 10 3	Joseph Moore, do do	21 19 9	
26	Robert Peacock, do do	1 4 0	Joseph Moore, Esq, Balance of Fines	2 2 0	
26	George Fox, do do	2 45 0	Samuel Abbot, Esq, for a Fine	3 0 0	
26	J. B. Henderson, do do	6 7 6	Robert Sparks, Collector, Saint George, for 1840	19 9 0	
26	Robert Dougherty for Cartage	1 10 9	W. Hatch, Esq, on account of Gaol Lot	22 0 0	
26	Thomas Berry Carpenter work	18 15 0	do, do, for Licenses	17 10 0	
26	Thomas Quin, Constable, for services	2 10 0	David Rose, Esq, for a Fine	2 0 0	
26	William Griffin, do do	5 6 6	W. Hatch, Esq, on account of Gaol Lot	109 6 7	
26	Assessors of Grandman	2 1 5	Francis Low, Collector, Saint George, for 1840	0 7 6	
30	John Pike, Constable, for services,	1 5 0	W. Hatch, Esq, Grant for Court House	250 0 0	
May 3	Thomas Jones, Esq, Sheriff, for services,	49 4 3	C. R. H. Hurray, Esq, for Fines	3 0 0	
4	William Smith, Constable, for services	4 10 0	W. Hatch, Esq, on account of Gaol Lot	108 12 11	
6	Robert Hawthorne, do do	2 10 0	do, do, for Licenses	92 10 0	
8	Michael Greino, do do	0 18 6	do, do, Balance of Gaol Lot	20 0 0	
11	John Rodgers for Glazing	0 17 6	do, do, on account of Licenses	5 0 0	
12	James Thomson for Cartage	0 17 11	1842		
13	David Mowat, Esq, Coroner, for services	2 12 0	Apr 1	do, do, for a Fine	0 10 0
15	John Pike, Constable, do do	0 16 0	Apr 1	do, do, for a Fine	5 0 0
15	Adam W. Smith, for Printing	3 16 6	11 By Am't Received from the Parish Collectors, as follows, Viz:		
20	Patrick O'Shaughnessy for Carpenter work	1 5 0	From Saint Andrews, for 1841,	£47 8 8	
20	James McCarty for Blacksmith work	1 8 0	From Saint Stephen	20 0 0	
20	Wellington Hatch, Esq, his Account	63 2 11	From Saint David	15 15 0	
24	David Blackley for ringing Bell	1 12 6	From Saint James	8 0 0	
24	Michael Egan, Constable, for Services	0 17 6	From Saint Patrick	10 3 8	
24	Assessors of West Isles	1 16 0	From Saint George	14 2 8	
24	Thomas Berry for Extra work on Court House	125 0 0	From Pennfield	6 15 5	
24	W. R. Law, Esq, for Glass	2 5 0	From West Isles	10 0 7	
24	Thos. Sparks Keeper of the Lock up House St. George	3 15 11	From Campobello	6 5 0	
24	Dennis Bradley for Clothing for Prisoners	1 16 8	From Grandman	9 0 7	
24	Hon. New Parker for Court-house Lots with interest	110 8 0	Balance due Treasurer	147 11 7	
24	Felix Smith, Constable, for Services	2 12 6		9 0 1	
24	W. Hatch, Esq, Duty on Chairs	1 4 0			
24	William Bookwood for Bread	6 18 4			
24	Thomas Sampson, Tinsmith	8 3 3			
24	Israel Hanson for conveying Lunatic to Saint John	5 2 3			
24	J. B. Henderson, do do	2 12 0			
24	Peter Dorin, do do	6 7 6			
24	John Pike, do do	3 6 0			
24	Wellington Hatch, Esq, for Services	3 19 0			
24	Maxwell Rankin, Constable, for Services	46 11 8			
24	James McNall, do do	8 7 0			
24	Richardson Haddock, do do	3 18 3			
24	W. R. Law, Gaoler, do do	3 6 0			
24	Peter Smith, Interest due to Benefit Society	54 15 0			
24	Robert Shaw, Constable, for Services	25 7 0			
24	Thomas Jones, Esq, Sheriff, for Sundries	17 13 1			
24	W. R. Law, Esq, for Carpets &c.	6 16 4			
24	Mary Fox, Widow of the late George Fox, Constable	1 16 0			
24	H. H. Hatch for Recording Deed	0 10 4			
24	John Stewart, Constable, for Services	1 17 6			
24	Thomas Barlow & Co, for Store	8 0 0			
24	Robert Dougherty for Cartage	5 0 0			
24	Mrs. Parkison for Bread	2 17 6			
24	D. D. Parkinson for Drafting Plan	5 0 0			
24	Hon. H. Hatch Freight of Chairs from Boston	0 9 11			
24	Committee for repairing Gaol pr. Thos. Jones Esq. £147 2 1	0 9 6			
24	Assessors of West Isles for 1841 per W. Calder	147 11 7			
24	Treasurer's Salary for the past Year	15 0 0			
24		2960 17 11			

Saint Andrews, 11th April, 1842.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY A LADY OF MARYLAND.

