

25, 1840.

MODS.

From London.

Bermos, Norwich
azines, black silk
sacked, and figured
a cloth, Chilly &
see, Fancy Mous-
ted Lamb Squares,
with Velvet Bors-
den Plaid Shawls;
Vets; white Blous
Quilling, Isle lace
Gimp Edgings;
re, ground Gimp,
leaf-bands, black
Purse Twist, La-
ced Lace Gloves,
ad & Silk Gloves,
black Kid Gloves,
Silk, swing Silk,
k, Chain, & Coat
raid, Cotton night
and Lamb Wool
Ladies White,
Hose, Gentlemen's
Regatta, Shirts,
wels, Flourishing
colored embroidery
forstid- white and
in Yarn, wags
nges, Whalebone,
ces, Carpet Lace,
blous, Quilted Bed
steel Top, Tam-
m, Ladies white
Artificial Flowers,
Caps, Ladies &
suits, Umbrellas,
co, trunks, Ladies
Shoes.

From London.

Went.

arriving of Faint,
armist, and Gaze
y. Plain figures,
Persians, in vari-
ous and Blue Border-
ings, Bussels, Bar-
Coral Silk, Hange-
ge, that, Dress, &
mossed, and band
elkechut, Blous
used scarfs, check-
Bleum Square,
suits, Knives and
Persians; Sail
nd, Crosscut, and
dive, lighters with
red hair, cloth, and
red lead Pencils,
Violinello strings.

ig

on Italian.

and colored Linen

PLY.

British American,

from Liverpool, and

S. GILMOR.

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George, by Coach-

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George, by Coach-

& Fridays at 7 a.m.

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The Standard.

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Volume 7.

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Number 50

AN ELIGIBLE MATCH. A Tale of a Country House.

By Mrs. ARDY.

I was sitting alone in my boudoir in a state of enviable happiness, not in the dreary solitude of having nothing to do, which would have been the heaviest punishment that the refinement of malice could have inflicted upon me, but in the luxury of abundant and pleasant occupation. My guitar was on my knee, a stand of new songs was before me, a table at a little distance was covered with books and drawing materials; an embroidery frame stood beside it, which was only at present embellished by three leaves and a half-finished rose; and in the distance was a small writing table, on which lay a list of the names of ten friends from whom I had recently received letters, and a quire of Lavenue's most exquisite paper, on which I intended to indite my answers. To all these sources of delight was added the consciousness of unbounded leisure to gratify myself of them. We had only arrived a few days ago at my father's country house; I was rejoiced to think that the bustle of an unusually gay London season was over, and that I was set free to repair my faded roses and exhausted spirits in the pure air and among the green leaves of the country. My parents had wisely determined to invite no company, by the aid of whom they might transfer the habits of London to the quiet of the rural shade; and I looked forward to a summer of liberty, peace, and well-mingled and favourite employments. I was interrupted by the entrance of my mother; she moved and spoke with remarkable animation, and held an open letter in her hand.

"Eva, my love," she said, "you have often heard your father speak of Sir Terence Ormond, an old schoolfellow of his, who resides in Kilkenny. I had not often heard my father speak of him, but I knew there was such a person, and I bowed my head in assent. He has lately come to a fine property, and he rejoices in the prosperity of others, wrote to congratulate him upon it a short time ago, and to tell him how much he wished to renew the friendship of their youthful days, and to become acquainted with his eldest son, whom report had mentioned to us as a remarkably fine young man. This letter is a most gratifying and warm-hearted answer from Sir Terence; and he says that his son, Captain Ormond, is now travelling in England, and will be happy to come and stay a week with us. The letter was enclosed in a few lines from Captain Ormond—he will be with us at dinner-time to-day."

I felt rather disconcerted that my scheme of quiet and liberty should be thus unexpectedly broken in upon by the introduction of a stranger.

"Is it not rather free and easy," I asked, "to take people so immediately at their word, when they utter a hint of an invitation?"

"How dreadfully cold-hearted and inhospitable Eva is!" said my mother, turning to my cousin Penelope, who had followed her into the room.

Now Penelope was not a young lady, but of that age when

"The green leaves all turn yellow," and as she possessed neither beauty, money, nor talent, she chose to imagine that her footing in our family could only be sustained by paying the most obsequious court to every member of it. Consequently she only answered this appeal by a kind of commenting shrug, which my mother might interpret into acquiescence, in her censure of my coldness, and which I might construe into surprise that any fault should be found with so exemplary a daughter as myself.

