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THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY A LADY OF MARYLAND.

It was a beautiful evening in early summer—the heat of noon had passed away, and the sun was setting with a mild and tempered radiance. At the door of a neat cottage stood three persons, who appeared to be gazing intently upon the high road which passed directly in front of the house, as if waiting the approach of some expected object. One of these persons was a lady, still in the prime of life, and possessing the remains of great beauty. She was dressed in deep mourning, and it was evident that care and suffering had anticipated the work of time in robbing her cheek of its bloom, and planting premature wrinkles on her fine forehead. Now, however, her face was lighted with smiles, and her large dark eyes were filled with tears which had evidently their source in some pleasurable emotion. Near her stood a young girl of perhaps some twenty summers of pleasing person, and intelligent countenance, though without any pretensions to beauty. The other individual of the group was a young man, apparently about nineteen or twenty years old, whose very handsome features were animated with a look of joyous anticipation, though their habitual expression was that of deep seriousness. Presently the cause of all this solicitude became apparent; a carriage drove up to the gate, and a young female, attended by an elderly servant alighted from it, and was instantly clasped in the arms of the elder lady, and most joyfully welcomed by her young companions, and the whole party re-entered the cottage, where for the present we will leave them.

Mary and Olivia Morgan were orphans, and were both educated by their maternal grandmother, a vain, worldly woman, who endeavored to instill into the minds of her young relations all those maxims of worldly policy by which her own conduct was governed. Upon Mary, the younger of the sisters, she could make no impression. Her heart was too warm, her mind too pure, to permit her to regulate the ardent impulses of the one, or the lofty aspirations of the other, by the frigid rules of worldly wisdom dictated by her grandmother, and at the age of seventeen she incurred the lasting displeasure of the old lady by throwing herself away, as she termed it, upon a young clergyman, who possessed no recommendation but virtue and talents, and no other fortune than the small salary derived from his professional labours as pastor of a small congregation in the beautiful village of Woodville. Limited as her income was, however, it was sufficient to satisfy all the desires of Mary Howard, and ten happy years passed without her ever regretting the splendid home she had left, to fill the humble station of a country parson's wife. At the end of that period, the sudden death of her husband destroyed her fair fabric of domestic happiness, and but that the claims of her infant children compelled her to exertion, she must have sunk under the effects of this sudden and terrible calamity. She had two children; the elder a boy, who inherited with the genius of his father, his delicate physical frame; the younger, a healthy and remarkably beautiful girl.

Meantime, Olivia Morgan had married an old but very rich man, had inherited the whole estate of her grandmother, who died upon her marriage, and at the end of five years was left a wealthy, childless widow. She had occasionally visited her sister, and had gazed, not without envy, on the beautiful children whose lively prattle enlivened her humble home. She had frequently offered to adopt the little girl, but the fond parents could not resolve to part with her. Upon the death of Mr. Howard, she renewed the proposition to her sister, and the latter, slenderly provided for, and ill fitted by her education and previous habits to struggle with the evils of poverty, yielded a reluctant consent to part with her youngest darling, that she might secure for her those advantages of education which her own limited means placed it out of her power to command. Besides her own children, Mrs. Howard was burdened with the care of an orphan niece of her late husband, the child of his only sister, who was entirely dependent on her for support. Her family was also increased by a youth who had been bequeathed to the care of Mr. Howard by his father. His means were ample, and as he was intended for the ministry, and there was a theological seminary in the village, he continued by his own desire to reside with the widow after the decease of her husband, the liberal sum allowed for his board forming no inconsiderable part of her income.

Some short time before the period at which my story opens, Mrs. Howard had been called to mourn the death of her son, and unable to resist the yearning desire of her heart to see her only remaining child, she wrote to her sister, requesting her to permit her daughter to return to her at least for some months. To this Mrs. Irving consented, and as Virginia had just left school, and had not yet been introduced into society, it was settled that she should spend the summer and autumn at Woodville, previous to making her debut in the ensuing winter.

