

DRD
CE COMPANY
United States
with a Capital of
100.

Institution has for more
years transacted its ex-
tensive business with
liberal and honorable

settled all their business
in any instance
Justice. The present
ge themselves, in this
in the high reputation
on the most fa-
scription of property
at Five but takes no

may be made either
to the Secretary of the
his, who are appointed
Towns and Cities in
the British Provinces
or districts.

being appointed on the
above mentioned
to take care of every
against loss or damage

THOMAS SIMP.
1842.

ALE.

Mill Stones, with Mill
races—a set of Oldmill
also a set of Oldmill
also a set of Oldmill
also a set of Oldmill

JOHN WILSON.

R SALE.

JAMCOCK ISLAND,
English HAY, on reason-
able terms. B. R. LAMBERT,
1842.

SHAL N. ANDREWS.
1842.

STOCK.

County Bank Stock
and Office.

ICE.

The following persons
as New Residents, in
their names respectively,
for the year 1842,
by them in the Parish
of some remaining as yet
unsubscribed will cause
by them, or such part
as they may see fit, to
be first giving thirty
pence, unless some
in the meantime, liquid-
ated, together with all costs

deceased, £2 2 4

MARK YOUNG,
Mayor of Rates, St. George
Feb. 1842.

and Oil.

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and Oil.

The Standard.

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Price 15s. in Town]

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1842.

[17s. 6d. sent by Mail.

GRAND JURY REPORT.

APRIL SESSION, 1842.

GRAND JURY ROOM.

15th April, 1842

The Grand Jury beg leave to submit the following Report:

1st. That the County Treasurer's Account and the Accounts passed at the General Sessions of April and September, 1841, included therein, have been investigated, and found correct and satisfactory.

2d. That the several County Accounts handed in to the Clerk of the Peace, for presentation to the Court, have been examined and approved of by us, with the following exceptions and reductions:

No. 14. For one store for Record Office, £3 10s. not approved of.

9 A. W. Smith's Printing Account, £3 18 1

3 charges not allowed, 4 8 7

7. Chas. McGe's constable, 1 17 0

off no voucher, 0 5 0

6. John Pike, constable, 1 7 6

off one charge, 0 10 0

3. Jas. McNall, constable, 8 5 6

for services, Common Pleas, requires explanation.

14. George Bowden and others of Grandmanan, £10 4s. for attending in a Queen's case, in Nov. 1839, a very remote date, not approved of.

42. J. B. Henderson, £2 15 9

off, 1 19 6

0 16 3

The Grand Jury beg also to report on the Accounts from the following Parishes, viz:

FROM GRANDMANAN:

Collector of Rates' return; correct, with vouchers.

Commissioners of Highways, do.

FROM WEST ISLES:

James Brown, Overseer of Poor, correct.

John W. Fountain, Collector of Rates, do.

George Kay, Overseer of Poor, do.

Wm. Hume, Overseer of Poor, correct, balance in his hands £11 18s 6d.

J. R. Parker, Commissioner of Highways do.

Daniel Lambert, Commissioner of Highways correct.

Stephen Fountain, Commissioner of Highways, correct.

FROM CAMPOBELLO:

J. Bennett, Overseer of Poor, correct, £2 18s 2d.

2d. in Mr. Bennett's hands.

J. Bennett, and J. Brown, Commissioners of Highways, correct.

FROM ST. PATRICK:

Samuel McFarlane, Overseers of the Poor, correct.

David S. Turner, do.

George McKay, Commissioners of Highways, correct.

Samuel McFarlane, J. Highways, correct.

Isaac Turner, Collector's Acc't & Vouchers, correct.

FROM ST. DAVID:

Asa Benson, Overseers of Highways, correct.

John Nesbitt, rect. Balance due by the Commissioners £6 3d.

Joshua Moore, Collector of Rates—not understood by the Grand Jury.

Justice Joseph Moore's Account, correct.

William Moore, Collector of Rates; no vouchers for paid Overseers of Poor, £24 18s 1d.

Jacob Young, Overseers of the Poor, correct.

Andrew Butlin, do.

John Irvine, No Vouchers.

FROM ST. JAMES:

Robert King, Commissioners of Highways, correct.

Cyrus Moore, do.

John Morrison, explanation.

William Morrison, jun., Collector, voucher, but 15 per cent. is charged for commission of Collector and Assessor.

