

IG GOODS.

IBLE ASSORTMENT,
BY FLORA HASTINGS,
From Liverpool,
rich are the following:
Tuscan Bonnets, Bride's dress
ers, silk Blouses, Railroad and
illings and Lace, white and
coloured (Gapes); plain and fis-
sion do, fancy muslins, French
Cambrics do, printed Calico
do, plain and figured Orleans
de lains, Saxons, Cane
white and grey Calicoes, ed-
this; Gentlemen's black and
erchiefs, white Cambric do.
at assortment of Shawls, Tur-
scaris, Ladies and gentlemen
roaders, Plain Silk, Cotton,
GLOVES; Ladies and child-
hives, German Wools of all
is for WORKING; Counter-
Quits, cotton Sheets, Ot-
tik Umbrellas, polishing Paste,
up, Toilet Perfume do, Tor-
and 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 settle, Backgammon Boards,
du Vase, a great variety child-
ironwood Work Boxes, Pansies
each Basket.
& subscriber will sell at the
M. SUTTON.

OVISIONS.

IN STORE.
KRELLS American FORTK
22 Barrels Canada Do,
can BEEF.
FLOUR,
BREAD,
be sold for liberal payments
WM. BARCOCK & SON,
21st.
Gin & Wine.
from the GLEN and HER-
in LONDON.
Cognac Brandy
Holland's Gin
a Old London particular Ma-
eada.
London Market MARRIAGE.
JAMES W. STREET.

N SALE.

his former Stock the sub-
for sale at lower prices than
Andreas, the cargo of the
New Orleans,
superfine Flour,
very Bread,
crown Corn,
White Beans,
rime Pork,
o. Beef,
Bulk Pork, dry salted, in-
ing hams and shoulders,
ew Orleans Molluscs, very
ior.

JOHN WILSON,
June 10, 1841.

IT DEALS.

offers for sale at his MILL, at
Magalloway River,
JANUARY 1842.
300 tons can be loaded with a
Deals from the Mills—dry.
GEO. McKENZIE.
17th, 1841—1842
DEPARTURE OF
AILS.
rive from
aily at 12 a. m.
l Saint George, by Coach—
Saturday at 7 p. m.
steam—Mondays, Wednes-
ys 3 to 5 p. m.
y Coach—Tuesdays, Thurs-
days at 10 a. m.
parts for
aily at 10 a. m.
l Saint George, by Coach—
uesday, & Fridays at 7 a. m.
eam—Tuesdays, Thursdays
at 8 a. m.
by Coach—Mondays, Wed-
ridays at 10 a. m.

THE
D EVERY FRIDAY, BY

W. Smith.
See in Saint Andrews,
BRUNSWICK,
FRUMS.
ceived in town or called for
in forwarded by mail.
nated until arrears are paid
RTISERS.
in written orders, or continued
if no written directions
2 lines, and under, 3s
Do, 1s
all over 12 lines 3d per line,
er 12 lines 1d per line,
the year as may be agreed on.
y individuals who have no ac-
office to be paid for in advance
s. &c, struck off at the shortest
id for an delivery.
AGENTS
Mrs. S. Connick
Mr. W. Campbell
James Albee Esq
Trist. Moore Esq
Jos. Brown Esq
Mr. J. Geddery
Mr. Clarke Hanson
Mr. Wm. Brasill
Mr. D. Gilman
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W. J. Layton Esq
Mr. Henry S. Beck
Jas. Cate Esq

The Standard, OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Volume VIII

No. XXXI

Price 15s.]

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1841.

[17s. Gd. by Mail.

THE RUSTIC WIFE.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

"There is no feminine grace so perfectly
enchancing as a cultivated intellect," said
Laurine, Seton to his lovely companion, who
was sitting silently by his side after the depar-
ture of visitors, with her elbow resting on the
arm of the sofa, and her head languidly re-
posing upon her little hand. It was a very beau-
tiful 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 them 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 surpas-
ses 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 uncultivated 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 ac-
complishments; few have: yet not less do I
love you for that. You have a sweeter tem-
per, a more loving and generous heart, a more
angel-like beauty; and even Madeline Leigh,
with all her brilliant talents and glowing elo-
quence, 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 pain-
fully 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 deep-
ly, 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 sim-
plicity has been admired, and all your timid en-
thusiasm loved in my inner heart, you would
not, could not, doubt me this."
"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 them-
selves in captivity.
"Say no more, Clari: I ask no charms
sweeter than those that make you already too
bewitching. Praying 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, blushing 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."
She attempted one or two lines in *vaso*.
Her voice was lost in the sweet emotion which
his tender caresses had excited. I am sorry
I cannot sing to please you, but you see it is
impossible. Shall I repeat the lines to you?
and afterwards perhaps I can sing them."
"Yes, dear, repeat them; do."
Her voice was very tremulous, but her en-
thusiasm very soft and tender, and she looked
up into his eyes with unutterable thought,
and feeling while she repeated the lines which
follow:
Come away, love, come away!
In the fountains stars are beaming
Like the thoughts within thine eye:
Moonlight on the lake is dreaming:
Shadows round its borders lie;
On the hill
The air lies still:
Gentle love, O come away!
Come away, love, come away!
Come where folded flowers are sleeping,
With their holy thoughts shut in;
Where the solemn air is weeping
Twas above a world of sin;
Where the rose
Finds sweet repose:
Gentle love, O come away!
Come away, love, come away!
Where the smile of God descending,

