

The Standard

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THE STANDARD.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1846.

THE ELECTIONS.

We copy from the Head Quarters, the following remarks upon the close of the election in the County of Charlotte. The editor of that paper, has reported the defeat of the House, for several sessions. [From the Head Quarters Oct 21.]

The Elections throughout the Province are now closed and the successful candidates, with the exception of those for the County of Charlotte, officially declared. From the statement of the state of the Polls in that County, we regret to perceive that James Boyd, Esq. has lost his election. From the conduct of Mr. Boyd in the House of Assembly for the last few years, and from the experience which he had gained in Parliamentary affairs, we cannot help thinking that his loss will be severely felt by the County he represented, and his absence from the Assembly will be a loss to the Province. On matters of Revenue and Finance, Mr. Boyd's ability was often useful to the public at large. Geo. S. Hill, Esq., another of the former Representatives from Charlotte, has also lost his seat; he, too, is a public loss; for among all the advocates of liberal measures, in this Province, there are few to be found who have been more steadily consistent in their opinions, or who have more frequently and perseveringly urged them on the consideration of the House. We know nothing of the gentlemen who have been returned to fill the places of Mr. Boyd and Mr. Hill, but we are persuaded that if they do so well for their constituents, as the former members have done, the County of Charlotte will have no good reason to regret sending them to the Assembly.

NEW DESCRIPTION OF WHEAT.—We notice in the Canadian Agricultural Journal, an article giving a description of a new species of Wheat, discovered by a Gentleman residing in Canada, and termed by him, "Wild Goose Wheat," having been produced from grain found in the stomach of a wild goose, shot by an Indian at the Narrows of Lake Simcoe, in October, 1843. Samples of the wheat have been handed to several persons by the gentleman who first discovered it. The following is an extract from the article referred to:

"Judging from the season of the year when the bird was shot, there can be no doubt that it was flying to the South, and that consequently, the wheat upon which it had fed was picked up far north of the settlements of Lake Simcoe. From the history of the wheat we are convinced that it is a different species from any known in the old world, and may be indigenous to the North American Continent. From the great perfection and healthy appearance of this wheat, when growing in the Honourable Mr. Morris' garden, in Montreal, we are satisfied it can be propagated with great success, and we are almost certain it will be proof against the ravages of the fly, and will not be liable to the rust. If the grain should prove suitable for flour or bread, it will be a most fortunate circumstance, for this country, that such a species of wheat plant has been discovered. Mr. Morris has been so good as to send us a few ears, and we shall take particular care to give it a fair chance next year of producing largely. This accidental discovery may be of much more consequence to us than we can at present imagine, as careful cultivation may improve its quality, if improvement is necessary. A natural production, if capable of improvement, may be brought to much greater perfection than a foreign plant, because the climate and soil is sure to be suitable for it, having produced it naturally. This wheat was sown by Mr. Morris, on the 13th September last, so that it must be a fall wheat, and so much the better as it is proof against the rust, to which the ordinary wheat is so very liable. We wish it was in our power to state the opinion of a botanist respecting this plant, but we hope to be able to do so in our next. In this number, we give the report of an English horticulturalist of this hybridized wheat. The wild goose wheat may, perhaps, be crossed in the same way with some other wheat, and both wheats improved. The reported success of this mode of changing varieties of wheat is a great advantage, but we are not sufficiently acquainted with horticulture to be able to describe the exact process or mode adopted." *Canadian Agricultural Journal.*

Steamboat Explosion and Loss of Life.—From Quebec papers of the 17th instant, received by this morning's mail, we extract the following:

We regret to learn that the steamer Lord Sydenham burst her harbour boiler yesterday morning when about three miles above Nicolet, on her way up Montreal. Ten steerage passengers and three of the boat's crew were more or less scalded by the accident; the three latter were so severely injured that one has since died, and the other two are not expected to survive. The Rowland Hill,

which was following the Sydenham came up with her about twenty minutes after the accident occurred, and took off all her passengers and the mail, and proceeded with them. The Sydenham afterwards resumed her trip to Montreal with one boiler.—*Exchange Register.*

The Montreal Transcript of Saturday last says—From 15 to 25 passengers were more or less scalded. We are happy to find that only three, two men and a woman, were very severely injured, and those were taken to the General Hospital; but no fatal result is in any case anticipated.—The cause of the accident was the bursting of one of the induction pipes attached to the boiler. One of the engineers, who had been taken on shore at Sorel, has, we are sorry to say, since died.—The Lord Sydenham arrived at 4 P. M. She does not appear much damaged.

