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DUTY. AN INTERESTING TALE.

"Go, my dearest Isabella, and take our darling Eva to visit her grandparents; for be assured you will then, as ever, be in the path of duty."

"I owe it as an imperative duty, dear husband, and it would be a pleasure to me to visit my beloved parents after so long an absence, were it not for the separation from you, Edward. After five years of such happiness as we have enjoyed, how shall I bear to leave you? Indeed our married life seems to me but a delightful dream, for amid all your business, cares, and disappointments, your illness, and occasional despondency, never has the lamp of love burnt dimly in your bosom, nor ceased to shed its beam of light and gladness upon your wife and child."

"Ah! dearest, I would call you a flatterer, but that I know it was impossible for any one ever to have been unkind to you; your own devoted affection and unflinching attention to the wishes of your husband, would have called forth kindness from a stone, Isabella! but enough of sentiment for the present—so let us make arrangements for the voyage, which must be made immediately if at all this season."

But still Isabella Delancy hesitated; she felt strongly a desire to visit, for the first time since she had left them, the parents whose only child she was, and present to their embraces her own young daughter, now glowing in the innocence and loveliness of a four years' life; but it would be her first separation from her husband, and all the superstitions of a warm temperament, a deep, true, loving woman's heart rose up within her, whispered its fears and its presentiments, and threw its shadow upon her spirits, as she flung her arms around her husband, and clinging to his bosom, consented to go without him on a long and perilous voyage.

"Oh, Edward!" she exclaimed, "seems as if one of us was about to die, and leave the other to all the horrors of a cold world—its cares, its sorrows, and its evils; while the aid which each has mutually rendered is to withdraw and the heart left to bear its own misery and its gladness alone! There is a fearful weight upon my soul, and I vainly try to shake it off."

"Nonsense, Isabella! It is but a spice of your old romance clinging about you, even after five years' marriage; come, cheer up, love, and prepare to start early in the morning—the steamer leaves at seven, and the baggage must be on board to-night, and do not forget that I will expect long letters and a journal; all you see and hear and feel must be transmitted to me." And he tried to sooth and occupy her mind with brighter thoughts. She saw his object, and said with a sad smile, "well dearest, wear this until we are re-united," and she flung around his neck a gold chain and locket, bearing the initials I. M., which she had worn in her girlhood.

On the morrow they parted. Isabella and her young daughter, under the care of a trusty clerk of Delancy's, was to go as far as New Orleans, and there to be put under the protection of the captain of a British brig bound for Belfast, near which city her parents resided.

Edward Delancy was a young man whose parents, having emigrated from New England when he was quite a child, settled at Natchez, Mississippi, and early becoming victims to the fever of the climate, bequeathed their son and a limited property to the care of a Catholic relative, residing in that vicinity. This relative faithfully discharged his duty to the boy, by giving him every advantage which education could afford; and preparing him for the active pursuits of life. (to which, from his small means, he would be compelled to turn his attention,) by rearing him in the principles of his own creed, and teaching him that a pure and practical religious faith, was the basis upon which he should build his future character. He showed him that energy, perseverance, industry and decision, every noble aspiration, and every fixed principle, must depend, in an eminent degree, upon the truth and purity of his religious belief; he proved to him that it would be his only shield against the temptations of the world, his only consolation under the trials and afflictions of life—the only reward to which he could look when the vicissitudes and disappointments to which all are equally subject upon earth, should leave him in old age, still seeking for that golden treasure of the mind, peace. He early impressed him with a sense of the responsibility and dignity of man, and inculcated the primitive idea, that "made in the image of his Creator," he should be careful to preserve this likeness, unimpaired by passion, vice or meanness, until returned to him from whom it came.

