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OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

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POETRY.

THE YOUNG STOCKBROKER'S BRIDE.

O! swiftly spead the gallant bark!
I say, you mind my luggage, porter!
I do not heed yon storm-cloud dark,
I go to wed old Jenkin's daughter,
I go to claim my own Mariar,
The fairest flower that bloons in Harwich;
My panting bosom is on fire,
And all is ready for the marriage.

Thus spoke young Mivins, as he stepped
On board the Firefly, Harwich packet.
The bell rung out, the paddles swept
Plish-plashing round with noisy racket.
The low'ring clouds young Mivins saw,
But fear, he felt, was only folly;
And so he smoked a fresh cigar,
Then fell to whistling, 'Nix my Dolly.'

The wind it roared, the packet's hulk
Rocked with a most unpleasant motion:
Young Mivins leant him o'er a bulk,
And poured his sorrow to the ocean.
Tints, blue and yellow, signs of wo,
Flushed, rainbow-like, his noble face in,
As suddenly he rushed below,
Crying, 'Stewart, steward, bring a basin!'

On sped the bark. The howling storm
The funnel's tapering smoke did blow far.
Unmoved young Mivins' lifeless form
Was stretched upon a hair-cloth sofar.
All night he moaned, the streamer groaned,
And he was hourly getting fainter,
When it came bump against the pier,
And there was fastened by the painter.

Young Mivins rose and blew his nose,
Caught wildly at his small portmanteau,
He was unfit to lie or sit,
And found it difficult to stand too.
He sought the deck, he sought the shore,
He sought the lady's house like winking,
And asked, low tapping at the door,
"Is this the house of Mr. Jenkin?"

A short man came. He told his name:
Mivins was short: he cut him shorter,
For, in a fury, he exclaimed,
"Are you the man as vants my darter?
Vot kimed on you last night, young squire?"
"It was the steamer, not arft scuttle her."
"Mayhap it vos; but our Mariar
Valked off last night with Bill, the butler.

"And so you've kimed a post too late."
"It was the packet, sir, miscarried."
"Vy, does you tink a gal can vait
As sets 'er 'art on being married?
Last night she vowed she'd be a bride,
And 'ave a spouse for viss or better;
So Bill struck in, the knot vos tied,
And now I vishes you may get her!"

Young Mivins turned him from the spot,
Bewildered with the dreadful stroke. Her
Perfidy came like a shot,—
He was a thunderstruck stockbroker.
"A curse on steam and steamers too!
By their delays I have been undone!"
He cried, as looking very blue,
He rode a bachelor to London.

—*From Bon Gautier's Book of Ballads.*

HAVANA CIGARS. A letter from the Havana informs us that the cultivation of tobacco is increasing immensely in Cuba, in consequence of the great demand for Havana cigars, whilst in many districts of the island the cultivation of coffee is on the decrease.—The system of traffic in tobacco is very loose and unsatisfactory, the commodity is chiefly brought to the city on horses, and there offered for sale on the so called "colzada," in eating houses and inns. The business is in the hands of certain speculators, who purchase the goods of the country people by anticipation, and the sale is then effected by small cigar manufacturers and brokers, to treat with whom the utmost caution is required. A rumour was recently set afloat that the governor wished to remedy the evil, and to erect a store magazine for the deposit of all tobacco destined for sale, arranged and classified by sworn brokers., but hitherto (July 10,) nothing has been done. The crop of this year is most prolific, but there is a prejudice against the quality in certain cases, as the buildings for dying, sorting and packing the tobacco were too small in proportion to the quantity, and the tobacco was brought to market in an immature state. Still the demand continues to exceed the supply by a great deal. The preparation of cigars occupies a great portion of the population; with the increasing consumption, the exportation to all parts of the world continually augments; in proof we shall merely observe, that the French *regie* has found itself compelled to conclude a new contract for 40,000 boxes of cigars a year, whilst the preceding one for 80,000 remains still in force. (Lon. pap.