THE BRIDAL EVE.

One summer night, the blaze of many lights streaming from the windows of an old mansion flashed yonder among the rocks and woods, farched far over the dark waters of Lake Champlain.

In a quiet and comfortable chamber of that mansion, a party of British Officers, sitting around a table spread with wines and viands, discussed a topic of some interest, if it was not the most important in the world, while the tread of the dancers shook the floor of the adjoining room.

Yes, while all was gaiety, and dance and music in the largest hall of the old mansion, whose hundred lights glanced far over the waters of Champlain—here in this quiet room, with the cool evening breeze blowing in upon their faces through the opened window, here this party of British officers had assembled to discuss their wives and their favourite topic.

That topic was the comparative beauty of the woman of the world.

As for me, said a handsome young Ensign I will match the voluptuous forms and dark eyes of Italy against the beauties of all the world.

And I, said a bronzed old veteran, who had risen to a Colonelcy by his long service and hard fighting, and I have a pretty face of a daughter in England, whose blue eyes and flaxen hair would shame your tragic beauties of Italy into very ugliness.

I have served in India, as you all will know, said the Major, who sat next to the Ensign, and I will confess, that I never saw painting or statue much less living woman, half so lovely as some of those Hindu maidens; leading down with water-lilies in their hands; bending down by the light of candles, over the dark waves of the Gangetic.

And yet, half an hour from that time, he freely confessed the nature of that horrid picture which he had seen drawn upon that blank, white-curtained wall as if by some supernatural hand.

But now, with the wine cup in his hand he turned to one comrade to the other, uttering some forced jest, or looking towards the doorway, crowded by officers and ladies, he subtly invited them to share in this remarkable argument: Which were the most beautiful women in the world?

As he spoke, the hour struck.

A white-robed nun came there, and with it a footstep and a bold Indian form came rushing through the crowd of ladies thronging the doorway.

Suddenly, his arms folded on his war-blanket, a look of calm stoicism on his dusky brow, the Indian advanced along the room and stood at the head of the table. There was no lady with him.

Where is the fair girl? She who is to be the Bride-to-morrow? Perhaps the Indian has left her in the next room, or in one of the other halls of the old mansion; or perhaps—but the thought is a foolish one, she has refused to obey her lover's request, refused to come to meet him.

There was something awful in the deep silence that reigned throughout the room as the solitary Indian stood there, at the head of the table, gazing silently in the lover's face.

Where is she? at last gasped the Refugee. She has not refused to come? Tell me has any accident befallen her by the way. I know the forest is dark, and the wild path most difficult, tell me where is the lady for whom I sent you into the rebel lines.

For a moment, as the strange horror of that lover's face was before him, the Indian was silent. Then, as his answer seemed trembling on his lips, the ladies in yonder doorway the officers from the ball-room, and the party round the table, formed a group round the head of the table, his arms folded in his war-blanket—that young officer, half rising from his seat, his lips parted, his face a shy pale, his clenched hands resting on the dark mahogany of the table.

The Indian answered first by an action, then by a word.

First the action: Slowly drawing his right hand from his war-blanket, he held it in the light. That right hand clutched with blood-stained fingers, a bleeding scalp, and long and beautiful dark hair!

Then came the word: Young warrior sent the red man for the scalp of the pale faced squaw!—Here it is!

Yes, the rude savage had mistaken his message; instead of bringing the bride to her lover's arms, he had gone on his way determined to bring the scalp of the victim to the grasp of her pale faced enemy.

Not even a groan disturbed the deep silence of that dreadful moment. Look there! The lover rises, presses that long hair—so black, so glossy, so beautiful—to his heart, and then—as though a huge weight falling on his brain, had crushed him, fell with one dead sound on the hard floor!

He lay there—stiff, and pale, and cold—his clenched right hand still catching the scalp,

and the long dark hair falling in glossy tresses over the floor.

This was his bridal eve!

When that bridegroom, flung there upon the floor, with the bloody scalp, and long dark tresses in his hands; arose again to the terrible consciousness of life—these words trembled from his lips, in a faint and husky whisper.

Do you remember how, half an hour ago, I stood there—by the table—silent and pale and horror-struck—while you all started up round me, asking me what horrid sight I saw? Then, oh, then, if you do agree with me—as without a doubt you will—then you are to replace this gold with an hundred guineas of your own.

Agreed! It is a wager! chorused the Colonel and the two other officers.

Yes, and if you do not agree with me, this hundred guineas which I lay upon the table, shall serve our mess for wines for a month to come.—But if you do agree with me—as without a doubt you will—then you are to replace this gold with an hundred guineas of your own.

