

# The Standard

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

NUMBER 2

VOLUME 11

Price 15s. in Town

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1844.

[158. sent by Mail

## Leap Year.—A Tale.

CONTINUED.

A baronet of these parts, Sir Frederick Beaumantle. A vain, vain, vain man, it would be a waste of good words to spend another epithet upon him, for he is all vanity.—All his virtues, all his vices, all his actions, good, bad, and indifferent are nothing but vanity. He prides you from vanity, abuses you from vanity, loves and hates you from vanity. He is vain of his person, of his birth, of his title, of his wealth, of all he has, and all he has not. He sets so great a value on his innumerable and superlative good qualities, that he really has not been able (until he met with your humble servant) to find any individual of our sex on whom he could conscientiously bestow so great a treasure as his own right hand must inevitably give away. This has been the only reason—he tells me so himself—why he has remained so long unmarried. He has rounded the arch, and is going down this delicate matter, he is dictating, with an uneasy position, so and fro, between forty and forty-five.

Old enough, I don't not, to be your father. This can be ventured on such a frolicsome young thing as you?

I asked him that question myself one day, and he told me with a most complacent smile that I should be the perfect companion of matrimony—he should have wife and child in one.

The old coxcomb! And yet there was a sort of prudence in that. Now, who is he whose mouth is to be opened?

Oh—he can't guess?

Your cousin Reginald, as you used to call him—though cousin I believe he is none—this learned wangler?

The same. Trust me, he loves me to the bottom of his heart; but because his little cousin is a great beauty, he thinks it fit to be very proud, and gives me over—in my thoughts to him—to this rich baronet. But here he comes.

As she spoke, Darcy and Griffith entered the room.

We have been canvassing, said Emily, after the usual forms of introduction had been gone through, the merits of our friend, Sir Frederick Beaumantle. By the way, Reginald, he does here to-day, and so will another gentleman, whom I shall be happy to introduce to you, Captain Garland, an esteemed friend of mine and Miss Danvers.

Sir Frederick seems, said Griffith, by way merely of taking part in the conversation, at all events, a very good-natured man; I have seen him but once, and he has already promised to use all his influence in my behalf, in whatever profession I may embark. If medicine, I am to have half a dozen advisers, always sitting and never all, and under my charge the moment I can add M. D. to my name; not to speak of certain mysterious mysterious hints of an introduction to court, and an appointment of physician extraordinary to Her Majesty. I suppose I may depend upon Sir Frederick's promises?

Oh, certainly, said Miss Sherwood, you may depend upon Sir Frederick Beaumantle's promises; they will never fail; they are inexhaustible.

The fool! said Darcy with impudence, I could forgive him anything but that ridiculous ostentation he has of patronizing men, who, but they have more politeness than himself, would throw back his promises with speedier despatch.

Reginald, said Miss Sherwood, is always forgiving Sir Frederick every fault but one. But that one fault changes every day. Last time he would pardon him everything except the same eulogy he is in the habit of bestowing upon his friends, and every one, as you may have seen, you must know, Mr. Griffith that Sir Frederick is a most liberal champion in his commodity of praise, he will give any man a bushel full of compliments who will send him back the measure only half filled. Nay, if there are but a few cherries clinging to the wicker-work he is not wholly dissatisfied.

What he gives he knows is trash, said Darcy; what he receives he always flatters himself to be true coin. But indeed Sir Frederick is somewhat more just in his dealings than you, perhaps imagine. If he bestows excessive laudation on a friend in one company, he takes it all back again, in the very next he enters.

And still his amiability shines through all; for he abuses the absent friend only to gratify the self-love of those who are present.

The door opened as Miss Sherwood gave this *coupe-de-grace* to the character of the baronet, and Sir Frederick Beaumantle was announced, and immediately afterwards, Captain Garland.

Miss Sherwood, somewhat to the surprise of Darcy, who was not aware that any such intimacy subsisted between them, received Captain Garland with all the cordiality of an old acquaintance. On the other hand she introduced the baronet to Miss Danvers with that slightly emphatic manner which intimates

that the parties may entertain a high consideration for each other.

You are too good a herald, Sir Frederick, she said, not to know the Danverses of Dorsetshire.

I shall be proud, replied the baronet, to make the acquaintance of Miss Danvers.

She has come to my poor castle, continued Miss Sherwood, like the distressed princess in the Fairy Queen, and must look out for some red-cross knight to be her companion, and redress her wrongs.

It is not the first time, said the lady thus introduced, that I have heard of the name of Sir Frederick Beaumantle.

I dare say not, answered the gratified baronet. Mine, I may venture to say, is a historic name. Did you ever peruse, Miss Danvers a work entitled, "The History of the County of Huntingdon?" You will find in it many curious particulars relating to the Beaumantles, and one especially, especially, I may say from the archives of our family, which throws a new light upon the reign and character of Charles II. It is a very able performance, and is written by a modest and ingenious person of my acquaintance, and I felt great pleasure in lending him my poor assistance in the compilation of it. My name is mentioned in the preface—

Perhaps, he added with a significant smile, it might have claimed a still more conspicuous place; but I hold it more becoming of persons of rank to be the patrons than the competitors of men of letters.

