



OWAYS' PILLS.

MALBOROUGH CURED OF STOMACH COMPLAINT.

...circumstances prevented the...
...you before this time for...
...this opportunity of sending you...
...amount, and, at the same time...
...Pills have effected cure of a...
...stomach, which all the...
...the Faculty at home, and will...
...had not been able to effect...
...waters of Carlsbad and Ma...
...have another Box and a Pot to...
...case any of my family should

...and Medd...
...ALDBOROUGH...
...CURED OF STOMACH COMPLAINT...
...from Mr. Thomas Telford...
...Durham, 17th April, 1845...
...HOLLOWAY.

...my duty to inform you that...
...of your Pills and Ointment...
...such surprising benefit that...
...given them up, being...
...to attend to her household...
...which she never expected to do...
...at first, to state that she...
...Family are recovered, and her...
...in the morning it was a...
...in her bed, but in a...
...this cure is entirely to the

...THOMAS TAYLOR...
...GENTIAN AND GOSH...
...OF THE LIVER...
...of the Faculty, at...
...of the Faculty, at...
...of the Faculty, at...
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...my duty to inform you that...
...of which I purchased...
...of Newtown, have...
...and consanguinity...
...of the Faculty, at...
...of the Faculty, at...
...of the Faculty, at...
...of the Faculty, at...

...most delicate nerves...
...R. WYTHEN BAXTER...
...HMA AND SHORLINS...
...BREATH...
...of the Faculty, at...
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...I requested you to send...
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...AVID WILLIAMS...
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The British Magazines

FOR APRIL.

[From Chambers Miscellany.]

BRUNTFIELD.

A SCOTCH TRADITIONAL STORY.

Among the many family quarrels which arose out of the civil contentions in Scotland during the reign of Queen Mary, there was one of a melancholy and remarkable nature, which sprang up between Stephen Bruntfield of Craighouse, and Robert Moubray of Barnbougle. Bruntfield was an adherent of the Queen; Moubray attached himself to the more prosperous cause of the Regent Murray, who rewarded him with the gift of his deceased elder brother's estate, to the exclusion of his niece, Catherine Moubray. The cause of Moubray's enmity to Bruntfield is uncertain: it is only known that, having succeeded (December 1596) in taking Craighouse for the Regent, after a siege of two months, he barbarously slew its unfortunate proprietor while conducting him, under a promise of protection, to Edinburgh. The scene of this bloody deed is still pointed out at the upper part of a common in the southern environs of the city, called, from the circumstance, Bruntfield Links.

Bruntfield left a widow and three infant sons. His widow, the lady of Craighouse, had been an intimate of Queen Mary from her early years; was educated with her in France in the Catholic faith; and left her court to become the wife of Bruntfield. It was a time calculated to change the nature of women as well as of men. The severity with which her religion was treated in Scotland, the wrong of her royal mistress, and finally the murder of her husband, acting upon a mind naturally enthusiastic, all conspired to alter the character of Marie Carmichael, and substitute for the rosy hues of her early years the gloom of the sepulchre and the penitentiary. She continued, after the restoration of peace, to reside in the house of her late husband; but though it was within two miles of the city, she did not for many years reappear in public. With no society but that of her children and the persons necessary to attend upon them, she poured in secret over past events, seldom stirring from a particular apartment, which, in accordance with a fashion by no means uncommon, she had caused to be hung with black, and which was solely illuminated by a lamp. In the most rigorous observances of her faith she was assisted by a priest, whose occasional visits formed almost the only intercourse which she maintained with the external world.