Agreed! It is a wager! chorused the Colonel and the two other officers.

And at that moment, while the doorway was thronged by fair ladies and gay officers, attracted from the next room by the debate, as that young Refugee stood with one hand resting upon the little pile of gold, his ruddy face grew suddenly pale as a shroud, his blue eyes dilated until they were each encircled by a line of white enamel, he remained standing there, as if frozen to stone.

Why, Captain, what is the matter, cried the Colonel, starting up in alarm; do you see a ghost, that you stand gazing there at the blank wall?

The other officers also started up in alarm, and asked the cause of his singular demeanour, but still, for the space of a minute or more, the Refugee stood there, more like a dead man, suddenly recalled to life, than a human being.

That moment past, he sat down with a cold shiver, made a strong effort as if to command his reason, and then gave utterance to a forced laugh.

Ha, ha! see how I've frightened you? he said; and then laughed that cold, unnatural, hollow laugh again.

And yet, half an hour from that time, he freely confessed the nature of that horrid picture which he had seen drawn upon that blank, white-curtained wall as if by some supernatural hand.

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POETRY.

From Jerrold's Magazine.
LOVE HER STILL.
Love her still!
She hath fallen very low,
Thou, who knewst her long ago,
Little, little canst thou see
Of her girlhood's purity;
But, though sin had left its trace
On her once sweet happy face,
And that innocent maiden brow
Droopeth in dark shadow now—
Though life's glory all had fled,
And life's shame is her's instead,
Love her still!

Love her!—let her feel your love—
Summer showers that fall above,
Fainting blossoms, leave with them
Freshen'd leaf, and straighten'd stem;
Sunshine of both gods again
Bloom, the bitter storm had ta'en;
And this human love of ours,
By the world's poor faded flowers,
May be found as dear a boon
As God's life-giving sun,
To restore their native hope,
And their native fragrance too,
Love her still!

Clasp round her, weep and pray—
Clasp her, lead her from the way,
She doth journey—tendly,
From the wrong and misery,
To the better path where peace
Waiteth her, with sweet release
From life's heart-ache;—so, once more
In her breast the hope of yore
May be lit—that blessed hope,
That with earthly less doth zope,
Earthly sin, and earthly shame,
Till all earth is but a name,
And the rescued soul is given
With its treasure unto heaven,
Oh! bethink you of the bliss
That will fill your hearts for this,
Loving friends, what time ye see
Shadow after shadow flee
From her pale, sad face—what time,
Searing in a thought-sublime,
Ye shall know the while we pray,
To His ANGELS, Godworth say,
LOVE HER STILL.

THE DEATH SONG OF MULLINS BRYAN.
Come on, you "narral Mingo!"
I'll make you walk your chinks—
D'ye think I care, by Jingo,
For all your tomahawks!
Miss sticks upon your brander!
Still higher if you can,
I'm more of salamander,
And less of mortal man;
You cannot shake my dander—
I'm iale American!

My father was from Boston,
My uncle was Judge Lynch,
So, darn you fire and rusting,
You'll never see me flinch.
Come, pile the faggots bigger!
It's seldom you will see
A fellow of my figure
A-standing at your tree—
Your darn'd 'tarnation nigger!
D'ye show your teeth at me!

'Sit up your bloody natu'
You'll find me very soon
Half horse, half alligator—
With a sprinkling of the 'coon
I've heard 'is 'hoar fashions
To look a little s'ry
So come, you black assassins,
And heap the faggots high
And—Burn your old moccasins,
You bloody imps, say I!

Five—Wednesday, about noon, the dwelling house situated on Jeffrey's Hill, known as the Allan Cottage, and occupied by Mrs. Elizabeth Holmes, took fire and burned to the ground. The furniture was saved, and other household effects, besides a pocket-book, containing what money she had, but which it is to be hoped will be returned to her.

To prevent Evil is to do Good.—A Roman genius discovered a terrible composition, ten times more destructive than gunpowder. He went to France in 1702, to divulge his secret to Louis XIV. This prince said the means of destruction in war, are already sufficient!

ALDBOROUGH

YS' PILLS,

BOROUGH CURED OF BRACH COMPLAINT, the Earl of Aldborough; born 21st February 1846. HOLLOWAY.

ances prevented the physician before this time for your Pills as you certainly of securing you, and, at the same time, have effected cure of a stomach, which will not be able to effect any of our family should you do so.

and Alldborough of the County of Aldborough.

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