

IG GOODS.

IBLE ASSORTMENT, BY FLORA HASTINGS, From Liverpool, rich are the following: Tuscany Bonnets, Bride's dressers, silk Blooms, Rajroad and silks and Lace, white and coloured Crapes; plain and figured do, fancy muslins, French Cambrics do, printed Calico, plain and figured Orleans de lains, Saxons, Canton white and grey Calicoes, ed-things; Gentlemen's black and white, white Cambric do, assortment of Shawls, Turan-Scarls, Ladies and gentlemen's ruffled, Plain, Silk, Cotton, GLOVES; Ladies and children's, German Wools of all is for WORKING; Counter-Quits, cotton Sheets, Ottonik Umbrellas, polishing Paste, Toilett Perfume do, Torad boxes inlaid with pearl, Razors, Knives, Scissors, &c varied assortment of China, and Tumbler Toys.

ALSO, dressing Cases, brass mounted al Castors, Ladies superior French in sets, Backgammon Boards, la Vase, a great variety children's Work Boxes, Pastilles each Basket, & subscriber will sell at the M. SUTTON.

OVISIONS. IN STORE. ARKELS American PORT 22 Barrels Canada Do, can BEEF, FLOUR, BREAD, be sold for liberal payments. W. B. BARCOCK & SON, 217.

Geo. & Wine. from the Glyn and HER. LONDON. Cognac Brandy. Holland's Gin. Old London particular. M. A. B. London Market. JAMES W. STREET.

SALE. This former Stock the sub- for sale at lower prices than Andress, the cargo of the New Orleans, superfine Flour, vry Bread, Yellow Corn, White Beans, rime Pork, o. Beef, Bulk Pork, dry salted, in- gams and shoulders, or Orleans Mollasses, very for.

DEPARTURE OF IAILS. rive from aily at 12 a. m. l Saint George, by Coach— Saturdays at 7 p. m. steam—Mondays, Wednes- ys 3 to 5 p. m. y Coach—Tuesdays, Thurs- days at 10 a. m. l Saint George, by Coach— cedays, & Fridays at 7 a. m. cam—Tuesdays, Thursdays at 8 a. m. y by Coach—Mondays, Wed- ridays at 10 a. m.

THE STANDARD D EVERY FRIDAY, BY W. Smith. See in Saint Andrew, BRUNSWICK, FRUNSWICK. FRUNSWICK. in town or called for forwarded by mail. stituted used are paid RTISEMENTS. in written order, or continued, if no written directions 2 lines, and under, 3e Do, 1s all over 12 lines 3d per line, er 12 lines 1d per line, the year as may be agreed on.

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THE RUSTIC WIFE.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

"There is no feminine grace so perfectly enchanting as a cultivated intellect," said Laurine, Seton to his lovely companion, who was sitting silently by his side after the departure of visitors, with her elbow resting on the arm of the sofa, and her head languidly reposing upon her little hand. It was a very beautiful head, high, a la Grecque, and covered with rich brown curls, which hung with a shadowy grace about her white throat, and fell droopingly around a pair of splendid eyes,—such eyes as carry within their fathomless fountains of love and poetry.

"She turned with a sweet look of affection toward her husband, when he spoke, and something like a sigh stole silently from her parted lips. "You are thinking of Madeline Leigh: she is very accomplished."

"Yes, and very talented." What a perfect fascination there is in her conversation! she leads mind and heart captive, even against one's will. In mental cultivation she surpasses any woman I ever knew, and yet she is young, not passing twenty-five, I presume."

"Did she carry your heart captive, dearest?" said the gentle wife, drawing closely to his side, and turning her radiant eyes upon his with a most earnest tenderness. "Is it not still mine, simple and uncalculated as I am? O Laurine, do not yet tire of me!"

