

SAINT ANDREWS N. B. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1862.

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS OF THE PEOPLE FOR THE COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE.

RULES OF ORDER AND BUSINESS.

1—The Court shall be called to order in the Sessions Room by the Clerk, who shall request the justices present to nominate a Chairman. Should more than one person be nominated, he shall be elected by a show of hands, and shall be declared Chairman by the Clerk. Should more than one person be nominated, the Clerk shall call the name of each justice present, who may respond the name of the Candidate he chooses for Chairman; and the Candidate having the largest number of votes, shall be declared Chairman by the Clerk.

2—Should the Chairman so elected, be absent at the opening of any adjourned session, a chairman to preside at that session shall be elected in like manner.

3—The Chairman shall preside at the Sessions, enforce a due observance of the Rules of Order and Business, the usual rules of parliamentary debate and a proper respect to the dignity of the Court. He shall have the casting vote, only, on all matters of procedure before the Court. He shall state every motion or resolution, properly before the Court, and before taking the vote thereon shall ask: "Are the justices ready for the question?" Should no justice then offer to speak, he shall take the vote in manner following: "Those in favor of this motion (or resolution as the case may be) will say 'Aye,' those against it 'Nay,' and shall then declare 'The YEs (or the NAYs) have it.'" Should any justice doubt the decision, he may respond "The NAYs (or the YEs) dissent," when the Chairman will direct the YEs to rise and remain till the Clerk states them. The Clerk shall count the YEs and also the NAYs, and inform the Chairman of the result, when he shall declare the result finally.

4—After proceeding to take the vote no justice shall be allowed to speak on the question.

5—The decision of the Chairman on points of order shall not be debatable; unless, on certain points, he may invite discussion, which, however, may be taken, from the decision to the Court, when he shall put the question that: "shall the decision of the Chair be sustained?"

6—All business shall come before the Court by motion or by resolution in writing. A justice making a motion or moving a resolution, shall rise up in his place and state the same, when if it be seconded, it shall be read by the Chairman, and shall then be open for debate.

7—No justice shall speak more than once on the same question, except the mover, who shall have a general reply; and no justice shall speak more than fifteen minutes upon any subject unless by special permission.

8—If more than one justice rises to speak on the same time, the Chairman shall decide who is first up, and the first up may speak.

9—While a justice is speaking, no other justice shall stand or move about or speak or whisper, so as to interrupt him, unless it be to object to order.

10—When a motion is made or a resolution moved, and the motion or resolution, as the case may be, is seconded, it must be decided by the question, unless withdrawn by the mover, or the previous question or adjournment be moved and carried.

11—During debate the following questions shall be in order:—1st to adjourn;—2d the previous question; 3d to lie on the table; 4th to postpone indefinitely;—5th to postpone definitely; 6th to refer; 7th to amend;—8th to take precedence as here in arranged, and the first three shall be decided without debate.

12—If any justice interrupt the justice speaking, or the justice speaking does not confine himself to the subject under debate, the justice may, but the Chairman should, restrain him to order.

13—When any justice or the Chairman asks to order, the question of order must be decided previous to proceeding with the debate.

14—After a question, except the previous question, has been decided; a motion to reconsider shall be in order; but a motion to reconsider a motion or subject that has once been reconsidered, or to amend an amendment to an amendment, shall not be entertained.

15—When the previous question has been decided and seconded, it shall be put, thus: "Shall the main question be new put?" If carried, all former motions and amendments and the question shall be excluded, and the question shall be without delay. If the main question has been amended, the vote shall be taken upon the last amendment, then on a former amendment and lastly on the main question.

16—A justice presenting a petition, shall be in order, when a motion to receive shall be in order.

17—Committees shall be appointed by the Chairman unless otherwise ordered; and shall attend to, and report upon all matters referred to them with the least possible delay. The Justice first named on a committee shall be Chairman of the same.

18—Reports from Committees shall be in writing, and be signed by a majority. The minority of a Committee may also report upon matters referred to them, and after the reading of the majority report it shall lie on the table, until the minority report be read when a motion to consider either may be in order.

19—Immediately after the Grand Jury has reported there shall be appointed a Committee of three for the Parish of Saint Andrews, a Committee of three for the Parish of Saint Stephens, and a Committee of three for the Parish of Saint George, to examine and report upon all matters and accounts pertaining to those Parishes, respectively. But the only one of the three of each Committee shall be residents of the Parish for which they are appointed. And there shall also be appointed a Committee of one from each of the remaining Parishes, to examine and report upon all matters and accounts pertaining to the remaining Parishes. But should no justice be present from any Parish so far that Parish may be appointed from another Parish. And there shall also be appointed a Committee of three, no two of whom shall be residents of the same Parish to examine and report upon all matters and accounts pertaining to the County at large.