One strong passion acquired a complete sway over the mind of the lady of Craighouse. Revenge—a passion which the practice of the age had invested with a conventional respectability, and which no kind of religious feeling then known was able either to check or soften. So entirely was she absorbed by this fatal passion that her very children ceased to have interest or merit in her eyes, except in so far as they appeared likely to be the means of gratifying it. One after another, as they reached the age of fourteen, she sent them to France, in order to be educated; but the accomplishment to which they were enjoined to direct their principal attention was that of martial exercises. The eldest, Stephen, returned at eighteen a strong and active youth, with a mind of little polish or literary information, but considered a perfect adept at sword-play. As his mother surveyed his noble form, a smile stole into the desert of her brow and faded fast, as a winter sunbeam wanders over a waste of snows. But it was a smile of more than motherly pride: she was estimating the power which that frame would have in contending with the murderous Moubray. She was not alone pleased with the handsome figure of her first-born child; but she thought with a fiercer and faster joy when she thought upon the appearance which it would make in the single combat against the slayer of his father. Young Bruntfield, who having been from his earliest years trained to the purpose now contemplated by his mother, received in the prospect, now lost no time in preparing before the king (James VI.) a charge of murder against the laird of Barnbougle, whom he at the same time challenged, according to a custom then not altogether obsolete, to prove his innocence in single combat. The king having granted the necessary license, the fight took place in the royal park, near the palace; and, to the surprise of all assembled, young Bruntfield fell under the powerful sword of his adversary.

The intelligence of this sad event was communicated to his mother at Craighouse, where she was found in her darkened chamber prostrate before an image of the Virgin. The priest, who had been commissioned to break the news, opened his discourse in a tone intended to prepare her for the worst; but she cut him short at the very commencement with a frantic exclamation:—"I know what you would tell—the murderer's sword has prevailed, and there are now but two instead of three, to redress their father's wrong!" The melancholy incident, after

the first burst of feeling, seemed only to have concentrated and increased that passion by which she had been engrossed, for she appeared to feel that the death of her eldest son only formed an addition to that debt which it was the sole object of her existence to see discharged. "Roger," she said, "will have the death of his brother as well as that of his father to avenge. Animated by such a double object, his arm can hardly fail to be successful."

Roger returned about two years after, a still handsomer, more athletic, and more accomplished youth than his brother. Instead of being daunted by the fate of Stephen, he burned the more eagerly to wipe out the injuries of his house with the blood of Moubray. On his application for a licence being presented to the court, it was objected by the Crown lawyers that the case had been already closed by *mal fortune* of the former challenger. But while this was the subject of their deliberation, the applicant caused so much annoyance and fear in the court circle by the threats which he gave out against the enemy of his house, that the king, whose inability to procure respect either for himself or the law is well known, thought it best to decide in favour of his claim. Roger Bruntfield, therefore, was permitted to fight in barracks with Moubray; but the same fortune attended him as that which had already deprived the widow of her first child. Slipping his foot in the midst of the combat, he reeled to the ground, embarrassed by his cumbersome armour. Moubray, according to the practice of the age, immediately sprang upon and despatched him. "Heaven's will be done!" said the widow, when she heard of the fatal incident; "but, thank God! there still remains another chance."

Henry Bruntfield, the third and last surviving son, had all along been the favourite of his mother. Though apparently cast in a softer mould than his two elder brothers, and bearing all the marks of a gentler and more amiable disposition, he in reality cherished the hope of avenging his father's death more deeply in the recesses of his heart, and longed more ardently to accomplish that deed than any of his brothers. His mind, naturally susceptible of the softest and tenderest impressions, had contracted the enthusiasm of his mother's wish in its strongest shape; as the fairest garments are capable of the deepest stain. The intelligence, which reached him in France, of the death of his brothers, instead of bringing to his heart the alarm and horror which might have been expected, only braced him to the adventure which he now knew to be before him. From this period he forsook the elegant learning which he had heretofore delighted to cultivate. His nights were spent in poring over the memoirs of distinguished knights—his days were consumed in the tilt-yard of the sword player. In due time he entered the French army, in order to add to mere science that practical hardihood, the want of which he conceived to be the cause of the death of his brothers. Though the sun of chivalry was now declining, it was not altogether set; Montmorency was but lately dead; Bayard was still alive—Bayard, the knight of all others who has merited the motto, "sans peur et sans reproche." Of the lives and actions of such men Henry Bruntfield was devout admirer and imitator. No young knight kept a firmer seat upon his horse—none complained less of the severities of campaigning—none cherished lady's love with a fonder, purer, or more devout sensation. On the first being introduced into the court of Henry III, he had signalled, as a matter of course, Catherine Moubray, the disinherited niece of his father's murderer, who had been educated in a French convent by her own relatives, and was now provided for in the household of the queen. The conception of this young lady, with the tale of her own family, and the circumstance of her being a sufferer in common with himself by the wickedness of one individual would have been enough to have created a deep interest respecting her in his breast. But when in addition to these circumstances, we consider that she was beautiful, highly accomplished, and in many other respects qualified to engage his affections, we can scarcely be surprised that that was the result of their acquaintance. Upon one point alone did these two interesting persons ever think differently. Catherine though inspired by her friends from infancy with an entire hatred of her cruel relative, contemplated, with fear and aversion, the prospect of her lover being placed in deadly combat, and did all in her power to dissuade him from his purpose.

