

NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN
THE HAMMONTON TRACT OF
LAND IN NEW JERSEY

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.
E. VARIIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.
[32 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Vol 35 SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 24, 1868. No 26



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Saturday, 20th May, 1868.
PRESENT:
His Excellency the Governor General
In Council.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Inland Revenue, and under the authority given by the Act passed by the Parliament of Canada, 31 Vic. c. 51, intitled: "An Act respecting the Inland Revenue," and by the "Act respecting Raw Tobacco," 31 Vic. c. 51, His Excellency in Council has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Regulations respecting the granting of Licenses and Permits to Tobacco Dealers, shall be as follows, and are hereby made and established.

WM. H. LEE,
Clerk Privy Council.

REGULATIONS.

1. Licenses to deal in Raw Leaf Tobacco and to enter the same ex-warehouse for consumption on payment of duty, may be granted by any of the mentioned Officers on application being made in the proper form, namely:

All Collectors and deputy Collectors of Inland Revenue.

Such Postmasters not exceeding one in each Parish, Township or Municipality wherein there is no other Officer of Inland Revenue, as may be from time to time appointed by the Minister of Inland Revenue.

3rd.—Application for a License shall be made in such form, and shall contain such information as may be required by departmental regulations, and shall also state the name, place of residence and occupation of the person applying.

4th.—A License shall only be valid when granted on a form supplied by the Department of Inland Revenue, and signed by the Commissioner; and any License may be forfeited by the Minister of Inland Revenue whenever he has satisfactory evidence that the person to whom it is granted has evaded or assisted in evading the payment of any duty to which Tobacco is liable, or that he has failed to comply with these regulations or any part thereof.

5th.—Permits to take Raw Leaf Tobacco out of Bond or from the farm or premises where it was grown, for consumption, may be granted by the officers and persons hereby authorized to issue Licenses, on application being made in the form approved by the Department, and payment of the duty to which the Tobacco would be liable if manufactured, that is to say: on 31 Vic. Cap. Raw Leaf Tobacco, the growth of 51, sec. 4. Canada, five cents per pound, being the duty to which it would be liable if manufactured in Canada, and on Law Leaf Tobacco, the growth of Canada, ten cents per pound.

6th.—Every permit shall be valid only when the form supplied by the Department of Inland Revenue and signed by the person issuing it, and every such Permit shall be delivered to and retained by the importer or grower of the Tobacco as evidence that the Tobacco to which it relates was lawfully removed, and the said Permit shall be produced by him whenever demanded by any Officer of Inland Revenue for the purpose of taking an account thereof.

7th.—All persons issuing Licenses or Permits under these Regulations or who receive any duty on Raw Leaf Tobacco entered for consumption, shall transmit all money so received to the Receiver General at least once in each week, or oftener should the amount collected in one week exceed fifty dollars, and they shall account to the Department of Inland Revenue in such manner, at such times and in such form as may be from time to time determined by Departmental Regulations in that behalf.

8th.—All persons licensed to deal in Raw Leaf Tobacco shall keep an account of all that they receive or sell or otherwise dispose of in such form as may be prescribed by Departmental Regulations.

9th.—The Regulations of the Honorable the Minister of Inland Revenue, and under the authority given by the Act passed by the Parliament of Canada, 31 Vic. c. 51, intitled: "An Act to increase the Excise Duty on Spirits, to impose an Excise Duty on Refined Petroleum, and to provide for the Inspection thereof," His Excellency in Council has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the following Regulations respecting the Inspection and Branding of Petroleum, shall be as they are hereby made and established.

WM. H. LEE,
Clerk Privy Council.

REGULATIONS.

1st. Refined Petroleum shall be tested by Tagliabue Pyrometer or by other similar Instruments as may be approved by the Minister of Inland Revenue, and all such Instruments shall be distributed under the Supervision of the Department of Inland Revenue, and shall be used in accordance with instructions sanctioned by the said Department.

2nd. Refined Petroleum which was on the 23d

of May, 1868, in possession of parties who were not Refiners, may be allowed to pass inspection provided it bears a fire test of one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit.

3rd. All Barrels, Casks, or Packages containing Petroleum which has been inspected shall be branded with the date of the Inspection.

4th. Refined Petroleum may be warehoused and removed in Bond under the Regulations made by an order in Council on the 27th day of April, 1868.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Thursday, 28th day of May, 1868.

