w Goods.

riber has received part of his
Winter Goods, comprising a
ment of Seasonable Articles.
ed a General Assortment of
ar &c., the whole of which
v for Cash, or other appro-

ONSIGNMENT
eriff, 4 quarter Casks, and
of Old Particular Madiera
quantity of Ship Bread,
old low.
T. TURNER.

Also requests those persons,
ed to him either by Note or
to call on him and settle
outstanding accounts and
efore the first day of No
ill be placed in the hands o
r collection
Oct. 15, 184

BILL.

he Justices of the Peace of
harlotte, to levy an excess-
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islative Council and Assem-
aid Justices of the Peace for
harlotte, at any General Sess
e, to be hereafter holden,
essions to be for this purpose
they are hereby authorised
to make such rate, and as-
sum not exceeding
a their discretion may think
ing off the debts due from
ame to be assessed, levying
d, agreeably to and under
any Act or Acts, which are
may be of force in this Pro-
g, levying and collecting of
charges.
ov. 26, 1844

CARD.

VEY, begs to inform the
d others, Inhabitants of
that she purposes opening
onday the 14th instant, for
of young ladies, in the fol-
of Education, viz: Eng-
Geography, Ancient and
also Needle and Fancy
hopes that her mode of
e approved of by Parents
he will meet with a due
port. The number of pu-
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er quarter, exclusive of
h-latter will be 2s. 6d.
-Rev. Dr. Alley, and Mr.
Oct. 7, 1844

D.B. Stout &
LE ALE.

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B Stout and Pale ALE Qrs.
London Mould CANDLES.
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age 1842.
HOLLANDS.
HENWARE.
S.
hite PAINTS.
J. W. STREET

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from Liverpool, via
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TS just received, and for
very low.
LSO,
Old Pale Brandy,
London Porter.
J. W. STREET

TANDARD,
VERY WEDNESDAY, BY
W. Smith.
Saint Andrews, N B
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there be paid for in ad-
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ly be paid for on delivery
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VOLUME 12

The Standard,

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

NUMBER 7

Price 16s. in Town] SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1845. [15s. sent by Mail.

The Governess.

BY F. E. F. AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "THE DECAYED FAMILY," ETC.

Who is singing?" asked Miss Brooks as the sound of a clear and musical voice hushed for an instant the busy hum of numerous voices at a large party at Mr Gorham's.

Miss St. Clair, the daughter of the late Judge St Clair, answered Mr. Gorham, "my daughter's governess," with a degree of superadded dignity, occasioned by the pleasant recollection that Judge St. Clair's daughter was "*his* daughters governess."

And the governess! passed from lip to lip, and the voice seemed to lose its melody and the music its charms, for the buzz of conversation was renewed only to gain force and confidence from the sound of the piano. This was before fashion combined with good taste to render silence during music a point of good breeding. A few true lovers of melody crowded close to the performer to catch the tones of that exquisite voice, fully appreciating its power and its pathos although it was *paid* for.

"Exquisite," said Mrs. Hamilton, as she ceased. If it is not imposing on your good nature, Miss St Clair to ask for more after so brilliant and difficult a piece, might I petition for one simple English song. 'Oh! no, they shall not see me weep.'

She raised her dark sad eyes to the speaker with an expression of pain, as she said faintly—

"Oh, no—not that—any thing else, and I shall be happy to oblige you"

Mrs. Hamilton felt that she had unintentionally given pain, and as she gazed upon that face now lighted by a glow of emotion, the eyes so expressive of sensibility, rendering her for the moment almost beautiful, she saw with no common interest that she was unhappy.

The colour faded from her cheek and the next moment found her pale, sadow and abstracted, without beauty to attract or fashion to command attention. She rose from her seat and continued to stand by the piano, feeling the awkward embarrassment of her situation—for she was a stranger and "the governess."

"How melancholy that poor girl looks," observed the kind hearted Mrs. Hamilton to Miss Brooks. "She seems to know no one. Let me introduce you."

Oh excuse me, answered the young lady; I always feel so awkwardly with those kind of people. Indeed, I think it exceedingly bad taste, in the Gorhams to bring her forward in this way

I cannot see that, replied Mrs Hamilton She is of one of the best families in the country.

I know all that, rejoined Miss Brooks, hastily but one always feels at a loss with persons in her situation; and then its such a bore.

She is so very lady-like and accomplished, persisted Mrs. Hamilton

Oh, of course, answered Miss Brooks, as if that was no more than was to be expected from a person in her situation.