It is surprising then that, with such principles growing up and strengthening within him, Edward Delancy should, at the age of twenty-one, commence the world as noble and high-minded a being as ever moved among his fellow man. With a strong desire to see the world, he soon persuaded himself that a

voyage to Europe was necessary, for the advancement of the commercial business, in which he had engaged. His friend and guardian, Mr. Selmer, smiled at the casuistry of that reasoning, which ardent youth is ever so ready to mist in behalf of its wishes; but as there was nothing wrong in the desire, but only added, to his approval of the plan, one of those prudent considerations, which always present themselves to the mind of age. And when, in little more than a twelvemonth after leaving Natchez, Edward wrote that he had married a charming Irish girl, near Belfast, with whom he was preparing to return home, the old gentleman remarked that, "with Edward's principles it would only be a stimulant to exertion to have encountered his young years with a wife, whose only dowry seemed to be her virtue and her love." And so it had proved. Isabella Mordant had left a home of tenderness and indulgence, in which she was the only child of parents who idolized her, and had given her strong and devoted affection to Edward Delancy. She had come with him in all the trust of guileless youth, to a strange land; parents, friends, home, were given in exchange for the love of one warm, honorable heart. The ties of her childhood, the attachments of her youth, the admiration of all who had known her from infancy, seemed light sacrifices to lay upon the altar of her love; she was a girl of deep feelings, strong principles, and ambitious desires, and she would have felt a pride in immolating her every feeling, nay, her very being had it been necessary, to prove her truth, her trust, and her love, for the noble being she had chosen as the idol of her affections. She gave up all—hope, memory, and almost thought itself, to love, and that love rested upon a stranger; and in return, what did she require? Love!

To reign supreme, alone, and unrivalled in the heart of him for whom she had relinquished her former existence, and whom she had followed to a home of strangers; to be the object of as true devotion to her husband, as he was to her; for this she lived and moved, and had her being. And in the consciousness that such had been her lot, during the five years she had spent in Natchez, it can scarcely be wondered at that their parting for the first time, should have filled her with a vague fear, or presentiment of change, against which she vainly struggled. The only cares which Isabella had experienced proceeded from the illness which her husband had suffered; sometimes when she marked his anxious face as business was spoken of, and he complained of the unsuccessfulness of his speculations, and the want of funds to prosecute schemes of aggrandizement, the wish would cross her that she could be the means of giving him those funds he seemed so earnestly to desire, and then as he smiled upon her day-dreams and suggestions, like a true woman she forgot his want of money in his fulness of affection, and lived quite happy on her humble income.

Often had Delancy promised to accompany her to Ireland, but business had still prevented him; and when letter after letter arrived from her parents, urging their wish to see her once again; and the recent failure of several large establishments with which he was connected, having put it completely out of her husband's power to accompany her for an indefinite period; he judged it better for her sake, while he should attend to his affairs at home—and thus it was they parted.

Delancy's clerk returned to Natchez. Mrs. Delancy and Eva had sailed the day before he left New Orleans, in the British brig Empress, Capt. Saunders, bound for Belfast, with fair winds and pleasant weather, and Delancy had read and re-read his despatch from Isabella, a dozen times before he slept; and fervently committing his wife and child to the protection of Heaven, he prepared his mind for those anxieties of business in which the morrow would find him immersed.

Weeks rolled on; one vessel had hailed the Empress, but they were too far apart for anything more than "all's well" of the speaking trumpet to be borne to the American, bound ship, as they passed; another vessel late in the evening, had seen a brig flying, from what the captain felt assured was a piratical bark, and believed from all he could ascertain, that the brig was the Empress. As the pirates had recently been committing depredations along the West India Islands, and some of them had been chased into Barataria, where it was supposed they harboured, the public became generally excited in New Orleans, and a well armed cutter was immediately sent in pursuit. Vain effort! Lafitte had not yet been compelled to yield, either to stratagem or valor, and his relentless desperadoes carried by their trade of death and robbery with impunity, upon the waters of the Gulf, and almost within sight of land.

Who can describe the feelings of Delancy, as he thought even of the possibility of his young and high-spirited Isabella, being in the hands of a lawless crew of pirates? The death of his beautiful child he thought a trifle when compared to the sufferings that might be endured upon his wife; imagination enhanced all the horrors perpetrated by pirates of which he had ever read. And as days and

weeks passed without further tidings of the Empress, his agony of mind had almost terminated into madness.