20—Applications for Wholesale and Tavern Licenses shall be made to the Clerk previous to Friday at 9 o'clock in the forenoon of the Court week. Such application shall state the name of the applicant, the description, the place, and of the building in which it is intended to sell, and the applicant shall furnish any other information which the Court may require, and the Clerk shall publish the notice in a Newspaper of this County.

21—Questions pertaining to the granting of Licenses, shall be entertained and considered only on Friday of Court Week, unless to dispose of unfinished business, relating to granting of said Licenses, which may be done on Saturday, but shall on that day take precedence over all other business.

22—These Rules of Order and Business, shall be in force, immediately upon their passage, and all Rules of Order and Business, conflicting with these, are hereby repealed.

Passed April 11, 1862.
W. HATCH,
Clerk.

A BOLD DASH; OR, THE TURN OF A MISHAP.

BY SYLVANUS COLE, JR.

James Fitzadams was thirty years of age; a well-built, dashing sort of fellow; with brains enough, such as they were; and with a most exalted idea of his own personal appearance. Who his parents were we do not know—his most intimate friends did not know. He lived in Wiltonvale, but how he lived was a wonder to many. Only a few miles distant was the watering place of Downy Beach; and most of the warm season, when company was plenty, he spent there. It was whispered by a very few that he was a proficient in the art of card-playing; and that those who played against him generally lost.

James Fitzadams wanted money—wanted more than he could earn in the usual way; and he spoke of his want to his friend, Tom Allen.

Tom had property left him by wealthy parents; and, though a bachelor, he still kept up the establishment—a fine house, and a fine stable, and fine horses.

"I'm going to get a wife," said Fitzadams.

"Wife?" cried Tom, in surprise.

"Yes."

"What in the world do you want of a wife?"

"What do you want of the old red mill?"

"It yields me a handsome income."

"And that's just what I want of a wife. Aye—I must have one—I'm bound for it."

"Such wives are hard to find, Fitz."

"No. I have my eye on one now."

"Oh?"

"You remember old Gower?"

"The soap merchant?"

"Yes."

"Aye—I have seen him at the beach."

"Well—he has a daughter—Matilda, she is called,—and she is an only child. The old rascal is worth a hundred thousand dollars in clean bank account, beside all his real estate. Isn't that a plum worth plucking, Tom?"

"Certainly it is, Fitz;—but I don't believe you can fetch it."

"Egad, I can try. And say, Tom, my boy,—suppose I should want your help, Tom shook his head.

"O, I shall not try you hard, old fellow. You shan't be called upon to commit yourself."

"Wait—wait, Fitz. I can't promise you. You're a sad dog, and I must be shy how I enter upon any of your mad schemes."

"I know I can depend upon you Tom."

"I make no promise."

And no promise was needed. Fitzadams knew all the weak points of the young spendthrift, and he felt sure of his help in the hour of need.

The bathing season opened, and in due time Mr. and Mrs. Gower and Miss Gower were registered at the hotel; and about the same time Mr. James Fitzadams registered his name.

Adolphus Gower was not an intellectual man, but he was a substantial man; and, as far as worldly prosperity was concerned, he had been a most fortunate man. His wife was very far from being intellectual; but she was fashionable, and loved to be flattered.

Matilda Gower was past thirty, and not at all handsome. Yet she had had several offers of marriage which her father had effectually frowned out of the way. She was large of frame, coarse of feature, and not over and above bright; but she was sole heiress of great wealth, and so received much attention.

Fitzadams had studied the characters of the mother and daughter until he felt sure of winning them over to his cause. For a whole month he worked very carefully, and was finally rewarded with words, from the lips of the heiress,—

"You may ask papa."

But papa had gone away on business, and would not be back again until the close of the season; so the lover contented himself with playing the agreeable, and when tired of that he proposed to go away on business of his own.

The season closed at length, and as Mr. Gower did not come for his wife and daughter, on her return accompanied them to the city, where he met the old man.

"So you want Matilda for a wife, do you?" and the soap-merchant scrutinized the applicant narrowly.

"Yes, sir. I have loved her for a long time; and I have the supreme happiness of knowing that she loves me in return. And now, sir, will you not crown that happiness by giving me her hand?"