FROM PENFIELD:

Malcolm Mesley, Commissioners of Highways, correct; 4 delinquents handed in for collection.

Isaac Justison, Collector of County Rates, approved of.

Jesse Prescott, Overseers of the Poor, correct.

Wm. Dickson, do.

Barney Bucknam, do.

Isaac Justison, Collector of Poor Rates, correct.

FROM ST. STEPHEN:

S. P. Frink, Overseers of the Poor, approved.

Wm. Todd, jun. £3 15d. due the comers.

S. Hitchens, Committee of Mill Town.

James Albee, Public Lending, approved.

This account shows £28 6s. 1d. of rent still due by sundry persons.

John Campbell, Collector of Highway Rates; no voucher for £7 0s 3d. ch'd paid Mr. Grimmer.

Timothy Crocker, Commissioner, acknowledges receipt of £1 9s 6d less than Mr. Campbell's charge.

Rob't M. Todd, Commissioner, credits £11 9s 10d less than Mr. Campbell's charge.

Mr. Campbell shows a balance in his hands of £7 10s.

Finly Crocker, Commissioner of Highways, does not show the number of days of delinquents, or at what rate per day they are levied for collection.

Rob't M. Todd, Commissioner of Highways, shows 395 days of delinquents levied for collection, at 2s 6d per day, instead of 4s.

John Campbell, Collector of Poor Rates, correct.

The only Accounts received are—

Daniel Gilman's account against Boom, at Upper Falls, £13 10 0

off for 3,250 ft. pr. logs 3 5 0

£10 5 0

Henry Seelye, Commissioner of Highways, correct.

Daniel Gilman, Voucher, and explanation.

The Accounts from St. Andrews, are—

No. 1. James McNall, Collector of Rates, in acc't with the Commissioners of Poor; this acc't approved of except the non-payment of Mr. Thomas Watt's Rates £1 6s.

2. James McNall, Collector of Rates, in acc't with the County Treasurer; this account approved of; £2 10s 10d not collected from his duty in the assessed to pay.

3. James McNall in acc't with Wm. Ellis, Ryan & Hume; this acc't approved of.

4. James McNall in acc't with the Fire Ward; this acc't approved of; £2 2s 3d not collected, because of inability in the assessed to pay.

5. P. A. Bibeck, Road Commissioner's acc't charge of £1 for making out Road List, not allowed by the Grand Jury—31 days of several placed in the hands of C. R. Hatheway, Esq. for collection.

6. David Mowat, Esq., Commissioner of Highways, no vouchers produced.

7. A Certificate of Leonard Bartlett, Commissioner of Highways of a District of the Parish of Saint Andrews, no vouchers, and no account, except of £2 15s received and laid out on a Bridge.

8. The Fire Ward's Acc't, correct, except 5s. pr. 1d. 3d. commission charged by the Fire Ward; he has found in hand £30 2 0.

9. Is Edward Pheasant's Market Wharf Acc't showing a balance in his hands of £6 6 10.

10. Is the Acc't and Vouchers of Overseers of the Poor.

Nov. 1, 1841—Due from the Commissioners for Rent, £27 6 6

May 1, 1842—Due from ditto, 77 6 0

Balance in hands of Overseers, £164 6 0

approved of, £6 12 0

The Grand Jury having examined the Jail, beg to report their approval of the improvements lately made, as well as the highly creditable order & cleanliness observed throughout the department.

The Grand Jury takes this occasion to remark, that the wishes generally expressed by the public, (that all the County and Parish Accounts should be examined and reported upon by the Grand Jury,) is in many instances defeated through the neglect of Parish officers to have their statements forwarded in due time, according to law.

In concluding this report the Grand Jury beg to call the attention of Your Worshipships to the noisy and otherwise disorderly conduct of the Youth of the Towns of Saint Andrews and Saint Stephen.

The Grand Jury recommend that this report may be inserted in the Saint Andrews Standard.

All which is respectfully submitted.

JACOB PAUL, Foreman.

A THRILLING STORY.

The important question is not what we do, but how we do it.

