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Steam Bullet,
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Steam Cannon,
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The Standard,

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Price 15s. in Town

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1842.

[17s. 6d. sent by Mail]

THE YAMMAN'S REVENGE. (CONTINUED.)

"Bravo, Ned—bravo my boy!" was the exclamation with which he interrupted them—with a slap on the shoulder of the young man, which was a much more energetic demonstration of affection than would have been at all agreeable to a less stout and stalwart frame. "And as for you, my dear little bird, your voice is almost as sweet as your kiss to your foolish old father. Your humble servant, Madam!" he then added turning round to Madam Edith, with a bow and flourish of mingled gallantry and gravity which were highly comical. "But Ned you ought to have been down there—why they unforgotten you after you had gone, and were off in full cry on the scent, with a regular, tally-ho! You ought to have been there to see how I stood up for you. They talked of your pride and your airs, and so forth, above your station in life and all that sort of thing. But I stood up for you that I did—and swore it was all envy, because you got the brush which Sir Harry Horn had vowed should be his, with that new hunter he sported this morning—and because you cleared so handsomely those five bars, which young Lord Maurice Paget were compelled after all to get down and open on their hinges. And I swore to that none of them could gain say, that even though you weren't a gentleman—and that's only your misfortune, too, Ned, and no fault of yours—equal, I wish you were though, Ned, my son, I do it—yet this I said for you, that you were the best shot, the best rider, the best trout fisher, and the best summer, too—haven't I forgot that, Ned!—no, we never forget that, do we, Alice?—and altogether except in blood and birth, and all that, you know, altogether about the best fellow in general in the whole country."

If Alice could have dared to give the utterance of words to thought that sprang quick and warm up from her heart, as she listened to her father's category of Edward's manifold superlatives in his eye, she could have added "the best lover." Whoever could have looked down yet deeper into the darker elements of his character, than either father or daughter had done, might have seen that which would have taught them that he could become "the best later too."

During this speech, most cruel when meant to be most kind, the face of the young man had alternately flushed and faded into deadly paleness. In her pain and mortification, Alice had not ventured even to steal a glance at it. With a strong effort mastering the passion that shook his very soul, he commanded his voice so far as to ask, with a tone that strove to be calm, but which betrayed the facility of the effort even to the not very delicate ear of the Baronet at the present moment. "Your high blooded and high-bred guests have done me much honor, sir, in taking, for their topic a humble farmer and farmer's son, who claims to be nothing more than a man. I regret indeed that I was not there, to take some slight part in such a discussion; but I should be glad to know who it was in particular who thus indulged himself in my absence?"

"Nonsense, Ned,—why, they were most of them pretty well agreed, I believe; and there was after all nothing you've any right to take offence at; and all that was to be said, and all that could be said, I did say; and that right stonily and cordially, my dear boy. Besides it was at my table, too, you know—and it's myself who told you—I thought you'd be glad to hear what I said. Pooh, pooh! there's nothing for you to quarrel about—and then, you know, what would you have? Of course, you know, you could not expect or ask any of them to fight you, or any of that sort of thing. But 'egad Ned, you ought to have been born a gentleman as well as a good fellow as you are—and what's more, I wish from my heart you had been! You and George together could then—by the way, Alice, I've got a letter from George, and he'll be here in three or four days, and that same handsome Cantab chum of his who was here before, Lord Frank Forester,—it's you he comes to see, Alice, much more than my hounds and horses,—ah, yes it is, you little mischief, you!"

The old gentleman kept all the talk to himself for some time longer, and went on with the most perfect unconsciousness, turning the steel round and round, and deeper and deeper, in the wound he had made in the proud and sensitive heart of the youth before him. The latter seized the first moment to withdraw, abruptly, in a tumult of bitter and stinging feelings, which even the gentle whisper added by Alice to her goodnight—"In narrow morning!" had no power to assuage.