"I like the manners of the Irish exceedingly," pursued my mother, "and their freedom from all the English reluctance to mix in society without a formal invitation."

"You did not think so, mamma," said I, smiling, when Miss O'Halloran came to spend a month with us last summer, on the plea that you had once said to her you wished she could see our tulip-beds!"

"The cases are not at all similar," Eva replied to my mother; "an acquaintance with Miss O'Halloran could lead to nothing; but Captain Ormond, as the eldest son of a Baronet of a large property, must be allowed to be an eligible match."

"Very likely," said I, "but he may not be a more agreeable guest in a country house than that account."

"Eva, I have no patience with you," exclaimed my mother; "you put me in mind of the 'Spirit of the Frozen Ocean,' and Lewis's Romantic Tales."

"Do not utter such a libel on me, mamma," I replied; "I have just been looking over some new ballads of Moore's, and I am sure they are enough to thaw all the ice of the Frozen Ocean." I touched the strings of my guitar, as I spoke, and began to sing,

"O! do not look so bright and blent," but I suddenly stopped myself, fearful that the words might be supposed to be a personal satire on my respected parent, who looked any thing but bright and blent at that moment.

"You seem resolved, Eva, never to do any thing to oblige me," she said.

"I am sorry to receive so bad a character," I answered; "but how I disoblige you by offering to sing a new ballad, I am sure I cannot imagine."

"You ought to be making preparations for the reception of Captain Ormond," she said.

"Willingly, if necessary," I replied; "but what preparations have I to make? Am I to strew the floors with rushes, like the damsels of antiquity, or to hold a colloquy on ways and means with the cook, like the notable housewives of modern times?"

"You ought to practise your last new Italian song, Eva, and to select a dress to wear this evening."

"O mamma, have pity on me; I have been so wearied all the spring with blonde and gauze, German airs, and Italian canzonets, that I had made up my mind to wear nothing but white muslin, and sing nothing but English ballads, for the next month."

"Eva, the subject is too serious for railway; your father lives up to his income; he cannot give you a fortune; you are one-and-twenty, your sister Arabella is seventeen, and will come out in another year, and I know she thinks it rather hard that you should not be already married, and leave a clear field to her on her first introduction to the world."

"The poor dear girl lamented it to me only this morning, with tears in her eyes," said my cousin Penelope.

"Really," said I, half-amused and half-angry, "you are all flatteringly anxious to get rid of me; but if Arabella wishes for a clear field to display, she may have it without waiting for my marriage. Should she feel inclined to secure herself this coming guest, who is so eligible a match, I am sure I shall throw no impediments in her way."

"You are talking ridiculously," Eva said to my mother; "Arabella is a very well-principled, well-mannered girl; and knows that till she is come out, her place is in the background; and if she ever steps from thence, it must be for the purpose of endeavouring to set off her eldest sister to advantage."

"Poor Arabella!" I exclaimed, "with such a Cinderella-like lot, no wonder she wishes me married. However, mamma, if you desire me to change my morning employments, I am quite willing to do so."

"My mother, pacified by this speech, led me to the drawing-room, placed me at the grand piano, and set before me a very difficult Italian brava."

"You remember this air," said she; "we were all enchanted at hearing Grisi sing it."

"Yes," I replied; "but I am very doubtful whether the enchantment will continue when it is transferred to a singer like myself."

Accordingly I sang it over and over, but as my voice was not very strong, and my science not very profound, my mother was not particularly satisfied with the effect, and desired me to practise the solo, and several remaining exercises for the voice, and telling me that I had no reason to consider this any degradation, for that the professional singers themselves were often in the habit of doing the same. It was little comfort, however, to a girl pining for ease, air, and freedom, to be told that she was occupied in the same drudgery as if she had been a professional singer. After an unmercifully long practice, my portfolio of drawing was produced, and all the inferior ones banished from thence; my mother then accompanied me to my dressing-room, and Laurette, my French maid, was summoned to the dressing consultation. My mother, I am sorry to say, had always evinced a great predilection for overdressing me, and on the present occasion she was resolute in maintaining that I should appear in pink silk and blonde, with roses in her hair.

"And you must not wear your hair in bands," Eva continued; "it makes you look just like a nun."