Mrs. Hamilton contended the point, no longer but wound her way to the piano and gently engaged Miss St Clair in conversation. The graceful sweetness of her manners would have touched a heart less grateful and more used to kindness than that of our poor heroine; and her politeness was rewarded with an emotion that told how rare such acts of courtesy were to those kind of people.

Miss St. Clair, my daughter is going to sing, you will be so good as to accompany her, said, or rather desired, Mr. Gorham, as Miss Gorham, a red haired ugly girl, approached the piano. She sang as badly as young ladies generally do, but being my host's daughter, she was listened to with attention, if not pleasure, and her father and herself were complimented on a performance that was certainly in no danger of being considered professional.

The party passed off as those usually do, when the hosts hope to win fashion by the splendour of their entertainments, rather than the elegance of their manners—that is to say, the conversation was noisy, the music poor, and the supper superb.

Mr. Gorham was that anomaly not so rare as one would think—a man of talents with the weaknesses of a fool. With an intellect that commanded respect, and an eloquence that often held hushed in silence crowded assemblies, he yet sighed for fashion. A poor boy scrambling into education, a young lawyer struggling for existence, a man striving for fashions even one and the same, he had fairly gone throug the world *head foremost*, and achieved fortune and reputation. Proudly might he have rested there, could he have been content to let the fickle goddess fashion slight or court him as she would. But no—the man was a parvenu every inch of him, and pined for the notice of those whom he had seen rolling in carriages, when he, a boy, trudged it a-foot; for although in his career through life he had surmounted difficulties and conquered fortune, fashion still baffled and eluded his grasp, as it is well known she is a coquette often capriciously flying those who most seek her favours.—Had he had a pretty wife or a graceful daughter, the matter would have been soon settled But Mrs. Gorham who had married in the days of her obscurity, now a plain, middle aged, motherly woman, was little calculated to aid him in attaining his present object; and his daughter, endowed with the coarseness of her father's mind, without its acuteness, was as plain in person as ungraceful in manner.

Not only did Mr. Gorham possess the weaknesses, but most unfortunately the temper of a fool. Pertinacious, meddling, teasing, all pervading in his household, he is only to be described by the one word—hateful.

Judge St Clair had died some months before the period when our story opens, leaving his family nothing but a reputation for talents, worth and integrity of which they might well be proud, but which alone was a poor provision for the increasing wants of a growing family. Anna, our governess, was his eldest child; and many were the long and anxious conversations held between her mother and herself as to the means of educating and providing for the younger children, which ended always in a depression of spirits bordering on despair. After one of these melancholy consultations, Anna, with a full heart took a resolution which she had not communicated to her mother until she had put it into execution. She felt that she was the only member of the family whose age had enabled her to profit to any great degree by the advantages bestowed upon her with a liberal hand by her father, and she resolved to exert those talents which he had so delighted to cultivate for the benefit of her younger brothers and sisters. She wrote therefore to a friend in New York, (they were living on a small farm belonging to her mother on Long Island) to request her aid in procuring her a situation as a governess. It was not done without a bitterness of heart the prosperous can never understand, for the St. Clairs were a proud family, and keenly alive to all the mortifications of their changed position She spared her mother the pain of giving her consent to a scheme she could only weep over in silent acquiescence, blessing her daughter's disinterestedness when she found it settled.

The following answer was received from her New York friend in the course of a few weeks:—

"I have received, dear Anne, two applications in answer to the advertisement you desired me to put in the papers—one from the Clavers a family well known for their kind hearted refinement and well bred manners; but I regret to say that their means will permit them to give you but three hundred dollars The other is from Mr Gorham, who offers you eight hundred, five of which, if I mistake not, is for your name, the remaining three hundred for your acquirements, as he said, with an odd sort of complacency, 'a daughter of Judge St. Clair—that *sounds* well" With the Clavers you will have every comfort and happiness that the situation admits of—with Mr Gorham, the salary I fear, will be your only compensation; but, knowing your object, I cannot advise you as to your choice.

Yours truly,

E. L."

We need not say that, circumstanced as poor Anna was, she did not hesitate to accept Mr Gorham's offer. The seperation from her family, rendered bitter by its circumstances, was resolved upon in the noblest spirit of self sacrifice; and scarcely giving herself time to dwell upon its reality she left home for New York, to commence a life, the trials of which are heavy and grievous for a young heart and proud spirit. Young, sensitive, proud and poor! Happy are they who are unconscious of the anguish contained in those two last words.