I pass rapidly over all unessential details. In a long and passionate interview on the following morning, Alice was startled and grieved to observe how deeply and fiercely the soul of her lover, was roused in arms by an occurrence so little worthy of producing such an effect, on a nature so noble and gallant as she loved to consider his. She did not dissuade the effect, it had produced on her own mind, not only of pain for him, but of

almost despair of ever obtaining her father's sanction to an idea so preposterous as her marriage to this humble "peasant." In his impetuous resentment, Edward Fletcher was strongly bent on making an immediate disclosure to him—of claiming his daughter's hand, boldly, if not haughtily, by the right divine of the possession of her heart—and of at once speeding the last extremity, when, if he should not extort the consent which he now panted for as much for pride as for love, from that antagonist pride which he would freely give life and all it could contain to force down to the level of his despised and insulted position, he would at least make one decisive trial of his dominion over the affections of his mistress; and either quaff at one draught the mingled bliss of triumphant revenge in triumphant love, or, if disappointed, casting the latter scornfully forth, surrender his heart to hate, and his whole faculties to the aim of compassing its indulgence. She shrank from thus precipitating all the worst she apprehended. She knew the certain consequence of such a collision between the quick and vehement passions of her father and the terrible temper she trembled to discover in her lover. There was no hope remaining, to which, though with the dark mingling, she clung as the drowning mariner to a straw—George's aid and influence. He owed his life to Edward—had been the affectionate playmate of his childhood and friend of his youth—and his own warm fondness for her would appeal strongly to his heart when he should come to know the extent to which her hopes and happiness were involved.

"We will wait for George's return," she urged with an earnestness and eagerness not to be resisted. "He knows you, as I know you, Edward, for what you are in yourself. He knows you his equal—nay, even his superior in all manhood and true nobleness," and her eye brightened proudly through her tears, as she placed her hand confidently in her lover's; "he loves you, too—he is not ungrateful,—he will not forget that hour when my love for you first entered my heart, child as I was, through the avenue of my love for him, when the young hero who had saved his life, almost at the sacrifice of his own, brought him to us on the bank, nearly beyond recovery, and looked so bright and beautiful to our eyes as he did it! He will not forget, either, that it was your brave and strong arm, dear Edward, that saved my life, too, that terrible day when the lightning drove poor Ruwen's wild, and you prevented her and me from plunging down the Wolf Crag, only by dashing your own horse in between me and it, when it was only a miracle that kept you from going over yourself! He has not forgot all this—and when I see him—when I tell him all—he will not have forgotten how dear my happiness used to be to him, ought to be to him still! Let us wait for George—he will be home in a few days—and he will not, he cannot refuse to help us—and all will be safe."

"I fear, Alice, that your own heart over-awes George's feelings in regard to me. We have been much apart of late years. He has been at college, and in the world, in the midst of every influence to strengthen his natural pride of birth and rank. I have no very strong hold on his heart now—I saw it when he was at home last—nor has he written me a line since he left. And you know he has his heart set on your being won over to favor the suit of his present friend Lord Forester. No, Alice—if I have little hope in your father, I have not much more in George. I have only one hope, dearest and sweetest, and in whom that hope is garnered, who knows so well as herself!—and his arm encircled the fair girl's slender waist, and no resistance repelled the kiss accompanying the look with which she seemed to ask what was to be his reliance on that hope."

"Come what may," was the beautiful answer of the trusting and enthusiastic maiden, "the life you saved is justly and rightfully yours—when I confessed to you that my heart was yours, also, I told you no untruth; and when I added the pledge over my mother's grave, I felt all the sacredness both of the pledge and place—and never fear, Edward, that I shall be the first to forget it."

Her spirit moved over the dark and troubled elements of his like the wing of a seraph on a mission of peace. He was calmed, and consented to her counsel, though still at the bottom of his heart there was a compressed hearing of the waves of the worst passions, which might yet break forth with a fury which he could not himself calculate nor perhaps restrain.

