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## ROMANTIC STORY.

[The Editor of Fraser's Magazine introduces the narrative from which the following incident is extracted in these words:—

"We have been favoured with the following romantic and graphic sketches from the pen of A. Aylmer Stantun, Esq., Royal Artillery, who accompanied Col. Chesney as one of the medical officers attached to the celebrated expedition up the Euphrates. The public doubtless recollects that, in the year 1835, the government resolved to send an expedition commanded by Col. Chesney, to the Euphrates, for the purpose of exploring that river, and ascertaining how far it was practicable to establish a regular steam communication by means of it and the Persian Gulf with India. Accordingly, two steam vessels of iron were constructed, with every care, at Liverpool by Laird & Co., and, in order to facilitate the means of transporting them, they were taken asunder and joined together at will. When arrived opposite Basra, on the Euphrates, the workmen, brought from England for the purpose, commenced building, or rather, joining together, two various pieces of the steamboats, which were intended to be launched there, and brought down the stream to the Persian Gulf. Whilst the work was in progress, the government expressed a wish that a few of Col. Chesney's officers should be sent to explore the country on the banks of the Euphrates, below the encampment formed by the Colonel at Basra, and to ascertain, also, what was the feeling of the Arab tribes towards the English, and whether they were likely to oppose any very effectual obstacles to the progress of the expedition. It is this journey through a country rarely visited by Europeans, and the adventures encountered amongst the wild children of the desert, which the following pages will soon detail."

I had seated myself on one of the massive fragments which old King Time had hurled from a battlement that overhung my presumed to have been the chief court-yard of the castle, and was preparing to muse on the fleeting future of everything human, and the instability of greatness, when suddenly my meditations were broken in upon by the sound of a horn, and the half-suppressed murmurs of a fife. I thought that, mingled with these sounds, I heard the strong, stern tones of a man's voice, as though in anger or reproach. Conjectures were soon excited by my seeing him towards whom my attention was drawn in the cave, and in whom I had fancied from a passage which I had not perceived, into the centre of the courtyard, whilst a young female, clothed passionately to his arm. Never shall I forget the half-smile, half-irresolute expression of his face, as the moonbeam fell, with a sickly play, on those noble features, now black with countenance, and upon pale and blushed, as the marble cheek of death. The moon shone full and clear on the spot where they stood; and I could see with painful distinctness every emotion, and hear every word they uttered. But how shall I describe the vision of beauty clinging to him, how echo the accents of her despair? It seemed as though I had never gazed on woman or experienced the might and power of beauty before. How I wondered at the heartlessness with which he strove to shake her from him; and, as I drank in the light of those full, dark upturned orbs, from which streamed the heart's rain, and glanced at the long raven tresses that floated wildly over her shoulders till they almost swept the ground, whilst her disordered garments exposed to the night a burning bosom that mocked the snow in its whiteness, I thought that he who could harm her must be more than a fiend. How I longed to know the history of her who had thus risen, as by enchantment before me. But their language was sealed to me; though, from the frequent repetition of the word Osmán, I gathered that such was the name of him who at once possessed and scorned what at the moment I thought I could have given worlds to cherish and protect, and, in a similar way, I discovered that so much loveliness and sorrow found a local habitation and a name in Zue.

As they spoke in Arabic, I could only understand a word here and there; but the immense gestures of Osmán sufficed, in a great measure, to explain the scene. It was evident that he accused Zue, whilst she seemed to defend herself, and implore forgiveness or mercy. At last I observed him lay his hand on the hilt of his dagger—I felt paralysed. Good Heavens! is he about to murder her? He draws forth the blade, gleaming bright as a toy in the hand of wilds it toys not with—no, one hand is twisted in her dark locks, the other is raised to strike. Osmán, Osmán! shrieks the terrified Zue, and his arm falls again powerless to his side; another moment his dagger is in its sheath, and he turns hastily to depart. Zue throws herself before him and clasps his knees, when, horrible! he strikes her to the earth with his clenched fist. For a moment she appears to gaze on her prostrate form, then, gathering his robe tighter

round him, darts through the passage which he had entered, and disappears.

