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Volume VII

# The Standard.

## OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Price 15s.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 8, 1841.

Per Annum.

### THE RIVAL LOVERS.

A Scottish Tale.

"If thou consultest my wishes in thy marriage, thou wilt be a well-to-do man, and I will do all I can to make thee happy. If not, thou shalt incur my abiding displeasure, and be wholly disowned by me."

So spoke Barnome, the richest laird in Morayshire, to his only daughter Matilda, as he one day pressed her to marry Glenaldon, a neighbouring gentleman, who had nothing but his rank in life to recommend him.

"Father," said Matilda, "thou knowest I have been a dutiful daughter to thee hitherto; it is my anxious desire to be so still; but, in a matter which so nearly concerns my happiness, I hope you will not consider me wanting in filial regard if I yield, in this instance, to my own judgment and affection."

"Do as thou pleasest, miss," said Barnome, angrily, as he hurriedly quitted the room, "do as thou pleasest; but remember the consequences."

The laird of Barnome had just learnt that his daughter had of late received marked attentions from Fergus, a young officer in the army, and that the latter had made some impressions on her mind. This was the cause why Barnome had spoken in so stern a tone to his daughter.

It was not wonder that Matilda returned the affection with which she knew she was regarded by Fergus. There was not a more handsome young man in the north of Scotland; and a kinder or more affectionate heart never tended a human frame. His mind, too, was highly cultivated, and his manners were most fascinating.

For several weeks previously, Fergus and Matilda met together every evening under a large willow-tree, about a mile from Barnome, which flourished like a tree of Lebanon, by the side of a burn. Here they mutually unbosomed without restraint. Here they had repeatedly vowed eternal attachment to each other; here they had spoken of a union of hearts which death only could sever, and fondly dwelt on the anticipated time when their happiness would be perfected by the sacred act of joining hands at the nuptial altar.

A less shrewd observer than Fergus must have perceived, that on the evening of this day something saddened the mind of Matilda. She wished to be cheerful, but it obviously required an effort to keep up her spirits, even in appearance.

"Matilda, there is something the matter with thee to-night; what ails thee, my dear?" said Fergus, with infinite tenderness.

"Nothing in the world; you only imagine it," said Matilda, assuming a cheerful tone.

"Nay, but there is something the matter—I had thought, Matilda, you would not conceal the cause of your uneasiness from me."

The words were accompanied with a look which went to Matilda's heart.

"Well, I will tell thee all," remarked Matilda, after a momentary pause. She accordingly informed him of what had passed between her father and herself relative to her choice of a husband.

"I am not surprised at this," said Fergus, "but by that moon and those stars," pointing to the firmament, "that now witness our loves, there exists not a man that shall deprive me of thee, if thou thyself only prove true."

"Canst thou insinuate a doubt of my fidelity?" observed Matilda, her eye speaking reproach as her lips uttered the words.

Fergus clasped her in his arms and imprinting a kiss on her rosy cheek, "That," said he, "is my answer."

The lovers had made an assignation for the following evening, and were in the act of exchanging a parting embrace, when all of a sudden, a figure started up in an adjoining thicket of underwood.

"Villain," said the stranger, addressing himself to Fergus, "villain, it is the height of presumption in thee to aspire to the hand of Matilda. Thou get such a prize! Never, while this hand can wield a sword. Renounce, this moment, all pretensions to her, or thou art a dead man." The curl of the speaker's lip, as well as his tone and manner, bespoke the mingled scorn and rage which which rankled in his bosom.

"Who art thou, sir, that dardest to dictate to me?" was the only answer of Fergus; only he unsheathed his sword as he spoke.

The stranger who had been some yards distant, now advanced, and with his sword firmly grasped in his hand, desired Fergus to draw and defend himself.

Each simultaneously made a thrust at each other. The sword of the stranger cut off part of the breast of Fergus' coat. The latter raised his hand a second time, and with his sharp-edged weapon, lopped off at one stroke, the head of his adversary. "So perish," he exclaimed, "all who separate between Matilda and Fergus!"