[CONCLUDED.]

On arriving at Mrs. Irving's splendid mansion, in a street, immediate preparations were made for introducing the young ladies into society. Millinery and minuet makers were put into requisition, and all the aids of dress were added, to enhance the beauty of the young debutante. She excited universal admiration; all the triumphs which her aunt had anticipated, were more than realized. The world seemed a scene of enchantment, and she remembered her far off home, and the warning voice of the friend of her childhood, it was only to contrast the dullness of the cottage with the gaiety and splendor which surrounded her, and the grave and often reproving accents of Walter Duane, with the flattery notes of praise and admiration which greeted her at every turn. Her road-side acquaintance was not forgotten. She had seen no one who had made a similar impression, and she sometimes felt as if her triumph would not be complete till he could witness it. She was standing one night at a large party, the centre of an admiring circle, when suddenly raising her eyes, they encountered those of Arlington, who had just entered the room. The color faded from her cheek, and justly returned to it in a brighter glow, but before her confusion could be observed, the object who had caused it, advanced to her side, and in low but impressive accents, claimed her acquaintance, and bore her off in triumph from the crowd who encircled her. In search of her aunt, Mrs. Irving received Mr.

Arlington very graciously, and during the remainder of the evening, he devoted himself to her, mingling with his attentions to her, so much of delicate flattery to her aunt, that the latter was scarcely less fascinated than her youthful companion. From that day Mr. Arlington was a constant visitor at Mrs. Irving's. He was an enthusiast admirer of beauty, and the perfect loveliness of Virginia Howard, charmed his fancy, and awoke in his heart a warm affection as it was possible for him to feel. The universal admiration she excited, was in his eyes an additional charm; he had lived much in the world, and his approbation was essential to his happiness. When, therefore, he witnessed the love of his young object, and recovered from her faltering lips and downcast eyes, the assurance of her return, his feelings were not more gratified by her evident affection, than his pride at the idea of exhibiting at his bride the beautiful being who had created such an undiminished sensation in the fashionable circles. Mr. Arlington's family was unexceptionable, his fortune respectable, and his character without reproach. Mrs. Irving consequently, willing consented to give him her niece, stipulating only that the marriage should not take place till the end of the season, and offering to write herself to Mrs. Howard, to obtain her consent. Virginia Howard was now at the summit of felicity: with nothing in the past to regret, with a present all sunshine, and too youthful and inexperienced to dread aught of evil in the future; loving with all the ardor of a young, unpractised heart, and believing herself equally loved in return; it seemed as though she was exempted from the common lot of humanity—as if happiness, purified and perfect, was her portion.

One evening, some weeks after her engagement with Arlington had commenced, Virginia complained of feeling feverish and unwell—and upon being questioned by her Aunt, confessed that she had paid a visit of charity to a poor family, living in an obscure alley. There were rumors of the small-pox being in some parts of the city, and much alarmed, Mrs. Irving sent immediately for a physician. On his arrival, he ordered his patient to bed, and told her not to absolutely confirm Mrs. Irving's apprehensions he certainly did not remove them. When Arlington came to pay his customary evening visit, his conversation as he imagined on finding the object of his affection confined to her chamber, with all the symptoms of a disease, which, even if it spared her life, threatened such fatal consequences to the beauty he so highly prized. On the morning which succeeded her attack, Virginia was much worse, and Dr. Waller, who for her care entertained a doubt of the nature of her disease. He pronounced it to be the small-pox in its most malignant form, and Mrs. Irving, dreadfully alarmed for her niece, but still more terrified for herself, after engaging an experienced nurse, and securing a few hurried lines to her sister, commenced Virginia to the care of the good physician, and went into the country, to avoid the danger of infection. And thus abandoned of the care of hering nurses, lay the beautiful creature, so lately the idol of society, and the object of pride and affection to all with whom she was connected. But she recked little of the desertion of her friends; delirium had robbed her of consciousness, and in her wild ravings, her mind seemed to dwell on the pleasures of earth.

