

The Standard, OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

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MY NEXT HUSBAND.

Lady Grace Deyton was—I should say is, but that would be adopting the style unbecomingly; she was, then, a charming young person whom one could not help loving. She has been copied for the heroine of a score of modern romances, just as Charles Lamb sat to a portrait painter for a series of British Admirals;—readers of books seldom know whom they are admiring. Lady Grace was as good natured as she was beautiful; I am certain that like uncle Toby, she would not willingly have harmed a fly. All the world knew Lady Grace's good nature—all the world, therefore, was astonished at her treatment of Frank Mildardour.

Poor Frank! I never knew a man so deeply in love; he existed only in her smile; he would have attempted an exploit to gratify one of the slightest of her whims; a word from her would have made him fight a wind-mill, travel to Timbuctoo, or study German metaphysics. Frank had never loved any woman but Lady Grace; his love had all the zeal and sincerity of a first attachment—all the intensity and devotedness of an absorbing passion. Poor Frank! I say again, every body sympathized with him, and declared, that if he did not command success, he certainly studied to deserve it. However, let us defer moralizing till we come to an end of our story.

Frank and Lady Grace had been on familiar terms for many years; it was utterly impossible for the heart of the young lady not to respond to the passion of so ardent a lover, and strengthened with his strength. In plain terms, she positively loved Frank, how could she help it? She had so good a heart, so sweet a temper! They were certainly destined for each other; and every body pronounced that nothing on earth could part them, for Lady Grace bestowed her sweetest smiles upon Frank, and Frank became the shadow of Lady Grace—but every body was somewhat mistaken. I don't know, by the way, a less inflexible person than that same every body.

Never was an enterprise so promising as that of Frank in making love to Lady Grace—she had a decided penchant for him, from the very moment of acquaintance, for Frank was one of the best of men. Never did a courtship promise a more happy consummation; nearly everything was settled, and Frank was only waiting for Lady Grace to name the happy day. "Well, my dear Lady Grace," said Frank with impatience, at his next visit, "when is the hour to come that shall make me the happiest of men?" Thursday, I hope, or Friday, of next week at latest.

"My dear Mr. Frank," replied she, in some confusion, "I am the most unfortunate creature in the world; you are certainly one of the best of men; it is so unlucky—I am shockingly grieved on your account; but it is so unlucky you did not make the proposal sooner?"

"What do you mean, Lady Grace," said Frank in the greatest alarm.

"Dear me! Mr. Frank, I am afraid that you will never forgive me," replied Lady Grace, with the sweetest smile imaginable;

"but the truth is, I have already promised my hand to Sir Billy Rattle."

"Sir Billy Rattle?" said Frank, in unfeigned amazement.

"Yes, Sir Billy Rattle; you know Sir Billy; he's one of the most amusing creatures in the universe; positively, I think he'll make me die with laughing one of these days; however, 'tis a pity for your sake, that it happened so; and I have the most sincere esteem for you, Mr. Mildardour; but Sir Billy has such a fascinating way, that he absolutely won my consent before I was aware what I had promised him. La! me, 'tis a most awkward affair, I know what you will say, but it can't be helped—Sir Billy insists upon the promise; he is a strange creature."

Frank could hardly believe his ears while listening to this astounding recital. In any other case he would have exploded with a torrent of reproaches and imprecations; but Lady Grace had such a charming affability while confiding with him on his ill luck, and expressed so much real regret at the occurrence, that it was impossible to feel the smallest anger against her. In spite of all, therefore, Frank loved her as strongly as ever.

"Ah! my dear Lady Grace," said he, with a sigh, "I must submit, since destiny will have it so; but to live without you it is impossible—I will no longer."

"Nay, my dear Mr. Frank," replied she, smiling upon him in a manner not to be resisted, "you must on no account hang or drown yourself—you must not for my sake—because Sir Billy, who is a great humorist, may break his neck some day, poor man! Here Lady Grace put her handkerchief to her eyes, which, however, Frank thought never looked so bright as at that moment."

"And then," continued she, Frank, you will continue to love me. You shall be my next husband."