PRESENT:
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and under the authority of the 19th Section of "The Fisheries Act,"

His Excellency in Council has been pleased to make the following Regulations:—

Herrings shall not be taken between the Fifteenth day of July and the Fifteenth day of October in any year, on the spawning ground, at the southern head of Grand Manan, in the Province of New Brunswick, within the following limits, that is to say:—Commencing at the eastern part of Seal Cove, including the two Inner Islands (so called) at a place known as Red Point, thence extending westerly along the coast to the southern head of Bradford's Cove, and extending one mile from the shore, and all coves or other fishing material, apparatus, tackle or gear used for catching Herrings on any part of the said ground during the period above described, shall be seized and confiscated; and every person so using the same shall be subject to fine or imprisonment.

Oysters shall not be fished for, caught or killed between the First day of June and the First day of September in any year.

WM. H. LEE,
Clerk Privy Council.

The Dignity of the British Nation.

The New York sun says: 'England though a cross between a bully and a peeler, covers the heads of her subjects with the national shield, whether on sea or land, and in whatever part of the world they may be found. No man wears his liver or invokes the protection of her flag in vain. She search'd American ships for British born sailors, in the face of protests and war. She demanded the return of Mason and Slidell, two American traitors, to the deck of the British steamer from whence they had been taken, and Mr. S. ward went on his knees. King Theodore refused to surrender half dozen of her subjects, and she prepares to ravage Abyssinia with fire and sword.'

Three and six pence a gal? Exclaimed Mrs. Partington, looking over the Price Current. Why, bless me, what is the world coming to when gals are valued at only three and sixpence?

A. A. Stockton, J. H. Crawford, Jeremiah Travis, A. H. Hamington, J. R. Pugsley, and A. E. Oulton, were sworn and enrolled Barristers of the Supreme Court on Thursday last. Mr. Milner, (from Wetmore & Barker's office) and Mr. O'Connor, (from Fraser & Winslow's office, Fredericton) were at the same time admitted Attorneys.

A western paper relates that a man has actually sold his wife for ten cents, the sale having been by auction, and that the papers were made out by a justice of the peace.

Ink from india rubber is the latest invention. It will be useful for such as cannot spread their few and feeble thoughts over a sufficient expanse of paper.

EARLY AND PRODUCTIVE.—Mr. Gallagher tells us that he moved a ton of hay from a quarter of an acre on the Catholic Chapel grounds, here, on the 8th inst.

It is quite curious that notwithstanding the frequency with which railroad trains run off the track, the means for restoring them are so rude and primitive a nature. An invention has just been patented to accomplish the work quickly and accurately.

General McClellan has, it is said, written a letter declining to be a candidate, but promising to take the stump for whomsoever the New York convention may nominate.

Hay is arriving at St. John, in large quantities, value about \$15 per ton. A few weeks ago it sold for \$11.

The sister of Emma, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, is said to have been at the Grand Falls last week.—Journal.

An Irishman illustrating the horror of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment "for life" only fifteen survived!

Sheep are sheared by machines in Texas. California is filled with starving clerks.

A LIFE-WATCH.

BY GEORGINA C. CLARK.

FROM THE CONTENTS OF THE CLASSED VOLUME [concluded.]

I know not whether I am mad or sane. I know not whether I was mad when I did it. There is madness in our family. My mother died raving mad. The old earl, my grandfather, was methodically mad, and was kept under disguised restraint in his ancestral mansion, that the world might not know it. But it coaxed out, as things concealed usually do, with exaggerations. If I am mad, I was not accountable for it. And if I am sane, I have explained it by a long life-watch of cruel and horrible self torture.

To live all my days in a house converted in a manumotum; to be condemned to sit upon an unburied coffin; to be encumbered everywhere with a tenant who should be in the tomb; to live in a skeleton; to taste food out of a blood red hand, and have a blood red eye before me,—are parts of my punishment. I never see a blue sky or a gray distance.

Everything has a sanguinary haze over it, as if I looked through spectacles of flame color. And yet I did not shed blood,—ah; no I did not do that.