NEW AND VALUABLE DISCOVERY. We noticed yesterday the discovery of a new preparation by Dr. Morton, which is intended to alleviate the sufferings of those who are forced to undergo painful operations in surgery and dentistry, as well as to facilitate the work of operators. The effect of this new discovery is to throw the patient into a state of insensibility, and while unconscious any operation can be performed without occasioning pain. We are told by a gentleman of the highest respectability, that he witnessed an experiment of the use of this most extraordinary discovery at the rooms of Dr. Morton one evening this week. An ulcerated tooth was extracted from the mouth of an individual without giving him the slightest pain.—He was put into a kind of sleep, by inhaling a portion of this preparation, the effects of which lasted for about three quarters of a minute, just long enough to extract the tooth. This discovery is destined to make a great revolution in the arts of surgery and surgical dentistry.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN EGYPT. Through the London correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, we gain the following interesting information relating to the dawn of true Christianity in the land of the Pharohs:—

Among the wonders of modern Egypt,—that to a contemplative mind, though utterly opposite in their nature and character, outvie these stupendous works of the olden time—wonders, too, which all owe their creation to the old man, himself the greatest wonder of them all, Mehemet Ali—among them may be named a splendid Protestant Christian Church, now in progress of erection, in the most splendid portion of the Frank quarter of Alexandria. The following is the enumeration of Europeans whose fixed or occasional residence made such a structure necessary: In 1845, permanent residents, 167; travellers in transit, 2,200; ship's crews, 2007; tourists, 166; total 6,050. For these it was proposed to erect a very humble structure, and the British Resident (Col. Campbell) mentioned the matter to Mehemet Ali. He at once gave a plot of ground on the south side of the Great Square, intimating his wish that the building should correspond in size and magnificence with the other buildings in the neighborhood. By an act of Parliament, where British subjects abroad raise one half of the support of a clergyman, the government may contribute the same amount, and the clergyman may be Episcopalian or Presbyterian, according to the majority of those for whom the Church is intended. In this case, the majority being Episcopalians, the clergyman was licensed by the Bishop of London. The building is dedicated to St. Mark, and is the first Christian edifice in that region in modern times.

Journey at the Public Expence.—John Kilburn, a person well known on the turf as a list-seller, was at a town in Bedfordshire, and according to a turf phrase, quite broke down; it was in harvest time, the week before Richmond races, near which place he was born; and to arrive there in time, he hit on the following expedient;—He applied to a blacksmith of his acquaintance, to stamp on a padlock the words of "Richmond jail," which, with the chain, was fixed to one of his legs, and he composedly went into a corn field to sleep. As he expected, he was soon apprehended, and taken before a magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two constables, to guard him in a carriage to Richmond, no time being to be lost, Kilburn, saying he had not been tried, and hoping they would not let him lie till another assize. The constables, on their arrival at the jail, accosted the keeper with, "Sir, do you know this man?" "Yes, very well: it is Kilburn; I have known him many years." "We suppose that he has broken out of your jail, as he has a chain and padlock on with your mark."—'A prisoner! I never heard of any harm of him in my life.' 'Nor,' says Kilburn, 'have these gentlemen, sir. They have been so good as to bring me out of Bedfordshire, and I will not give them further trouble. I have got the key of the padlock, and I'll not trouble them to unlock it; I thank them for their good usage." The distance he thus travelled was about one hundred and seventy miles.

Remarkable Death of an Animal.—A French paper records the death of a valuable tiger beloning to a menagerie, owing to a surgical operation. The creature had been well trained, and, as the 'magnificent royal tiger,' of the caravansary attracted much admiration. In consequence of the blows of a whip or stick received in its youth, it had near the jaw two wens of some size, which no one ever thought of removing, till a veterinary surgeon proposed to perform this perilous operation. The offer having been accepted by the proprietor of the menagerie, the tiger was securely fastened down by chains and ropes. The poor animal submitted to this unaccustomed manœuvre with much quietness; but on the operator entering the cage with his nife, and attempting to perform the operation, the tiger was seized with such extreme rage, that being unable to burst his bonds, congestion of the brain ensued and he expired in a few seconds. The town of Metz, France, purchased his remains for its cabinet of natural history.