My mother spoke this as if a nun were the most pitiable and degraded of human beings.

"I will alter it to-morrow," said I, "but curls cannot be produced at a moment's notice."

Laurette, however, seemed resolute to prove that they could, for she flew for the curling irons, which she was accustomed to wield, with as little compunction as a familiar of the Inquisition administers the discipline of the thumb-screw, and began to exercise her skill in the production of her after tier, of round massive curls. Just imagine my sensation, seated on a sunny July day, at the open window, with curling-irons close to my face, branches of eglantine and jasmine round the window, a smooth spacious lawn beyond it, birds sweetly singing, and the south breeze softly blowing.

We were all assembled in good time to receive our visitor, my father telling me that I looked very well, and that "he hoped I was properly aware what an eligible match was coming into the house."

Captain Ormond arrived in good time, and proved to be a handsome young man, with easy agreeable manners; but as I was predetermined not to like him, I prepared myself to expect that the week of his stay would pass very unpleasantly. At dinner, after he had answered a hundred most affectionate inquiries after the health of his father, my mother

asked him if he had met with a family of the name of Germaine, distantly related to us, who had been staying a short time in Kilkenny the preceding summer.

He replied in the affirmative, and added, looking at me, "I fancy that I can discern something of a family likeness between Miss Warwick and Miss Germaine."

"You flatter Eva," said my mother; "Miss Germaine is reckoned very handsome; she is particularly celebrated for the beauty of her eyelashes."

I cast down my eyes at the beginning of this observation of my mother's, hurt at the mock humility of it, for Miss Germaine was not half so well looking as myself. I should not have done so, however, had I been aware of the way in which she meant to conclude her speech; for when I raised my eyes, I met those of Captain Ormond fixed on me with a half-smiling, half-contemptuous expression, which evidently showed that she suspected me of having affected to be very timid, for the purpose of displaying eyelashes which certainly might have rivalled in length those of Miss Germaine or any other lady.

Captain Ormond, who seemed to interest himself much about the tenantry of Sir Terence Ormond's estate, now asked several questions of my father concerning schools, and the condition of the poor in his vicinity.

Mr. Warwick was fortunately able, consistently with truth, to give very satisfactory answers, but he rather wandered into the regions of imagination in the share which he ascribed to me of all the good done in the neighbourhood.

"Eva devotes herself to the poor," he said, "and is a perfect enthusiast in her love of schools. I do not wish to check in her a feeling so amiable, but must tell her, even before you, Captain Ormond, that she is exceedingly blameable in often exerting herself, against the advice of those older and wiser than herself, to a degree that is prejudicial to health."

I did not venture to rebut this accusation, although I could have done so with perfect ease; for the fact was, that I had often reproached myself for paying so little attention to the schools and the poor, and resolved to do better in future.

Captain Ormond, evidently tired of my praises, now turned to Arabella, who had hitherto sat in the appropriate quietness and reserve of a younger sister, and began a conversation with her, by asking the question usually addressed to young ladies—

"Are you musical?"

"I am extremely fond of music," Arabella replied, "but I sing and play very little. Eva is such a proficient, that it quite discourages me, because I know everybody who hears us will make comparisons to my disadvantage."

"Probably then, you prefer drawing," continued the Captain.

"Greatly," she replied; "and I have a very attentive and clever master; but, after all, I derive more benefit from Eva than from him; she takes more interest in her sketches than I do, and she does to perfection, and I hope that in time I may be able to effect something in the same style; at present I am a mere copyist."

"Having such a source of gratification," pursued Captain Ormond, "I dare say you prefer the country to London?"

"Very much," she replied; "here I have the constant advantage of Eva's company; in London her time is so much occupied by the claims of society, that although she wishes to direct my studies, and partake my employments, she is not often able to do so."

Captain Ormond looked at her for a moment, as much as to say, "you are all in a family conspiracy," and then addressed an observation to the party in general, on the tasteful disposition of that portion of the garden which was visible from the French windows of the dining room, and Penelope undertook to answer him by assuring him that it was all laid out under the superintendence and direction of Eva. I was most happy when my mother proposed an adjournment to the drawing room, for really I felt quite flushed and nervous under the high pressure of the flattery of my relatives.

After tea, Captain Ormond hinted a wish to walk round the grounds, but my mother looked at my crisp curls, crisper blonde trimming, and shining satin slippers, and feared the effect on them of damp air, dewy grass and gravel walks.