On the third day the expected arrival took place. Edward was at first shy of coming in contact with his former friend; and very soon found or fancied reason to feel confirmed in his worst apprehensions as to the relation and sentiments with which he was regarded by him.

There was a great deal of kindness, and a certain kind of familiarity; but there was a something of condescension in it, of conscious distinction of rank and social position—altogether a something which he felt to be very different from the tone and manner of his intercourse with his never-but more so-

ble friend, whom he brought with him from Cambridge. But he before long found an opportunity he sought. Alice detained George at home one morning that the Baronet rode out to show Lord Forester some fine coursing with a favorite pair of greyhounds. The two young men strolled together in the park—Edward opened the subject with a fluttering heart, though abruptly and with a bold and proud manliness which was almost haughtiness, and which would have done no discredit to any peer or prince in the realm. "The other listened for awhile, first in incredulity, then amazement, then pity for the insane delusion which had led Edward even to admit within the range of his wildest fancy a tho't so absurd as that of aspiring to the love of his sister; still less, to a hope of winning it. But when the whole truth came out, and he heard and instinctively felt even a species of latent exultation which lent a peculiar emphasis & energy to the speaker's language—that this insolent love had been not only avowed but returned, and sealed with a secret but sacred pledge of betrothal, dating back as far as nearly a year ago, and that Alice's own affections were deeply involved in this plebeian and impossible union, that she even authorized Edward to plead the certain wreck of her whole happiness in life, if not her life itself, as an inducement to his consent and aid, a deep and powerful and revulsion of feeling swept over his heart. His astonishment kept him for some moments speechless, though his flushed and darkened countenance forbade the storm was about to break; and even before he spoke, roused as to a deadly conflict of antagonist passions, all those fierce devils of a bad and selfish pride, which long undisciplined had nevertheless made their home in the breast of the youth who stood before him, silent, with compressed lips and ominous eye, awaiting the answer in words, already sufficiently given by the electric and more expression of looks."

A bitter quarrel ensued. With a thousand words of the keenest sting and of the most scornful bitterness, the brother charged the lover with a treacherous abuse of the privilege of hospitality; of the opportunities afforded by a patronizing kindness which had its origin in an accidental occurrence of childhood; and of that confidence which was founded on the presumed impossibility of such a return. He accused him of taking an unmanly and ungrateful advantage of his position to ensnare the too generous and romantic feelings of an enthusiastic girl, whose life he had happened to save, for the promotion of an overweening ambition even if for no baser motive. Rejecting the idea that so unworthy a sentiment could possibly have taken any deep root in his sister's heart, he repulsed with the most contemptuous insult the application which it was Edward's object to make for his own consent, and aid to obtain that of his father. On the other hand, the latter met him with equal haughtiness and anger, scoffing contemptuously at his pretensions of aristocratic superiority; and losing sight of every prudential motive, as well as all command of his temper, he repaid insult with insult, and scorn with scorn. What would have been the result of so fiery a collision, notwithstanding all the restraints on the one hand of a conscious debt of life, and on the other, of the fraternal relation of his antagonist to his mistress, cannot be known; for before it had proceeded to the length of a blow on either side, on the very verge of which the altercation seemed to hover, the Baronet and Lord Forester appeared at a turn of the avenue of the park where they stood, riding leisurely back from their sport. Observing the flushed countenances of the young men and the violence of their manner, he spurred quickly up to them, and in great surprise inquired the meaning of what he saw. Almost beside himself with the exasperation both of the quarrel and its cause, George at once disclosed the whole, in the bitterest language of invective against the treachery and ingratitude and base presumption of the other. Its effect on Sir Wilmot presented so suddenly—in so dark an aspect—in a form calculated so violently to shock all his deepest prejudices and to arouse all his angriest passions was fearful. His face purpled with the blood that flooded to his head—it was a moment of insanity. "Serpent!—Hound!" were the only words he could articulate—when denied the vent of language, his passion, always impetuous, but never perhaps similarly enraged, sought that of instinctive action. Spurring his horse upon the youth who stood bare-headed, with his arms folded across his breast, and without a syllable of reply to either, the old Baronet, in his madness, with the handle of a very heavy riding whip, dealt him a sudden blow on the right temple, which, stung as he was in frame, stunned him instantly and felled him to the earth. When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in the hands of the servants who had been left with him, and who by the command of their master, had borne him for some distance across the park, (which on this side was on the edge of the B—estate,) and placed outside of the lodge and wall, and of course beyond the limit of the domain from which, by this act, in addition to his other in-