There was a drop of consolation at least

in this assurance; but Frank took the disaster terribly at heart. When the matter came out, every body predicted that it would kill him, and perhaps it was only Lady Grace's prohibition that withheld his hand. But Lady Grace married, and Frank lived on. Let a lover never despair! Sir Billy Rattle broke his neck at Melton; within a year; 'twas no one's fault but his own, though his lady did predict it.

Mr. Frank Mildardour was thus when he least expected it, raised from the depth of despondency to the summit of conscious assurance. His first impulse was to rush to the presence of the fair widow, with protestations of his unabated attachment; but a slight consideration convinced him that he ought not to intrude his love upon the sacredness of grief. He allowed, therefore, a few weeks to pass, at the end of which he ventured to approach her with condolence on her loss, and an assurance of his unaltered love. 'Tis melancholy,' added Frank, with as deep a sigh as he could put forth on the occasion—'this domestic calamity of yours—poor Sir Billy! But you may yet be happy, my dear Lady Grace, you know your promise.'

Lady Grace was as beautiful and engaging as ever. "I am sure Mr. Frank," said she, "I shall ever feel the deepest obligations to you, you are so good, so constant, and the most sincere lover I ever knew! I would rather a thousand pounds it never had happened so; but I must tell you the truth, I have promised my hand."

"Promised your hand?" exclaimed the astonished Frank—"what, a second time? Lady Grace?"

"My dear Frank!" returned she, "I knew you would be concerned to hear it, but I hope you will not be angry. 'Tis an awkward affair, and I wish with all my heart it were not so; but I promised this very morning to marry Col. Flashdagger; he loves me to distraction, but no matter for that, I wish you had been so fortunate as to have seen me somewhat earlier—only a few days—would have totally altered the affair."

"Earlier! my dear Lady Grace, Sir Billy has been dead but three or four weeks."

"True, true, Mr. Frank, he died very suddenly—poor man; but I always predicted it. However, I am sorry for this disappointment of yours; but the Colonel has been so assiduous in his attentions, how could I refuse? These military gentlemen have a way with them indeed! but Mr. Frank, I shall remain with you as long as I live! know how devoted you are, and if the Colonel should get killed in the wars, why then of course, you are my next husband." Frank could not restrain himself from starting up and vowing to challenge Colonel Flashdagger. But Lady Grace protested in the most positive manner that she would not hear of a duel. His next vow was not to love Lady Grace no more, but this was as ineffectual as the first. He soon discovered she had more power over him than ever, since his love continued unabated through circumstances that seemed calculated to inspire a far different feeling. Frank thought it the strangest conjuncture of events in the world; but he was convinced that Lady Grace loved him—how could he help it?—Lady Grace had such a bewitching smile, and such an engaging air and talked so charmingly, and manifested such a deep regret for his misfortunes, and was so polite and good natured and sincere. 'She is the most beautiful, fascinating, tantalizing creature in the world,' said he, 'and the Colonel is not bullet proof, so—'

With this assurance, therefore, that Lady Grace was an angel, and Colonel Flashdagger might be killed, Frank shrugged his shoulders and let the second misfortune pass. "The Colonel went to the wars, and had his head shot off by a cannon ball. 'Now, quoth Frank, 'my time is come; nobody shall now anticipate me by having less scruple in wiping away a widow's tears.' So without losing a moment's time, he hurried to Lady Grace, and claimed the fulfillment of her promise."

Lady Grace received him in the most obliging manner possible, and Frank thought her a great deal handsomer than ever. "I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear Mr. Mildardour," said she, "but there is a circumstance which I cannot control; I would it were otherwise. You are the man of all the world that I most esteem; but the Colonel, poor man! has laid a solemn injunction upon me, by his will, to marry his second cousin, Tom Starling, on pain of forfeiting his whole estate. What can I do, my dear Mr. Frank, 'tis such an awkward affair! Do you know Tom? he is a queer creature—sings a splendid song they say—but I am sorry for you with all my heart."

"Oh, my dear Lady Grace," exclaimed Frank, "Really, Mr. Mildardour, I feel quite as much grieved at it as you—I do indeed—you are such an excellent man. But you won't deprive us of your company; we shall have such delightful concerts; quite charming! I assure you!"