"Tire of you, my love!" he exclaimed, folding her to his heart; "O never! You are very dear, my sweet Claribel, very; but you have not all Miss Leigh's intellectual accomplishments; few have: yet not less do I love you for that. You have a sweeter temper, a more loving and generous heart, a more angel-like beauty; and even Madeline Leigh, with all her brilliant talents and glowing eloquence, has not such fresh, pure fountains of poetry in her heart as my own gentle Claribel. So do not fear that I do not yet love you as fondly as ever."

"But, my husband, you must often painfully feel my deficiencies of education, when companies of your intellectual friends are around you, when they attempt to converse with me and find me so ignorant of all the subjects of literature. O Laurine, I have felt that I would go back to my mountain home, and live once more with those with whom I was born, and who are as simple and ignorant as myself. You then would be spared the mortification you now endure, and I should be happy in one thought at least,—that you were not obliged to blush for me."

"O Clari! this is not well in you. Would you leave me, then, now, when I most deeply, most entirely love you? Is your mountain home dearer to you than to live with and for me? Have I ever treated you coldly, as though I were ashamed of you? O could you know, my love, how proud I have been of your beauty, and sweetness, and artless grace, could you know how all your winning simplicity has been admired, and all your timid enthusiasm loved in my inner heart, you would not, could not, doubt me thus."

"O, I don't doubt you, I don't any longer, love," softly murmured the beautiful being, twining her arm about his neck; "but you know so much and I so little—she could not finish her words, for her lips found themselves in captivity."

"Say no more, Clari: I ask no charms sweeter than those that make you already too bewitching. Pray sing to me now, if you are not too weary, that little song you were warbling this morning."

"Well let me have my lips again, and I will sing," she whispered, breathing softly: "but O, you have made my heart beat so—"

"How, love?" "You should not let me know how you love me, when you wish me to sing. Turn away your eyes, Laurine, then I will try."

Glorifies the listening air. There, upon the turf low bending We will breathe a silent prayer,— Thou for me, And I for thee: Gentle love, O come away!

"Thank you, Clari. Whose song is that? where did you find it?" Claribel blushed, and faltered a little; then hiding her face on his bosom, answered, "In my own heart, dearest. Now don't laugh at me. I know it's very simple, but you love me too well to chide me for my foolish fondness."

"Chide you, dear Claribel? I have never yet half appreciated you. I see there is a fountain of soul within you I have never known before. These gifts of your's must be cultivated. Will it not be pleasant for you to spend some hours of every day in study?"

"O Laurine! with you for my tutor? Bless you, I will go and get my books this moment."

"Not to-night," said the delighted husband smiling, and parting the bright curls from her beautiful eyes; "not to-night: these sweet eyes need sleep and rest: to-morrow, shall it not be, love?"

"Just when you will, only let it be soon." Claribel scarcely slept all that night, but, as she rested quietly upon her pillow, sweet dreams of the future passed through her brain, receiving from love and poetry hues all colour de rose, and seeming so real in their beauty that she almost deemed them prophetic of blessings to come. The doubts and apprehensions which had haunted her so long, and disturbed the serenity of her affections with their cold, portentous shadows, had passed suddenly away, and the sunny beams of unclouded joy shone deeply down into the fountains of her spirit.

She felt the fluttering wing of a rich genius halloped in those sunbeams, and she knew it had strength to soar aloft through the boundless heavens; she knew she could yet become a companion of her husband's intellect, as she had long been of his heart; and that those who had once smiled at her ignorance, would yet be pleased to share her intercourse. She loved her husband with a degree of affection passing into idolatry; and he deserved it all, for he had taken her from her rustic home, where she was wasting her sweetness among the rude and ignorant people of a vicious neighbourhood, and brought her into the refinement and elegance of cultivated society; and there he had cherished her tenderly, and loved her in all her simplicity and untutored intelligence, better than he loved any other on earth.

When the morning dawned and the first song of the little canary broke the stillness of the house, she arose softly from her bed, and hastily executing her simple morning toilet, stole down into the library before any of the household were awake. It was an elegant little apartment, and everything within it was arranged with taste and neatness. She threw open the eastern windows and blinds, and let in the light of the golden dawn. The air was warm and bland. It came from a garden of acacias and rose-trees, scented with all their sweets, and passed into the spirit of the young wife with a power to elevate and awaken all the rich melodies of her being.