"Matilda is old enough to have a husband, and I suppose she wants one; but my young man, I must know something more about you before I give my consent to your proposition. I'd like to know what your business is, and how much you are worth."

"Certainly, my dear sir,—certainly," said Fitzadams. "I have not spoken much of my worldly wealth, because I fancy that there are other things more necessary to happiness in the marriage state. Yet, sir, it is eminently proper that this thing should be understood. I am not so wealthy as you are; I am not so old; but I have enough."

"How much?" asked Mr. Gower, sentimentally.

"Really, my dear sir, I could not give you the exact sum in dollars and cents. I have a very fine property in Wiltonvale, worth some thousands of dollars; and I have some mill property,—perhaps in all, twenty thousand dollars. But, sir, should I succeed in gaining the hand of your daughter, I shall sell my property and go into business in the city."

"I suppose you like my daughter because she is handsome?"

"No, sir," replied Fitzadams, promptly. "I do not call her handsome; I should rather call her plain. But I love her because she is good—because she has been kind to me—because love springs up in my heart of its own accord."

"Pon my soul, Mr. Fitzadams, you talk kind of honest; and I've a great notion to try you."

"You will never repent it, sir."

"Very well. Do you go home to Wiltonvale, and some time next week I will come and see you. I have a notion to see you in your own home. A then, sir, you shall have my answer."

James Fitzadams did not exactly like this, but he dared not object. He saw that the old man was bound to see things for himself, and he must prepare to meet him; so he professed to like the idea.

"My dear Mr. Gower, I shall be proud to have you call upon me. Were you ever in Wiltonvale?"

"Never to stop. I have passed through there."

"You know where the meeting-house is?"

"Yes."

"And you remember the pond beyond it?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember, near the margin of that pond, upon a gentle eminence, and within the bosom of a maple grove, a beautiful villa?"

"Yes, I remember it well."

"That is my house. Call upon me there."

"I shall do so, sir."

"Soon?"

"Yes."

"My dear Tom, you told me you were going to New York soon."

"Yes—I must."

"Then go next week."

"Why so, Fitz? What's up?"

"I want to use your house."

"Oh?"

"Don't ask any questions. Be a friend to me, and go."

"You are planning for the hand of Miss Gower?"

"Yes."

"You are mad, Fitz. The old man can't remain long ignorant of the deception. I don't care how soon he discovers it after I am married."

"But suppose he should shut up his money-bags?"

"Then he'd cut off his own daughter, and give the scandal to the world."

"And suppose he should do just that thing? He may be stubborn enough."

"Why," replied Fitzadams, curling his mustache, "if he does that, then my course is plain enough. I'll step out, and leave Matilda to shift for herself. I cannot be worse off than I am now. It's a bold dash; but I'm bound to put it through. Will you be kind enough to go to New York next week?"

"Yes, Fitz, I had planned to go at that time; so I don't do it to please you."

"But you will do one other thing to please me. You will let me stay here next week, and take charge of your premises; and you will instruct your servants to obey me as though I were their master,—you'll do that, Tom?"

"Yes—I'll do it, because I believe, upon my soul, that you'll have worst of it."

"Leave that to me."

"Now, dear papa, you know what you promised me and mama. You said you would have your whiskers colored before you went away again. O—it would make you look so much younger."

"Ah, Miss Matilda, you fancy that a young-looking papa would make a young-looking daughter, eh?"

"O, don't talk so foolishly, papa. You make me blush. You know I don't think of myself. But those horrid white whiskers! I can't endure 'em. You know what you said you'd either cut them off, or else have them colored."

"I should catch cold if I cut them off."

"Then do the other thing."

Mr. Gower could not resist the appeal; so he went to the barber's, and had his whiskers colored to a beautiful dark glossy brown. It had made him look younger, but it certainly made him look very odd. However his wife and daughter were pleased, and he was satisfied.

On the following morning Mr. Gower started for Wiltonvale. At the urgent solicitation of his wife and child he donned his best attire; and, to use madam's own expression, he looked as though he "had just come out of the box." He took the cars as far as Downy Corner, and there he had to take a private conveyance. He went to the stable and hired a horse and driver; and he flattered himself that he was going to have a comfortable ride. He was not an adept in the art of horsemanship; but then the hostler assured him that the animal he was to drive was very kind, though full of fire, and rather "nervy."