The Hospital at New Orleans, during the prevalence of an epidemic presents a sight beyond the power of description, and of which our Northern friends can form but an imperfect idea. The invalids are chiefly strangers, far from home, kindred and friends. Upon their entrance through its massive halls and into its sombre cells, their names are recorded upon the books of the institution, with the place of birth, time of arrival, &c. and their departure from thence is as scrupulously noted. The fatal word *dead* opposite many of the names meets the eye of the visitor, and calls up feelings there no wise calculated to render his sojourn there one of mere pleasure or amusement; it is in fact, a visit to a charnel-house, where Death reveals in his majesty of strength and makes the human frame the scene of his banquet song, the music of which is—

"The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier."

Death becomes familiar amid such scenes, and the heart callous to its power, they look upon it as one of the privileges of human nature, and as "a life without it were not worth taking," it is indeed here.

The poor prisoner, and the mourner fly for relief, and lay their burden down.

The writer of this has frequently looked over the books of the entire and among the recorded names he has recognized many who have left their peaceful homes and firesides

to satisfy either a roving disposition, or to avoid man's inhumanity to man, which in northern climes pursues the poor and wretched one sent to the prison walls. The widow's son here breathed his last while the mourner's absence; his letters remained at the post-office, and she censures him in her silent hours of grief for neglect. But she excuses him on the ground of youth, and smiles in her widowhood in the hope—little dreaming it is hope deferred—"in melting even in the ray in which it glitters."

The lover, too, sleeps in death, and the maiden in her lot of home, dreams of joy and hope which can never be hers. One name among these is written on memory's tablet, and will only disappear when the mirrored surface is broken, and recorded names washed out by the stream of time, leaving, as it does, to the ocean of oblivion. The name of Hugo Remond, is engraved on the piece of marble New Orleans, erected in his memory by one who in 25th June, and mourns him dead, Peace to his ashes!

Many a glowing cheek has faded and many a bright eye grown dim and lustreless; many a young heart has fallen beneath the Upas breath of the land of the South.

What a contrast there is between the summer and winter of the South; the first, which in other climes is all sunshine and joy, to the young heart, is there all gloom and sorrow. There waters are the sunshine and spring of the year.

But let us return to the hospital. The reader must imagine to himself a long room, on each side of which, extending the whole length, is a range of single beds; on each one, (which is frequently the case during an epidemic) let him picture a victim lying in all the agony of stupor and physical suffering; let him also imagine the effect of the disease upon the inmates, which according to the different constitutions, or the nature of the last group of death wounds up the dark particles formed by mortification, and which is termed "black vomit;" his eyes are fixed, his senses gone, his limbs writhing. Another raves in frenzy wild, tearing the bed clothes in pieces and rolling off the floor, dies ere the attendants can replace him. Let the reader picture such a scene and he will form a tolerable idea of the place which words are inadequate to describe. In no city however, was the poor more cruelly assailed to death, than the severe scourge, then they are in New Orleans, but my readers must take into consideration the number of misfortunate sufferers who light, and then—was going for Mr. Hammetton, first calling Mr. Miller; but at the most unpropitious time after he heard a second report, Mr. Miller, the under-butler, and the footman ran up into the library, where they found Lord Munster lying on his back, deluged in blood; he had shot himself in the mouth, and his head was shattered. Mr. Hammetton was sent for; but the earl died after giving a few groans. A large pistol lay on the table near; another was in a box in the corner of the room. On the ceiling, immediately over the spot where he lay, was the mark of a ball, and close by it a patch of hair. The second shot appeared to have been discharged by the left hand.

Mr. Hammetton said, "I have seen his lordship for the last fortnight. He had some symptoms of gout, which he was very desirous of having removed, as he said he had very important business to perform. The symptoms were removed, but he continued to be depressed. He appeared very much affected by the late news from India, and often spoke on the subject, expressing himself in strong terms about the females who had been taken as hostages at Calcutta. He was on these occasions much excited. He appeared deeply interested in the fate of the women. These things I have no doubt increased the depression. He frequently said, 'suppose one's own family had been in such a situation, what a dreadful thing to reflect upon!'

Lord Munster's solicitor said, that his family wished it to be known, that he was greatly excited by the intelligence from Calcutta. The jury returned a verdict, "That deceased destroyed himself by his own hands, while labouring under temporary mental derangement."