She took up a book that lay near her. "It was a volume of Mrs. Hemans's lyrics. She had read them a great deal since her marriage, but had never dared to speak of them to her husband, lest she should commit some error of taste."

She knew that she loved them to excess, but she did not know that he, too, loved them; and he had so cultivated and so exquisite a perception of poetic beauty, she feared he would blush at her simple preferences. He was not in the habit of conversing with her about books, for he knew that the wild world range of her education had led her simply to objects of perception.

She had not been accustomed to the silent companionship of abstract thought, and could therefore, have no taste for other poetry than the murmur of running brooks, or the hum of a roving bee.

she could not have felt a sweeter relief than that experienced by her husband when he found that she had desires and capacities for literary attainments. He knew, he had long known, that she had quick and beautiful perceptions of things in the material world; that there were fountains of poetry in her heart, deep and full of hallowed feeling; that her mind was delicate and high-toned—he could not have loved her had it been otherwise—but he did not know all that he at this time discovered; he did not know that her mind had creative as well as perceptive faculties; that, all untaught as her genius was, it could already breathe itself out in music and sweetness.

He rebuked himself for his long neglect; for his unwarranted doubt of her mental capacities; and, in atonement, he resolved to bestow all his leisure hours in assisting and revising her studies. He heard her steal away from her repose at an early hour, and was impatient to be with her in her new pursuits.—Of all things that enchanted him, he loved best her sweet enthusiasm. It would be such a delight to him to witness her flushing cheek and glistening eye, to hear the delicious tones of her all-expressive voice—ah! he could not stay to anticipate; he was too eager to enjoy the reality.

The door of the library was partly open, and through it came the sweet music of that thrilling poem of Mrs. Hemans, "Genius singing to love." He paused awhile to listen. Could it indeed be his own Claribel, pouring forth such a flood of soul in the simple recital of poetry? Her voice, with all its sweet peculiarities of intonation and depth, seemed fraught with influences never felt before. The music of the wind was here, and all the deep, deep heart, it was here, in her voice, genius singing to love.

Her husband passed silently into the apartment, and came and stood, unobserved, behind her chair. Breathless with feeling, his heart melted with the emotions which she excited: he waited, with folded arms, till she had finished the poem; then, stooping gently over her, he put his arms about her neck, and stopped her hasty exclamation with an impassioned kiss.

They were happy, entirely happy, in the communion of thought and feeling; and the hours passed quickly away, winged with sunshine.

That day, and other days, went by, and Claribel studied, and thought, and wrote, and delighted her husband all she could desire, with her rapid improvement. But the clouds came at last. Mr. Seton received a deputation from the American Government to England. It was unsolicited, and, consequently, unexpected to him. But the embassy was one of honour and pecuniary consideration, and, moreover, offered him an advantage he had long desired,—that of becoming acquainted with the people and institutions of England. Only one consideration caused him to hesitate,—Claribel could not accompany him. But with her, would he not generously she entreated him to go. She would make herself happy in his absence, by believing that good would accrue to him; and though she must necessarily suffer many anxieties for his sake, and should feel herself lonely while he was away, yet all these feelings should be subdued by the reflection that greater blessings would be their's in the end. But she entreated long, and persuaded much before she was successful.

"I tell you, dear Laurine, how it shall be. I will go and live with your aunt Weldon till your return, and will become a little rustic again, as when you first knew me; and I dare say when you return from the court of her majesty, you will be so wearied with refinement and etiquette, that you will admire my rustic simplicity more than ever. I will live there with dear, good aunt Weldon, and shall be very happy among the birds and flowers; and you will write to me very often, and—O, dear Laurine, do say you will go."

The tears stood in her beautiful eyes all the while she was pleading with him, but a sweet smile was upon her lips, and a plaintive tenderness in her voice; and the more she entreated him to heed his own interests more than her companionship, the more reluctant he felt to depart from her. But he did go at last, and she retired to the habitation of a good old aunt of his, some distance back in the country, and prepared to make herself contented during his term of legation.

