VOLUME 9

The Standard,

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

NUMBER 14

Price 15s. in Town] SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1842. [17s. 6d. sent by Mail.

ARRIVAL OF THE PROTESTANT BISHOP IN PALESTINE.

(Correspondence of the Times.)

January 27.—The entry of the Bishop of Palestine into the City of David was marked by as favourable circumstances as could possibly have been anticipated by the most sanguine friends of Protestant missions in the East

On the morning of the 29th inst. our little community was much excited by the arrival of a messenger from Jaffa with the intelligence that the British Consul-General and Bishop Alexander had arrived off that port in a steam frigate, and might be expected in Jerusalem on the following day. Mr. Nicolayson, a highly respectable and talented Holstein Danish gentleman, who is now a clergyman of the Church of England, and the head of the mission for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews at Jerusalem, immediately started to meet them. The recontre took place at Ramleh, the Ramah of Scripture (still a considerable town,) where the Bishop, the Consul-General, and a numerous suite, halted to pass the night. The Bishop took up his quarters at the house of the American Consul, the wealthiest Christian in the place, and the Consul-General, with several officers of the Devastation steam frigate, alighted at the Armenian Convent.

On the following day they made their entry into our ancient capital, in a procession which will be remembered by those who saw it to the latest day of their lives. When within five miles of the gates they were joined by the few British and American residents on horseback, headed by Mr. Proconsul Johns, who is architect of the intended church, as well as *locum tenens* of Mr Young. On approaching the town the cavalcade, which already consisted of fifty or sixty persons, was swollen by the junction of the Cey, second in command of the troops, who, accompanied by a guard of honour, and the Janissaries of the Pasha, had been sent to compliment Colonel Rose on his arrival, while all the loungers of Jerusalem turned out for the occasion. Not the least interesting object in the throng was Mrs Alexander, the fair partner of the Right Rev. Prelate. It had been considered by the physician of the mission unadvisable for her to attempt the journey on horseback. Accordingly a large taterwan or Oriental litter was constructed, which, supported before and behind by stout mules, conveyed Mrs. Alexander and the younger portion of her family over the rocky and precipitous tracks which lead from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The procession consisted of more than 100 persons on horseback.

The throng passed on, and the scene which ensued at the Bethlehem-gate, by which it entered the town, baffles all description; on the one side were the gray massive battlements and picturesque towers of Jerusalem—no mean specimen of the solidity with which Sultan Suleyman fortified the conquests of his predecessor Selim; and on the other was the vale that leads to Bethlehem, now rugged and now undulated, with all its light and shade softened in the approaching twilight, while the dark and singularly even and unspeaked line of the mountains of Moab beyond the Dead Sea walled in the prospect.—The wildly accoutred and unearthly looking Bedouin irregulars, who had been playing the djereed, and gamboling round the procession at the full speed of their desert horses, contented themselves with firing off their muskets, being now hemmed in by the motley throng of citizens and fellaheen,—Mussulmans in their furred pelisses and well folded turbans, down to the filthy old Polish Jew in the last stage of wilful hydrophobia.

After acknowledging the presentation of arms at the Bethlehem-gate, the party moved on towards the house of Mr. Nicolayson, and just as the new comers turned their heads to admire the Titan-like masonry of the tower of Hippicus, which dates from the days of Herod the Tetrach the guns thundered forth the salute for the eve of the Courban Bairam. Thus, by an odd chance the Protestant Bishop made his public entry into one of the four holy cities of Islam (the others are Mecca, Medina, and Damascus) on the occasion—one of the greatest festivals of the Mahomedan religion. Colonel Rose descended at the Spanish convent of Terra Santa. Dr. Alexander took up his quarters temporarily with Mr. Nicolayson, his own residence, which is upon the Pool of Hezekiah, being as yet unfurnished.

On the 22d Col. Rose, Dr. Alexander, and a large party, inspected the intended site of the new church. It will be built upon the most elevated part of the city; the body of the church will be Gothic, and the towers in the style of Mosque minarets, which accord admirably both with the church itself and with the other public edifices of the city, for Gothic and Saracenic are the twin daughters of the Byzantine style. The Bishop's residence will be Elizabethan. The stone necessary for the edifices will be brought from the Mount of Olives.

