

G OFF!
ED PRICES!

ling off his large and
of FALL and WINTER
lower prices than here-
market. The goods
ed, and of the best qua-

a green and claret Broad
dies do, blue, black and
tin, Sattinette, Molestin,
0 pieces of white and red
ry and Swansdown do—
aries do—2 hales Blank
84—Counterpanes and
different colors—64 pieces
34, glass bleached white
es of Orleans & Savonies
atterns, Orleans de l'Ors
250 pieces of prints suit-
—furniture cotton, check
ane and lining cottons,
egant—table covers blu-
rown cloths do—Ladies
chiefs, silk Handkerchiefs
ed, brown do—woollen &
—cotton Warps white and
and Shoes, carpet & light
sauce walking Shoes—
n do—Lambewool Hose,
Bobbinette and Laces, Ja-
suelins, Bishoppans and
obinetts, Quinnetts and
of silk Hats, fur and flesh
hats and covered hats—
ly made clothing, 50 pairs
quinties, truck coats and
s, gaiter socks, red and
city of other articles in the

AND CUTLERY.
ors large and small, of an
pocket and pen knives,
like pens and covers, flat
screws and torqs, long
and scrubbing brushes.

ERIES.
white Soap,
Liverpool ditto,
d and dpt Candles,
ined Loaf Sugar, from 4 to
only use.

es, Coffee,
res, Cinnamon, Pepper, All-
Salutaris.

Lead,
s—Lamp Oil,
ow Glass 7x9 5x10 10x12,
nd corn meal, pork & fish.

to the subscriber either by
e requested to call and ar-
a save expense.

C. BRADLEY,
uary, 1842

DR S' LE.

HAMCOCK ISLAND,
English HAY, on reser-
y to B. K. FITZGERALD, DI-
sciber.

SHAL H. ANDREWS,
March 1842. 121st

and Oil.

ABEY WHAFF,
rs for Sale at his usual
prices.
fish,
lock Fish,
1, 1 fat Herring,
No. 1 and 2, smoked Mor-
and Hake Oil.

B. K. FITZGERALD

ICY STORE.

SUPPLY.
scally informs the Ladies
Saint Andrews that she
UPPLY of GOOD, con-
ting of

Fancy Goods
and at the Lowest Price
ment selection of

ERIES,
of on Reasonable Terms.

M. SHENLOCK.

LEASED.

RF & PREMISES lately
K 1st, Esq. Enquire of

S. WATT.

At 7 for Thomas Watt.

STOCK.

riote County Bank Stock

IAED OFFICE.

RE

WS STANDARD

VERY FRIDAY, BY

P. Smith.

Saint Andrews, N B.

R M S.

red in town or called for

warded by mail.

ed until arrears are paid

ISEMENTS.

ritten orders, or continued

ritten directions

es, and under,

er 12 lines 3d per line,

12 lines 1d per line,

ur as may be agreed on.

ividuals who have no ac-

to be paid for in advance

c. struck off at the shortest

on delivery.

ENTS

Mr John Catterell

W. Campbell Esq

James Albre Esq

Trist Moore Esq

Joe Brown Esq

Mr J Goddery

Mr. Clarke Hanson

Mr. Wm. Braith

Mr. D. Gilmour

Mr James Hunter

Willford Fisher Esq

D. M. Millan Esq

W. J. Layton Esq

Mr. Henry S. Beck

Joe, Cate Esq

The Standard, OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

VOLUME 9

NUMBER 24

Price 15s. in Town]

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 17, 1842.

[17s. 6d. sent by Mail,

[From Godley's Lady Book.]

DUTY.

AN INTERESTING TALE.

(Continued from Standard, 3d June.)

I will not say that he found a comparison after marriage quite as agreeable as before, for certainly no two characters ever were more unlike than his two wives. Isabella had been proud to a fault—ambitious, deep-toned and enthusiastic. Adele was mild, amiable, forgiving, and gentleness was her chief characteristic. Even in their love of Edward, the difference in their characters betrayed itself; Isabella, loving with an intensity of passion seldom seen, watched with jealous solicitude every look and action of her husband, lest he should do or say something that could lower him from the high pedestal upon which her love and her imagination had enthroned him. Adele loved with all the ardor of her quiet nature, and was satisfied to be loved even as the second wife of a man who had adorned his first; while Isabella (could they have exchanged places) would have been wretched at the thought that any other had divided the affections of a heart over which it was her glory to reign alone. Adele never troubled herself with a thought of how much more devoted he had been to the object of his first attachment; but Edward was far happier since his marriage than he had been before he met Adele, and certainly loved her as much as he could love any in this world again.