There was a firm resolve in her heart, instead of yielding to vain regrets and idle despondency, to make this period of her life useful to herself, and, in the end, gratifying to him for whom alone she lived, and felt, and prayed so much. She had her books conveyed to her rustic residence; and, for a companion and assistant in her studies, she took with her a young lady to whom she had recently become fondly attached, and who had met with misfortunes, which left her dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood. By this means, Claribel not only secured for herself a gentle and affectionate tutor and friend, but provided a pleasant and honourable home for an unfriended and destitute orphan.

All these plans, however, were kept secret from her husband. She had formed a femi-

nine project to surprise and delight him with her anticipated improvements. This little scheme was the strength and the joy of her heart in its trials; and everything favored its accomplishment. The residence of Mrs. Weldon was retired and peaceful almost as a hermit's cell. The old lady had no family, save an only son, a lad of eighteen summers; and her own habits were peculiarly domestic and unobtrusive.

The following letter from Claribel to her husband will better describe the home she had chosen, and some of her methods of winning away the time, than any attempts of our own. It contained all she chose to reveal of daily occupations.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Female Heroism.—During a fire which entirely destroyed a boarding school, for young ladies at Montpelier, in the night of the 14th July, Mlle. de Roquefeuille, one of the teachers, not more than 22 years of age, displayed the following instance of intrepid humanity. Soon after the first alarm, she, with great presence of mind, made her escape with two of the younger children in her arms. Her next care was to muster all the pupils and call over the names to ascertain that none were left behind. All answered but one, a little girl of seven years of age.—Convinced that she was still in the burning building, Mlle. de Roquefeuille resolved to save her or perish. Obtaining a flambeau, she entered the house and reached an outer dormitory, where the smoke was so dense that her light was extinguished by it. Nevertheless, and although the floor had been caught by the flames, she made her way to an inner room, where she found the object of her anxiety still fast asleep and unharmed. Catching up the child, she happily made her way back into the open air unscorched, fully rewarded in her own heart, and therefore happy, although she had lost in the fire every particle of property she possessed.

Pilgrimage to Jerusalem.—We learn from Munich that, on the 7th ult. two sons of a citizen of that town took their departure on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, clothed in the proper costume, and bearing the cross. They were accompanied beyond the gates by a large concourse of people, cheering them with loud expressions of good wishes. The Duke Maximilian of Bavaria has caused to be made, for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, a magnificent altar, which will be shortly sent off. A representation of the Agony in the Garden, painted by Krantzberger, one of the best pupils of Cornelius, is to be placed over it. The frame is ornamented with portraits of the Duke and Duchess, and their son.

It is now settled on the highest authorities on etiquette, that if a lady and gentleman walk arm-in-arm together, the lady should be at the left side of the gentleman: firstly, because the sons of old father Adam are minus a rib on that side; and next, because it is the most proper place—next the heart.—N. O. Picayune.

Horse Trading.—It is sometimes amusing to hear a couple of jockies trading in horse flesh. They are generally the "hit or miss" portion of the community, and rely more upon chances than any other class of business men. An instance of this kind in which one of our neighbours was concerned, "came off the other day," and exemplifies the gravity with which the sicker swallows a costly joke.

"How will you trade?" was the interrogatory of the stranger.

"Unsuit, unseem," replied neighbour B.

"Agreed," said the stranger, "provided you answer my questions and pay five dollars for every falsehood you tell me."

"Done," said Mr. B.

"Is he sound in his limbs?"

"Yes."

"Is he sound in mind?"

"Yes."

"Has he good eyes?"

"Yes."

"Then how will you trade?"

"Give me seventy-five dollars."

"I'll give you fifty."

"Done."

The money was counted down, and neighbour B., putting \$45 in his pocket, handed back \$5 to the stranger.

"What is this for?"

"Why I told you one falsehood."

"What was it?"