In the afternoon of the same day Col. Rose presented Dr. Alexander to Tahir Pasha who, as I have understood, received him with great politeness. Of course, it would be an illusion to suppose that this reception proceeded from any sympathy with the objects of the mission on the part of the Turkish authorities.

On the 23d the Bishop preached his introductory sermon, choosing for his text Isaiah lxv. 15: "Whereas thou (alluding to Jerusalem and the Jews) hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations."—The tendency of the Right Rev Prelate's discourse was to show that, although Jerusalem had endured, and might still endure, much suffering in the fulfilment of inspired prophecy, nevertheless brighter days were at hand.

In conclusion, we sincerely and heartily wish the fullest success to attend the worthy individuals who compose this mission, altho' we are quite unprepared to go to the lengths of those who attempt to read all the signs of the times, and who think they foresee the proximate commencement of the millennium. It cannot be disguised that these individuals have a severe ordeal of groundless calumny, intrigue, jealousy, and opposition to go through. Even a few days before their arrival the Greeks and Catholics had been circulating cock-and-bull stories about the decline of English influence; they were, however, mute, on perceiving that when Col. Rose paid his state visit to the Pasha on the 26th, he was received with honors paid only to persons of the highest rank, a guard of 100 grenadiers having presented arms when ee left the Palace.

The mission is sure of the firm support of the British Government and the British Ambassador at the Porte. As regards Syria, the Consul General has lent all the force of his official authority personal influence, and popularity, to set the undertaking afloat, while the mild and benevolent character of the Bishop, and the sound practical sense and valuable local experience of his coadjutor, Mr. Nicolayson, are sure guarantees that caution, charity, and conciliation will preside at all their efforts.

THE LADY AND THE PAGE.

A STORY OF MOORISH SPAIN.

BY MARY S PEASE.

Many years ago there dwelt, not far from Seville, in a castle so old it was a wonder what kept it from tumbling down, a Spanish hidalgo, remarkable but for two things—a very beautiful daughter, and the very strict manner in which he secluded her from the world. In every other respect this hidalgo was like other hidalgos, full of pride, sporting a pair of Spanish mustachios and wearing a a siletto by his side.

The wonderful beauty of his daughter, the Dona Ysabe', had somehow—in spite of the seclusion in which she was kept—become proverbial, and the fame thereof had spread from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees. Not a caballero of that chivalric country but would have given his best steed for one glance from the eyes of the hidalgo's daughter—eyes which, shrouded under their long lashes, were like diamonds shining across the midnight. Her hair was silky and soft, darker and more glossy than the raven's wing—and in such luxuriance did it grow that she might almost have hid herself in it, as did 'the lady of the golden locks' in the fairy tale. Her face was fitful as an April day. It was the clear and faithful mirror to the warmest, purest heart in all Spain. And never did a young heart beat within a lighter and more graceful form than that of Dona Ysabel.

The castle where the hidalgo resided with his daughter was built on a rocky eminence, in one of the wildest parts of the country.—Tradition said it had been erected by a powerful and wealthy Moor, from whom it had been conquered by the strong arm of one of the present occupant's ancestors. The father of Ysabel had resided there but rarely until the death of his wife; but, after that event, he had retired almost broken-hearted to this wild retreat. Here, from early childhood, the Lady Ysabel had been brought up.—Wanting the care of a mother, she had always been left to have her own way, and a more self-willed, impetuous sylph never dashed the dew from the wild flowers that grew so luxuriantly around the Moorish castle.

One day, when the Dona Ysabel had nearly attained her seventeenth year, the Count de Llenaro, her father, stood within the deep embrasure of the richly carved corridor, absorbed in thought. His eyes were fixed on the shadows that played so fancifully on the rocks below. A light step was heard and a fairy form entered the apartment.

'*Bella mi cara nina*, I was thinking of thee, I would speak with thee.' And the gentle girl stood beside the proud lord. 'What wouldst thou, my father?' The maiden's voice was low and silvery soft. Her dark eye looked up into her father's with an expression soft and confiding as childhood. One little snow white hand rested upon his shoulder, while the other nestled within his own.

'How old are you, Ysy?'

'I shall be seventeen come next Michaelmas.'

''Tis even as I thought. Thou art getting to be a great girl, Belle,—I have something to say to thee; wilt thou listen?'