Love, however, was of little avail against the still more deeply rooted passion which had previously occupied his breast. Flowers thrown upon a river might have been as effectual in staying its course towards the cataract, as the gentle entreaties of Catherine Moubray in withholding Henry Bruntfield from the enterprise for which his mother had reared him—for which his brothers had died—for which he had all along moored and breathed.

At length, accomplished with all the skill

which could then be acquired in arms, glowing with all the earnest feelings of youth, Henry returned to Scotland. On reaching his mother's dwelling, she clasped him, in a transport of varied feelings, to her breast, and for long time could only gaze upon his elegant person. "My last and dearest," she at length said; and then too art to be adventured upon this perilous course! Much have I bethought me of the purpose which now remains to be accomplished. I have not been without a sense of dread lest I be only doing that which is to sink my soul in flames at the day of reckoning; but yet there has been that which comforts me also. Only yesterday I dreamed that your father appeared before me. In his hand he held three goodly sheaves—at a distance appeared the fierce and sanguinary Moubray. He desired me to shoot the arrows at that arch traitor, and I gladly obeyed. A first and a second he caught in his hand, broke, and trampled on with contempt. But the third shaft, which was the fairest and goodliest of all, pierced his guilty bosom, and he immediately expired. The reverend shade of this gave me an encouraging smile, and withdrew. My Henry, thou art that third arrow which is at length to avail against the shoulder of our blood. The dream seems a revelation, given especially that I may have comfort in this enterprise, otherwise so revolting to a mother's feelings.

Young Bruntfield saw that his mother's wishes had only imposed upon her reason; but he made no attempt to break the charm by which she was actuated. Being glad, upon any terms, to obtain her sanction for that adventure to which he was himself impelled by feelings considerably different. He therefore began, in the most deliberate manner, to take measures for bringing on the combat with Moubray. The same legal objections which had stood against the second duel were maintained against the third; but public feeling was too favourable to the object to be easily withstood. The laird of Barnbougle, though somewhat past the bloom of life, was still a powerful and active man, and, instead of expressing any fear to meet this third and more redoubtable warrior, rather longed for combat which promised, if successful, to make him one of the most renowned swordsmen of his time. He had also heard of the attachment which subsisted between Bruntfield and his niece; and, in the contemplation of an alliance which might give some force to the claims of that lady upon his estate, found a deeper and more selfish reason for accepting the challenge of his youthful enemy. King James himself protested against stretching the law as to duelling so far; but, sensible that there would be no peace between either the parties or their adherents till it should be decided in a fair combat, he was fain to grant the required license.

The fight was appointed to take place on Cranston Inch, a low grassy island in the Firth or Forth, opposite the castle of Barnbougle. All the preparations were made in the most approved manner by the young Duke of Lennox, who had been the friend of Bruntfield in France. On a level spot, close to the northern beach of the inlet, a space was marked off, and strongly secured by a paling. The spectators, who were almost exclusively gentlemen, sat upon a rising ground beside the enclosure, while the space towards the sea was quite clear. At One end, surrounded by his friends, stood the laird of Barnbougle, a huge and ungainly figure, whose features displayed a mixture of ferocity and hypocrisy in the highest degree unappealing. At the other, also attended by a host of family allies and friends, stood the gallant Henry Bruntfield, who, if divested of his armour, might have realized the idea of a winged Mercury. A seat was erected close beside the barriers for the Duke of Lennox and other corners, who were to act as judges; and a little distance upon the sea lay a small decked vessel, with a single female figure on board. After all the proper ceremonies which attended this strange legal custom had been gone through, the combatants advanced into the centre, and planting foot to foot, each with his heavy sword in his hand, awaited the command which should let them loose against each other, in a combat which both knew would only be closed with the death of one or the other.