I should think, said Miss Danvers very quietly, it were the more prudent plan for them to adopt. But what is this anecdote you allude to?

An ancestor of mine—But I am afraid, said the baronet, casting a deprecatory look at Miss Sherwood, that some here have read or heard me repeat it before.

Oh, pray proceed, said the young lady appealed to.

An ancestor of mine, resumed the baronet when presented at the Court of Charles II, soon after the Restoration, attracted the attention of that merry monarch and his witty courtiers, by the antique fashion of his cloak.

—Beaumantle! Beaumantle! said the king, who gave thee that name? My ancestor, who was a grave man and well brought up, answered, "Sire, my godfathers and my godmothers at my baptism. Well responded! said the king with a smile; and they gave thee thy name also, as it seems. These jests were added in a lower voice, and did not reach the ear of my ancestor, but they were reported to him immediately afterwards, and have been treasured up in our family ever since. I thought it my duty to state it known to the world as an historical fact, strikingly illustrative of a very important period in our annals.

Why your name, said Miss Danvers, appears to be historical in more senses than one.

I hope soon—but I would not wish to go beyond the present company, said Sir Frederick, and he looked round the circle with the most imposing solemnity—I hope soon that you will hear of it being elevated to the peerage—that is, when Sir Robert Peel comes into power.

You know Sir Robert then? said Griffith with perfect simplicity.

Public men, said Sir Frederick are sufficient introduced by public report. Besides, Mr. Griffiths—we baronets—we constitute a sort of brotherhood. And as it is well known that my estates—

But the baronet was interrupted in mid-career by the announcement of dinner.

Miss Sherwood took the arm of Captain Garland, and directed Sir Frederick to lead down Miss Danvers.

You will excuse my father, she said, as she descended, far not meeting us in the drawing-room. His gout makes him a lame pedestrian. We shall find him already seated at the table.

At the dinner table the same arrangement was preserved. Miss Sherwood had placed Capt. Garland by her side, and conversed almost exclusively with him; while the baronet was kept in play, by the sedulous flattery of Miss Danvers.

After a few days, it became evident to all the household at Lipscombe Park, that a new claimant for the hand of Miss Sherwood had appeared in the person of Captain Garland. The captain did not reside in the house, but, on the pretence of a very strong passion for trout-fishing, he had taken up his quarters in apartments within a most convenient distance of the scene of operations. It was not forgotten that, at the very time he made his appearance, Miss Danvers, also arrived at the Park, and between these parties there was suspected to be some secret understanding. It seemed as if our military squire had resolved to assail the fort from within as well as from without, and therefore had brought down with him his fair ally. Nothing better than such a fair ally. She could not only chide his praises when absent, (and there is much in that,) but she could so manoeuvre as to procure for the captain many a *let-ante*, which otherwise would not fall to his

share. Especially, (and this task she appeared to accomplish most adroitly) she could engage to herself the attentions of this professed and redoubtable rival, Sir Frederick Beaumantle. In fifty ways she could assist in betraying the citadel from within, while she stood storming at the gates, in open and most magnanimous warfare. Darcy was not slower than others to suspect the stratagem, and he thought he saw symptoms of its success. His friend Griffith had now left him; he had no dispassionate observer to consult, and his own desponding passion led him to conclude whatever was most unfavorable to himself. Certainly there was a confidential manner in the way Miss Sherwood and these close allies, which seemed to justify the suspicion alluded to. More than once, when he had paired Miss Sherwood and the captain, the unpleasant discovery had been forced upon him, by the sudden pause in their conversation, that he was the *one too many*.

But jealousy! Oh, no! What had he to do with jealousy? For this part, he was quite delighted with this new attachment—quite delighted; it would set at rest for ever the painful controversy so often agitated in his own breast. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that he felt the rivalry of Captain Garland in a very different manner from that of Sir Frederick Beaumantle. The baronet, by virtue of his wealth alone, would obtain success; and he felt a sort of bitter satisfaction in yielding Emily to her opulent suitor. She might marry, but she could not love him; she might be thinking of another, perhaps of her cousin Reginald, even while she gave her hand to him at the altar. But if the gallant captain, whose handsome person, and frank and gentlemanly manners, formed his chief recommendation, were to be the happy man, then must her affections have been won, and Emily was lost to him utterly. And then—with the usual logic of the passions, and forgetting the logic of silence and disguise that he had played—he taxed her with levity and unkindness in so soon preferring the captain to himself. That Emily should so soon have linked herself with a comparative stranger! It was not what he should have expected. At all events, he would thus conclude his soliloquy, I am henceforward free—free from her bondage and from all internal struggle. Yes! I am free! he exclaimed, as he paced his room triumphantly. The light voice of Emily was heard calling on him to accompany her in a walk. He started, he flew. His freedom, we suppose, gave him wings, for he was at her side in a moment.