Virginia Howard had been from her earliest infancy the companion and favorite playmate of Walter Duance though several years his junior and he had mourned her departure from the maternal roof with a grief more durable than is often felt in the happy days of childhood. It was, therefore, with no ordinary feelings of pleasure that he anticipated her return after so long an absence, and it was he, who with her mother and cousin, was so anxiously waiting her arrival.

"Would you have recognized Virginia, Walter?" inquired Mrs. Howard, as the family at the cottage were assembled round the breakfast table on the morning which succeeded the return of her daughter.

"Hardly, I think," he answered, smiling. "I should scarcely have recognized her as the little rump, who used to tear the engravings from my books, and beg so earnestly to be permitted to ride the little horse, as she called Mr. Howard's favourite colt. By the bye, Virginia, that colt has now become a very staid respectable horse, and if you have still a desire to ride him, I am sure I can procure him for you, and we will add to your city accomplishments, the more homely one of riding well on horseback."

"Thank you, I should like it very much," she replied. "Well, then, with your mother's permission, I will commence my instructions this very evening and our first excursion shall be to visit old Mrs. Brown. Do you remember her?"

"Oh yes! she was the village schoolmistress, and taught me my alphabet. What has become of her?"

"She lives about three miles from here with her daughter—her age and infirmities having compelled her to relinquish her school."

The visit to Mrs. Brown was accordingly made and was followed by many other excursions on horseback and on foot, in all of which Virginia was attended by the young student, who devoted to her all the time which he could conscientiously abstract from his studies. Feeling deeply indebted to Mrs. Howard for the maternal tenderness with which she had regarded him, ever since his admission into her family, he endeavored to repay her kindness by attention to her only child. He soon perceived that amid the multiplicity of accomplishments which had been almost totally neglected, and kindly and gently, but very earnestly, did Walter Duance endeavor to impress upon her the importance of attending to the duties of religion. Her understanding was very good, and she had a lively perception of the beauties of nature. It was a pleasing task to open to the young, pure mind, the beautiful precepts of the Gospel—to teach the gentle heart, which delighted in the beauties of the visible world, to adore the Almighty hand by which they were created. So far the young preceptor had an easy task; but when he strove to impress upon his pupil the vanity of earthly pursuits, the unsatisfying nature of worldly enjoyments, his eloquence failed of its object; and though she listened attentively, and did not attempt to refute his arguments, it was evident that her mind was unconvinced, and her heart still beat with anticipations of pleasure to be enjoyed in the world, that untamed world which she had not been permitted to enter, but which her imagination painted as a scene of unalloyed happiness. She had, by her Aunt's desire, been strictly secluded from society during the time she was receiving her education, in order that when she appeared in the world, the charm of novelty might be superadded to that of her exceeding beauty. And very, very beautiful was Virginia Howard. Her polished forehead, her large dark eyes that faithfully mirrored every emotion of her soul, her raven lips and brilliant teeth, the dimples that played round that exquisite mouth, the rich bloom of her cheek, and the profusion of dark glossy curls that adorned her beautifully shaped head—altogether formed a picture such as the fancy loves to dwell upon, but which was perhaps a dangerous subject for the constant contemplation of her young companion. He was however, unconsciously of his danger, and Mrs. Howard, who regarded him almost as a son, seemed to forget that he was not in reality the brother of Virginia, and interposed no obstacle to their constant intercourse. Alice Lee (the niece of Mrs. Howard) was at first associated with all their pursuits, but gradually she withdrew herself from the companions who were too much absorbed in each other to remark her absence. Perhaps her vanity was wounded by finding her modest attractions thrown entirely into the shade by the beauty and vivacity of her cousin; perhaps some deeper feeling dimmed the lustre of her eye, and robbed her cheek of the hue of health. Whatever were the cause, the effect remained unnoticed. Walter Duance was fully occupied in watching the effect of his instructions upon the docile mind of his interesting pupil; and Mrs. Howard, attributing the pale cheek and languid air of her niece to the sedentary nature of her employments, prescribed air and exercise for their removal.