Why was it that I had not rushed from my concealment and grappled with the fiend? I know not. Fear? Pshaw! Who would not be brave to madness that had looked for a moment upon Zue? I never remember, though often begirt with darkest perils, to have lost my presence of mind before. The suddenness of the whole, the reality of the scene, the strangeness of the place, the echoes that seemed like voices of the departed amidst the grim ruins, all conspired to take me by surprise; but when I saw him actually strike—strike with his clenched fist—the object that I could have worshipped, the horror of what I witnessed broke upon me; and, with a loud cry, I burst from the place of my concealment, but he was gone.

Long did I bend in that lonely spot over the inanimate form of the lovely Zue, and exert every effort of my art to recall the fleeting spirit; and when the colour at last re-appeared on her pale cheek, and the sigh which her bosom heaved at her soul being recalled to this world of woe, parted her expiringly chiselled lips, I laughed loud and frantically, and almost unconscious of what I did, folded her in my arms. Slowly did her eyes open, and look wildly round; but, when she breathed the hallowed name of Osmán, I felt as though I could have let her fall back to the earth from my arms.

When she had somewhat recovered, I was enabled to draw her to me, and to find that she expressed no terror at finding herself alone with me; but what was my amazement when, drawing herself up to her full height, she addressed me in pure French "Glorious," (such were her words,) "they say that in your country, though you believe not in Allah, yet that you worship the holy Virgin, and that if you swear by the blood of her Son, you may be trusted. I too, am a Christian. Will you swear to do me no injury, and to hearken to my story?" I exclaimed passionately that she had only to ask for that I was her slave. "Listen then, to my story—I trust you." With these words she led the way to the passages by which Osmán had departed; and, after a few minutes, we found ourselves outside the ruins at the base of the ramparts, in a spot which overlooked the plain, and from whence might be discerned the Arab tents that I have described. She sat down; and, fixing my eyes on that face whose look I fancied was not of earth, I listened.

"Stranger, feel that the Pangia, to whom from this moment, I consecrate myself, will protect me. Know then, that the blood of the Mussulman flows not in these veins, nor was I yet a daughter of the race whose dwelling place is the desert, though my home is your wild tents that dot the plain. My mother was, like yourself, a native of Frangistan, and often has she spoke to me of the sunny skies and blue seas of her own Italy, and taught me as we sat by the lonely wells in the desert, or in the retirements of the harem, to sing the wild music and impassioned strains of her native land. Early in life she married a Frenchman, a merchant of Marseilles; and when accompanying him in a voyage to Seville, had the misfortune to be captured by a privateer from Algiers during a calm. My father perished defending his vessel and cargo, and my mother's beauty fetched a high price from a slave merchant at Algiers, who finally brought her to Cairo, where I was born. Osmán has since told me of the tears she shed, and the sufferings which her barbarous master made her endure because she had the spirit to resist his wrong advances; till at last, to her revenge, he fully upon her, he sold her to Mohammed Akbar, a chief of the Arab tribe, at that time in Cairo on business from the Pacha of Aleppo; but he was defeated in his object, for Mohammed introduced her to his tribe as his wife, and treated her with a kindness to which she has long been a stranger. I never saw her dwell upon the wild life of those who pitch their tent, and graze their camels, where choice or fancy directs. Suffice it to say, that from my mother I learned to speak my father's tongue and her own, and from the sons of Islam to fear no danger, but to trust in Allah and the spears of our horsemen. My mother died about two years ago; her dying request to me was to preserve unsullied the religion of my fathers; and at some future period, to escape from the Arabs and fly to her native country. She loved Mohammed, but the memory of her childhood clinging to her soul, and she yearned after the home and happiness she had left in Europe; and was afraid also, that, when gone to her final resting place, her husband's face might grow dark towards me; for she knew that his daughter, Fatima, by a former wife, had formed an eternal enemy against me, through jealousy of my beauty and hatred of the obstinacy with which I clung to the religion of the Holy Mary and her blessed Son. As long as my mother lived, her influence with the Sheikh, her husband, saved me from any gross insult; but since her death, though my father-in-law is still kind, he has not the power to protect me from the enmity of his daughter. But my time is short and I must

speed my tale.