"My dear Lady Grace," said Frank, wringing his hands, 'what will become of me, 'Oh my dear Frank, you know I have the

greatest regard for you, and if Tom, who is a fiery, choleric fellow, should ever get shot in a duel, why then positively Mr. Frank, nothing can prevent it—you must be my next husband."

Frank ran away from her in despair, and made another vow not to think any more of Lady Grace; but he only thought the more of her on that account. She was such a sweet creature, indeed, that the hope of possessing her might have supported a man through a thousand mishaps. But Frank began to think himself doomed irrevocably to disappointment and fell into a desperate melancholy. He set off for the continent, traversed France and Italy and got to Naples in a fit of the most doleful dumps that ever clouded the brains of a hapless lover. He was just about to throw himself in the crater of Vesuvius, when he received intelligence that Mr. Tom Starling had died suddenly of a surfeit, at a harmonice celebration of the Anniversary of the Sons of Thunder.

"There is still a chance left," said Frank, as he ordered post horses for his return. "Ye Gods! annihilate both space and time! But the Gods refused to do any such thing, and Frank arrived too late. Lady Grace had given him up for lost, and was engaged to Mr. William James, late of the city, a rich banker, just retired from business."

Poor Mr. Frank Mildardour!—there seemed nothing wanting to overwhelm him. He did not wait upon Lady Grace to extort a renewal of her promise, but abandoned himself to his melancholy, conceiving his case to be utterly hopeless.

When things are at worst, however, they are sure to mend. Passing along Oxford street one afternoon, he saw a great crowd collected before a new building, and by dint of enquiries soon learned the particulars of the accident that had assembled it. He flew like lightning to Lady Grace.

"Lady Grace," said he, "you are once more a widow!"

"It cannot be, Mr. Mildardour. How a widow! Mr. James walked out in perfect good health not half an hour ago."

"Exactly, my dear Lady Grace—I am sorry to be the bearer—ahem! of such ill news; but I will tell you just how it happened. Mr. James was walking along Oxford street, arm in arm with Sir Harry Wildgoose—"

"Ah the very man; Sir Harry is quite a friend of mine—but go on Mr. Frank with your relation."

"Mr. James, I say, my dear Lady Grace, happened to pass near the scaffolding of a building, just as the workmen were hoisting a huge stone, when a horse in the street took fright, and ran against the scaffolding; the stone fell—and oh, Lady Grace!—Mr. James was killed on the spot!"

"Dear me! Mildardour! you don't say so!"

"Positively true! I saw him with my own eyes."

Lady Grace put her handkerchief to her eyes, and there was a dead silence for some time; at last Frank thought it time to remind her of her promise by saying—

"Lady Grace, you know your promise!"

"My dear Mr. Frank, there is only one obstacle in the way—I have made a promise to Sir Harry Wildgoose only last week, 'tis an unfortunate thing; but if Sir Harry dies then upon my honor, you shall, truly and positively, be my next husband."

"On your honor?"

"On my honor."

"Then, my dear Lady Grace, I am the happiest man in the world, for the same stone has killed the both of them!"

Lady Grace started with surprise; her feelings I need not attempt to describe, for how few can guess what it is to lose two husbands at one blow! Lady Grace looked upon him in a manner that left him dubious whether a smile or a tear was to follow; she was fairly caught. They were married at Saint George's, Hanover Square; but I am unable to say whether Lady Grace has made an appointment of her next husband.

Adventures of a Returned Convict.—At Chester assizes, on Wednesday week, William Heron, 36, sailor, was indicted for returning from transportation. He had been capitally convicted of burglary at Horsham spring assizes, 1821, which sentence was commuted to transportation for life. The prisoner pleaded guilty. The following curious statement was read—"My name is William Heron. I am a native of Clifton, near Bristol. I was convicted at the spring assizes of 1821, at Horsham, Sussex, for a burglary committed at Brighton only four days before the trial took place. Was sentenced to death. Prior to this I had never been before a magistrate or in prison. Was sent to the York Hulk, at Gosport, thence to New South Wales, (Sydney). Escaped in six weeks and went to India, from India to England, and thence to America. Was in the American merchant service for some time, afterwards in his Majesty's service in the West Indies, then in the English merchant service, subsequently in the naval service of Mexico. Remained thus employed for eleven years, when in 1833, returned to England; apprehended in February, 1833, at Portsmouth, and was again sent to Sydney, thence to Port Macquarie; re-