She was received by Mrs. Gorham with a motherly kindness, which her trembling spirit needed; by the young lady, with haughty indifference, and by Mr. Gorham, with a pompous patronage, which told her as plainly as the insolent carelessness of the daughter that she was neither to consider herself, nor be considered by others, as an equal. When Mr. Gorham paid eight hundred a year for the privilege of looking upon her as an inferior, he had no idea of extravagance of not enjoying that privilege to the full extent of his capacity, and one would absolutely have supposed that impertinence was one of the accomplishments he meant thro' her means to instil into his children. Not but that they were told in long and frequent harangues, (which generally took place at dinner,) that they were to treat Miss St. Clair with respect and obey her implicitly, under pre-cepts were beautifully followed up by example. Miss St Clair being always the last helped at the table, the only person to whom the wine was not passed, or towards whom other of the ordinary civilities practised among civilized beings, omitted. "Miss St Clair will do this," and "Miss St Clair will go there" was announced with as little courtesy or reference to Miss St Clair's feelings or wishes as if Miss St. Clair had been an automaton; nor did the poor girl ever venture upon the smallest act of of independence that did not elicit a degree of indignation and astonishment from Mr. Gorham, that overwhelmed her. Her nominal duties were slight, but the real obligations necessing She had expected to devote many hours of the day to instruction, and entered upon her office with an eager wish and conscious intention of fulfilling its duties. But to be called upon not only to instruct her young pupils during school hours, but to amuse them in the intervals, to walk with them, to ride with them, sit with them—nay, even sleep with them—was more than she had been prepared to expect And had the constant calls upon her time and attention ceased with the requirements of the children, she might have found "some drop of patience in her son," but Mrs Gorham though naturally a kind hearted woman was scarce less exacting in her simple-minded selfishness, than the rest of the family Like most persons of her age, she was a devourer of newspapers, which she read slowly to comprehend yet more slowly. Complaining one evening that her eyes were weak, Anna kindly offered to read to her, whereupon, Mr Gorham looked up from his writing and said, "Certainly, my dear, let Miss St Clair, she always read to you" and the bright idea was at once acted upon.

Slowly and distinctly and often compelled to go back several passages which were not to be comprehended on the first hearing, was poor Miss S. Clair compelled to read hour after hour the dull details of half a dozen daily papers; and when hoarse and exhausted she rose as the family broke up to retire, Mrs. Gorham kindly said, "I am afraid Miss St. Clair, you are tired," she never dreamt of the propriety of not calling upon her another time for such a length of continued exertion.

Painfully wore on the sad and weary weeks and months that formed the first year of poor Anna's residence at Mr. Gorham's. The monotony of her daily trials was only diversified and heightened by an introduction into gayer scenes, where she was surrounded by strangers, who, careless and thoughtless in their own happiness, had little time or attention to bestow upon our slighted governess. Beyond a passing look of surprise at meeting her in scenes where they deemed she had no place.

Alas! for those whose reversed fortunes may bring them with cultivated intellects and refined feelings to that most painful of estates, an *equivocal position*.

Unmingated pain, however, falls to the lot perhaps of no human being, and there were moments when poor Anna's eyes beamed with happiness and her heart throbbed with joy that was scarce suspected by those who could not most probably have comprehended its sources had they been aware of the fact, and these were when she received letters from home—letters whose deep affection and warm gratitude told her her sacrifices were not made in vain, that her young brothers were reaping the benefits of the advantages her generosity bestowed upon them and were rapidly advancing in paths which, steadily pursued, would finally enable them to attain independence and revive the fallen fortunes of the family. And then her dear mother and feeble sister were surrounded with some of the necessaries not to say comforts of life, "all, all owing to their dearest Anna."

One evening, at one of those assemblies Mr. Gorham was fond of giving, when he could display his wealth and thereby, as he hoped gain distinction in the gay world, Anna saw him advance with an impressment and respect that only marked his manner when addressing some one of decided fashion, to receive a gentlemen whose face she did not see. In a moment she saw the stranger introduced to Miss Gorham, whose reception of him was less distinguished than her father's; and had not our heroine not been assured from his general air and manner that he was one of "the wealthy courted darlings of the world," she would have been persuaded of the fact from the attention he received from those whose only criterion was the stamp of society.