At last a negro, who was known to have been on board of the Empress when she left New Orleans, had returned to that port, by a vessel which had taken him, half dead with fear and hunger, from a piece of plank many days after the last sight of the Empress had been mentioned by the papers. He could give but a very unconnected account of the voyage; still they gathered that when the pirate was first discovered to be in chase, the crew of the Empress prepared to defend her, but the passengers were so much alarmed, that many of them jumped overboard and were drowned; and among these he persisted was Mrs. Delancy with her child in her arms. He, too, had jumped over and swam until nearly exhausted, when he found a plank upon which he crawled, and had floated, unconscious, until found by the vessel that rescued him; this was all that could be learned respecting the noble brig and her hapless crew.

Delancy derived positive relief from the idea of his wife's death, so much more horrible had been his conjectures of her fate, and as he dwelt upon those traits of character he had beheld her display, he felt that it was in keeping with her proud spirit, to clasp her daughter to her heart and seek death together, rather than that either should be defiled by a pirate's touch. Deeply, bitterly, he mourned their early loss—but as he thought of them sleeping peacefully in the bosom of the ocean, his mind seemed to receive consolation in the tranquility of repose, his fancy would invest them with a vision of coral caves, and sea nymphs—the music of waves and sighing of winds, would mingle themselves in his musings, and his mind at length loved to indulge the dreams he thus created, not to sadden but to soothe his loneliness.

It came to him a pious duty to write frequently to the parents of his Isabella; he spoke to them of his source of comfort, and tried to chase their griefs by the visions that had soothed his own. But all minds are not susceptible of the same impression, and they were either too old to be acted upon by such delusions, or that the grief of parents differs from all other griefs; for, not many months after the intelligence reached Belfast, of the loss of the Empress, Isabella's mother sunk into the grave, a victim of disappointed hopes, and of grief for the loss of a beloved child. Her father, too, when he answered Delancy's letter, said, that he felt his days were numbered—that the sands of his life had nearly run out—but that he feared not to die, for he had the Christian's hope before him, and found a high and holy consolation in the thought of soon being reunited to his wife and child.

He spoke to Delancy of the world where the spirit of Isabella was waiting for and watching over him; and he awakened those lessons of religious hope and faith which he had learned in his youth, which now should teach him to bear his bereavements like a man, and again become an active and useful member of society, performing the duties of his situation faithfully and with assiduity. Oh, how many a broken heart has been healed by this steady performance of duty; how many a crushed spirit soothed and strengthened, and how many weary pilgrims aided and sustained upon the path of life, by firmly and perseveringly seeking and fulfilling the duties appointed for their station, by the Almighty Disposer of all! Very hard it is often to turn the mind from its selfish sufferings, but once begun, and every step diminishes the difficulty; disappointment, sorrow, vexation, disappear—the mind beholds its duty, and knows that its reward is sure; for content if not joy will very soon shed its lustre on the way of him who strives earnestly to perform its requisitions. Delancy early found this truth.

Giving his attention to business, he once more embarked in commercial speculations, and success began to smile upon his enterprise. He became comparatively rich; and now his chief solicitude consisted in having no one to share the blessings of his lot. Three years had passed since he parted from Isabella, and his home became more desolate to his imagination, whenever the memory of her happy face broke upon him, as he turned his footsteps homeward of a summer's evening or looked into the lonely breakfast room, where her gay smile was wont to welcome him to his morning meal.

At last, one evening, accident brought him in company with Adele Tracy, a girl he had known all her life, for she had been born in Natchez, and the Sunday school and the dancing school, had made them well acquainted in their childhood. But latterly Edward had lost sight of Adele, and had only an indistinct recollection of having heard that her parents were dead, and that she was living with an aunt at Woodville. Now the thought all at once rushed upon his mind, that he might be useful to Adele—so he walked with her to the boarding house, at which her aunt and herself were staying at the time, and on the way it struck him how much the tones of her voice resembled those of Isabella. Adele had never seen Delancy's wife, but she had often heard of her, and when her fate and the loss of the Empress met her eye, as recorded in a newspaper of the day, Adele had shed