The fond mother mourned deeply over her blighted flower, but the young girl thought not of herself. A deep feeling than vanity filled her bosom, she loved truly, devotedly, and with an undomestic affection—and conscious that danger and distress would only have endeared her lover to her heart, she dreamed not that her illness could have any other effect on him than to increase his tenderness. Arlington had called every day to inquire for her, but had not been permitted to see her. When, however, she was able to leave her chamber, he was admitted into her dressing-room, where she received him alone.

The particulars of that interview were never known. When her mother, on hearing Arlington descend the steps, re-entered the apartment, she found her daughter stretched on the floor, motionless and insensible. Long that death-like swoon continued; and when at length consciousness returned, the unhappy girl buried her face in the pillows of her bed, and feebly articulating—Take me away! oh, mother, take me home! relapsed again into insensibility. As soon as the medical men judged it safe for the invalid to be removed, Mrs. Howard returned home, carrying with her the broken hearted creature, who had so lately entered that fair city, buoyant with health and happiness, radiant in beauty, and filled with bright hopes and gay anticipations. Before leaving the city, Mrs. Howard, at the request of her daughter, wrote to Arlington, releasing him from his engagement, and returning the little memorials which Virginia had received from him during the short period of their engagement. She wrote also to her sister, who had not yet returned to town, explaining that it was Virginia's desire to reside for the future entirely in the country, and thanking her for all the kindness she had bestowed on her. These duties performed, Mrs. Howard set off on her melancholy journey, and on the evening of the third day arrived safely at home. Virginia retired immediately to her chamber, nor could all her mother's entreaties induce her to leave it, or to admit even her cousin Alice. Days, weeks and months passed away, and still the miserable girl continued to refuse all society, except that of her mother, and even that appeared irksome to her. 'Do I not disgust you, mother?' she said one day, as the latter sat in her chamber, looking with an aching heart upon the wreck of what was once so beautiful. 'No, my daughter,' answered Mrs. Howard, solemnly; 'you do not disgust, but you pain me. You disappoint me. I had hoped that you had a higher sense of the duty you owe your Heavenly Father, than thus to rebel against the chastisement which, for wise purposes, he has inflicted. Is it possible, Virginia, that the mere loss of personal beauty is a cause sufficient to induce you to deprive your mother of her last remaining comfort, to add another drop to the bitter cup she has been compelled to drain?' 'It is not the loss of beauty—but oh, mother, to excite disgust too powerful to be concealed!' And she shuddered, and covered her face with her hands, as she spoke. Gently and tenderly her mother strove to soothe her anguish, and her mild reasoning were not without effect. That evening, Alice was admitted to her cousin—and after the agitation of the first meeting was over, the latter seemed to derive consolation from her presence, and Alice cheerfully devoted her days to her unfortunate relative, Virginia never alluded to Arlington, but it was evident what passed at her last interview with him, was the poison which corroded her peace. At length, Alice approached the subject herself. With a bold but tender hand she probed the wound she sought to heal; the patient writhed under the operation, but its effects were salutary. She was induced to converse freely on the subject over which she had hitherto brooded in silence, and to listen while her companion endeavored to direct her to the only true source of consolation; but when she urged the duty of endeavouring to overcome an affection so hopeless, and of which the object was so unworthy, Virginia shrank from what seemed an impossible task. 'It is not impossible, my cousin,' said Alice one day, 'to conquer a misplaced attachment, even if the object of it be worthless.' A flush passed over her pale face, as she added, in a tremulous tone—'I knew one once not fair nor accomplished, but young, and gifted with all those capacities of deep and fervent feeling which constitute the happiness or misery of woman's life—She loved, and her love had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength, for she had known the object of her affection from childhood, and he was well worthy affection. But a younger, and a fairer, and she, of whom I spoke, only learn to read her own heart, when she discovered that he was devoted to another. For a while she yielded to vain regrets, but, conscious that she was thus wasting her talents, how humble, which were committed to her charge, she sought for consolation in that blessed spot where alone it is to be found, and from pages she gathered strength to fulfil her duties, and at length with an ultimately triumph over that affection, whose disappointment had embittered her existence. Alice left the room as she uttered the last sentence, but her words had sunk into the heart of her companion. For the first time, the utter selfishness of her conduct seemed to strike her. She sunk upon her knees, and prayed that she might be forgiven for the past, and that strength might be vouchsafed to enable her to perfect her duties for the future.