"I do not doubt," said she, "that you are fond of music, Captain Ormond; Eva will be happy to play and sing to you."

Accordingly I was compelled to execute Grisi's brava. I sang it very indifferently, and Capt. Ormond uttered no commendation; two or three Italian airs suggested by my mother, followed with equal want of success, and I was then on the point of recreating myself by singing "The Carrier Pigeon," when Arabella twitched it away, and substituted a German air in its place. I could not help looking angrily at her for her officiousness; Capt. Ormond saw the glance, and I fancied that his countenance expressed the thought: "With all your perfection, you are not endowed with the best of tempers." At length I left the piano, and Captain Ormond walked to a

window, and looked longingly on the garden although too polite too express his wish for a stroll in it. My mother took advantage of the opportunity to whisper to me—

"You must begin to talk about books Eva; you have not said a word yet to prove yourself literary; do you not like reading beyond every other occupation, and do I not subscribe six guineas a year for you to Saunders and Otley, and did they not send down to you yesterday a box with twenty volumes in it?"

This was all too true to be denied, and fortunately at that moment Captain Ormond approached the table on which lay a variety of books, and said to Miss Penelope—

"I see you are reading some of Mrs. Somerville's delightful works; do you take much interest in the science of astronomy?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "I am a mere beginner, and Mrs. Somerville's easy and charming style is her style, would be too abstruse for me, but Eva is so kind as to explain it to me as I read; astronomy is one of Eva's favorite pursuits."

The Captain remained silent, and my father looked rather displeased at Penelope's thinking, I suppose, that she had overshot her mark, and that the military visitor had no penchant for a blue; he therefore endeavored to repair the error by saying,

"After all, Eva's taste is so simple that there is nothing in which she so much delights as a natural story of every-day life; she greatly prefers Miss Martineau's Deceit to her political tracts."

"And Eva has a high opinion of Mrs. Ellis's Women of England," said my mother; she thinks that the author has so thoroughly understands all that is amiable and excellent in the female character."

"And Eva takes a deep interest in the Factory Boy," said Penelope; "she enters with so much deep interest in the cause of the oppressed."

"And Eva is extremely fond of the poems of Mrs. Hemans," said Arabella; "she never values the finest poetical talent, unless the principles and sentiments are equally admirable."

Cruel Capt. Ormond! he did not reply a word to all these observations, by which he might give us reason to guess at his own favorite style of reading, although so accomplished were his auditors, that if he had possessed a partiality for nursery traditions, they would one and all have instantly assured him that no description of literature gave me such delight as "The Yellow Dwarf," and "Puss in Boots."

My portfolio of drawings was then produced with much more success. I certainly drew very well, and Captain Ormond, it appeared, himself sketched from nature; he asked me some questions on the subject, and I was expressing myself with great fluency, and some enthusiasm, when I was suddenly checked by an audible "aside" of Penelope's on the exceeding beauty of the language I made use of. I was effectually silenced, and Captain Ormond, I am convinced, thought that I had learned a certain set of phrases by rote, and that I had now come to the end of my lesson.

A ring at the gate now announced the arrival of my brother, who had driven over early that morning to pass the day with a family at a few miles distance. Arabella, counterfeiting sisterly impatience, ran out to meet him; but her real motive was to warn him of the "eligible match" that was in the drawing-room. In a few minutes she reappeared, leaning upon her arm in affected sullenness.

"I have not met with a very grateful return for my eagerness to welcome John," she said; his salutation was, "why does not Eva come to meet me?" I really think, she added, "that I must be a most amiable creature; everybody prefers Eva to me, and yet I cannot persuade myself to feel at all maliciously disposed towards her."

My brother, after his introduction to the new-comer, advanced towards me, imprinted a kiss on my cheek instead of taking my hand in his usual rough manner, and inquired most affectionately after a slight indisposition of which I had complained the preceding evening, and which, in the course of events, would have completely faded from his mind; he then delivered a message, purporting to come from Miss Shelburne, requesting the loan of my landscape from nature to copy and hoping that I would not forget to write some lines for her Album. When Capt. Ormond retired to his room that night, I am sure it was with a sensation of having been annoyed and beset by a very desirous thing. The events of the day had been just as unpleasant to me as to myself, and I lay awake restless and uneasy for about two hours and at length fell asleep comforting myself with the persuasion that a week, as Dr. Johnson says of an hour, "may be tedious, but cannot be long."