mained there nearly two years and escaped. Left the ship in which I escaped in the Brazil, and went to America; entered the naval service of the United States; was employed for twelve months in one of the dock yards in the master's office, writing and drafting. In 1839 commanded a trading vessel between New Orleans and Mobile. Returned to England the 11th of last month, (1840,) in the ship Ann, Richard Anderson. Surrendered myself on Monday, the 31st of March, to the authorities of Sandbach, Cheshire. Was brought to Cheshire Castle, on the 1st of this month. Have been mostly employed at sea during the intervals of my escapes and apprehensions. Lived by industrious exertions during those periods. Was determined, at all risks, to endeavour to gain intelligence of my relatives, if any are yet living; knew it to be impossible without taking this public method. Nineteen years (going on the twentieth) have elapsed since I have heard any tidings of them. My intention was to surrender myself in some country place; walked on until I became destitute, when I did so at Sandbach. I shall try for a commutation of the sentence of life registered against me, as I have suffered the punishment of banishment for nearly twenty years, for the crime or error of a boy of sixteen. Failing in this, I shall endeavour to get a conditional pardon to return free, to New South Wales, if required. My sentence has been very severe, and I consider that the appeal I can make against it should be made in a court of justice." Sentence—Six months' imprisonment and kept to hard labor, and transportation for life.

SELF PRAISING.—He whose own worth doth speak, need not speak his own worth.—The conquerors in the Olympic games did not put the laurels on their own heads, but waited till some other did it.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it is a saint; that boasteth of it is a devil. Yet some glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion for their souls. These men make me believe it may be true what Mandeville says of the Isle of Sonabare, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces in token of honor. He that boasts of sin never committed is a double devil. Many who would sooner creep into a scabbard than draw a sword, boast of their robberies to usurp the esteem of valor. Whereas, first, let them be well whipped for their lying; and, as they like that, let them come afterward, and entitle themselves to the gallows.—Fuller.

Scotland.—Centenary of the Secession Congregation of Greyfriars, Glasgow.—On Tuesday evening, a meeting of a very interesting character took place in Greyfriars Secession Church. The congregation assembling there, is the oldest connected with the Secession in the west of Scotland, and has now existed for a hundred years, having been regularly organized by the formation of a Session on the 9th of February, 1840. The hundredth anniversary of this event, falling on Sabbath last, the Rev. Mr. King took occasion to refer to it in his discourse in the afternoon. It was, however, considered desirable, that the event should be celebrated by a congregational meeting on a week day, at which the services of other ministers might be enjoyed, and greater latitude allowed in alluding to facts and circumstances connected with the history of the congregation, than would have been consistent with a Sabbath-day service. On Tuesday evening, accordingly, the congregation met for this purpose, when they were addressed upon topics appropriate to the occasion, by Mr. King, Mr. James Anderson (a member of Session), the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, the Rev. Dr. Mater, the Rev. Dr. Kidston, the Rev. Dr. Heigh, and David Anderson, Esq.

Education.—Lieut. Col. Sir Alexander Burnes, of the Indian Army, has transmitted to the Provost of Montrose, 100 guineas, with a request that the interest may be annually applied in procuring prizes for the encouragement of the scholars in the Montrose Academy. The gift is accompanied by a strong expression of the donor's gratitude for the benefits he derived from the Academy, where he received the whole of his education.—London Paper.

Statistics of Gas.—For the lighting London and its suburbs with gas, there are eighteen public gas works; twelve public gas work companies; £2,500,000 capital employed in works, pipes, tanks, gas-holders, apparatus; £450,000 yearly revenue derived; 180,000 tons of coal used in the year for making gas; 1,460,000 cubic feet of gas made in the year; 134,300 private burners supplied to about 400,000 consumers; 30,400 public or street consumers; about 2650 of these are in the city of London; 380 lamp-lighters employed; 176 gas-holders, several of them double ones, capable of storing 5,500,000 cubic feet; 890 tons of coal used in the retorts in the shortest day, in twenty-four hours; 7,130,000 cubic feet of gas used in the longest night, say 24th December; about 2500 persons are employed in the metropolis

alone in this branch of manufacture; between 1822 and 1827, the quantity nearly doubled itself, and that in five years; between 1827 and 1837, it doubled itself again.