Months passed rapidly away. Virginia, happy in the present, seemed almost to have forgotten her distant home, and the brilliant anticipations which the ensuing winter were

to realize. She was one day in October sitting alone with Walter, when a letter was brought to her. As she read it, an expression of delight illuminated her countenance, and turning eagerly to her companion, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Walter my aunt is coming for me herself, and she gives such a picture of the gaieties in the city."

"And it is this that gives you so much pleasure, Virginia? Has the world such a hold on your heart, that you can part with your only parent,—can you leave your native place without one regret?"

"Oh, no, no; I did not think of that. My mother, my dear, dear mother, I cannot bear to leave her, nor you, dear Walter, nor Alice," and the excited girl burst into tears. Walter did not attempt to soothe her; he was chilled to the soul by her first exclamation of delight on perusing her aunt's letter, and when Mrs. Howard entered the room, he retired to his own apartment, to analyse the new and bitter feelings which filled his heart. He could no longer deceive himself. He loved Virginia; not with the calm and tranquil affection of a brother, but with all the impassioned fervor of a young and ardent nature. He could not flatter himself that his feelings were reciprocated, and even if they were, could he a minister of the gospel, take as his wife, as the partner of his bosom, as his assistant in the holy duties of his sacred profession, a young, gay girl, whose heart was evidently wedded to the world? He sighed deeply as he made this reflection, but his was not a mind to yield to the tempest of passion, and after a severe conflict between his feelings and his principles the latter triumphed, and he resolved, while labouring with redoubled zeal, to instruct his beloved pupil in that religion which would prove her only sure safeguard amid the snares and temptations of the world—to give her no reason to suspect the feelings which agitated his breast, and conscientiously to abstain from attempting to inspire similar ones in her young heart.

Mrs. Irving arrived some weeks after her letter, and after spending a few days at the cottage, departed, carrying with her her adopted daughter. Virginia wept bitterly at parting with her mother and Walter, and during the first day of their journey, she was depressed and unhappy, but on the second, the lively conversation of her aunt, and her fascinating description of the gaieties which awaited her in the city, and of the triumphs she anticipated for her lovely niece, won the tears once more sparkled with hope and pleasure. They travelled in Mrs. Irving's carriage, and were within a few miles of their destination, when an accident to an inn on the road, compelled them to stop at an inn on the road. On entering the parlour (the only one the house could boast), our travellers perceived that it was already occupied. A gentleman was seated on a sofa near the fire; he arose on their entrance, and bowing gracefully, attempted to leave the room, but Mrs. Irving, whose practised eye had already ascertained that he was a gentleman, courteously invited him to remain. The invitation was accepted, and the stranger entered into conversation with Mrs. Irving, in the course of which she discovered that his name was Arlington, and that he was a distant connection of her late husband. Satisfied of his respectability, and charmed with his manners, Mrs. Irving had no scruple in introducing him to her niece.

Mr. Arlington was about thirty, tall, and finely formed, and his manners had the insinuating softness so captivating to the gentle sex. He was much struck with the beauty of Virginia, and though he had too much tact to express his admiration in words, he found no difficulty in implying it in a manner so delicate, that while it gratified the natural vanity of the fair girl, it did not alarm her pride or wound her delicacy. The day was already advanced, and as the weather was threatening, the travellers concluded to remain all night at the inn. The evening passed rapidly away, and on retiring for the night, if Virginia did not express as much regret as her companions, it may be very fairly doubted whether she did not feel more. Certain it is, that visions of the graceful stranger mingled with her midnight dreams, and when on handing them into the carriage next morning, he expressed his intention of spending some weeks in the city in the course of the winter, and gratefully accepted her aunt's invitation to visit them frequently, she heard him with a thrill of delight which she had never before experienced.

(To be concluded in our next.)