I have formed a friendship for this woman and I should like to talk to her, yet I cannot divulge my secret. She seems to love her husband, yet not as I loved mine. As I loved him? As I do love him—passionately, wildly, fearfully, madly, so that I can never take my gaze off his coffin; so that I rise in the darkness and silence of the night to kiss and embrace the cold wood; and I feel my passion and remorse eating out my heart. I can not weep. I never shed a tear now, as I never shed a tear then. My grief is cold and tearless, as my happiness cold and tearless, when he lived. Outwardly, only outwardly. Within I was and am an human volcano, and the fire is consuming my heart and brain, sense and being, slowly, slowly,—heaven, how slowly! It is retribution.

In my girlhood I was beautiful, and gifted with extraordinary talents. What ever I undertook I mastered, I studied astrology, and cast my nativity. I saw the doom then, but did not comprehend it. Could I weep I know the future, of what use would it be? Should we be warned, advised, or guided? No! Doom is doom, and we should rush on blindly towards it.

In every accomplishment I excelled, and yet I was but fifteen years of age, living in retirement at a country seat with my governess when I met my future husband. I was sketching the stump of a tree in a grove, he out with a dog and a gun. Our eyes met with a flash of light and we loved each other. He was so handsome a heathen might have thought him a deity descended from the clouds. His hair was fair, rich, and waving over eyes blue as heaven, his complexion more delicate, if possible, than my own. His voice was soft, rich, and manly. He had travelled and was as well read as myself. I did not discover all this at first. But we loved as our eyes met. Then we were impelled to speak. We walked home, and saw my chaperone,—an interview which resulted in his seeking my father whose parliamentary duties yet held him in London. No parent could object to such an unexceptionable suitor as Lionel; but an obstacle existed on his side, whose father Lord — (I will betray no names, not even to her I fancy my friend, but for the credit of those so unwillingly related, suppress all nomenclature, and carry shame and crime alone to the grave)—Lord — refused to sanction his son's union with the daughter of a lunatic grandchild of an idiot.

But Lionel and I were mad for love. We met; we eloped; we married, and fled to the Continent to avoid the reproaches and interferences of angry parents. I looked around me, and I had consented to elope, I looked around me for a respectable wherein I might pack the few clothes I intended to take with me. In the coach house I saw the old box or chest destined to play so awful a part in my wretched story. I contrived to deposit what I needed unobserved; and in the silence of night, when all slept, I aroused the young groom, who slept over the stable; and offered him a handsome gift of gold,—yellow and shining in the light of the lamp I held, if he would harness the horses and take me and that dainty box to where Lionel awaited us.

The coachman, an old family servant, might have refused to drive so young a mistress on so doubtful a journey. But Sam was of an age when when such deeds raise sympathy in the breast; so he took his reward, and I, with my box, was hurried from my home.

Wary of travelling we returned to England and rented a small house—a mere cottage not far from Broadstairs, where as we thought, we ran little risk of being seen by anyone who knew us. My husband, being fond of bathing sought the shore every morning, and I sat in the garden until he returned.

We had not been at Broadside very long when I fancied that there was a change in his manner. I was certain some secret rested upon his mind, and I became aware also that though he went to the shore, he ceased to bathe. Sitting alone with busy thoughts I grew jealous and determined to watch him, so instead of remaining home, one day I hurried along a by-road to a part of the esplanade that overlooked the sands. I cast my eyes downwards, and saw him walking with a young lady about my own age. After a time they left the sands and walked towards our home. They were too preoccupied to detect that they were followed, but sat down to talk by a quiet bank near a cornfield, where I hid myself amongst the wheat.

I was not near enough to hear his words, to which she listened so earnestly, or hers, on which he seemed to hang with tender interest. I noticed him holding her hands fondly, twining her curls in his fingers, and I saw him kiss her before they parted. I watched this day after day, and yet said nothing. She only passed a few minutes each time in his company as if fearful of being missed by her friends. But was not that enough? Was it not too much for a young loving wife to witness?

One morning I noticed a bouquet of flowers, just gathered, lying on the escritoire where he had been writing. Full of suspicion I diverted his glance to another part of the room and with a hasty glance read the words scribbled upon slip of paper: 'I will meet you at sunset on the sands, and if your plans are ripe enough, we will leave Broadstairs to-morrow.' He returned to his desk, fold'd the note, and went out with it and the flowers. Could I not guess how the one would be concealed within the other, and for whom? Did I not know the golden haired syren with the sweet baby-face that had bewitched him?