sults and wrongs, he was forcibly ejected. Disengaging himself from their hands when they were in the act of wiping from his face the blood which had trickled down from a crimson and swollen forehead by Sir Wilmot's blow, he made his way to his own home, his head whirling with a chaos of confused thoughts of vengeance, and hell in his heart. All this had taken place, too, in the presence, forgotten or disregarded both of Lord Forester and of the two servants by whom they were attended.

A servant soon entered from the Hall bringing a variety of articles of sporting gear which belonged to him, and a prohibition against being ever again seen either at the Hall or within the B—domain.

Poor Alice, sorely as she was stricken, behaved nobly and beautifully; developing a degree of independence and energy of character they were not prepared to find. When she was informed of what had occurred, she herself reproved even her father with a most eloquent severity for the great wrong he had done, to one whose only crime besides that of saving the lives of both George and herself, had been that of loving her well, and of well deserving her love. She steadily refused to send him any message of rejection, though she made no disclosure of what course she might pursue and when hard pressed by her father, she claimed the right of being left to compose her own thoughts, so violently agitated and agonized by such events, within her own privacy; after which for the days, she neither made her appearance among the family nor admitted any one but her own maid to her room, imploring her father's forbearance and permission to indulge for a few days her natural desire of being left alone and undisturbed.

She there formed her own resolve, through prayers and many tears, but bravely and worthily of her own right noble nature. She felt how heavily her lover had been wronged. Her sense of justice revolted indignantly against it. She felt his right to an atonement commensurate with the outrage that had been heaped upon him—and that she alone could make it, she alone heal the deep and envenomed lacerations that had been ploughed into his heart. Had the course of her father and brother been different, had it been less violent and less unjust, her own too might have been different; and the affections of nature and kin might have triumphed over that other love which, however strong in her heart, was yet of later growth and less deep root. But they had placed themselves so widely in the wrong, that they cast over to the opposite side of the balance every consideration of justice and right, as approved by her own conscience, to be added to every impulse of generosity and womanly tenderness, as prompted by her heart; and she resolved to abandon home and rank, father and kin, to be the wife of her lover, yet, as she deemed him, noble and worthy peasant lover; and as such to devote her life to the compensation of all he had had to endure on her account and from her own blood. It was a hard trial both of heart and conscience; yet, convincing herself, by a generous elevation of reasoning, that in the choice between conflicting duties she chose the highest and most truly sacred in remaining faithful to the plighted troth she had given in exchange for another heart; she wrote him the following note, which she had no difficulty in conveying to him through the agency of her devoted maid, to whom she did not hesitate to impart a full confidence of the determination she had arrived at:

(To be Continued.)

POETRY.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

How sweet the rest that labour yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields,
Before his cottage door!
The lark is singing in the sky,
The swallow on the eaves,
And love is beaming in each eye
Beneath the summer leaves!
The air amid his fragrant bowers
Supplies unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding mid the flowers,
More dear to him than wealth,
Peace, like the blessed sunlight plays,
Around his humble cot,
And humble night and cheerful days
Divide his lonely lot.
And when the village Sabbath bell
Rings out upon the gale,
The father bows his head to tell
The music of its tale—
A fresher verdure seems to fill
The fair and dewy sod,
And every infant tongue is still,
To hear the word of God.
O happy years! to him who still
The ravens when they cry,
And makes the lily teach the hills,
So glorious to the eye—
The trusting patriarch prays to bless
His labour with increase,
Such ways the ways of pleasantness,
And all such paths are peace."