An old man who had been dreadfully benighted all his life, was visited on his death-bed by a clergyman. The old man appeared very indifferent, and the parson endeavored to arouse him by talking of the King of Terrors!—"Hout, tout, mon, I'm no scar!" The King of Terrors? I've been living sax and thirty years w' the Queen o' en, and the King canna be nuckle wate."

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little.—Lord Bacon.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Standard.

Mr. Editor,

Some of your correspondents and not yours only, but other editors also, have both used and abused my name very liberally;—to the former I am obliged and will not reply to others. It was confidently stated to the magistrates in session that the Grant of the Legislature in its late session of 1835, was, in specific terms, "to pay off the County debt." I could not refute it, for the Journals were not then extant; and altho' this was not with the precise meaning of any of the four members of the lower house, I could not doubt the accuracy of his statement, (conflicting as it did with my own, as it even to cause my own veracity to be called in question in the sessional debate), therefore, on their showing, I presumed the statements to be correct, and assumed it as true in that debate; and the court (to their honor and credit) decided that Mr. Berry's account should be considered a debt of the County, because the County had so been pledged, and the money I believed, and still do believe, was, in justice and equity due to him (Berry); and more; even £325; and the only wrong of which I can now accuse myself was, in persuading Mr. Berry to accept this £150, as a discharge in full for his account of £325—and to which he yielded. So far as my share in that debate had any weight I was therefore instrumental in saving the County from the payment of a further sum of £175. The following week I received the Journals; and, as a complete answer to all that has been said and written, I send you two extracts from them:—In the House of Assembly on Tuesday, 20th March, 1842, a Resolution was moved to grant "to the Justices of Charlotte the sum of (£) 150, to enable them to pay off the County Debt." On the question for sustaining the Resolution, the Committee divided. Yeas, 6; Nays, 13. And it was thereupon decided in the negative. That is, any grant whatever to pay off a part of the County debt in general, was refused.

On Thursday 31st March, 1842, the following Resolution was moved and passed:—"To the Justices of Peace for the County of Charlotte, the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Pounds, towards paying the debt due on the Court House. Yeas 13; Nays 11." These resolutions printed in your columns in large letters will furnish the best comment on all that has been said and written on this subject, and show that the £150 granted by the Legislature was for the very purpose certified by all four of the County members, and must be so applied, viz., to pay Mr. Berry. W. F. W. OWEN, J. P. And M. P. P. for Charlotte. Campobello, 2d May, 1842.

For the Standard.

Mr. Editor,

A few evenings ago I attended a meeting of a Branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society in the Methodist Chapel. Owing to other meetings on the same evening, only a small number of persons attended. Several resolutions however were passed, and appropriate speeches made. Among other things a hint was thrown out, that by selecting another place a larger audience might be secured, as other denominations would perhaps have some objections to holding a meeting in the Methodist Chapel. To this it was very properly replied, that those who could absent themselves for such a reason, had not any very great desire for the spread of the Gospel; and that little advantage to the society could accrue from their exertions. I have made this statement in the hope that no person in this community would absent himself from a meeting of the Bible Society, because it was held in the Methodist Chapel; and to remove the misapprehension, if any exists, that the Methodists have the control and management of the Society; they have nothing more to do with it than any other denomination; but they have kindly offered their chapel as a place of meeting, and no other place half so convenient can be obtained.

I trust therefore, that the public will bear this in mind, and that the next meeting of the first Thursday in June will be well attended.

Yours &c.

May 7, 1842.