Matilda, when she saw her lover and the stranger commence the combat, swooned away on the green lea on which she stood. She was unconscious of this until after her husband's insulting foe. He was now all self-gliding for Matilda. She recovered in a few minutes; and then, for the first time, Fergus ascertained who had been his oppo-

ent. The stranger was Glenaldon in disguise, but the moment he spoke, though there was an evident effort to affect a voice not his own, Matilda had recognized him.

The next question, was what was to be done? Independently of his intimacy with Matilda's father and other influential persons in the neighborhood, Glenaldon had a number of tenants, who were ready on every occasion, at a moment's notice, to fight for him with a devotion which knew no limits. To remain where he was would be certain destruction; to seek safety in flight was his only alternative. Matilda urged him to this. As, however, Fergus was penniless at the time, and as, moreover, he could not regard his person as secure while within the confines of Scotland; it was desirable that he should have some funds to enable him more effectually to prosecute his intended journey to another land. Matilda proposed that he should conceal himself in an adjacent covery until information could be conveyed to his brother, who would at once procure for him the means of travelling. "And I," added Matilda, "will watch by thee, to see that nothing harm thee until then."

Fergus adopted the suggestion of Matilda; he lay down by the side of a large whin-bush. Matilda slowly walked about at some distance, waiting until she could find some confidential person to bear the news of what had happened.

She had not been at her post many minutes when she espied her own page at a little distance. She motioned him to approach; he did so. Matilda, after cautioning her page—and she knew a bare caution would be sufficient—not to reveal to any one but Fergus' brother the tragedy that had occurred, desired him to run with breathless haste to him, and to bring the purse that moment.

The page started in an instant, to obey his mistress's commands. The dimness of twilight was over the earth. As the page entered the village in which both Fergus' brother and Ronald, the brother of Glenaldon, resided, he met Ronald, whom, by the united influence of the partial darkness of the evening and the confusion caused by the nature of his errand, he naturally mistook for Fergus' brother.

"Sir," said the page in hurried and broken accents, gasping at the same time for breath, "Sir, your brother has killed Glenaldon; and my mistress desires you to bring him his purse this moment, that he may save his life by quitting the country. Both are—"

"Sound!" exclaimed Ronald, in a tone expressive of mingled alarm and indignation, "sound! boy, dost thou say my brother is slain?"

The page now discovered his fatal error; the discovery had an overwhelming effect; he was unable to utter a word.

The confusion of the page satisfied Ronald there was no mistake. He instantly raised the family war-whoop. In a few seconds 20 of his retainers, armed with swords and dirks surrounded his person.

"Glenaldon is murdered by Fergus," said he; "let us be avenged on his murderer. Follow me!"

A wild simultaneous yell from the whole party bespoke their readiness to comply with his wishes.

Aware of the favourite spot at which Fergus and Matilda were wont to meet at night, Ronald concluded that it had been the scene of the fatal deed. Accordingly, like so many bloodhounds, he and his followers bounded to it.

The night was dark; but the beams of the moon occasionally struggled through the clouds and dimly illumined the earth. A transient flood of light of unusual clearness, in conjunction with a voice she had formerly heard, apprised Matilda of the approach of Ronald and his retainers, when about fifty yards distant. She uttered a wild shriek, in a tone loud enough to have been heard, in the stillness of the night, at a much greater distance; it fell on the ear of Fergus. Grasping his sword, he started to his feet that moment, and rushing to her. A sense of his imminent danger now broke on his mind. To have sought safety in flight would have been a hopeless enterprise. But had it been otherwise, he would have scorned the idea of flight, while his Matilda stood unprotected. To die in her presence, and in essaying to afford her protection, was happiness itself compared to escape at the possible price of being deprived of her, or sustaining any injury.

Ronald and Fergus met a few yards from where Matilda stood, wringing her hands and otherwise expressing her alarm by the most affecting gestures. Ronald had passed the body of his brother, laying lifeless and all covered with gore. "Your sword," said he, addressing himself to Fergus in tones which told of the rage which fired his heart, "your sword has slain my brother. One moment I give thee to implore that mercy of thy Maker, of which thy guilty soul, stained as it is with murder, stands so much in need, and thy head shall be severed from thy body as a warning to all future murderers!"

"He only killed him in self-defence," said the half-frenzied Matilda, rushing, as she spoke, between Ronald and her lover.

"Thou wilt doubtless say so, young maid,"

observed Ronald, scornfully.