Storms at Sea.—The following article called forth by the late terrific gale on the Atlantic is copied from the Brooklyn Advertiser, and takes a right and Christian view of such a remarkable dispensation. It is salutary for the mind sometimes, to be directed in other places than the pulpit, towards the reasons for various peculiar interpositions of Providence, and we have therefore transferred the article to our own columns, admiring the earnest spirit in which it is written—a spirit of belief, reliance and gratitude:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm." [Cowper.

Few if any, have read the account of the gale recently encountered by the Great Western, without experiencing a thrill of the most painful sort. It would seem to have been one of those occurrences that separates the extraordinary from the ordinary, as if to open a wider, and higher, and deeper expanse, for the developement of Almighty power.

I cannot help regarding that wild and fearful storm as the special agent of God sent to secure that *very provision* which dropt from it like ripe fruit, viz: the formation of a *nucleus* around which to collect a fund for the relief of those whose supporters shall be lost at sea. There is a world of humanity in this; and the wonder is that so many centuries should have passed, since the ocean has been the grave of so many of those who adventure upon it, without awakening in survivors a feeling to make provision for those who go down to the sea in ships and are lost there.

Much as the ship may have been damaged and heart rending as were the agonies of all on board, they fall short of the good that has come of both. How fearful, and wonderful, yet how full of mercy, are the ways of God; and how mysterious!

A friend sitting by me as I read the account of the gale, said that he and his family left Liverpool in the British Queen the same day on which the ill-fated President left New York; and encountered the same gale that sent that giant ship and her crew and passengers to their last retreat into the depths of the ocean. His description of that terrible gale lacked little if any of the thrilling touches that give to the recent one so much interest. The storm raged for *ten consecutive days*, and with a power that seemed to have lifted the sea from its bed, and thrown it in mountains above, and upon, and around the ship. Every billow seemed to have been commissioned as it came rolling on to the ship, to send her to the bottom. At one time the prependicular inclination was such as to render it impossible for any one to keep his footing, except he was supported. Ropes were made fast to various parts of the vessel; the masts, sides and gunwales to which the men would cling. At other times the sea, driven from its course, would strike the side of the ship, and roll her wheel-houses, first one and then the other, under the water. There seemed to be no hope but in the subsidence of the storm, when the voice became general to retire before it and return. The third day was now come, when such was the earnest entreaties of all, that the captain promised, if there should be no change for the better by the morning, he would make for Fayal. Meantime more than half the paddles had been broken from the wheels; the sails had been blown to ribbons—and it was very certain the coal could not last always. The time made, was not over twenty, and at most, over forty miles a day.

Yet in the midst of all this tumult without the mighty fabric of the engine kept at its duty. As my friend looked at the immense piston driving its way downwards, he could not help thinking that the giving way of a single pin, or screw, might make the way for its decent beyond the limits assigned to it, forcing the material beneath it through the ship. All hands put to work to repair the waste paddles, or to make a disposition of those that remained. This was done by furnishing each wheel with an alternate paddle, making on both wheels the compliment of one; and thus having provision for but little more than half speed of the ship. This work, and some others necessary repairs, had but just been finished, the last stroke struck, when the storm broke forth in all its fury, and with a wildness and power not less appalling than before—and so it kept on, without abatement, till the tenth day, when Halifax was reached, *just as the coal gave out!!*

Now, that sudden hush of the wind—that positive calm, as though no wind blew any where, was a mercy indeed. It ceased to blow just enough, and no longer, for the work to be done on the wheels, which if it had not been done—and it could not have reached Halifax for want of coal.