Reginald had intended, on the first opportunity, to rally his cousin upon his sudden attachment to the captain, but his tongue absolutely refused the office. He could not utter a word of banter on the subject. His heart was too full.

On this occasion, as they returned from their walk through the park, there happened one of those incidents which have so often, almost in novels and story-books, brought about the happiness of lovers, but which in the present instance served only to bring into play the most painful feeling of both parties.

A prize-fight had taken place in the neighbourhood, and one of the numerous visitors of that truly noble exhibition, who, in order to do honour to the day, had deprived Smithfield market of the light of his countenance, was returning across the park from the scene of combat, accompanied by his bulldog. The dog, who doubtless knew that his master was a trespasser, and considered it the duty to assume at once the offensive, flew at the party whom he saw approaching. Emily was a little in advance.—Darcy rushed forward to plant himself between her and this ferocious assailant. He had no weapon of defence of any kind, and, to say truth, he had at that moment no idea of defending himself, or any distinct notion whatever of combating his antagonist. The only reflection that occurred to his mind was, that if the animal satisfied its fury upon him, his companion would be safe. A strong and a stout boot might have done something; Darcy, stooping down, put the fleshy part of his own arm fairly into the bulldog's jaws, assured that, at all events, it could not bite two persons at the same time, and that, if his teeth were buried in his own arm, they could not be engaged in lacerating Emily Sherwood. It is the well-known nature of a bulldog to fasten where it once bites, and the brave pinned Darcy to the ground, until its owner, arriving at the spot, extricated him from his very painful position.

In this encounter, our senior wrangler probably showed himself very unskilful and deficient in the combat with wild beasts, but no conduct could have displayed a more engaging anxiety for the safety of his fair companion. Most men would have been willing to reap advantage from the grateful sentiment which such a conduct must inspire; Darcy, on the contrary, seemed to have no other wish than to disclaim all title to such a sentiment. He would not endure that the incident should be spoken of with the least gravity or seriousness.

I pray you, said he do not mention this silly business again. What I did, every lit-

tle man who had found himself by your side would have done, and most men in a far more dexterous manner. And, indeed, if instead of yourself, the nearest stranger—the poorest creature in the parish, man, woman, or child, had been in your predicament, I think I should have done the same.

I know you would, Reginald. I believe, said Emily, that if the nearest idiot had been threatened with the danger that threatened you, you would have interposed, and received the attack yourself. And if it because I believe this is of you, Reginald.

Something apparently impeded her utterance, for the sentence was left unfinished.

For this wound, resumed Darcy after a pause, and observing that Emily's eye was resting on his arm, it is really nothing more than a just penalty for my own want of address in this notable combat. You should have had the captain with you, he added; he would have defended you quite as zealously, and with ten times the skill.

Emily made no answer; and they walked on in silence till they entered the Hall. Reginald felt that he had been ungracious; but he knew not how to retrieve his position. Just before they parted, Emily, resuming, in some measure, her natural and cheerful manner, turned to her companion, and said—Years ago, when you were cousin Reginald, and considered to be my playfellow, the greatest services you rendered were to throw me occasionally out of the way, or frighten me till I screeched by putting my pony into a most unmerciful trot; but you were always so kind in the making up, that I liked you the better afterwards. Now, when you preserve me at my own hazard, from a very serious injury—you do it in so surely a manner—I wish the dog had bitten me! And with this she let him and tripped up stairs.

If Darcy could have followed her into her own room, he would have seen her throw herself into an arm chair, and burst into a flood of tears.

(Concluded in our next.)

## Notices in Bankruptcy.

COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE,

IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, SS.

In the matter of Joseph Pratt, a Bankrupt.

WHEREAS under the Provision of the

Act of the General Assembly of the

Province of New Brunswick, made and

enacted in that behalf, in force relating

to Bankruptcy in this Province, James

Pratt, of St. Andrews, in the County of

Charlotte, Esquire, Provisional Assignee

of the Estate and Effects of the said Bankrupt,

and I do hereby give Public Notice,

that by virtue of the power and authority

to me given in and by the said Act, I have

appointed Harris Hatch, of St. Andrews,

in the County of Charlotte, Esquire, Provisional

Assignee of the Estate and Effects of the said Bankrupt,

and I do hereby require all persons indebted

to the said Bankrupt, or any persons who

have in their possession, power or custody

any property or effects of the said Bankrupt,

to deliver to me, or to the said Assignee,

on or before the 16th day of December

next, all such sums or sums of money, debts

or duties as they may owe to the said Bankrupt,

and all persons who have in their possession,

power or custody any property of the said Bankrupt,

to deliver to me, or to the said Assignee,

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