"Take my life instead of his; for if there be guilt, it attaches to me," said Matilda. As she spoke she laid hold of Fergus and clung to him.

"Remove, but do not injure this woman, while I avenge myself of my brother's death," said Ronald, addressing himself to his attendants.

The words were scarcely pronounced when some of Ronald's followers laid hold of Matilda to drag her from Fergus. Hamp red he was by Matilda clinging to him, Fergus slew three of Ronald's minions by as many successive strokes, and was in the act of thrusting his deadly weapon at a fourth, when Ronald, closing on him from behind, plunged a dagger into his side. Partially stupefied by the wound, Fergus slightly reeled, but recovering his footing, he again drew his sword, and with one forcible stroke cleft in two the head of Ronald. The latter fell to the ground, and without a groan, almost without farther motion breathed his last. The blood sprang in torrents from the side of Fergus; again he staggered, and then fell by the side of his lifeless antagonist.

Confounded by the astonishing valour of Fergus, and at the fate of their deceased leader, the followers of Ronald stood aghast. The hands of those of them who held Matilda, unconsciously let go their grips. She rushed to the spot where Fergus lay prostrate on the ground, and falling on him, "Fergus!" said she, in a tone that would have pierced a heart of steel, "Fergus! Fergus! art thou dead?"

"I am—am—a dying," said he faintly, and enunciating the last word with great difficulty. Ere yet the sounds had well passed his lips, he clasped Matilda in his arms—obviously not without great effort, and imprinting a kiss on her cheek, "Matilda," said he in a low and indistinct accents, "Matilda, adieu for ever! The words were scarcely uttered, the embrace scarcely given when he uttered a deep groan—it was the last he ever gave, it was the groan of expiration.

Matilda remained some time insensible—No tear bedewed her cheek; no shriek spoke the agony of her distress. That distress was too deep, too overpowering, to be expressed by symbols. Consciousness at length returned. A sudden blaze of bright moonshine which at the moment beamed on her face, revealed to those of Ronald's followers who were still present, the intensity of her feelings. Matilda looked wildly around; and wrestling from the hand Ronald—she still held it fast—the dagger which killed Fergus.

"Let us," said she, "both die by the same weapon, directed by her own hand, was up to the hilt in her snowy bosom, which she bared for the purpose. She spoke no more; her soul seemed to escape the very instant the wound was made."

### EUROPEAN NEWS.

From papers by the Acadia.

Customs Duties.—It is proposed by the committee appointed to revise the Customs' duties to make the following alterations:

The present rates on clayed sugar, which are now 68s to be reduced to 50s and Muscovado to 20s. British plantation, clayed or refined, to be reduced to 20s and Muscovado to 15s. Refined sugar, rated at 28s to be reduced to 50s per cwt. Coffee and cocoa, which are at present rated 1s 3d per lb., to be reduced to 9s, and British plantation to 5d per lb.

Wheat to be admitted at a duty of 2s. per quarter, and other articles of food, including butcher meat at proportionate low rates. Raw materials, at present subject to various duties, to be reduced generally to 2 1/2 per cent. Cotton wool, and other materials of manufactures, reduced to 1 per cent. Manufactures of silk, leather, linen, and other similar articles, to be reduced to 20 per cent, and minerals to 1 per cent.—Times.

It is worthy of remark that notwithstanding the great quantities of military stores recently shipped from the Royal Arsenal for China, Syria, and other parts of the world, the supply has been so well kept up that there is actually at present a greater quantity on hand than there was at the commencement of the year, when the stock exceeded 28,000 large guns, and upwards of 4,000,000 of balls and shells.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager has forwarded 250 towards the erection of the monument to the late Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

A letter dated Coira, Nov. 6th, gives the following details of an earthquake at Zante, which commenced by a shock on the 30th of October; and by seven that day and the 4th of Nov. no fewer than ninety-five were felt in the town. Every house in Zante was more or less damaged, burying men, women, and children in their ruins. The steeples of four churches were thrown down. The citadel was so much shaken that the soldiers fled from it, expecting every moment to see it overthrown. The Lord High Commissioner repaired thither the moment he heard of the disaster, but found the place deserted. He commenced, however, on the spot, a subscription for the relief of the sufferers; but it was not supposed that any thing short of a large advance from Government could give relief to the numerous victims of this visitation.