We read of the parting of the sea for the passage of Moses and his followers; and of its sudden coming together and drowing Pharaoh and his hosts—and miraculous as was that sublime exhibition of Godlike power, was it more so than this sudden stilling of the storm, and the keeping it still, just long enough for the repair of the wheels of the British Queen, without which there is little doubt her fate would have been sealed. And is there not the exhibition of the same power when three times the intrepid commander of the Great Western, in view of the rolling onward of mountain waves and their falling with all their weight and fury upon the ship, gave all up for lost, and yet those threatening and death pregnant billows bowed their towering peaks and fell and broke, not on, but against the side of the ship! How expressive is the language of the poet:

"He rides upon the stormy skies
And manages the seas."

Sudden Acquisition of Wealth.—The St. Louis Republican of the 12th ult. tells the following story of a fortune finder:

We derive the following fact from the memorandum of a gentleman of this city: During the present week, we were called upon by a plain looking old countryman, accompanied by a friend, to give them some information relative to what obstacles they might meet with in obtaining some money which had fallen due to one of them, recently, in England. Both were poorly dressed, the oldest one particularly, and they evidently, up to a recent date, were accustomed to earn their living by hard labor. On being told that all that would be requisite for the owner to do, on his arrival in England, to entitle him to receive his money, would be to prove his identity, a gleam of satisfaction was preceptible in their countenances, as if some great obstacle had been removed, which had hitherto checked their happiness. Their good humor was an invitation for us to express some curiosity as to the amount they expected to receive; and as we are all willing to relate to others that which appears to delight them, if the subject be gratifying for us to dwell upon, our visitors gave us, readily, the following facts relative to the older one present: Several years ago he left England, a poor farmer, and as such as labored in this country until now. The death of a relative in England had suddenly made him the rightful heir to £53,000 sterling, on deposit in the Bank of England. Besides this comfortable sum in ready cash, there is the family estate in Westmoreland, the mansion of which, alone, cost £25,000 sterling. It appears that only a few weeks since, the former possessor of this wealth was in perfect health a widower of about 45 years of age, looking forward to a long life, and perhaps a happy one, allied to one of England's daughters. He had been admonished, it is true, that death might reach him at that age, for he had already buried his wife and two children. Very soon he died, and without making a will. By the laws of England, an intestate's estate goes to the heirs at law, and the person before us being the oldest collateral heir in the defending line, the whole of this large estate, amounting to half a million of dollars, has fallen to him. Our visitor left us, much cheered with the information he had received. He will soon be on his way to England to take possession of what is, in this country, deemed a splendid fortune. Although a man of very simple habits and wants, he was already forming plans for the future. The estate he intended to distribute in England, to branches of the family; but the money he intends to bring to this country, and here to pass the remainder of his days. As some assurance of this, he leaves his wife and two children behind him, with the design of rejoining them as soon as possible.

The way to get on in the World.—To get on in the world, you must be content to be always stoping where you are; to advance, you must be stationary; to get up, you must keep down; following riches is like following wild geese, and you must crawl after both on your belly: the moment you pop up your head, off they go whistling before the wind, and you see no more of them. If you hav'nt the art of sticking, by nature, you must acquire it by art: put a couple of pounds of birdlime upon your office stool, and sit down on it; get a chain round your leg, and tie yourself to your counter like a pair of shop scissors; nail yourself up against the wall of your place of business like a weasel on a barn door, or the sign of the spread eagle; or what will do best of all, marry an honest poor girl without a penny, and my life for yours if you don't do business! Never mind what your relations say about genius, talent, learning, pushing enterprise, and such stuff; when they come advising you for your good, stick up to them for the loan of a sovereign, and if you ever see them on your side of the street again, skipper me and welcome! But to do any good, I tell you over and over again, you must be a sticker. You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ It is stated that a certain gentleman in a neighbouring County, who some time ago announced himself as a Candidate for the honour of M. P. P., on discovering lately that his friends had broken their faith, has contented himself with going the rounds, and giving a sound thrashing to each of the treacherous delinquents! What a capital fellow he would have been to represent the Milling interests!—*Reporter.*