'Dear papa, thy word is my law.'

'Is it so?' and the father fixed his eyes upon the girl with a look so penetrating that her own eye fell, and the rich warm blood rushed from her young heart and burnt upon her brow.

Llenaro seated himself upon a low *turco*, and drawing his child towards him, he fondly kissed her glowing cheek.

'I fear, Belle,' said he, putting back the world of curls that had fallen over her brow, 'thy will hath never yet been broken Thou art but a wild one. Count Alcaros fell into a long fit of musing. The silver breathing tones of the Dona's soft voice broke the stillness.

'What wouldst thou with thy child, papa? my birds, and young flowers, even now mourn my absence.'

'And canst thou not give one hour to thy father, Ysy? What will thy birds and flowers do when I bring thee a right noble bird, an eagle among birds, for thine own? Wilt thou then give up all others and love but only that?'

'What does my papa mean?' tremblingly replied the maiden.

'I mean that thou art to be a child no longer.

'But, papa, all my pretty birds and—'

'Thou shalt have a bird worth the whole, a right proud gallant bird. Ysy, dost thou remember the Marquis of Talavera?'

'What of him, dearest papa?'

'Dost thou remember him?'

'Yes, papa.'

'This Marquis hath south thee, Belle, in marriage, and I have said thou shalt be his bride.'

The girl started to the ground in unfeigned surprise.

'Why, papa, he is old enough to be my grandfather, and besides, he is ugly enough to—'

'He is just the age of thy father, Ysabel. His years will serve to guide thy wayward ones. He is all that is brave and noble, besides being one of the richest, and most powerful lords in Spain. You may know, Belle, how well I think of him—he is almost the only one of my many *friends*, that I admit into this our wild retreat.'

'But, papa—'

'Nay, Belle, I will have no buts. It must be as I say.'

'But, papa,' The Count's brow darkened. 'But, papa, I do not love him.'

'Love—pah!'

'Papa, I *cannot* love him.'

'Pah!'

'Papa, I *will not* love him!' and the Dona's eyes grew bright and large.

'Ysabel!'

'Dear papa,—I mean I cannot—' and the little lady burst into tears

'Ysabel,—hear me—I have said thou shalt become the bride of the Marquis of Talavera. What I say I never unsay—that thou knowest. Two weeks from this. The day thou art seventeen—is the day decided upon. It *must, it shall be so!* Wilt thou do thy father's bidding, Belle?'

The girl answered not a word, but her eye lit up and her little mouth was tightly compressed. Every line of her statue-like form expressed firmness and resolution.

'Wilt thou do thy father's bidding, Ysabel?' again demanded the Count.

'Thou hast ever been an indulgent father to me, never hast thou crossed my slightest wish, and now, father, I must say firmly *no!* I never can become the bride of him thou namest.'

'Girl! thou shalt, not even be consulted. Thou hast had thine own way seventeen years, *now* I will have mine. Thou shalt wed the Talavera if I have to drag thee to the altar. Nay, no fawning.' The girl had twined her soft round arms about her father's neck—her eyes looked beseechingly into his. But he pushed her from him, saying—'Go to thy room, Ysabel, and there remain until thy reason comes to thee. Dost thou hear me?'

The Spaniard strode from the room, and the weeping lady sought, with a heavy heart, her own turret.

It was the first time her father had been unkind to her, and she threw herself down on a low couch, in all that utter hopelessness of grief youth alone can feel. It was her first sorrow.

There came a soft rap at the door,—but she heeded it not,—and not until a hand, soft as woman's, held her own,—and a voice whose deep, low tones were breathing music, whispered in her ear, did she know her father's handsome page was kneeling by her.

'Weep not, my cara Ysabel!' soothingly said he, 'or rather let me share thy grief. I know it all—thy father hath told me, and sent me here to bring thee reason, as he said. Can I do it, sweet lady?' and the handsome page smiled

It was wicked in him to smile when her heart was full of grief—and so the lady thought. But she had learned to love, and when love is warm and new, all the loved one says or does is more than right.

'Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal'—

The Dona Ysabel loved her father's page,—loved him as an ardent-souled daughter of sunny Spain knows how to love. The father!—he did not even dream of such wickedness. (If he had he could not have slept for at least six months)—the unpardonable wickedness of a daughter of his—his bright, beautiful Ysabel—the high born lady of Llenaro,—loving her father's page!—a nameless page!—and so he slept secure. The thought was too preposterous. And the Dona Ysabel loved. Love is all trustfulness, all watchfulness, all hopefulness. The page was handsome; the page was graceful, witty, accomplished. He was indeed an uncommon page;—and so thought the Dona's father,—and so thought her father's daughter. He could sing to the music of Ysabel's guitar, most divinely; he could dance, fence, was perfectly skilled in all horsemanship; moreover he was acquainted with all the then lore of bright Spain. He wrote poetry too; and sang the words of his own composing. In sooth he was a most marvellous page—a perfect paragon of a page;—and then his eye—why it was wilder than lightning shot from a midnight sky. The servants all feared and hated him. To Ysabel alone was he all that was gentle;—and to her father, for her sake. He was her teacher; her patient, faithful, untiring teacher.—They drank together at the pure well of learning—a well too often untasted in those days of fair Spain.

'Weep not sweetest; thy noble father would see thee wed with the Marquis of Talavera, and thou canst not love him. And it is for that thou weepest. Is it not so, sweet lady?'

'I was happy,' replied the sorrowing girl. 'I did not dream of love, or that I had a heart, I only felt that I was happy. And now—'

'And now, my gentle Ysabel?'

'And now,' said the Senorita, deeply blushing, 'now I feel I have no heart to give.'

Bless thee, dearest, for those words. Ysabel, hear me for I must speak. I love thee, Ysabel—I am other than I seem. I am no hireling—I am the heir to a noble house—One year ago, having heard so much of thy wondrous beauty—and full of curiosity and daring, I contrived to get admitted into this castle as thy father's page. To see, is to love thee—but to be near thee day after day—to read thy gentle thoughts—to gaze in thy liquid, truthful, soul-beaming eyes—to feel thy soft hand within my own. Ysabel, a being cut from granite to see thee thus could not help loving thee. I love *a soul*—a soul thou hast, sweet Ysabel—a reflecting, gentle, trustful, ardent, heartful soul. Ysabel, I love thee; wilt thou love me?'

'Jose, I will, I do love thee'—and the girl's eyes were soft as she rested them in his.

He took her hand—her little, warm, white hand, and covered it with kisses. Then drawing her gently towards him, he clasped her silently to his heart. She nestled like a bird in his bosom—and reasted her head there. At intervals a low sob swelled her little heart, like that of a wearied infant, worn out with much crying. At length her sighs came less and less frequent; and when the page bent over to gaze upon her face, she had sunk into a calm, gentle sleep. A bright tear still glistened on her silky lash—that long black fringe that reposed so quietly on her pale, fair cheek.

There is something inexpressibly touching in the quiet and calm repose of a beautiful girl. And when we feel that that youth and beauty is all we love on earth—that it is near us—nestling in sweet trust within our arms—our all—our own—life of our life—heart of our heart—soul of our soul—what other happiness can earth give more pure, more holy, more unalloyed?

The page Jose almost wished the Dona might never awake—but she did awake And when she did, she looked up in his eyes and smiled. There was everything in that smile, love, hope, faith, gentleness, truth, trust, joy. It was a droll smile too; there was archness in it—Jose never forgot that smile!—Strange, that an outward symbol of the inner world can express so much.

The page attempted to kiss the bright smile into his own heart—but the lady's mood had changed. Half ashamed, half in sport, she broke from him with a laugh—her own peculiar laugh—bird-like in its silvery clearness, and like a bird, as wild, and sweet,

'Sit down, dear Ysabel—I would talk with thee calmly—wilt thou be mine? Ysabel, I love thee. Oh! how I love thee. Naught on earth is half so dear as thou—life—ten thousand lives, were they mine, would I give for thy love. Wilt thou be mine? my own?'

The girl put both her little hands in his—that was her only answer. And then the drew her again to his heart and kissed her brow and lips. And then—and then—and then—why then, and there, right up before them—with curled lip, and cloudy brow—stood the castle's lord!—the proud hidalgo!—the Count Alcaros de Llenaro!—the Dona Ysabel's father!—the handsome page's master!