"It is now about a year since a detachment of the great Haddjee caravan, which for many ages has paid a fixed tax for the protection of the Au Zai tribe of the Nejd, in passing that part of the route which leads to the Hedjaz, confiding in the protection of a strong escort furnished by the Pacha of Damascus. The consequence was, an attack by night on the caravan, made by a united force of the Anazeh and some other tribes, with which you are not acquainted. The attack was successful. The escort given by the Pacha either fled at the first onset, or remained to share in the plunder. There was, however, one who fought gallantly; and with his hand he despatched three of our best and bravest men, one of them a nephew of Mohammed Akbar. Overcome by numbers and covered with wounds, he at last fell, and would have perished, had not our Sheikh struck by the gallantry he exhibited, caused him to be brought to his tent; and though his life was despaired of, I visited every attention and care on him. I and Fatima had of course, been left behind at the tent, whilst the warriors sallied forth on their expedition. Their return was the signal for leaving and mourning; and when Mohammed bore back the wounded stranger, amidst the other trophies of his victory, I saw that from the first moment I gazed upon his pale and blood-streaked face I felt a sympathy that afterwards grew, as I watched over him, into passionate love. The daughters of other climes would, perhaps, blush at such an avowal; but I gloried in it; and surely to love Osmán was an honour.

"But the time for Osmán's departure came. He went forth once more, but did not until he had solemnly pledged himself to return in ten months, and bear me with him to his beloved Greece, never to part again. I knew that he had secret business, I believe of a political and important nature, and I did not repine; though often I trembled lest the Moslems might discover that the green turban was profaned by one not descended from the daughter of the Prophet; but I feared not, I dreamed not that he could break the faith which he had pledged to me.

"Not long after his departure, a Bedouin Sheikh of great power, and with whom it was the interest of my father-in-law, to connect himself as closely as possible, contracted with the latter to take me in marriage. The day was fixed, and the preparations for the ceremony in progress, when I was at last consulted. A refusal from the female is never dreamed of amongst the Arabs, when once the heads of the families have arranged such matters. The rage of Mohammed Akbar was, therefore, intense when I said that I would suffer death ere wed with one whom I could not love. I knew that my implacable rival, Fatima, had been the original instigator of the match, and she now devoted to kindle against me the wrath of her father. I was told that if I did not quietly submit, force would be used. Terrified, I saw nothing but misery, yet determined that I would fly into the desert, and there perish of hunger and thirst, or be devoured by vultures, sooner than to break my promise to Osmán. Whilst brooding over my intended flight, he whom they designed for my husband was suddenly summoned to appear before the Pacha of Haddjee, and I was respected. The ten months passed by, but Osmán came not, and my sorrow returned. Mohammed Akbar, with a hundred of his followers, is now come to Orla, and has pitched his tent under the anacardium tree in the Pacha to assist in enforcing an arrears of tribute from some refractory tribes; and the day before yesterday I received a note through a Turkish santon, from Osmán, informing me of his return, and that he was delayed by having first gone to the chief encampment of our tribe, from whence he had tricked us to Orla. We met on this spot last night, and to-morrow we were to have fled together to happiness and freedom. But Fatima had discovered all; and when we met again to-night, the roof of Osmán was darkened, his mind was filled with doubts, he taunted me with infidelity to him. I unfaithful! who had watched over him in sickness and health,—to whom his image was present like a shadow,—whose spirit had hovered round me, sleeping or waking! I unfaithful! Ghaou, it is Allah or the Virgin who has sent thee to this night. I know you for I have seen you riding with the ill Franks, near our encampment, and you are sent by the King of India and the far West, to make now swing on the waters of the great river. You have this night seen Osmán strike me—down me—and spurn me from him. I now from henceforth and forever shake him from my heart, is the dust from my saddle. He shall know that the daughter of the Franks has not lost the fire of her fathers, and that she is not to be used as the minister to pleasures she cannot share, and buried in the prison they all abhor and seek to escape. Nay, by the life of my head, had he stabbed me, I would have been saved! Had my bosom bare, for him to strike, and he had not the courage,