Thus two months passed by, and they were at breakfast, when a large packet was put into the hands of Delancy; his old friend and guardian Mr. Selmer brought it, and the grave manner in which he presented it, added to his immediately calling Adele to another part of the house, caused Edward to observe particularly the hand-writing; but he was wholly unacquainted with it, although the post-mark was New Orleans. He hastily broke the seals, and with an exclamation of mingled surprise, love and horror, recognized the known characters of Isabella. The date of the envelope was not a week old; it contained only a few hasty lines of passionate love, and the hopes of a speedy and joyful re-union, after a more than three years separation, and referred Edward to the journal for all the perils she had passed. Again and again she spoke of their meeting, their happy meeting—told him she had taught their daughter to expect him almost as anxiously as he did herself, and concluded by the remark, that she would count the hours until his arrival in New Orleans, where she was awaiting him.

What words can speak the feelings which agitated the breast of Delancy? The thought that Isabella, his idolized Isabella was living, filled him with unspeakable delight, and the idea of flying to meet her and their child, was only banished by hearing the sweet tones of Adele, as she re-entered the parlor with Mr. Selmer. The old man looked kindly at Delancy, but there was a troubled expression on his face as he turned his eyes upon the fair young creature at his side; it seemed to say, "I know it all." Adele saw that there was something wrong, and looked beseechingly at Edward; he felt the appeal, and would have strained her to the heart, but he knew that it would now be a sin to do so. Overcome with agony for her fate—with horror for his own, and uncertainty for the future, mounting almost to madness—the miserable man could only clasp his hands together, and rush wildly out of the house.

It was the painful task of Mr. Selmer to explain the situation of affairs to Adele—kindly and tenderly he did so; but what words can soften such a blow.

For a time she sat in speechless wonder and amazement; then suddenly seeming to realize the facts, she started up, exclaiming, "Poor, poor Edward! what can he do?"—then as her thoughts reverted to her own situation, she caught Mr. Selmer by the arm, saying, "let us go—this is no place for me now—God knows how innocently I came in—to the house," and for the first time she wept bitterly. "No one can blame you, Adele," said her kind friend—"you have done no wrong, but a duty is now before you to perform, my poor child, and let conscious innocence sustain you in the trial." "Fear not for me," she said, "we will meet no more." Mr. Selmer conducted her to the house of a friend, and left her to solitude and prayer—and in a few days Adele was again with her aunt at Woodville.

Edward had rushed from his house in a state bordering upon madness, and long he wandered through the streets, scarce conscious whether he went, until in a distant part of the city he encountered Mr. Selmer, who was seeking him; silently he took his arm and turned towards his room; but when they reached the door, Edward stopped, and looked up in the face of his friend—"She is gone, my soul Adele has acted nobly; quick

to perceive her duty, she will be sustained in its performance. I commit her to your care, and direct me in the difficulties by which I am surrounded." They entered, and after several hours spent in the perusal of Isabella's journal, the most proper conduct to be pursued under the circumstances appeared to be, that Mr. Selmer should hasten to New-Orleans, and carefully state to Isabella the events which had transpired since her departure.

And while he is on his way, let us take a rapid survey of the events that had occurred to Isabella, after embarking on board the Empress. The first two or three days of their voyage was prosperous. The narration of the negro was correct, so far as it went, for when chased by the pirates, Mrs. Delancy had sought death for her child and herself amid the waters, but Providence had ordered otherwise. After the massacre of the crew and passengers of the Empress, had been completed, they were rescued by some floating article which had been flung overboard, to lighten the vessel, and to which she had probably clung after reason had ceased to guide, and instinct alone had controlled her actions. Certain it is that both she and the child were insensible when discovered by the pirate, and would have been left to perish, had not one of the crew, more humane than the rest, persisted in saying "the harmless woman and her little child." When Isabella was resuscitated, she found herself in a strange vessel, among rough-looking men, and was not long in arriving at the conclusion that she was a captive. Eva was sleeping softly by her side, and she determined to lie still and watch events; presently a young man with strongly marked features, and a commanding air, entered the cabin. Isabella started when she saw him; he spoke, and she was sure the voice was familiar to her ear—she watched him attentively. One of the officers addressed him by the name of Harris, and it flashed upon her memory that in the pirate before her, she beheld a wayward and long lost son of her old Irish nurse or foster-mother. Isaac Harris had ever been a wrong-headed boy, but she knew that like most of the Irish peasantry, he had strong affections. She began to hope much from the memories she might awaken in his mind, and she resolved to wait an opportunity of making herself known to him—the opportunity occurred.