The next morning I was just tying on my straw bonnet to take a short stroll, when my mother entered and insisted on my inspecting my morning costume. I have already said she had a taste for elaborate dress, and the consequence was, that when I was arrayed according to her wishes, I looked much more fit for a public breakfast at a villa in the Thames, than for the quiet morning meal of a family party.

My brother occupied the attention of Capt. Ormond during a great part of the time of breakfast by lively sketches of half a dozen young men whom he had met at dinner the preceding day, who were all passionate admirers of Eva, and full of attentions to himself in the hope of conciliating his good offices. Captain Ormond was evidently quite tired of the sameness of the family conversation, and I was delighted to escape to the solitude of my boudoir. In about half an hour my mother entered.

"Eva," said she, "are you inclined to accompany me to the Infant School?"

"Are you going alone?" I asked suspiciously.

She hesitatingly replied in the affirmative, and we sallied forth. On arriving there, my mother selected seven or eight of the prettiest little ones for the purpose of repeating their lessons to me, and she had just with some care contrived to group them round me, so that I looked the picture of Charity, encircled by children, when the door opened, and Captain Ormond appeared, conducted by Penelope.

"Ah!" exclaimed Penelope, with affected surprise; "I did not know we should find Eva here; but I cannot say I much wonder at it—really her heart is completely in this school, she is so devotedly fond of teaching."

"It is a desirable thing," said my mother, addressing Captain Ormond, "when young people show such a taste."

"I am sure," said the schoolmistress, who had opened her eyes very wide at these observations, "I only wish Miss Warwick came here more frequently."

"My mother cast an angry glance at her, and made a remark to Captain Ormond on my excessive love of children, pointing at the same time to a little urchin who, encouraged by a sign from herself, had just detached my bonnet from my head, and ran off with it in triumph to the farthest extremity of the room, leaving my long hair floating down to my waist. Our Celts, however, gave no indication that his search of a wife would be terminated by the morning display of my useful qualities, any more than by the evening exhibition of my brilliant ones; and after hearing the pence and multiplication tables sung, a recitation of the history of England in verse, a solo parody on "Home, sweet home," setting forth the superior delights of school, and a solemn declaration by the whole body of scholars of their intention to go into the play-ground, set very appositely to the air, "There's no luck about the house," he was walking for about an hour we returned home, and my mother desired me to fetch down a pair of scissors that I had painted for a charity bazaar, to show Captain Ormond. I contrived to be as long as possible in finding them. When I re-entered the drawing-room, no one was there, but Captain Ormond was standing on the lawn just before the window, looking at a beautiful exotic which the gardener had permitted, as a rare indulgence, to enjoy the luxury of the open air. His back was towards me, and he was singing in a low tone. I stood to listen to him, for, as he had declined joining me in a duet the evening before, I was rather surprised to find that he had a melodious voice; the words that he sang were, to my great dismay, from a ballad by Haynes Bayly.

"This is my eldest daughter, sir, Her mothers only care, You praise her face—O, sir, she is As good as she is fair; My angel Jane is clever too, Accomplishments I've taught her, I'll introduce you to her, sir— This is my eldest daughter!"

After luncheon, my brother proposed a ride to Captain Ormond; and I felt reconciled to a circumstance which two days ago I had thought a great trouble—the temporary lanness of my horse which prevented me from using it. About half an hour after the departure of the equestrians, we were all assembled in the drawing-room, when a country neighbor, Mr. Dufrows, was announced.

"I have just met your son, Mrs. Warwick," said he, "riding with a very handsome young man, whom he introduced to me as Captain Ormond. I know him very well by report—his father, Sir Terence, has just come into a fine fortune."

"He has," replied my mother; "and this young man appears well deserving of his prospects; he is remarkable well bred and amiable."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Dufrows; "for I have a very high opinion of the young lady whom he is engaged to marry."

"Engaged to be married!" exclaimed Arabella; "it is impossible!"

"I do not know what private reasons you may have, Miss Arabella, for believing it impossible," said Mr. Dufrows; "but I know it to be a positive fact. I dare say," he continued, addressing my mother, "you are acquainted with the family by name—the Mapletons of Hailbury—they live about twenty miles from hence."

My mother, too much overcome to answer, could only bow her head.

(To be concluded in our next.)