As her eyes happened again to wander in the direction where the stranger stood, he turned his head and caught her glance, when with a look of quick recognition and decided pleasure, he advanced, exclaiming—

Miss St. Clair, can possible! and I met coldly that were the greetings that took place between them.

The surprise almost amounting to indignation of Mr Gorham and his daughter, would perhaps be best expressed in the simple language of one of the sufferings, who exclaimed—"Lor! he knows more of her than we."

Frank Leslie had intimately known Miss St Clair in the palmy days of their prosperity, but having been abroad some years, he had quite lost sight of the St. Clairs, and in the almost long-forgotten Anna, when he so unexpectedly met our heroine. The recurrence to former friends and times brought the quick colour to her cheeks, and lit up her eye with altern te smiles and tears, and the conversation bid fair to be as long as it was interesting. But her emotion was checked and his attention arrested by Mr. Gorham's approaching with a demand for music, in a manner that caused Mr Leslie to regard him with more surprise than pleasure.

He quickly forgave or rather forgot him, however, in the rich melody that presently floated in the air and as a passionate lover of music he listened with delight to the exquisite voice and brilliant execution of Anna S. Clair. He was soon compelled, by an engagement to a larger and more brilliant party, to make his bow to Mrs. Gorham, which he did with the less regret as he felt that he could scarcely devote more of his attentions to Anna if he remained. Quickly transferred to another crowd, and dancing and flirting with the belles of the evening, he often found his attention wandering and his mind dwelling upon a pair of dark eyes that beamed with true sensibility, and a sweet voice whose every tone was feeling, in strong contrast to the gay and careless beauties who received his attentions with more animation but less emotion than that he had just witnessed.

Mr. Leslie called upon me this morning, Papa, said Miss Gorham to her father the day after the party, and on the visit being repeated a few days after, it was again triumphantly announced by the young lady to her father with a suspicion that the gentleman's visits could be prompted from a desire to see any one but herself.

Mr. Gorham was scarcely less gratified than his daughter at the decided intention Mr. Leslie manifested to visit frequently at his house, and the pressing and urgent invitations he received to dinner and supper, were always accepted with marked pleasure.

'Tis true, Mr. Gorham often noticed that he conversed more with Miss St. Clair than was at all necessary, and indeed he had once or twice been upon the point of intimating to him that Miss St. Clair was not in the habit of receiving such attentions, as he concluded of course that it was only out of compliment to his family that their 'governess' should be included in any civilities extended to them; and Miss Gorham was frequently provoked that Leslie should ask so often for music and appeal to Anna rather than herself.

The second part of our heroines residence at Mr. Gorham's was concluded at this time when she mentioned her wish to pay a visit home before renewing a second term. As it happened to suit with his convenience, meaning to take his family to the seaside, Mr. Gorham graciously gave his consent, feeling thereby that he was doing a great kindness, which, when he could do so without inconvenience, as he kindly informed Miss St. Clair, he was always happy to do.

At the expiration of a few weeks, when the family returned to the city, they found two letters from Miss St. Clair—one to Mr Gorham, simply but politely declining to renew her engagement in his family; and her more cordial to Mrs. Gorham, announcing her intended marriage with Mr. Leslie, who had followed her to the country, where, with the joyful consent of her mother, he had addressed and won the happy daughter

The astonishment this announcement created was great, not only in Mr Gorham's family, where it was received 'even with indignation, but by the wide circle of Mr. Leslie's acquaintance. Miss St Clair it was admitted on every side, was Mr. Leslie's equal in birth, manners and education. But few have the generosity to see with pleasure those elevated to high places whom circumstances have depressed to unusual poverty; and Miss Gorham was even known to reply to some one urging the equality in all respects but that of fortune of the bride elect—

Yes—but then it is such a pitch for her, which in fact reversed the client if not only objection in the public mind, as well as in that of Miss Gorham, to the engagement—Many a beauty wondered that the fashionable agreeable Leslie, 'who might have got her or anybody he pleased for the asking' choosing that dark, plain, little governess, that nobody knew.

Although beauties seem by common consent to be considered alone as entitled to make brilliant marriages, do the facts sustain the sentiment?

Leslie had seen society in all its aspects. Beauties have smiled and wits flashed, and accomplishments been displayed for him; but he [illegible] deep feeling of Anna S. Clair [illegible] neither wit nor beauty [illegible] expressed [illegible] imagination [illegible] mean. And when, the object gained, Mrs. Leslie took her place in society at the head whom she graced, the bright and happy wife of one who knew how to value and appreciate her, and was not to those gay circles she had so long dazzled introducing a very inferior sister under very different auspices, now adorned by happiness, that led them to pronounce her not absolutely handsome, yet pretty enough.