The word being given, the fight commenced. Moubray, almost at the first pass, gave his adversary a cut in the right limb, from which the blood was seen to flow profusely. But Bruntfield was enabled, by this misadventure, to perceive the trick upon which his antagonist chiefly depended, and by taking care to avoid it, put Moubray to his mettle. The fight then proceeded for a few minutes without either gaining the least advantage over the other. Moubray was able to defend himself pretty successfully from the cuts and thrusts of his antagonist, but he could make no impression in return. The question then became one of time. It was evident that no lucky stroke should take effect before hand, he who first became fatigued with the exertion would be the victim. Moubray felt this advantage as the elder and bulkier man,

and began to fight most desperately and with less caution. One tremendous blow, for which he seemed to have gathered his last strength, took effect upon Bruntfield, and brought him upon his knee in a half-stupor state; but the elder combatant had no strength to follow up the effort. He reeled towards his youthful and sinking enemy, and stood for a few moments over him vainly endeavouring to raise his weapon for another and final blow. Ere he could accomplish his wish, Bruntfield recovered sufficient strength to draw his dagger, and stab beneath the breastplate his exhausted foe.

The murderer of his race instantly lay dead beside him, and a shout of joy from the spectators hailed him as the victor. At the same instant a scream of more than earthly note arose from the vessel anchored near the island; a lady descended from its side into a boat, and rowing to the land, rushed up to the bloody scene, where she fell upon the neck of the conqueror, and pressed him with the most frantic eagerness to her bosom. The widow of Stephen Bruntfield at length found the yearnings of twenty years fulfilled—she saw the murderer of her husband, the slayer of two sons, dead on the sword before her, while there still survived to her as noble a child as ever blest a mother's arms. But the recollection of feeling produced by the event was too much for her strength; or rather Providence, in its righteous judgment, had resolved that so unholily a sentiment, as that of revenge should not be too signally gratified. Overcome by her feelings, she almost immediately expired in the arms of her son.

The rest of the tale of Bruntfield may be easily told. After a decent interval, the young laird of Craighouse married Catherine Moubray; and as the king saw it right to restore that young lady to a property originally forfeited for service to his mother, the happiness of the parties might be considered as complete. A long life of prosperity and peace was granted to them; and at their death they had the satisfaction of enjoying that greatest of all earthly blessings, the love and respect of a numerous and virtuous family.

Agricultural.

From the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.

How to Raise Good Seed Potatoes.—It is a well ascertained fact, that potatoes grown on highly cultivated land for a number years, without change of seed, became weaker each successive year, and, if continued, would probably become at last quite unproductive; hence the necessity and advantage of change of seed from moorland, or rather land recently brought into cultivation, and new to the growth of the potato. Farmers in districts long cultivated, proceeding on this principle for more than twenty years, required only to get a few bolls of potatoes grown on such land for seed, with which to raise on their own farms seed for this succeeding year; and from the then comparatively small quantity required there was no difficulty in procuring the necessary change. Now, however, it is very different—farmers have to bring their whole seed each year from such land, and the demand for it is, therefore, now so much increased, and the growing of it has become so profitable, that instead of being raised on new land, it is produced where the soil, by the progress of improvement in husbandry, has fast become highly cultivated as early districts; and it must, therefore be obvious to the practical farmer, that potatoe grown on such soil, which though new twenty years ago, being not so new, will be generally deteriorated, as seed, and more fit as an article of food. This circumstance, I consider, satisfactory explains the cause of the failure in one field and the success in another, as plants, from such seed as has had its productive powers weakened by being repeatedly grown on improved land, are more liable to injury during all the stages of its growth than those from seed grown only on new land. Farther, I think this circumstance, considered in connection with the state of the weather throughout this season, may explain the recent more general failure. The continued damp dull weather continued during a large portion of summer was succeeded by clear sunshine and heat, and shortly after by cold and continued rains, all which, acting alternately on the refined and therefore weak seed, materially affected the functions of the stem, and brought on premature ripeness in the tuber, which was immediately followed by the disease or decay; for it is known that in these fields where the stem had strength to withstand the sudden and trying changes of the weather, and remained green and healthy till the usual period of lifting, the crop was comparatively unimpaired. The weakness of the seed, however, is, I think, to be attributed not so much to being raised on too highly cultivated land, as to the erroneous manner raising it. It is usual to plant potatoes four or five inches deep, and earth up the plants as they grow, to prevent the tubers being exposed to light and air. This process certainly improves the potatoe as an ar-