Henceforth I belong to the Pangia. To her I consecrate myself. Let him go, I love him not!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

## POETRY.

LOVE'S SEASONS.  
BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Love hath its seasons like the year  
As well defined as they;—  
Its Spring is when, 'mid hope and fear,  
The heart first owns its potent sway;  
And from the ice of apathy,  
Freely by the genial beam,  
Perls its warm fancies bright and free,  
For into Love's young glowing dream

Entr'ed Love's summer tide,  
When all is green and gay,  
When not a cloud of doubt may hide  
The splendour of the warm day;  
Then Love's strong sun is high in heaven,  
Immaculate and bright,  
And in his glance new grace is given  
To Hope's rich flow'rets by his light.

Love's Autumn comes with holy prayer,  
And mystic marriage ring,  
When hopes dimmed may richly bear  
The fruits unknown to early spring;  
And still while youth or he remains,  
Love's harvest hour will last,  
Fruit with calm joy of pleasing pain,  
And gratitude for blessings past.

Love's Water comes, then snowy hairs,  
Their crown of grey born,  
And mystic marriage ring,  
A refuge from life's outer storm;  
And Love's pure atmosphere is bright,  
Alone its love be less,  
And old affection in its light,  
As happy in past happiness.

## LINES TO A LADY.

Lady—I love, at even tide,  
When stars as now are on the wave,  
To stray in fancies, and muse  
Upon the dear form that gave  
Its sunlight to my joy, and oft  
That same sweet look sinks still and soft  
Upon my spirit, and appears  
As lovely as in by gone years.

Ever low, faint wind is breathing now,  
With deep and soul-like murmuring,  
Thro' the far pines, and thy sweet words  
Scen borne on its mysterious wing;  
And oh, 'mid musings sad and lone,  
At night's deep noon, that thrilling tone  
Sweets in the wind, low, wild, and clear,  
Lute music in the dreaming air.

Lady—adieu! to other climes  
I roam, and hope, and thee;  
A weed on Time's dark waters thrown,  
A wreck on Life's wild heaving sea.  
I go, but oh, the past I love the past!  
Its spell is over my being cast—  
And still to Love's remembered eyes,  
With all but hope, my spirit cleaves.

Adieu—adieu! My farewell words  
Are on my lyre, and their wild flow  
Is faintly dying on the chords,  
Broken and tuneless. Be it so!  
Thy name—oh it may never swell  
My strain again—yet long't will dwell  
Sung in my heart—unbreathed, unspoken—  
A treasured word—a cherished token.

## COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Standard.

Sir, I had much pleasure in attending the General Inspection of the 4th Battalion of the Charlotte County Militia commanded by Lieutenant-Col. N. Marks, on Tuesday the 17th inst. The number of all ranks according to the Muster rolls and Field state, amounting to seven hundred and forty-one, and a fair body of men I never saw in New Brunswick. From the New Parish of Saint John which was in a wilderness state twenty-five years since, Captain J. MITCHELL marched his Company of sixty men to the Parade completely uniformed in Scarlet Coats and white facings, where they were met by Captain Wm. McLeod's company of the same Parish more than eighty strong, and more than half in full uniform.

The old Light Infantry Company, lately commanded by Major Uppox, supported their well earned character for neatness of dress and precision in their movements. The Troop of Cavalry commanded by Captain W. BUCHANAN appeared to great advantage, and the Company of Militia Artillery well officered and appointed amounting to about thirty were, I am sorry to say "without guns," but with hearts and hands to use them if required.

It is a matter of deep regret to every person who has a spark of loyalty in his breast, to see the Militia of Charlotte without arms—

and the Government have an awful responsibility should a sudden outbreak take place either in McLeod's case or in appeal to defensive measures on the Boundary Question.