Need we say that the Gorhams were among her earliest and most flattering visitors, or that the intimacy that was so eagerly sought and the attentions that were so profusely bestowed, were gently but decidedly refused; for Mrs Leslie could not forgive, nor even sweet, gentle Mrs. Leslie, quite forget, charitable as she was disposed to be in her proud and perfect happiness, the slights and insults offered to "the governess."

ENGLISH NIGGERS.

[Sam Slick in one of his Chapters of the Attache, thus speaks of the wretched condition of the English Manufacturer, and the manner in which he is imposed upon by designing demagogues.

"Now as to the manufacturin' slave, let's look at the poor devil, for I pity him, and I despise and hate his double faced iron hearted; radical, villainous, low-bred tyrant, of a master, as I do a rattlesnake. Oh! he is different from all the servants in England—all other servants are well off—most too well to anythin'—for they are pampered. But these poor critters! oh! their lot is a hard one—no, from the Corn laws, as their Radical employers tell 'em—not because they have not universal suffrage, as demagogues tell 'em—nor because there are Bishops who wear lawn sleeves instead of cotton ones, as the Dissenters tell 'em—but because there is a law of nature violated in their case. The hawk, the shark, and the tiger, the bird, the fish, and the beast, even the reason' brute, man, each and feed, nurture, and protect, those they spawn, hatch, or breed. Its's a law written in the works of God. They have it in instinct, and find it in reason, and necessity and affection, are its roots and foundation. The manufacturer obeys no instinct—won't listen to no reason—don't see no necessity—and hain't got no affections He calls together the poor and gives them artificial powers—unfits them for all other purposes works them to their utmost—lobs all the profits of their labour, and when is too rich and too proud to progress, or when bad speculations has ruined him, he deserts these unfortunate wretches whom he has created, used up, and ruined, and leaves them to God and their country, to provide for.

But that aint all neither, he first sets them agin the House of God and his Ministers, (the only Church too, in the whole world, that is the Church of the Poor—the Church of England, the first duty of which, is to provide for the instruction of the poor at the expense of the rich.) and then he sets them agin the farmer, who at last has to feed and provide for them in the day of trouble—What a horrid system! he first starves their bodies, and then he p'isens their minds—he ruins them body and soul Guess, I need'nt tell you what this gony is?—he is a Liberal,—he is rich, and hates those who are richer—he is proud, and hates those of superior station. His means are beyond his rank; his education and breedin' is below that of the aristocracy. He ain't satisfied with his superiors, he is dissatisfied with theirs because he can't come it. He is ashamed to own this, the real motive, he therefore, lies in principle to his aid. He is then, from principle, a Reformer, and under that pretty word does all the mischief to society he can.

"Then comes to his aid, for figures of speech, the bread of the poor—the starvin' man's loaf, the widow's mite, the orphan's mouldy crust. If he lowers the price of corn he lowers wages. If he lowers wages he curtails his annual outlay, the poor is made poorer, but the unfortunate wretch is too ignorant to know this, he is made richer himself, and he is wide awake. It won't do to say all this, so he ups with his speakin' trumpet and hails principle agin to convoy him. He is an Anti Corn Law leaguer on principle, he is agin agricultural monopoly, the protective system, the landed gentry He is a friend of the poor, What a super-superior critter he is!—he first cheats and then mocks the poor, and just ups and asks the blessings of God on his enterprise, by the aid of fanatical furious, and seditious strollin' preachers. Did you ever hear the like of that, Squire?"

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

OF TITLE BY ALIENATION

Alienation is the transfer of property from one to another, a process in which the law delights; "For it is hard," says Coke, "if the lawyers do not get a chance of catching the oister while it is being passed away from one shell to the other."

Traitors and felons cannot convey their blood; and if it is felony to imitate the signature of A. Rowland & Son, it would seem that the dealers in spurious Macassar cannot alienate their property. A felon may, however, purchase anything he pleases, because *ce qu'il achetera a courronne grelbeen* (that which he shall purchase the crown will grab, or lay its hands upon.)

An alien may purchase anything but can hold nothing, except perhaps his tongue; or it is useless on his part to say a word against the claim of the sovereign, who may come on the instant whatever may have been brought by the alien.

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