Anecdote of a Sleep Walker.—During the revolutionary war, there was a gentleman of large property residing in Brooklyn, who was addicted to the habit of walking in his sleep; and daily expected that his dwelling would be ransacked and pillaged. Under the influence of these fears, he rose one night, and taking a strong box, which, awake, he never attempted to lift without assistance, he proceeded down stairs, furnished himself with a lantern and spade, and in a deep wooden glen, about a quarter of a mile from his house, he buried his treasure, carefully replacing the sods, so as to create no suspicion of their having been removed. This done, he returned, undressed and went to bed. Next morning he was the

first to discover the absence of the "strong box," without having the slightest remembrance of what had passed. Enraged at the loss, he immediately accused his domestic the robbery, as no traces of violence were perceptible either on the locks or doors of his house, that could induce him to suspect strangers. Month after month elapsed, and still the mystery was not solved, and his daily began to want the necessities of life without the means of procuring them. At that period of public calamity, no money could be raised on real estate, and it was at that season of the year when agricultural labors had ceased, which left him no means of earning a support for his family. To augment his misery his only son (by confinement by a violent fever, without any one of these comforts, which his situation demanded. The mind of the despairing father was strongly affected by this melancholy view of the future; his rest became more frequently broken, and he would often wander from room to room all night, with hurried and unequal steps, as if pursued by an enemy. His wife and daughter, who were accustomed to these night wanderings never attempted to disturb him unless they were fearful some accident might befall him; in this case it was necessary to employ the most violent means to awaken him, upon which he would exhibit so much fear and distress, that they usually suffered him to recover from the trance, which was succeeded by drowsiness, after which he would sink into light and natural sleep, which generally continued for several hours.

One night, as his daughter was watching at the couch of her sick brother, she heard her father descend the stairs with a quick step, and immediately followed him; she perceived he had dressed himself, and was lighting a lantern at the hearth, after which he unlocked the door and looked out; he then returned to the kitchen, and taking the lantern and spade, he left the house. Alarmed at the circumstance, which was not usual, though it sometimes occurred, as above related, without the knowledge of his family, she hastily threw on a cloak and followed him to the wood, trembling with apprehensions of what she knew not what, but for herself and her father.

Having gained the place where he had three months since buried the box, he set down the lantern so as to reflect strongly upon the spot; he then removed the sods, and striking the spade against its iron cover, he laughed wildly, and exclaimed—"My treasure is safe, and we shall be happy." And shouldering his heavy burden with the strength of a Hercules, he stopped not as before to replace the sods of the earth, but snatching up his lantern, pursued his way directly home, to the joy of his daughter, who could scarcely support herself from the fears she had experienced which were that he was about to dig his grave, and either commit suicide, or murder some of his defenceless family. Inexpressible, therefore, was her joy on seeing him ascend the stairs, and place the box in its former recess; after which, as usual, he retired to rest. His wife and daughter, however, were too anxious to sleep themselves; the one sat impatiently watching the dawn of day, and the other returned to the apartment of her suffering brother, to relieve his mind by the joyful event, and her consequent hope of his immediate recovery.

When the gentleman arose in the morning, his wife observed the gloom upon his countenance, as he anxiously inquired about the health of his son, and expressed his sorrow at not being able to procure those comforts for his family which were so much needed. Finding him perfectly unconscious of all that had passed the preceding night, she watched the effect which the restoration of the box would have upon his mind; and, as she expected, with an astonishment almost amounting to frenzy, he exclaimed—"Who has done this? whence came the box?" Not until he had listened to the evidence of his daughter, could he be convinced of the possibility of his performing such an act while asleep. Suffice it to say, that now health, peace, and competence, were once more restored to his dwelling, and the result of this blessing had a salutary effect upon his mind; and although he still continued his midnight excursions, yet his friends were gratified to find them less frequent than formerly, and his future dreams also, to judge by appearance, seemed to partake of the mild, serene character of his waking thoughts.

Hair Powder.—In the time of the Roman empire, it was the fashion to powder the hair with gold dust. The fair of the Emperor Commodus was so luxuriantly decorated in this manner, that when the sun shone upon him, his head looked as if it was on fire. This fashion appears grotesque and ridiculous to us, but not more so than the use of white hair powder will seem to a future generation. Perhaps there is hardly an instance of bad taste in the costume of our former ages which might not be paralleled in our own.

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