ticle of food but, according to my experience it weakens its productive powers too much to continue its species vigorously; and plants from seeds so grown are very susceptible of injury in unfavourable seasons or soils.

The remedy I venture to suggest is simple and practical and within the reach of almost every farmer, and of such a character that it may be easily tried to a greater or less extent according to circumstances. I propose that a portion of land most suitable to the raising of seed potatoes should be selected, and if it requires manure, let it be applied, and ploughed in during the autumn or winter months. In the spring, let the ground be wrought into a friable condition, and plant the seed the depth of two inches, but no more. During the summer, let the ground be kept loose and free of weeds, but do not earth up the plants, and in autumn lift the crop as soon as the show or stem begins to lose its greenness. By this method the crop will be as large as by the ordinary one; but what is of more importance, the germinating powers of the potatoe will be found greatly improved and invigorated; for the greater number of the potatoes, having grown above ground, will have the advantage of the light and air, to form and strengthen the "buds" or "eyes," and, therefore, will be much harder, and not so easily injured by either rain or frost as those grown in the ordinary way. This plan approximates in some respects to the state in which all tuberous plants grow naturally, and in questions of this kind it is both usual and wise to inquire how nature will find that, in natural plants, tubers are not buried four or five inches deep, and then have two or three more inches earth drawn over them as they grow; this is the work of art, and quite necessary in the case of the potatoe to make it fit for food, but highly injurious to it for seed, which I will further prove by the following account of my own experience:—

Before I adopted the above method, I had for several years, failures in my crops of early potatoes, more especially in the ashleaf kidney and the Adelphe early; but observing that such potatoes were accidentally grown above ground, exposed to the light and air, and well formed "buds" or "eyes," which were strong and vigorous I resolved to adopt the said method of growing my seed, and have done so for the last four years, and the result is, that my crops are considerably larger, and have no blanks.

Dandelions.—This excellent vegetable is almost altogether cultivated for the markets. One farmer from Dorchester told us this week, that he had over two hundred bushels of dandelions in ready for market, and was bringing into his stall about 30 bushels per day. They have been selling from 75 cents to 81 per bushel. [Boston paper.]

A Long Fast.—There is a man in Alexandria, Ls., who at the last accounts had for 30 days refused to permit an particle of food or a drop of stimulant to pass his lips. Water, and that in small quantities, was the only nourishment taken by him, and he still adhered with great pertinacity to the resolve at first expressed by him, not to seek or ask the benefit of medical aid. During the last few days his pulse has gradually declined in strength, and other marked symptoms presaged an approaching dissolution.

A Bull.—A Paris Journal states that a deputy condemned to death at Lyons, had attempted suicide, first by poison, and then by the knife; "but," adds the Editor, "medical assistance being obtained, he is now out of danger, and will undergo the sentence of the law!"

No Sunset.—There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where on the 21st of June the sun does not go down at all. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

A Diamond. The Dahlonaga Times, of the 23rd ult., says: We were shown on Tuesday last a diamond of the first water, about the size of a large pea, belonging to the Rev Pendleton Cherk, of Henry County. It was found at the Union Gold mines oct long since. Several others have been found at the same place, but not so large as the one shown us. This is a new discovery, and one that promises to open up to our State vast resources of wealth, as it will give a fresh impetus to the energies and enterprise of those engaged in digging from the bowels of the earth its hidden treasures.

Capital.—read this ye fair Spinners!—The Ladies of Louisiana have adopted a rule never to marry a man who owes an Editor more than one year's subscription.—Gives there would be a good many single in these "digges," upon this rule!