'Ha!' exclaimed he, 'is this the way ye obey my commands? Ah, I see! Thou'rt doing my bidding, sir page Hast thou won the selfwilled lady to think as I do! Away, girl!—Back, I say! Away with the, page!'

Pale, drooping, quailing beneath her father's angry glance, the gentle girl silently twined her arms around his frame, and strove to kiss away the angry spot upon his brow.

'Back! Judas! exclaimed he, pushing her rudely from him. 'When thou hast learned to do thy father's wishes, *then* will he except thy caresses.'

Frightened—crushed—she shrunk within herself, like the sensitive plant at some rude touch, nor dared to raise her gentle eye to the fire-darting ones of her angry sire.

And the page?

The father glanced from the drooping form of his daughter to the unbending one of the presumptuous lover.

'And so, sir menial, thou art aspiring—we like ambition. Thou thinkest to love my daughter—the daughter of the noble house of Llenaro—good!'

'Count of Llenaro—here me. I ask of thee thy daughter. My house, proud lord, is full as noble as thine own—pehaps more ancient. I am no page—I am the only son of——'

'I will not even hear who thou art—wert thou the monarch of the universe, thou shouldst not wed my daughter. I have sworn she shall become the bride of the Talavera—I never recall an oath.'

The group as they stood there would have made a picture for the pencil of a Salvator. The proud, determined figure of Llenaro, standing with his arms folded, looking lightning on the less proud form of the handsome page, as he stood in the glow of his young manhood's strength and beauty. Then the shrinking form of the Dona Ysabel—slightly leaning forward, with clasped hands—her head partly raised—the speechless, imploring agony of her lovely face

The room contributed not a little to the scene—all around was purely, beautifully feminine. The low damask ottomans—the bright eyed birds in their glittering gold cages—the rich, mellow paintings hanging around the room. Among them was her own soft eyed mother. The sweet, dreamy eyes of the Italian seemed to look down on the father of her daughter reproachfully for his harshness to that daughter. The parting beams of the sun, as he bade adieu to his love the fair earth, streamed in the room, gilding with their warm glow the expressive faces of the three. A ray more softened fell on the calm, angel face of the wife,—the mother.

'Alcaros de Llenaro, I entreat thee to me On my knees I supplicate thee to give me thy daughter. Doom her not to misery. She loves me. Think upon the childe's mother—on the love vows given and taken before the child was born. When she—the mother, the wife, was all in all to thee. Thou *didst* love once, and she thou didst love, was the mother of the child thou'rt dooming to wretchedness—and now that mother looks down upon thee, imploring happiness on her child'

Alcaros glanced at the immage of his wife. He fancied, as the warm, red sunlight upon it, the gentle eyes looked a reproachful gaze on him. He was not a hard-hearted man. Pride was his ruling passion. False pride it might have been; wheter false or true, it fastened on him then, driving back the kindlier feelings the memory of his wife had roused within him. He checked the tear before it came to his eyes, and putting on a heavy frown—

'Rise, sir minion,' said he, 'I have told thee my daughter shall wed the Talavera—*and she shall!*'

'*Never!* as I live, never!' said the girl. 'Never shall a Llenare become the bride of the man she cannot love!'—never!'

The lady looked her father's child—as though she had born to be obeyed. The softness of the mother had gone. Her slight, round figure, straight as a young Indian's, had risen to its full height. Her eyes dilated—those eyes, where shone her soul—those warm, black eyes, whose every glance kept time to the throbbings of her impulsive heart.

(To be continued.)

Improved Husbandry—The vast improvements of Agricultural Products—in roots, grain, fruit, and live stock—show what may be done by judicious cultivation. It should be the aim of every farmer to secure the best that can be raised. The comforts of his family, and the pecuniary profits would thus be alike promoted. "A little farm well cultivated," is more pleasant and profitable than great deserts of land overgrown with mullins and thistles Thousands of farmers who now scarce can "make both ends meet" on a hundred acre farm, might realize double the income and tenfold comfort from fifty well cultivated acres.

'First class in grammar,' said the country pedagogue, 'come out and recite.' 'Bobby, what is steam?' 'Boiling water, sir.' 'That's right; compare it.' 'Positive boil, comparative boiler, superlative, burst.' 'Very good; you'll learn to pass soon, you may take your seat.'

'If you beat me, I will call out the soldiers,' says the drum.

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