Having received a promise of protection from one of their officers, Isabella heard with more calmness than she had deemed possible, that she was to accompany the pirates to Baratara. She also heard that she had another captive in their stronghold, and she was not without hopes that Harris would eventually aid her in escaping from his dreadful associates. It was soon understood that the fair captive and her child were under the care of Harris, the second officer in command, and of course as the principle of "honor among thieves" was in full force among them, Isabella was treated with every mark of respect. When they reached Baratara, Harris informed Mrs. Delancy that it might become necessary to her future security that he should take her to his own house, and live in a degree of seeming intimacy with her before his comrades. But the high-minded woman instantly rejected the proposal.

"Never!" she exclaimed, "shall I suffer a shadow to rest upon the name of Delancy—even amid pirates my husband's honor shall be preserved unsullied, and my fair name above reproach!" "Lady, it might save you from insult could you consent to appear better satisfied with one whose respect alone makes him presume to approach you with such proposals," replied the pirate; but it was useless.

"You have spoken before me of an aged captive, whose illness confines him to his hut; and whose high rank induces your associates to preserve his life in the hope of a ransom—place me with him—gladly will I undertake the charge of nursing him. And you, Isaac Harris, remember what my parents have done for yours, and I do not fear to trust that your gratitude and fidelity will save me from further wrong."

And it was so arranged. Isabella and her child were permitted to inhabit the rude abode that had been devoted to an old gentleman who had languished for many months among the pirates, pining for that home which he had left only to re-establish his health by sea-air, and sailing about among the islands of the West Indies, where he had large possessions. Captured by the pirates, he was recognized by one of the crew as one of the most wealthy commoners in France—an old gentleman of Lyons, noted for his opulence, his magnificence, and boundless liberality to the poor,—a man who had known many sorrows in his youth; but who was now alone in the world, without a relative to claim his immense possessions when he should be no more—and it was the policy of the pirates to save and treat with kindness one from whom they hoped to exact some reward for such unwonted mercy. But the principles of the venerable old man were too well established for him to listen to any terms from a set of lawless desperadoes—men out-

lawed by their country and their God—the committers of that crime most abhorrent to humanity—Piracy. And though he withered in sickness and sorrow for his home and its enjoyments, he was firm in his rejection of liberty at such a price.

The consolation of a nurse so gentle, and a companion so delightful, was indeed great to Mr. Lorraine; and to Isabella the arrangement offered every advantage of which her situation susceptible. Residing under the same roof, she bestowed upon him all those attentions which she would have offered to her father, and very soon the affection of parent and child grew up between them in all its fervency. Jointly they engaged in educating the little Eva, and Isabella soon learned that for the sake of her daughter she should ever bless her acquaintance with so educated, so polished, and so kind a friend.

Weeks—months—passed over—at last years elapsed—and there was little to mark their flight but the improvements of mind in Eva, and the increased affection of her two instructors. Isabella had labored two in the task of reclaiming Isaac Harris from his life of crime and peril, and she began to hope that she was making an impression on his wild and ardent feelings. At last, when nearly three years of captivity were passed by Mrs. Delancy, the pirates began to entertain fears of the discovery of their hitherto secure retreat.

Suspicious of treachery were awakened in the mind of Lafitte. Isaac Harris was watched in a manner that roused all the indignation of his character—and he who had been deaf to the entreaties of a being he regarded as almost above mortality—the suggestions of his own heart, and the reviving sense of justice, now yielded to the passionate impulse of revenge. Suspected at first without a cause, he soon resented the indignation of distrust by preparing to liberate the captives, and place himself under the protection of the laws, by becoming evidence against his former associates.

Alas! that no nobler motives than revenge prompted this decision. But gratefully was it hailed by Isabella and her friend, whose declining health rendered a change of air and climate most desirable. He promised all the influence he could exert in behalf of Harris, if he could take them safely to Lyons, and as secrecy with respect to their destination and mode of departure was imperative, of course Isabella gladly availed herself of the opportunity of escape to France. It was impossible to convey even the slightest intimation of her existence and safety to her husband without compromising Harris's plan, and of course nothing could induce her to run such a risk.

At length the hour of escape arrived; silently, and at midnight, they left Baratara, in an open boat—gained a secluded spot on the nearest island, where Harris had managed to anchor a small fishing smack; and placing his anxious passengers on board, he began fearlessly but cautiously to steer her towards the island of Cuba; there, he landed at night—disguised himself and his party most effectually; and early the next day they sailed for France, as father, daughter, and grandchild, with one servant, and safely reached Lyons.

