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# The Standard

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Ergo scriptum est optimum. - Cic.

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### Reminiscences of an Attorney. THE PUZZLE.

Tempus Fugit! The space of but a few brief yesterdays seems to have passed since the occurrence of the following out-of-the-way incidents—out-of-the-way even in our profession, fertile as it is in startling experiences; and yet the faithful and unerring tell-tale and monitor, Anno Domini 1851, instructing that a quarter of a century has nearly slipped by since the first scene in the contemplated play of circumstances opened upon me. The date I remember well, for the Tower-guns had been proclaimed with their thunder-throats the victory of Navarino but a short time, before a clerk announced, "William Martin, with a message from Major Stewart."

This William Martin was a rather sorry curiosity in his way. He was now in the service of our old clerk, Major Stewart; and a tall, good looking fellow enough, spite of a very decided cast in his eyes, which the casual, when in his cups—no unusual occurrence—declared he had caught from his former masters—Edward Thorneycroft, Esq., an enormously rich and exceedingly yellow East India director, and his son, Mr. Henry Thorneycroft, with whom, until lately transferred to Major Stewart's service, he had lived from infancy—his mother and father having formed part of the elder Thorneycroft's establishment when he was born. He had a notion in his head that he had better blood in his veins than the world supposed, and was excessively fond of spicing the gentleman; and this he did, I must say, with the ease and assurance of a stage-player. His name was scarcely out of the clerk's lips when he entered the inner office, with a great effort at readiness and deliberation, closing the door very carefully and impartantly, hung his hat with much precision on a brass peg, and then standing himself by the door handle, surveyed the situation and myself with sardonic look-lustre eyes and infinite gravity. I saw what was the matter.

"You have been in the Sun," Mr. Martin said to me, "and I could see by the motion of the fellow's lips that speech was attempted; but it came so thick that it was several minutes before I made out that he meant to say the British had been knocking the Turks about the bricks, and that he had been patriotically drinking the healths of the said British of bricks."

I heard him feebly and brokenly say, "A question to ask you, that's all—read!" His hand motioned towards a letter which lay open on the bed; I ran it over, and the major's anxiety was at once explained. Rosamond Stewart had, I found, been a short time previously married in Scotland to Henry Thorneycroft, the son of the wealthy East India director. Finding his illness becoming serious, the major had anticipated the time and made in which the young people had determined to break the intelligence to the irascible father-of-the-bridgroom, and the result was the furious and angry letter in reply which I was perusing. Mr. Thorneycroft would never, he declared, recognize the marriage of his ungrateful nephew—nephew not son; for he was, the letter announced, the child of an only sister, whose marriage had also mortally offended Mr. Thorneycroft and had been brought up from infancy as his (Mr. Thorneycroft's) son, in order that the hated name of Allerton, to which the boy was alone legally entitled, might never offend his ear. There was something added insinuating of a doubt of the legality of the marriage, in consequence of the misnomer of the bridegroom at the ceremony.

"Oh question," muttered the major as I finished the perusal of the letter: "Is Rosamond's marriage legal?"

"No question about it. How could any one suppose that an involuntary misdescription can affect such a contract?"

"Enough—enough!" he gasped. "A great load is gone!—the rest is with God. Bewell Rosamond!"

The girl's eyes flashed with anger. There was no practice about her. I felt assured. "Here are other proofs. My husband's signature, left accidentally, I think, with me, and two letters which I from curiosity took out of his coat-pocket—the day, I am pretty sure it was, after we were married."

No indisposition on that lady's part to act with generosity towards Mr. Thorneycroft's widow—a shrew, vulgarish person, by the way, of about forty years of age—but there was a legal difficulty in the way. In consequence of the recent law being a minor, Mrs. Thorneycroft became at length terribly incensed, and talked a good deal of angry nonsense about disputing the claim of Henry Thorneycroft to the estates, on the ground that his marriage, having been contracted in a wrong name, was null and void. Several anonymous paragraphs got in consequence into the Sunday newspapers, and these brought about a veritable disclosure.

About 12 o'clock one day, the Widow Thorneycroft bounced ceremoniously into the office, dragging in with her a comely and rather interesting-looking young woman, but of a decidedly rustic complexion and accent, and followed by a grave, middle-aged clergyman. The widow's large eyes sparkled with excitement, and her somewhat swarthy features were flushed with hot blood.

"I know, child—I know; but that is nothing to the purpose. This young person, Mr. Sharp, is, I repeat, the true and lawful Mrs. Henry Allerton."

"You?" I inquired, "do you take us for fools? This I am worded with some satisfaction. Either a ridiculous misapprehension, or an attempt at imposture; and I am very careless, which it may be."

Those who would have fault with Mr. Howe, for misreading the Canadian and Nova Scotia Governments with regard to the aid to be extended to the European and North American line of railroad, seem to have forgotten Mr. Howe's letter to that gentleman in which, if our memory serves us, it was stated that the British government would have no objection to the European and North American line forming a portion of the road to Quebec, and felt perfectly indifferent as to the line of route, through British territory, which should be selected.

We confess our astonishment at the remarks of the Montreal Herald, for we fancied that however painful the announcement of the government's organ might be to us, it would be viewed with extreme satisfaction by the people in Montreal, whose interests were apparently being strongly opposed to the Howe scheme, though not indifferent to a line via the valley of the St. John—Quebec Chronicle.

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In the Pennsylvania legislature, a bill has been introduced which makes it unlawful for any negro or mulatto to come into or settle in the state, and any person encouraging them to come in and settle is liable to a fine of \$100.

HEAVY FAILURE.—The Oswego Journal reports the failure of Lewis & Howdley, who have long been engaged in the milling and forwarding business. Their liabilities are named at \$250,000.

Louis Napoleon may be said to be, in one sense, the legal successor of the Emperor Napoleon, his election at this time, is doubtless intended by his advisers for the restoration of the Empire under the Bonaparte dynasty. By the death of Napoleon III., which constituted Napoleon Emperor in 1851, the imperial succession was thus preserved to his nephew, the King of Rome, of Napoleon, in the order of primogeniture.

CAUSES OF INSANITY.—The more ordinary causes of insanity, such as pecuniary difficulties, disappointment in love, religious excitement, grief, impotence, and excessive joy, are generally well understood. But in a report of the Bethlem Hospital, England, we find some causes assigned which, to say the least, are curious and almost incredible. These two men became mad from fear of the children; two women from giving birth to insane persons; one from attending a singing class, one from terror at the Parisian revolution of 1815, and one from the excitement of travelling, for the first time, in a railroad car. In several cases insanity resulted from bodily sickness. Three men became crazed from exposure to a hot sun. One poor fellow went mad from excessive sea sickness. Generally, women are more liable to hereditary insanity than males; and it is known that their sedentary occupation renders them more subject to it, from most causes, than the other sex. In the Bethlem Hospital, during one year, twelve females were admitted who had gone mad from love; but not one male. In conclusion it is said that half the causes, whether as regards men or women, are moral ones, a fact which should inculcate forcibly on parents, teachers, and guardians, the necessity of disciplining the moral sentiments, as well as cultivating the intellect.

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