That morning I spent home, a wretched prey to love, jealousy and wrath. At all hazards the sunset meeting must be prevented. Should I charge him with perfidy, unbridled, untried? Should I prevail? Should I risk a failure? No; a thousand times no. As our dinner hour drew near, a fault-finder, a vile idea entered my miserable mind. It was mad then, I know now that I was mad, I laughed when I remembered the laudanum in a tiny bottle on the mantle shelf of dressing room. I emptied it into the wine decanter. Lionel drank wine, but I did not. After dinner he slept. Coffee was brought, but still his slumber lasted. It was as I wished, I sat and watched him. The hours went on slowly, there was no gas—burned down, down low, he still slept very heavily. One, two, three, and then three. It was broad daylight; and I threw up the blinds, for I was getting restless and alarmed. Daylight was let in, and it fell upon the arm chair and upon the face of a dead man. I dropped at his feet; I tried to pray, but knelt there wordless and thoughtless. Then surely I was mad—carefully, cunningly, strangely mad. As heaven is my witness, I had only meant to cause a sleep to stop that meeting and to put off an explanation so bitterly humiliating, so stormy in the aspect of its gathering clouds.

I knelt before my dead husband and laughed. I had no part in the laughter; it was as if the voice of some strange spirit issued from my lips, and sounded curiously in my heart. I was aroused suddenly by hearing the door open, and the fair girl with the golden hair and the baby's face would stand by and see me strangled out of life upon a scaffold. How I found strength for the terrible task I cannot tell, but I took Lionel in my arms and carried him into our sleeping chamber, which adjoined, threw open the windows that led from the dining room into the garden, and then locked myself and my crime away together. I laid him on the floor by the great box, and knelt down.

Suddenly an idea came into my head. I opened the box, and taking out my clothing laid it a bundle. There was a closet in the room which I had once opened, and had seen amongst our domestic curiosities the old tick of a bed. I took it and covered it over Lionel, and with the same strange strength lifted him into the box. He was barely dead then, for his limbs were not stiff, and I folded them into the space. Then locked up the box and dressed, and went in to breakfast. A box and dressed, and went in to breakfast. A box and dressed, and went in to breakfast. A box and dressed, and went in to breakfast.

I was not near enough to hear his words, to which she listened so earnestly, or hers, on which he seemed to hang with tender interest. I noticed him holding her hands fondly, twining her curls in his fingers, and I saw him kiss her before they parted. I watched this day after day, and yet said nothing. She only passed a few minutes each time in his company as if fearful of being missed by her friends. But was not that enough? Was it not too much for a young loving wife to witness?

One morning I noticed a bouquet of flowers, just gathered, lying on the escritoire where he had been writing. Full of suspicion I diverted his glance to another part of the room and with a hasty glance read the words scribbled upon slip of paper: 'I will meet you at sunset on the sands, and if your plans are ripe enough, we will leave Broadstairs to-morrow.' He returned to his desk, fold'd the note, and went out with it and the flowers. Could I not guess how the one would be concealed within the other, and for whom? Did I not know the golden haired syren with the sweet baby-face that had bewitched him?

That morning I spent home, a wretched prey to love, jealousy and wrath. At all hazards the sunset meeting must be prevented. Should I charge him with perfidy, unbridled, untried? Should I risk a failure? No; a thousand times no. As our dinner hour drew near, a fault-finder, a vile idea entered my miserable mind. It was mad then, I know now that I was mad, I laughed when I remembered the laudanum in a tiny bottle on the mantle shelf of dressing room. I emptied it into the wine decanter. Lionel drank wine, but I did not. After dinner he slept. Coffee was brought, but still his slumber lasted. It was as I wished, I sat and watched him. The hours went on slowly, there was no gas—burned down, down low, he still slept very heavily. One, two, three, and then three. It was broad daylight; and I threw up the blinds, for I was getting restless and alarmed. Daylight was let in, and it fell upon the arm chair and upon the face of a dead man. I dropped at his feet; I tried to pray, but knelt there wordless and thoughtless. Then surely I was mad—carefully, cunningly, strangely mad. As heaven is my witness, I had only meant to cause a sleep to stop that meeting and to put off an explanation so bitterly humiliating, so stormy in the aspect of its gathering clouds.