To day, just as we were on our way to hear the Sheriff's announcement of the successful Candidates, the alarm of fire was given, and in a few moments the flames burst forth in a heavy volume from the house occupied by Mr. Wm. Armstrong, corner of Queen and Carleton streets, nearly opposite the Stone Barrcks. We regret to state that notwithstanding the most strenuous and noble exertions made jointly by the Military and Citizens the fire could not be subdued until it destroyed the premises in which it originated, and the adjoining house on Carleton Street occupied by Mr. Cushion and some soldiers' families. Providence favoured us at the time with just enough of rain to wet the roofs of the contiguous buildings; otherwise we believe no earthly power could have saved a great part of the most valuable part of the Town from destruction.—*Ib.*

Illusions often the Seed of Realities.—Chivalry, says Madame de Stael, is to modern what the heroic age was to ancient times; all the noble recollections of the nations of Europe are attached to it. And all the great periods of history, men have embraced some sort of enthusiastic sentiment as an universal principle of action. Enthusiasm, the presumed prompting of the God within us or above us, may be often mistaken in its object, but it is generally elevating in its result. Even the Crusades were productive of many beneficial consequences. The past golden age is a future one to moralists, as that of chivalry is to warriors and lovers. What signifies the question of fact? To believe in an ennobling illusion goes far towards converting it into reality, for all lofty retrospections and foreshadowing. The ever-existing tradition of a former Paradise on earth, is a presumption, if not a foundation, for its future existence. All ideal beauty, whether physical or moral, may be only a dim reminiscence of the native land of our first parents. The sculptures of Phidias, the tragedies of Sophocles, the doctrines of Plato, all the great works of Art, have derived their inspiration from the same source. To believe in a future Golden Age is to sculpture a moral Venus de Medici with the mind; and who shall deny that time, becoming its Pygmalion, may animate the beautiful image by the aid of Minerva?

Appearances after Death.—Lord Nugent on opening the coffin containing the body of John Hampden, found it perfect after a burial of twe hundred years; even his features were preserved.

When the body of General Wayne, which had been buried at Erie, Pa., in 1797, was disinterred forty years afterwards, the corpse had undergone so little change as to be recognized by those who were familiar with the General in his life time.

New Barge St John Packet, sailed from St John on the 10th ult. while lying to under close reefed maintopsail at 2 o'clock on the 19th was capsized. The crew lashed themselves to the side of the ship where they remained until 6 a.m. exposed to the fury of the waves, when the masts were carried away the ship righted full of water. The crew then got on deck, made signal of distress, at about 5 p. m., on the 29th the signal was noticed by the Am. ship Louisiana, of Bath, Me. (herself dismastad, and loss of sails) which vessel bore up to their assistance and about 1 o'clock that night, succeeded in rescuing the master and crew 15 in number of the St. John Packet, who lost every thing they had. They arrived at Bath on the 29th ult. and returned to St. John on the 3rd inst.

The Brig Cornelia from St. John for the Clyde, on the 19th fell over on her broadside, the boats were washed away and decks swept all the crew got on the vessels bottom, cut away the main rigging and the vessel righted.

To the Electors of the County of Charlotte

GENTLEMEN,—Until lately I had the intention of offering myself as a Candidate for the honor of Representing you in the General Assembly of this Province; but finding that another of my family, Dr. Thompson, was *certainly* coming forward, and my offering would, probably, have the effect of endangering the return of our late worthy Representative, Mr. Hill, whose long and faithful services in the House of Assembly entitle him to the esteem and confidence of his constituents, I deemed it expedient not to come forwards But should I live to another Election, it is my intention to tender you my services as a Representative in General Assembly.

I am Gentlemen,
Yours truly,
G. J. THOMSON.

St. Stephen, Oct. 5, 1846.

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