Away went the soap-merchant, over the country road, and he thought how fine it was to breathe the pure fresh air of Autumn among the hills. As he rode thus, with his thoughts wandering, he did not see the commotion in a little thicket by the wayside, but he saw it, and also saw a large white ox come rushing out, whereupon he—the horse—leaped quickly out from the road, overturning the chaise, and throwing Mr. Gower into a deep pool of water. But the ill-fated merchant was not clear of danger. He had got tangled up in the boot, and was dragged a long distance through the mud, and over the stones. He was free at length however; and when he picked himself up the horse was dashing off at a furious rate. But he thought little of the horse then. He had enough to do to attend to his own case. He shook himself, then moved one leg; then moved the other; and finally he came to the joyful conclusion that he was still alive, with no bones broken, and with no serious hurts. But his clothes were in an awful plight. His coat was completely torn off; his vest all bedaubed; his pants tattered and muddy; and his linen wet and soiled. In fact he looked like a man of mud and rags. But Adolphus Gower was not to be thwarted. He was an enterprising man, and the business in hand was not to be put off. Half a mile ahead he saw a house, and when he reached, he found that his house

had been stopped there and taken care of.— The animal was not injured, but the chaise was a complete wreck.

It was an horrible shade where the horse had been cared for, and no other dwelling was in sight. Of course Mr. Gower could not go to Wiltonvale in mud and rags. The poor farmer must exchange clothes with him. The host had no good clothes—nothing but rough homespun.

"Never mind," said the merchant. "Give me the best you have, and I'll pay you well for them."

The garments were produced—blue and gray homespun, darned and patched—but clean and tidy. The peasant was a large framed man, and his raiment was done by the merchant without any trouble. Mr. Gower looked at himself after he had made the metamorphosis, and he chuckled at the oddity of his appearance.

"Egad," he muttered, "I don't believe my own wife would know me."

"It does make a difference," said the peasant; "but it's better so than it was before."

"Certainly, certainly, sir. Ha—was it that?"

"I guess it's a team bound for the village."

"Stop 'em, stop 'em, sir; and see if they won't take me along."

It proved to be a man with a wagon, who readily consented to take a passenger. The merchant was once more on his way.

The man who owned the wagon stopped at the store in Wiltonvale, and Mr. Gower started to walk the rest of the way. He passed the meeting house and passed the pond; and soon afterwards turned up into the broad park in front of a handsome villa. It was certainly a beautiful place; though the merchant fancied he could detect signs of decay. However if the owner thought of selling soon he probably did not trouble himself about keeping all these little matters looked after.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon when Gower walked up the villa, and he saw Mr. Fitzadams standing upon the piazza, smoking a cigar.

"Ah—good day, sir," said Adolphus Gower, in his bluest way. "You're taking comfort, aren't you?"

"Who in the—are you, you rusty old curmudgeon?" cried Fitzadams, disdainfully, using a stiff which struck Adolphus as being very profane.

A light broke upon the soap-merchant.— Fitzadams did not recognize him. And no wonder. With his head so starkly colored and in that strange garb, his most intimate friend would not have known him. And he concluded not to avow himself in a hurry.— He might thus gain an insight into the young man's character which he could not gain otherwise.

"I am a poor traveller; and am tired and hungry," said Mr. Gower.

"Then go to the—and rest yourself," replied Fitzadams, mentioning that profane name again.

"You are not a very kind man," suggested Gower.

"I'll show you that I'm trump at kicking if you don't take yourself off out of the way you confounded old sheep."

At this juncture a man came around from the yard, and stepped upon the piazza. He was in a working garb, and smelled strong of the stable.

"Bill—says you want the Messenger colt saddled, sir," he said, addressing Fitzadams.

"Of course I do," returned the wife hunting hero; "and I am in a hurry too, for I expect to meet a friend on the road."

"You'd better take some other horse, sir."

"No; I want that one."

"I can't saddle him, sir. Master said he must not be used."

"Didn't Mr. Allen tell you that I was to be your master while he was gone?"

"He said you'd have charge here till he came back."

"Then do as I tell you to. Put the saddle upon the Messenger colt."

"Can't do it, sir."

"By the ghost of Saint Peter, you will do it."

"No—sir."

"Then I'll do it myself."

"Now the groom knew very well what kind of a man he had to deal with; moreover, he had heard his master tell of the bold dash for a wife which the adventurer was making; so his respect for the fellow was very little; and his fear of offending him was still less.

The poor old "codger" in the darned and patched homespun was not noticed.

"If any horses are to be taken out, I'll take them myself," said the groom; and as he spoke he looked upon Fitzadams rather indignantly. "The colt will not come out to-day."

"Well, rec!" cried Fitzadams, at the