It is well known that George Fitzclarence, Earl of Munster, was the eldest son of William the Fourth and Mrs. Jordan the celebrated actress. He was raised to the peerage in 1831, by the titles of Earl of Munster, Viscount Fitzclarence, and Baron of Teaklesbury. The other children of William the Fourth were, Lady Sophia Fitzclarence, who married Lord de Lisle, and died in 1837; Henry, a captain in the army, who died in India in 1819; Lady Mary, housekeeper at Windsor Castle, married to Colonel Fox, (a natural son of Lord Holland,) M. P. for the Tower Hamlets, Lord Frederick, G. C. H., a major-general in the army, married to Augustus Boyle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Glasgow; Elizabeth, married to the Earl of Erol; Lord Adolphus, ranger of Windsor home park, and a captain in the navy; Lady Augusta, housekeeper at Kensington palace, married first to the Honorable John Kennedy Erskine, and on his death to Lord John Fitzclarence, and on his death to Lord John Fitzclarence, M. P. for Fifehire; and Adeline, married to Viscount Falkland, governor of Nova Scotia.

The Miner.—There's danger in the mines, old man," I exclaimed to an aged miner, who, with his arched brow, leaped against the sides of the immense vault, absorbed in meditation; "it must be a frightful life."

The old man looked with a steadfast, but some what vacant stare, and then in half broken sentences he muttered; "danger—where is there not;—on the earth or beneath it, on the mountain or in the valley, on the ocean, or in the quiet of nature's most hidden spot—where hath not death left some token of his presence?"

"Truly," I replied; but the vicissitudes of life are various; the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they may engulf him; the hunter seeks death in the wild woods, the soldier in the field of battle, and the miner knows not but that the spot where he now stands, to-morrow may be his tomb."

"It is so, indeed," replied the old man; "we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life; 'tis a strange riddle, who shall solve it?"

"Have you long followed this occupation?" I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's manner.

"From a boy—I drew my first breath in the mines—I shall yield it up in their gloom."

"You have seen some of these vicissitudes," I said; to which you just now alluded."

"Yes," he replied, with a faltering voice. "I have. There was a time when three small boys looked up to me, and called me father. They were sturdy striplings. Now it seems but yesterday, they stood before me, in the pride of their strength, and I filled, too, with a father's vanity! But the Lord chasteneth the proud heart.—Where are they now? I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock—his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet, a bleeding mass; we were together—so near that his hot blood sprang up into my face—Molten lead had been less lasting than these fearful drops. One moment, and his light laugh was in my ears—the next, and the large mass came; there was no cry of terror, but transition to eternity was as the lightning's flash—and my poor boy lay crumpled beneath the fearful load. It was a awful moment! but time, that changeful elf, brings relief, and I still have two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They too were taken from me.—Side by side they died—not as their brother, but the dead-lamp caught their breath, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home to the old man; his jewels—then whom earth's richest treasures in his sight had no price—and told him he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the old plod should survive the strapping things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. It is surprising that I should wish to die here in the mines!"

"You have indeed," I replied, "drunk of affliction; whence do you derive consolation?"

"The old man looked up. 'From Heaven, God giveth and he taketh away—blessed be his name!'

I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer, and the old man passed on.

Serving Apprenticeship for a Wife.—The reader may remember that the Dowager Countess of Westmoreland was one of the titled personages who visited the United States last summer. A curious anecdote is relating of her marriage. She was the only daughter of the eminent and immensely wealthy banker Child, who flourished in London about the time of the French Revolution. When he died, he made a will, leaving all his property to his daughter on condition that if she married, she should marry a mechanic, (he commenced life himself as a brewer) who had served a regular apprenticeship of seven years at his trade.—If she married any other person, the whole estate was to be alienated from her and her heirs. The then young earl of Westmoreland met her by chance at a ball given on some public occasion by the Lord Mayor. He resolved, if she was willing, to marry her; and on her consenting to wait seven years, he bound himself apprentice to Mr. Pollock, a highly respectable saddler in Piccadilly, and actually learnt the trade. He served his seven years, and exhibited a saddle which he had made to the entire satisfaction of the executors under the will, and gave title for fortune; Miss Child became a Duchess, and the mechanic's apprentice one of the wealthiest Earls of England. After all, he served only half as long as poor Richard—who gave seven years of servitude for Jacob and seven more for Leah—and did not get so much cash as his Lordship by a pretty considerable difference.—*London Transcript.*

A lady, after performing with the most brilliant execution, a sonata on the piano forte, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, turning to a philosopher, took the liberty of asking in a if he was fond of music. "No, my lady," replied the doctor, "but of all I know I think music is the least disagreeable."