Here the increasing illness of Mr. Lorraine rendered his appeal to government in behalf of Harris impossible; and the first feelings of anger having subsided in the bosom of that quick tempered person, he felt a reluctance to one the one to deliver up his former comrades to justice, and only begged to be permitted to return to Ireland, and late as it was, to settle in some honest calling. Mr. Lorraine, after liberally rewarding his fidelity, allowed him to depart, pledging for himself and Isabella the strictest secrecy for six months that he might have every chance of reaching home unmolested by the pirates, and commencing a life of reform and industry.

Ere the six months which were to elapse before Mrs. Delancy made known her existence to her friend, or attempted to cross the Atlantic, had passed, the spirit of her aged friend and tenderly loved companion in captivity, had winged its flight to a better world; and at the opening of his will, she was discovered to be his sole heir. He had heard from her so much of the virtues and excellences of her husband, and beheld in Isabella such a devoted love and admiration for him, and had heard her speak so often of his honest exertions to overcome the difficulties of his business affairs, that the old gentleman rightly conjectured that the greatest happiness he could bestow upon the being who had so unweariedly devoted her care and attentions to himself, would be the proud privilege he afforded her in bestowing unbounded wealth upon this idolized husband.

Ah! who can describe the emotions which swelled the heart of Isabella, as on the very day her promise of secrecy expired, she found herself on board of a fast sailing vessel bound for New Orleans! Mistress of more wealth than her humble wishes had ever aspired to—with her daughter beaming in all the beauty of her age, and beyond her years intelligent and accomplished—her own person and

countenance sparkled under the influence of health, hope and happiness—scarcely at the age of twenty-five, with every grace of manner and charm of mind circling around her, and the one deep, pure, passionate desire of bestowing them upon the idol of her imagination, the husband of her love, burning in her heart, like a lamp upon some holy shrine,—proudly she felt at this—and gratefully she looked to the Giver of such blessings, to sustain her under the trials of prosperity, as she had saved her amidst the dangers and disappointments of adversity.

(Conclusion in our next.)

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Standard.

Ma. Emma.
The subject of the circulation of the Inspired Volume is occupying the attention of the Christian world, to an extent hitherto unknown. The Church appears to be waking from her slumbers, and is evidently more alive to the necessity of disseminating a knowledge of the true God than it has ever previously been. Among the various Institutions employed for this purpose, the British and Foreign Society stands pre-eminent. The claims of this Society have, from its first formation, been advocated by all classes and denominations. Peers of the realm, Dignitaries of the Church, among whom are no less than 11 Bishops—have all rallied around its standard. For many years Lord Teignmouth presided at its meetings, and considered his official connexion with the Society as one of the greatest honors ever conferred on him. Lord Bexley is now the President. The following is a list of the Vice Presidents:—
Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Winchester,
Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Chester,
Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Ripon,
Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Salisbury,
Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Norwich,
Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Kildare,
Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Calcutta,
Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Bombay,
Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Peterborough,
Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man,
The Very Rev. the Dean of Salisbury,
The Rev. Dr. Dealey, Chan. of Winchester,
Most Noble Marquis of Cholmondeley,
Right Hon. Earl of Glasgow,
Right Hon. Earl of Rosslyn,
Right Hon. Earl of Chichester,
Right Hon. Earl of Harrowby,
Right Hon. Earl of Roden,
Right Hon. Earl of Gosford,
Right Hon. Earl of Burlington,
Right Hon. Lieut. Gen. Viscount Lorton,
Right Hon. Lord Calthorpe,
Right Hon. Lord Barham,
Right Hon. Lord Glenelg,
Right Hon. Lord Lilford,
Right Hon. Lord Mountsandford,
Right Hon. Lord Teignmouth, M.P.,
Right Hon. Viscount Mandeville,
Right Hon. Viscount Morpeth, M.P.,
Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart.,
Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart. M.P.,
Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Bart. M.P.

The history of this Society—its amazing resources with its unparalleled operations, have not perhaps come under the notice of all your readers—as you usually publish in your useful paper, the proceedings of the St. Andrews Branch Bible Society, it will be gratifying to many to have the intelligence contained in the following abstract from the last Report of the Parent Society.

"Hitherto, the blessing of Almighty God has remarkably prospered the Society; and while the actual result has hitherto far surpassed the utmost expectation of its early friends, it has frequently called forth the devout gratitude of Christians in every part of the world.