ASSAMESE TEA.—On Wednesday the Society of Arts confirmed the report of their committee of colonies and trade on Assamese tea. From the whole of the evidence it appears, that there has been a progressive improvement both in the manufacture and in the flavour of the native Assamese teas; and that, from the success of the experiment of growing the China plant in Assam, which has produced a tea of a highly aromatic and delicate flavour, and in comparison with which, the indigenous plant has been under the disadvantage of greater age and indiscriminate gathering, it may be reasonably inferred that the country possesses every requisite of soil and climate for producing tea of the finest quality.—Athenaeum.

The Two Mothers.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked by a friend what he intended to do with his girls, replied, "I intend to apprentice them to their mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitter to become, like her—wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society." Equally just, but bitterly painful, was the remark of an unhappy husband, of a vain, thoughtless, drowsy, slattern. "It is hard to say it, but if my girls are to have a chance of growing up good for anything, they must be sent out of the way of their mother's example."

Family Physician.—In Burmah, when a young woman is taken very ill, her parents agree with the physician, that if he cures the patient, he may have her for his trouble; but if she dies under his medicines, he is to pay them for her value. It is stated that successful physicians have very large families of females, who have become their property in this manner.

Mental Excitement.—So long as excessive mental excitement is kept up, but little relief can be obtained from the strictest attention to dietetics. Abstinence from mental toil, cheerful company, a country excursion, and relaxation of mind, will soon accomplish a cure when the dietetics, precepts and medicines in the world would prove inefficacious.

Dyeing Character of a Translator.—A Translator dyes an author like an old stuff into a new color, but can never give it the lustre of the first tincture—as silks that are twice dyed lose their glosses, and never receive a fair color.

The Dark Side of Matrimony.—Lately, a slave in the West Indies who had been married to another slave by one of the missionaries, at the end of three weeks brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desired him to take her back again. The clergyman asked, what was the matter with her. "Why, massa, she no good. The book says, she obey me. She no wash my clothes, massa, nor do what I want her to do." The minister: "But the book says, you were to take her for better or for worse, and no better." She had too much worse, and no good at all.—American paper.

An Irish Compliment.—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose-tree which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket woman in Covent Garden Market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said, "I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if it pleases to ye, I'd thank ye to keep your cheek away from that rose; ye'll put the lady out of countenance with the colour of her flower."

A Highland Voter.—When Mr. John Boyle Gray stood as a candidate for the first municipal district in the City Council of Glasgow, a son of the Mist was pressing forward, with an anxiety to tender his vote, as if the fate of the election depended upon it. "Well," said the presiding sheriff, "for whom do you vote?" "What's my vote, did you'll said." "Yes." "To Boil John Gray, to be sure."—Laird of Logan.

Go it, Boots!—A Mrs. Boots, of Pennsylvania, has left her husband, Mr. Boots, and strayed to parts unknown. We presume these pair of Boots are rights and lefts. We cannot say, however, that Mrs. Boots is right, but there is no mistake that Boots himself is left. At the last accounts he was pursuing her with all his might. Go it, Boots.—Pic.

Americans are known in the Turkish language by the name of Yanki Doonish, which means 'The New World.' This certainly is as near to Yankee Doodle as could have been expected.

A young lady in Baltimore lately fell from the top to the bottom of a flight of stairs. The fall would probably have been fatal, had she not fortunately taken upon her bustle, which saved her life.

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DEPARTURE OF
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PROPERTY
SALE.

GIVEN IMMEDIATELY.

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OTS ON MOWATTS
lying between the Main
and the Commons road,
and containing about
100 Acres, here a
lately put in thorough
cultivation, a large and
stable, under one
impact FARM, within
1/2 mile of Saint Andrews,
ONS OF HAY yearly,
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will be sold with the
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given immediately,

and convenient Cottage

of the St. John Road in

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lour, Bed Room and

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Bed Rooms up Stairs,

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venient Cottage situated

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JOHN FORTUNE

arch 25, 1840—13—11.