The celebrated ROWLAND'S KALY-DOR, appropriately styled by its numerous admirers "the auxiliary of beauty," is in all climates and seasons of inestimable importance to female loveliness. During the rigours of Winter, not any attack more seriously impairs the beauty of a fine Skin, than inclement cold: it becomes rough, red, chapped, and vulgarly unseemly, and frequently disfigured, by chilblains. Equally available are its virtues against the baneful influence of solar heat, which causes Freckles, Sun Burns, Tan, &c. all of which blemishes the KALY-DOR prevents and removes. Throughout season, time and climate, this faithful auxiliary arrays the neck and arms in radiant brilliancy, and perpetuates the vivid bloom of juvenile attraction.

See Advertisement.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review. PERILOUS POSITION OF SAINT PETERSBURG.

It is melancholy to contemplate the constant danger in which this brilliant capital is placed. If Mr. Loh's picture is not over-changed the occurrences of a strong westerly wind and high water at the breaking up of the ice, would at any time suffice to occasion an inundation sufficient to drown the whole population and to convert the entire city with all its sumptuous palaces into a chaotic mass of ruins. The Gulf of Finland runs to a point as it approaches the mouth of the Neva, where the most violent gales are always from the west, so that mass of waters, on such occasions, is always forcibly impelled towards the city. The island forming the delta of the Neva, on which St. Petersburg stands, is extremely low and flat, and the highest point in the city is probably not more than twelve or fourteen feet above the level of the sea. A rise of fifteen feet is, therefore, enough to place St. Petersburg under water, and a rise of thirty feet is enough to drown almost every human being in the place. The poor inhabitants are, therefore, in constant danger of destruction and can never be certain that the whole 600,000 of them may not, within the next twenty-four hours, be washed out of their houses like so many drowned rats.

To say the truth, the subject ought hardly to be spoken of with levity, for the danger is too imminent, and the reflection makes many hearts quake in St. Petersburg. The only hope of this apparently doomed city, is that the three circumstances may never occur simultaneously, viz: high water, the breaking up of the ice, and a gale of wind from the west. There are so many points of the compass for the wind to choose among, that it would seem perverse in the extreme to select the west at so critical a moment; nevertheless, the wind does blow very often from the west during spring, and the ice floating in the Neva, and the Gulf of Finland is of a bulk simply sufficient to oppose a formidable obstacle to the water in the upper part of the river. Had the ancient sages of Gikto kept meteorological records, one might perhaps be able to calculate how often in a thousand years, or in ten thousand years such a flood as we are here supposing might be likely to occur. As it is, the world need not be at all surprised to read in the newspapers, one of these days, that St. Petersburg, after rising like a bright meteor from the swamps of Finland, has as suddenly been extinguished in them like a mere will-o'-the-wisp. May Heaven protect the city.

In consequence of the late disturbances in the north the orders for manufactured goods have greatly increased in Norwich. It is said that the Marquis of Westminster gives to each of his grand daughters lately married £100,000. The subject of the late Duke of York's debts again came before the Lord's Court on Saturday. The civilisps of India are about presenting Sir Robert Sale with a sword worth 200 guineas, with the word "Jellalabad," engraved on it.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—A strata of very superior Coal has, within a week past, been discovered, a few miles from the City. The gentleman who made the discovery brought samples of the coal to town; and he is satisfied there is an immense coal-field, within a very short walk from the City. We have seen a specimen of the coal—and pronounce it to be of excellent quality. "This is the way our resources are developing themselves."—*St. John Herald.*

Mr. Papineau has issued an address of thanks to his constituents of the County of Ottawa. In this he complains of the attempts made by the Press in both sections of the Province to prejudice his cause, by misrepresenting his views and past conduct. He declares that these attempts have recoiled on his opponents and he asks whether the testimonials of a number of the most respectable persons in the County might not outweigh "the flimsy assertions" of his detractors.