During the Thirty-seven years of its existence, the Society has put into circulation above Thirteen Millions of Copies of the Scriptures, either in whole or in part; and its Expenditure, for this purpose, has exceeded Two Millions and a half sterling. The Receipts for the past year alone have amounted to £101,322 9s. 2d., arising from the usual sources of Donations, Annual Subscriptions, Sales, and Legacies; the Payments during the same period having been £133,934 18s. 9d.; and its outstanding Engagements exceed £40,000.

There have been issued from its Depositories at Home and Abroad, within the same year, no fewer than 900,912 copies; and if the aggregate Issues of Foreign Bible Societies be added to those of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Grand Total will amount to more than Twenty-two Millions of copies of the entire Bible or New Testament, or integral portions thereof, in different languages.

The Table of Languages and Dialects, which is appended to this statement, will show that the Society has promoted the distribution, printing, or translation of the Sacred Volume, in whole or in part.

Directly, in 68 Languages or Dialects; Indirectly, in 68 ditto; and that the number of Versions of the Holy

Scriptures, in whole or in part hitherto completed, is 158; of which 106 are Translations never before printed.

With a view to the prosecution of its great purpose, an extensive Correspondence was opened, soon after its formation, with the Clergy and Laity of different Countries; and in this way, many valuable co-adjutors were obtained; some few of whom, together with others since raised up, are still actively engaged in its service. But the operations of the Society have been chiefly promoted by the establishment of Auxiliary Societies and Bible Associations; which, at length, happily extend, not only to every part of the United Kingdom, but throughout our Colonial Dependencies—such Auxiliary Societies being allowed to purchase Bibles and Testaments at cost price; and their Members having the same privileges, at the Local Depositories, which the Members of the Parent Society enjoy in London.

Similar Societies, with their separate Branches, have been formed in other Countries; holding, from time to time, a friendly communication with the British and Foreign Bible Society; and to all of them it has, with some few exceptions, extended considerable aid.

From the Table annexed on page 9, it will appear that there are within the United Kingdom no fewer than 2796 of such Auxiliaries, Branches, or Associations; and 415 in the British Colonies and other Dependencies. There are also Fifty-five principal Foreign Societies, with their respective Branches, spreading their salutary influence over the States of Europe, all more or less effective in the distribution of the Scriptures.

It is impossible to estimate too highly the value of such means, for the purpose of carrying the Scriptures to the cities, towns, and villages of our own country, and placing them within the reach of all who are anxious to possess the Sacred Treasure. In England alone, probably, more than Five Millions of copies have, in this way, been circulated; and if the principles of our Holy Religion have acquired any greater influence over the public mind, unquestionably much must be attributed to the wider currency of the Sacred Volume and a more general appreciation of its doctrines—that "Law of the Lord, which is perfect, converting the soul."

Curious Contrast between the Red and the White Man.—A wild Indian to reach the civilized world, must needs travel some thousands of miles in vehicles to which he is unaccustomed, living on food he is unused to, stared and gazed by thousands he cannot talk to, his heart grieving and his body sickening at the exhibition of white men's wealth and luxury, which are enjoyed on the land and over the bones of his ancestors; and at the end of his journey, he stands like a caged animal, to be scanned, to be criticized, to be pitied, and heralded to the world as a brute, and a beggar. A white man, to reach an Indian village, must travel by steamboats, by canoes, on horseback, and on foot; swim rivers, wade quagmires, fight mosquitoes, patch his moccasins, live on most alone, sleep on the ground the whole way; when he gets there half sick, he finds himself a beggar for a place to sleep in and for something to eat; a mute among thousands who flock about him, to look, to criticize, and to laugh at his jaded appearance and to speak of him as they do of all white men, without distinction as liars.—Cattin on the North American Indian.

The Good Woman.—How much this world's happiness and prosperity is contained in the compass of these two short words! Her influence is immense.—The power of a wife for good or for evil, is altogether irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A bad one if confusion, weakness, discomfiture, despair. No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision, energy economy.—There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, folly, & extravagance at home. No spirit can long resist bad domestic influence. Man is strong but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He expends his whole moral force in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are daily lacerated to the utmost point of endurance by perpetual collision, irritation and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, and cheerfulness, of comfort; and his soul renews its strength and again goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labors and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met by a bad temper, sullenness, or gloom; or is assailed by discontent, complaint, and reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes and the man sinks into despair.

One Hog was to be tried before Judge Bacon, who told him he was his kinsman. Well, replied the learned judge, no hog can become bacon until he is hanged, and then I'll allow you to be my kinsman.