"My horse was wind-broken."

MOST MELANCHOLY CALAMITY.

Destruction of the Steamboat ERIE by Fire and loss of nearly Two Hundred Lives.

The steamer Erie, left Buffalo on Monday afternoon for Chicago. The precise number on board of her is not known, but it is estimated by the Captain from a glance at the register before leaving the port, to have exceeded two hundred souls. Amongst the number were several painters, who with their materials were on their way to some port up the Lake for the purpose of painting a boat lying there. A strong wind and rough sea prevailing at the time, Captain Tiggs hesitated for some time to put out, but the De Witt Clinton having left about 3 hours previous he was finally induced to start on the fatal voyage.

At about 8 o'clock the vessel was suddenly wrapped in flames from the bursting of a carboy of varnish on the boiler deck, whilst so sudden was the combustion that the passengers and crew were at once forced overboard, in many instances without the slightest article to sustain them.

Fortunately the De Witt Clinton had put into Dunkirk, and discovering the Erie in flames, hastened to her relief.

She picked up Twenty Seven only of the whole number on board, whilst about Two Hundred fell victims to the devouring element. Only one female was saved, as also were the captain and one of his crew.

The Erie, in addition to a full complement of passengers, had on board a large quantity of merchandise for Chicago and intermediate places. About one hundred and fifty of the passengers, we learn, were German emigrants, going west to settle. Most of them with their all, have thus been swept from the face of the earth.

It is said that the varnish on the Erie, was not entirely dry having but a short time previous been put on, and that when the fire took it, it spread with such rapidity that those on the upper deck had not even time to go below, before they were enveloped in flames. The persons saved were taken from the wheels of the boat, pieces of furniture, chests, and the like.

We understand that the Erie was five years old, built and owned by Mr. Reed, of Erie, Penn., and cost \$200,000. She is said to be a splendid and fast boat, and of the first class. She was recently put in complete order, refitted and repainted in fine style. She was a great favourite and has encountered many a severe gale. To show her size we give her dimensions as follows:—

Length, 180 feet, Breadth of beam, 27 1/2 " Extreme breadth, 51 1/2 " Depth, 12 "

Her power was two hundred and fifty horse and her burthen six hundred tons. Her commander's name is T. J. Titus.

This is the third steamer burnt on the Lake within our recollection. The Great Western at Detroit, about a year since, and the Geo. Washington, several years ago, with three hundred passengers.

The De Witt Clinton, which rescued the 27 lives, is an old boat used for freight and passengers.

Not since the burning of the Ben Sherrod, on the Mississippi, Geo. Washington, on Lake Erie, and Lexington, on Long Island, have we heard of such a dreadful, shocking, and deeply to be deplored calamity as the destruction of the ill-fated Erie, and more than a hundred and fifty women and children.

Immediately on the receipt of the above painful tidings, we issued a third edition, and the city was thrown into a deep sensation.

What fatality! Nearly two hundred human beings, from all nations and of all ages and sexes, met together in a Buffalo last Monday, to be sent unprepared and without a moment's warning before their Maker!

The appearance of Mr. Swartwout, the late Collector, has, it appears, created quite a sensation in New York. Mr. S. arrived, it will be recollected, in the Acadia at Boston last week, and stated, we understand, to those on board that he was prepared to liquidate all claims against him. The following is from the N. Y. Evening Express:—

Mr. Swartwout, the late Collector.—The re-appearance of Mr. Swartwout, the old Collector, in the streets of the city yesterday created something of a sensation. Always personally popular, and many believing that he had been in something wronged by men with whom he was associated, he was greeted with much of cordiality.

It is said that the late officers of the Federal Government were very anxious to arrest him on the execution out, because it would have probed them some thousands of dollars in the way of percentage or commission. It was only on Monday, that they had orders to suspend the service of the receipt.

Smith remarked to Hook, whilst concocting the last number of the John Bull, that Boz must be making a large income by his writings. "Income?" ejaculated the fractious editor, "Pax and ix-x-um, you mean."

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