I knelt before my dead husband and laughed. I had no part in the laughter; it was as if the voice of some strange spirit issued from my lips, and sounded curiously in my heart. I was aroused suddenly by hearing the door open, and the fair girl with the golden hair and the baby's face would stand by and see me strangled out of life upon a scaffold. How I found strength for the terrible task I cannot tell, but I took Lionel in my arms and carried him into our sleeping chamber, which adjoined, threw open the windows that led from the dining room into the garden, and then locked myself and my crime away together. I laid him on the floor by the great box, and knelt down.

Suddenly an idea came into my head. I opened the box, and taking out my clothing laid it a bundle. There was a closet in the room which I had once opened, and had seen amongst our domestic curiosities the old tick of a bed. I took it and covered it over Lionel, and with the same strange strength lifted him into the box. He was barely dead then, for his limbs were not stiff, and I folded them into the space. Then locked up the box and dressed, and went in to breakfast. A box and dressed, and went in to breakfast. A box and dressed, and went in to breakfast.

not despair; for if I can do nothing at present, I will yet reconcile them to you some day. I fear I shall not be allowed to write, but in silence and absence do not doubt that I am, and ever shall remain,

Your affectionate sister,
EDITH.

His sister! Ah! was ever climax so terrible? This, then, must be his favourite sister Edith, of whom he had so often talked, but who was unknown to me. Alas! why had he kept this meeting secret? That, too, was obvious; could he expose me to the mortification of knowing that she was pleading for my recognition by his family, or that he was forced to meet a dearly beloved sister by stealth because he had chosen me to be his wife?

And Lionel was dead. I hardly comprehended the fact. Fear was upon me. I must fly, and I must conceal the deed. Twenty miles from my own home a lonely house stood in the midst of a wood. Report called it haunted, and no one of the simple country folk dared approach; far less inhabit it. In a fit of madness I wrote to the landlord, and requested he would let it to me, with permission to enter immediately, saying that I was anxious to secure a good house at a low rent, I did not doubt he would be happy to accept. I would have given any price for the house, but I wished to give a likely reason, not the true one. My offer was accepted by return of post.

Meanwhile I had told my two servants that their master had left early in the morning for town, whether he wished me to follow him, as we found it necessary to take a long and unexpected journey. I had paid all debts when the landlord's letter came. Hurrying to London I there disposed of our valuable plate and jewels, and I the horrible sarcophagus, hereafter to be my life watch. I was anxious to gain my new abode, as I knew the delays of a day or two would cause detection. But my room was purposely circuitous and broken to baffle any efforts that might be made to trace me, though under the family name it was hardly likely. The chest was placed in a large room—a sort of loft—at the top of the house; and after a few preparations had been made by three women who were induced to come to the haunted place whilst it was 'day,' I was left alone. The fact of my having a large box put in the loft excited no suspicion. The conjecture was that it contained books.

There without servants, without the companionship of a living soul, I felt alone for years, until upon the death of the old landlord a new master of the soil desired to pull the house down. Then with my chest I travelled from place, a haunted restless woman, asking of myself eternally, 'Am I sane or mad?'

I had written so much of my history in this poor cottage at Hamstead, to give it to one who has been kind to me; but going over the details of my life has raised in my mind a horrible suspicion the bare form of which, as it suddenly came before me, cast me into that frenzied fit which has closed the weary life of one who neither wants nor wishes to die—one who only desires to live her vague life on and on, gazing eternally at the sarcophagus. The idea, the certainty so terrible in its nature, is that Lionel was not dead when I placed him in the chest. Lionel was living—Lionel, my love, my husband, was put living into the tomb and stifled by his beautiful wife's mad hands; and his young wife of sixteen summers locked up his life and the secret of her crime and sat down heartlessly beside it to perform her cruel life watch.—L. L. her die.

EDITING A PAPER.

Editing a paper is a pleasant business. It contains too much political matter, people won't have it.

If the type be too large, it don't contain enough reading matter.

If the type be small, people won't read it. If we publish original matter, they complain of us for not giving selections.

If we publish selections, men say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a man a complimentary notice, then we are censured for being partial.

If we do not all lands say we are mercenary.

If we insert an article that pleases the ladies, men call it silly.

If we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in the house.

If we publish poetry, we affect sentimentalism. If we do not, we have no literary taste.

If we remain in the office and attend to business folks say we ought to mingle with the people.

If we are not there constantly, they say we never attend to business.

An apothecary asserted in a large company that all bitter things were hot. No real physician, a bitter cold day is an exception.