The Battalion I have spoken of do not possess more than two hundred stand of arms, and would if called into action suddenly, be led like "lambs to the slaughter" instead of "brave men to the battle field." Their late place of muster was within a musket shot of an insidious enemy fully armed and equipped, who could at a moment's notice cross the river, and seize upon the British depot if left unprotected as it now is. The men if thought worthy of carrying the arms on muster day, should have them in their own possession.

Captain Priestly the Staff Adjutant, declared in the most public and unqualified manner his approbation of the appearance and movements of the 4th Battalion. Colonel Marks entertained the Inspecting Officer and a number of his friends at his own House, from whence by a preconcerted arrangement, they adjourned to a dinner party got up by the officers from the country at Mr. James Gillis's, where a number of excellent and appropriate toasts were given, and many good old-fashioned songs sung and applauded.

The evening concluded with a Ball, numerously and respectfully attended. In closing my brief statement to you of the proceedings of the 7th inst., I cannot refrain from mentioning that I did not observe one case of intoxication.

I am Dear Sir,  
Your Obedt. Servant,  
An old Militia Man.  
St. Andrews, Sept. 17, 1841.

Extensive Fires at Bathurst.—Captain Douglas, of the Unicorn, informs us that on his way down from Quebec, a passenger came on board at Gaspe, who reports the whole extent of the forest at Bay de Chaleur to be in flames—a great portion of Bathurst to be burnt down—and four or five of Mr. Cunard's new vessels to be consumed on the stocks.

On receiving this intelligence, we proceeded to the Long Ground, to enquire of Capt. Lucifield, of the schooner Eclipse, from Bathurst, whether there was any appearance of fire when he left that port. Capt. Lucifield informed us that he was in Bathurst on Wednesday before last,—that the woods were then in one mass of flame—and that the inhabitants were marshalled every night to protect the buildings, many of which were then in danger. Capt. Lucifield says that Mr. Cunard had six vessels on the stocks, in one of which he was to proceed to Britain in a few weeks. They were in a very exposed situation.—*Pictorial Mechanic and Furner.*

[From the Royal Gazette.]  
The following copy of a Despatch from the Right Honorable the Secretary of State for the Colonies, has been communicated by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor to the High Sheriff of the County of York, which we have much pleasure in publishing for the information of the Petitioners:—

Downing street, 8th August, 1841.  
Sir,—With reference to your Despatches, Nos. 6 and 10, of the 21st and 29th May, transmitting various Petitions to the Queen deprecating the proposed alterations in the Duties on Baltic and Colonial Timber, and also with reference to your despatches, Nos. 17 and 24, of the 5th and 14th June,—I have now to state, that having referred these several Despatches to the Lords of the Privy Council for Trade, their Lordships have informed me that they will be taken into further consideration whenever the subject to which they relate shall be again brought forward in Parliament.

You will be pleased to communicate this answer to the several Petitioners. I have, &c.  
(Signed) J. RUSSELL.  
Sir Wm. Colborne, &c. &c. &c.  
A Vile Hoax.—The New York papers publish what purports to be a letter found in a bottle in the Atlantic, and written on ice-berg by one of the passengers in the steam-packet President. The letter was first published in the St. Thomas Times; it is evidently a hoax, perpetrated by some heartless scoundrel—and its republication can subserve no good purpose.—*Boston paper.*

Mark of Impudence.—An impudent trick was practiced yesterday morning, about 11 o'clock, in High Holborn, by a "shabby gentleman" fellow who was loitering near a book-stall opposite Day and Martin's. A gentleman who had been looking for a time at a volume which was lying on the stall, marked 7s. 6d., at length took it up, and thinking that the individual alluded to belonged to the shop and to him,—I will give you 5s. for this if you like," "Why, Sir," said the man, with the most perfect nonchalance, "business is very bad, so I suppose I must take it." The shop-keeper, who had been busily engaged happened to perceive the gentleman walking away with the book, and stopped him, when an explanation took place, and the gentleman had the mortification to pay a second crown for his "bargain."