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 is very simple, but you love
me too well to chide me for my foolish fond-
ness."
"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 mo-
ment."
"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 *color
de rose*, and seeming so real in their beauty
that she almost deemed them prophetic of
blessedness to come. The doubts and appre-
hensions which had haunted her so long and
disturbed the serenity of her affections with
their cold, portending shadows, had passed
suddenly away, and the sunny beams of un-
clouded joy shone deeply down into the foun-
tains of her spirit.
She felt the fluttering wing of a rich genius
halloping in those sublimities, and she knew
it had strength to soar aloft through the bound-
less 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 affec-
tion 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 vic-
ious neighbourhood, and brought her into the
refinement and elegances of cultivated society;
and there he had cherished her tenderly,
and loved her in all her simplicity and un-
tutored intelligence, better than he loved
aught else 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 er-
ror 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 won-
der 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.
He thought all this, and though he often,
very often, felt her deficiencies of mental cul-
ture, he sedulously avoided any allusion that
could bring a shade upon her sensitive spirit.
It did not occur to him, perhaps, that he
might be her teacher, that he might easily win
her mind to a love and correct appreciation
of literature. He had waited for some evi-
dences of an inward capability, and she, poor
girl, though she read, and thought, and felt,
dared not to speak, lest she should commit
some blunder or betray her simplicity.
He had never alluded to the subject of in-
tellectual accomplishments, save in a casual
and impersonal manner, and she supposed, he
deemed her incapable of mental improvement.
The timidity of a love that felt itself wanting
the links of the mind, though the ties of the
heart were strong, kept them reserved upon
all points in which they felt no assurance of
a mutual sympathy.
Deep as was Clari's joy when the sub-
ject was at last introduced, and she had con-
fessed all her doubts, and fears, and wishes,

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 per-
ceptions 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 sweet-
ness.
He rebuked himself for his long neglect;
for his unwarranted doubt of her mental ca-
pacities; 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 im-
patient 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 lis-
ten. Could it indeed be his own Claribel,
pouring forth such a flood of soul in the sim-
ple recital of poetry? Her voice, with all its
sweet peculiarities of intonation and depth,
seemed fraught with influences never felt be-
fore. The music of the *wind* was here, and
all the deep, deep heart, it was indeed, in
her voice, genius singing to love.
Her husband passed silently into the apart-
ment, and came and stood, unobserved, be-
hind her chair. Breathless with feeling, his
heart melted with the emotions which she ex-
cited: 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 im-
passioned kiss.
They were happy, entirely happy, in the
communion of thought and feeling; and the
hours passed quickly away, winged with sun-
beams.
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 deputa-
tion from the American Government to Eng-
land. 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 acquaint-
ed with the people and institutions of Eng-
land. Only one consideration caused him to
hesitate—Claribel could not accompany him.
But with her woe, her generosity 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 neces-
sarily 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 success-
ful.
"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 refine-
ment and etiquette, that you will admire my
rural 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, in-
stead of yielding to vain regrets and idle des-
pondency, to make this period of her life use-
ful to herself, and, in the end, gratifying to
him for whom alone she lived, and felt, and
prayed so much. She had her books con-
veyed to her rustic residence; and, for a com-
panion and assistant in her studies, she took
with her a young lady to whom she had re-
cently become fondly attached, and who had
met with misfortunes, which left her depend-
ent 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 honorable
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 en-
tirely destroyed a boarding school for young
ladies at Montpelier, in the night of the 14th
July, Mlle. de Roquefeuille, one of the teach-
ers, 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 prop-
erty she possessed.
Pilgrimage to Jerusalem.—We learn from
Munich that, on the 7th ult. two sons of a ci-
tizen 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 Max-
imilian of Bavaria has caused to be made, for
the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusa-
lem, 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 por-
traits 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, be-
cause 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 up-
on 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 *sucker* swallows a costly joke.
"How will you trade?" was the interroga-
tory of the stranger.
"Unsignit, unseene," 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 wind?"
"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 neigh-
bour 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!"
It is needless to add any thing more by way
of comment. "The thing was out!"—Har-
risburgh Patriot.
The New York Sunday Mercury thinks
the world is worth living for—and worthy of
living in, if only to see the boundary question
settled, the completion of the Thames Tun-
nel, the end of the Florida war, the truth of
animal magnetism, unanimity of opinion in
regard to religious doctrines, universal char-
ity, and the destruction of the Herald News-
paper.

MOST MELANCHOLY CALAMITY.

Destruction of the Steamer 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 esti-
mated by the Captain Tross, who is esti-
mated by the register before leaving the port, to have ex-
ceeded two hundred souls. Amongst the num-
ber were several painters, who with their ma-
terials 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 Tross 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 voy-
age.
At about 8 o'clock the vessel was sudden-
ly wrapped in flames from the bursting of a
cannon of varnish on the boiler deck, whilst
so sudden was the combustion that the pas-
sengers and crew were at once forced over-
board, in many instances without the slight-
est 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 ele-
ment. 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 passen-
gers, we learn, were German emigrants, go-
ing 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, re-
fitted 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 destruc-
tion 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 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 Bos-
ton last week, and stated, we understand, to
those on board that he was prepared to liqui-
date 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 greet-
ed with much of cordiality.
It is said that the late officers of the Fed-
eral 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 precept.
Smith remarked to Hook, whilst concoct-
ing 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-ew, you mean."