many tears of sympathy for the handsome Delancy, with whom she used to like so well to dance, when a little girl, and she liked to fancy his eyes, quite as bright, and his hair as glossy as in those merry days when they took lessons together. Adele was very beautiful, with winning, childlike manners, and a soft sweet voice, which was for ever calling up old memories in the heart of Edward, as he walked by her side, or sat chatting to her of their childish reminiscences; so the evening wore away more happily in her society, than he had supposed an evening ever could do again. When he returned home that night, he lay awake contrasting her with Isabella, who had been his standard of female excellence. "She is taller than my Isabella, but more slender and childlike; Isabella had brown hair and a large full gray eye that lit up varied with each passing thought, and told her feelings ere they reached her lips, Adele's eyes are blue and full of tenderness, her hair is almost too light, but then she has such rosy lips," and here his soliloquy ended—for he fell asleep and dreamed of business, ships, churches, and angels, all in varieties, and the next morning found him quite light hearted in comparison with his usual state of feeling. Again he visited Adele, again and again; and each time he found himself trying to make her resemblance to Isabella appear perfect in his mind: one day he exclaimed, "Isabella would have been twenty-five, Adele is not eighteen just at the age at which Isabella was married!" and whether this reflection suggested the idea or not, that night he made proposals of marriage to Adele, and was accepted.

(To be Continued.)

DINNER TO SIR ALLAN McNAB.

The Canada Colonial Company gave a dinner to Sir Allan McNab, at the Thatched House Tavern, London. The Rt. Hon. Lord Mountcashel presided, supported on the right by Sir A. McNab, and on the left by Sir Francis Head. A large number of gentlemen were present who were distinguished for their advocacy of the Colonial interests. After the usual toasts had been drunk,

The noble Chairman in a very eloquent speech proposed the health of their gallant and worthy guest, Sir Allan McNab, which was drunk with three times three and one cheer more.

Sir Allan McNab was enthusiastically cheered on his rising to return thanks. He said it was a source of great exultation, on his first visit to this country, to receive from them such an overpowering welcome, such a gratifying compliment as the present, the remembrance of which, he gratefully assured them, could never be effaced from his mind. As a Canadian, it had always been his proud boast to be a British subject—(cheers)—and to receive from so large an assemblage of those who enjoyed the same distinction, so much kindness and cordiality, was as gratifying as it was unexpected. This compliment, as it emanated from a society formed for the express purpose of promoting the best interests of the colonies, by attaching together the people inhabiting the remotest boundaries of the empire, when meeting at the metropolis, their common rendezvous. (Cheers.) For many years he had been a member of a legislative body in one of the most valuable of her majesty's colonies, and he could refer with pride to every vote of his, given in that capacity, as an earnest of the deep affection he had ever cherished for the British crown, the British constitution, and the British nation. (Cheers.) Born, bred, and educated in Canada, he could not but feel the deepest interest in her prosperity. He had witnessed its gradual development—he had beheld the forest yielding to the industry of its early settlers, and, therefore, as one of its inhabitants, it was natural that he should rejoice in the prosperity of his native country. (Cheers.) But whilst he was proud to call himself a Canadian, he could not forget that he was the son of a British soldier—cheers—who died covered with scars from wounds honourably received in defence of his sovereign and his country, and whose remains now formed a portion of the soil of his (Sir A. McNab's) native land. (Cheers.) This was not a fitting occasion to enter upon a lengthened history of the politics of that interesting colony; but as he felt that he owed this signal mark of its defence, he hoped he should be excused for bringing under their notice some of the events which occurred previously to that period, as well as during that important crisis. In 1834, a member of the imperial parliament believed for the first time in colonial history, ventured to advise the people residing in a British colony to discover their allegiance from the parent state. (Hear, hear.) Deriving the information he possessed from the most corrupt sources, he stated, to the utter astonishment of the colonists, that the crisis had arrived which would terminate in their independence, and, as if eager for the fulfilment of his prophecy, he accordingly advised them to throw off the "beneficial domination of the mother country"—(loud cries of hear;)