In consequence of intelligence communicated by Sir T. Wiltshire, who arrived last week from India, Government have determined to send out direct to Bombay the 22nd Foot, and also every disposable man in this country belonging to regiments in India.

Further, we are assured that this additional force, about 2,500 men, is only an instalment of what will shortly be wanted. Indeed, we understand that an additional 10,000 men have been required for service in India. Considering that the last two tours of foreign services performed by the Twenty-second Regiment were in the East Indies and Jamaica, it is heard that some other corps at home has not been selected on the present occasion for service in India.—Naval and Military Gazette.

A grand dinner was lately given at the British Embassy, Constantinople, to Colonel Rodges, and at dessert the banner taken from Ibrahim Pasha was displayed, and numerous toasts drunk to the success of the British arms.

Lord Ponsonby, accompanied by his entire Legation, proceeded to the Imperial Palace to present to the Sultan Col. Rodges, who delivered into the hands of his Highness the colonies of the Egyptian Generalissimo. A. d. Medjid conferred on the Col. the rank of General, and gave him besides a rich decoration. Captain Todd, the commander of an Ottoman steamer, and Admiral Walker, were appointed Beys; and decorations, set in diamonds, were forwarded to Admiral Stopford, and Col. Smith.

In recognition of the eminent services of Admiral Sir R. Stopford, in the recent achievements by the British arms in Syria, we hear that the Governorship of Greenwich Hospital is to be tendered for his acceptance: an act in which the spontaneous approbation of all parties will concur. Commodore Napier will also receive some highly honourable testimonial of the approbation of the Sovereign, for his bravery in the same service.—Globe.

The Sydney papers received this week announce the death of Captain Croker, of her Majesty's ship Favorite, in a contest with the inhabitants of Tenguaboo; by whom a party from the ship were utterly routed. The contest lasted about twenty minutes; and the loss of the British was, the captain, the gunner's mate, and a quartermaster killed, together with the first lieutenant (Mr. Dunlop) and nineteen others wounded. The two Wesleyan Missionaries, who had been previously residing on the island, immediately went on board the Favorite, which left them at Varan, and afterwards proceeded onward to Sydney.

Administration to the effects of the Princess Augusta was granted on Saturday week by the Prerogative Court, to the Duke of Sussex and Cambridge. The effects were sworn to be under 30,000*l.*, and a stamp-duty of 600*l.* was paid upon the letters of administration.

Several meetings have been held in Dublin for the purpose of encouraging Irish manufactures. A new "Irish Board of Trade," has been formed, which holds weekly meetings and receives subscriptions for furthering this object. The subscription on the first day amounted to 2150*l.* Several manufacturers state that their trade has greatly improved, since the exertions of the Repeal Association to encourage Irish manufactures. It is stated, however, that the frieze jackets of the Repeal uniform are mostly made at St. Dewbury, in Yorkshire. Strong suspicion is entertained that the shopkeepers pass off English goods of Irish manufacture; and it has been found necessary by the Association to adopt measures to prevent the imposition.

The Dublin Pilot of Wednesday estimates the numbers to whom Father Matthew administered the Temperance pledge in Dublin during three days, at upwards of 33,000.

Arrival of the Queen of Spain at Paris.—Queen Christina arrived at the Palace Royal and alighted from her carriage at the foot of the grand staircase of the *for a chapeau*, when Her Majesty was received by the King, the Prince Royal and the Duke d'Angoulême. The Queen wished to kiss the hand which the King stretched out to help her to descend from the carriage, but His Majesty prevented her with an embrace, and offered his arm to conduct her to the top of the staircase, where the Queen and Princess received her.

The Queen Dowager of Spain announces her intention of speedily proceeding to Naples.

A rumour has been circulated, and is gaining credit at Paris, that King Louis Philippe had succeeded in negotiating a marriage between his Majesty's youngest son, the Duke de Montpensier, and the Queen of Spain, so far at least as the consent of the ex-Queen Regent, her mother, could go towards completing such an arrangement.

Queen Christina, the late Regent of Spain, has issued a manifesto, addressed to that nation, in which she recapitulates all the indignities she held herself to have received at the hands of the revolutionary party; and intimates that her resignation of office was compulsory, a mere choice of alternatives of evil.