and with a view to encourage them in this rebellion, he recommended them to keep the conduct of the United States and the results ever in view. Of course, language like this could not fail to produce the most injurious effects; nevertheless, it requires not great discernment to foresee that such were not the sentiments of the descendants of the loyalists, and of a vast majority of the people of Upper Canada. Astounded at this treasonable doctrine, so audaciously recommended by a member of the British House of Commons, he cheerfully joined his fellow-subjects in the district of Gore publicly to repudiate these sentiments, and they had the gratification of procuring, more than 1,000 in number, 45 miles to Toronto, to lay before the lieutenant-governor of the province, (now Lord Seaton,) in the form of an address, their firm and solemn resolution to uphold the authority of Great Britain—our connection with the parent state—or perish in the attempt. (Cheers.) The occasion was too solemn for any hasty measure—it was the stern dictate of a faithful duty. They clearly foresaw then, that if this treasonable advice was not indignantly rejected by the people of England, that the necessity would very shortly arrive for putting the superiority of our pledge to the test. Accordingly, in 1837 this anticipation was amply fulfilled, during the absence of all military power in Upper Canada. Mr. Mackenzie, obediently following the advice of Mr. Hume—(hear)—and thinking the crisis he had alluded to had arrived, boldly stepped forward, with the dagger in one hand and Mr. Hume's letter in the other—(hear)—determined to try by force whether he could not throw off what Mr. Hume had termed "the beneficial domination of the mother country." He knew that the lower province was then in a most fearful condition, and that hosts of armed American sympathisers were prepared to pour in from the United States to make Canada a second Texas. He knew that the province, both in front and rear, was sorely pressed; but happily for the country its destinies were then confided to a governor who justly appreciated the sterling character of the people, and who, being left without a soldier, threw himself for protection on the militia of the province, and the result of his confidence thus reposed, afforded to the people of Great Britain a solid proof that their fellow subjects in Upper Canada were prepared to maintain their connexion with them; and resist with their lives every attempt made to dissolve it. (Loud cheers.) It was not his intention to fatigue them with a narrative of the events which then occurred, nor the part which (thanks to the gallant men that supported him) it was his good fortune to have taken with regard to the same. They secured him the approbation of his most gracious sovereign, of her majesty's representatives in both provinces, as well as the approval of all the legislative bodies in British North America. (Cheers.) These he presumed were the introductions and the credentials which had procured for him this mark of their regard, and he trusted he estimated them as he ought on this his first visit to the British Isles. Having been during four successive parliaments a member of the Commons House of Assembly—having been elected speaker of that house with but one dissenting voice (the individual who gave that vote being now an outlawed traitor.) it would not, he hoped, be considered egotistical in him to claim the right of speaking of that province with something like authority. He did so particularly on this occasion, because it was in the presence of those who had always felt a warm interest in the colonies, and a sincere regard for their fellow subjects residing therein. When Upper Canada was first settled, in 1759, by the late lamented General Simcoe, he was accompanied to the province by several of his gallant companions in arms, who had fought many a hard battle in favour of the British crown during the revolutionary contest. The names of some of those individuals could not be but familiar to their ears, as they had frequently been stigmatised before the world as "the Family Compact." He must confess that, previous to the unfortunate report of the late Lord Durham, he did not comprehend who were the "family compact." He regarded it as a common place term, applied by the outcasts against the ins; but in that report they were particularly described as "native-born Canadians, and those who emigrated to Canada previous to the last American war;" they were then, in fact, descendants of those veteran soldiers who gave up extensive and valuable possessions in the United States rather than forfeit their allegiance to the British crown—(hear, hear)—and those who emigrated to that colony previous to the year 1812. They were, in fact, those men and their descendants, who rallied round General Brock and accompanied him to Detroit, and captured that fort with General Hull and his army, and, in conjunction with the British troops and the warriors of the six tribes of native Indians, fought the battle of Queenston, and drove the army of Americans in the Niagara river. They were, in fact, the men who (in a great measure) defeated the province during the last American war, when this country was occupied in a most momentous struggle.