The draft of the address of the French Chamber of deputies to the King had been published. The following is the passage which relates to the Peace question:—

"Peace, without dignity, would never be accepted either by France or by its King; an unjust war, a violent aggression, without cause and without object, would neither accord with our manners, nor our ideas of civilization and progress. Peace, then, if it be possible—an honourable and sure peace, which shall preserve the balance of power in Europe from all attack—is our first wish; but if this should become impossible on these conditions—if the honour of France demands it—if her rights not recognized, her territory menaced, or her interests seriously compromised, demand it—speak, then, Sire, and at your voice the French will arise as one man; the country will not hesitate at any sacrifice; and the co-operation of the nation will be assured to you."

From India and China.—We have received from a friend a Bombay paper (the Overland Courier), of September 30, which contains copious details of intelligence from India, China and Singapore. A letter from Macao, dated July 31, says, "It is now beyond a doubt that we intend to take and fortify the Island of Chusan, and I expect in little more than a month to hear of the British flag being hoisted there. Capt. Elliott, his secretary and three interpreters have gone up. I believe the blockading of the river has caused a great sensation in Canton. All the Americans are preparing to leave. I do not think that the fleet will interfere in any way with the opium vessels. Indeed it is likely that their operations may facilitate that trade, as the men of war junks will be afraid to come out."

Another letter dated Macao, June 23, says, "a depot is to be formed at Chusan, probably preparatory to an attack upon Peking."

The news from Northern India is of a good deal of interest, but it is difficult to select such parts as would be intelligible, without a fuller recital of collateral events than it is possible to give at present. There was a considerable movement of troops in the neighborhood of Bombay, and on the Northern frontier, for the purpose of putting down an insurrection in Beloochistan, and the protection of the Nepalese frontier. The Belooches had taken possession of Kiliat, and had besieged Kahon, where was a British garrison. Major Clebhorn, with a force of 600 men, left Suiker on the 12th of Aug. for the relief of Capt. Brown at Kahon. On the 29th, at a difficult pass in the Mountains, near Poojee, the advance of the convoy, consisting of 450 men, was suddenly attacked by a large body of Belooches, and a serious battle ensued. The British party lost 150 men, among whom were several officers killed. The party were obliged to retreat and abandon their whole convoy, with the guns and camp equipage. The remnant of the regiment had got back to Poojee, with the loss of 250 men in killed and wounded, and five officers dead.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

We cut the following from the Quebec Gazette of Dec. 21:—

We have received the "St. Augustine Herald," of the 14th November last, the Editor of which appears to be Mr. Thomas Storrow Brown, formerly of Montreal, and who acquired some notoriety as the General of the "Sons of Liberty" at Montreal, and Commander of the Camp at St. Charles, in 1837. He gives the following account of himself:—

"I may be styled imported."

I shipped myself to Florida, to my own order for my own account and risk; and satisfied that my character if it had not preceded, would be certain to follow, I brought no letters of introduction.

I may be called a foreigner.

My parents are New-Englanders, and such were their progenitors. I am not aware of having a blood relation who is not an American born, and excepting Thomas Wentworth Storrow of Paris, his brother in Leipzig, and his sister in Birmingham, they all reside in the United States. My own residence in Canada terminated in being hunted through the woods like a wild beast, with a price upon my head—in a decree of banishment, and sentence of death recorded, I consider no disqualification for discussing American politics—in English. My crime was a devotion to American principles, first promulgated from the cabin of the Mayflower.

In the two past years I have visited nearly every inhabited part of the territory, and become generally acquainted with the inhabitants. Measures I am prepared to discuss—as to men, I am not yet prepared to exult in any clique, and call out these are thy Gods, fall down and worship them."

Part of the paper is in the Spanish language. We observe that the charter election for St. Augustine took place on the 9th, when Antonio Alvarez, was chosen Mayor, and Messrs. Benet, Solina, Smith, and Crespo, Aldermen; Damas, Clerk and Treasurer.

The river runs the road from St. Antonio, Rio, to Pico, is estimated for 12 miles with human gore," shed in the Seminole war.

Prompt payment is the surest footing to conduct business upon.

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Poor Condition  
Best copy available