

The Standard.

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

No 67. SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1843. [Vol. 16]

POETRY.

[FOR THE STANDARD.]
THE YEAR'S DECLINE.

BY THE REV. M. A. WALLACE, S. E. C.

The year is old again,—and Nature seems
A scene of borrowing sights wide spread around:
There's sadness in the skies, the woods, the streams,
The dull blue ocean and the dusky ground.
Deep stillness reigns where many a joyous sound
Of life and mirth enliven'd the bright bow'rs,
The sun is cold—the earth is all uncrown'd—
Decay has withered up the glorious flow'rs,
And every charm is gone from this poor world of
ours!

Who can behold the scene that I survey,
And feel not sorrow for the bright and fair?
I never loved the dark, autumnal day,
With its sere foliage, and its branches bare.
Who hears its blasts along the cloudy air
But sighs for winds soft blowing from the west?
Those heavenly winds that all but banish care
And lull the tumults of the soul to rest,
And near persuade the heart that Man is sometimes
blest.

The swarms of Summer are around, as dying,
While dulcet breezes make a plaintive moan;
The leaves of Autumn are around us flying,
And beauty falleth from her flowery throne:
The free, glad birds that swept the sky are flown
Leaving the groves to silence, strange and deep,
And all are gone, and we are left alone
Midst shades that darken & midst blasts that sweep,
To gaze on scenes of woe which all gentle eyes must
weep.

Chill hours! chill hours! for all ye take away
What do ye bring to lighten up the gloom?
Ye have no charm—ye have no cheering ray,
And where ye light, alas! there is no bloom:
It seems ye are the messengers of doom
To leave no life, but scatter, vanquish all,
Then howl a song above the general tomb
As if ye revelled thro' a banquet hall,
And not along a waste where blight and shadows
fall.

Oh! desolate, dull earth! thou art bereft
Of all that did array thee,—and thou art
E'en now like to some lonely one when left
To the dread portion of a broken heart:
In looking on thee, we would almost start
Fear-stricken, from thy wretchedness, and cry
"When Summer fades, ah, may we, too, depart
And give earth's changes for a truer sky.
Where sadness may not come, where beauty may
not die."

Look out no more upon the landscape wide—
A blank is there—a melancholy void—
The flow'rs & fruits are gone—the Summer's pride,
And e'en the soft, green grass is all destroyed.
Like pleasures, glories, honors, once enjoyed
A joyless thought is all that's left us now:
"Till Hope, the Spirit—never unemployed,
Leaps forth anon, and cools the anxious brow,
With flow'rs from many a stalk, and leaves from
many a bough.

When life's young spring of bliss hath passed away,
And Autumn comes with all its dull decline,
When I shall stand and view the sad decay
O'er which no more my Summer suns shall shine
O may such hope, in that lone hour be mine,
To point to scenes where Autumn is unknown:
When "Truth, and Light, and fadeless bloom com-
bine."

To form the glories 'round some blissful throne,
When I shall change earth's lyres, for harps of
heavenly tone!
St. Andrews, 16th Nov. 1843.

Tho steamship Europa sailed from
New York on Wednesday last with 65 pas-
sengers for Liverpool and £679 in specie.

LAKE BAIKAL, SIBERIA.

An inland sea, 360 nautical miles in length,
and from 50 to 70 broad; and vexed by such
a storm, as render it dangerous for ves-
sels to carry top-sails. The most violent wind
that visits Lake Baikal, as it called, is the
north west which sweeps down from lofty
and rugged mountains, but squalls almost as
perilous are frequent from every point of the
compass, the waves in these inland waters
are often seven feet high. The avenue of the
Chinese trade is carried round the lake in zig-
zags over the mountains, but the safest traffic
is over the ice of the Baikal in winter. By
this route our author pursued his strangely
diversified journey. Thick mists says he, rose
like smoke over the water, and seemed to
float onward with the torrent while beyond it
we had the surface of the frozen lake glim-
mering in the distance. Listvenishnaya takes
its name from the splendid woods of larch
which extended over both sides of the spacious
valley. We continued our journey, by
moonlight, and came to a rugged projection
of the hills on our left, which formed a land-
mark between the Angara and the lake, and
then struck into a narrow tract, hemmed in
between its waters and the rocks which con-
fined them. The jagged and shattered out-
line of these gigantic heaps was sufficient
proof that the sandstone must have already
given place to another formation. An open
space now extended for some miles along
the shores of the Baikal, and after some time
we came upon a wide extent of ice which we
availed ourselves of, keeping close to the
shore till we arrived at the post house of
Baidinaya. At this point we turned off from
the western coast directly across the sea, till
we made Polesnoy, on the opposite side.
There was now snow upon the ice, so that
its surface shone like a polished mirror in
the moonlight. The horses that were put
under our sledges in Kachinada had to be held
on each side till the very moment of starting,
when they broke at once into full gallop,
when they kept up till we landed on the fur-
ther shore. We completed seven German
miles in two hours and a quarter, this is the
most extraordinary as well as the most speedy
stage upon any route in Russia. The smooth-
less of the way, however was hardly more in
our favour than the speed of the Buraet hor-
ses, which are supplied at the coast station.
The regular and steady trend of our horses
feet rang over the wide and lonely plain, in-
terrupted now and then by the creaking of
the sledges, as they yielded to the draught,
or by duller noise emitted from the ice un-
der the increasing severity of the frost.

SHEDIAC, Nov. 4.—The weather during
the past month, has been remarkably wet and
disagreeable, and quite unfavourable for fall
ploughing. On Friday last we were again
visited with one of these periodical storms, ge-
nerally felt here. During the night we had
a complete hurricane from the north. The
schooner Armada, McQuarrie, master, from
Charlottetown to Miramichi, laden with oats,
cattle, potatoes, &c., was driven in through
stress of weather, and came in contact with
the public wharf, when she sustained a slight
injury. The grain on board got completely
saturated, and had to be disposed of at pub-
lic auction, at a sacrifice to the owners. The
Packet Schooner Oregon, Walsh, master,
was driven ashore, and has not yet been got
off. The new wharf, erected by Mr. Mc-
Ghie, received considerable damage, as three
of the abutments were swept away. Several
fences were also laid prostrate, and vast quan-
tities of logs, timber, &c., were floated about
in various directions.

A western jury sitting on a trial for steal-
ing a jug of whiskey, rendered the following
verdict:—We the jury find the defendant
not guilty, and recommend him to mercy
—the sheriff to treat the jury—the attorney
to pay the costs, and the judge to fill the jug
which the defendant drank out of, and which
the jury had emptied during the trial.

THE ARCTIC VOYAGERS.

We have received from M. McPherson,
Esq., of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company's
service, a letter dated Portage La Roche, July
23, 1843.

The letter contains the following informa-
tion relative to Sir John Richardson, who, it
will be remembered, is seeking Sir John
Franklin by land, while Sir James Ross is
engaged in the same service by sea. The
last dates from Captain Ross are, by way of
England, to the 20th of July. At that day
he was in Davis's Straits, in lat. 69 N.

Mr. McPherson says:—
"I have great pleasure in informing you
that Sir John Richardson Dr. Rae, Mr. Bell,
and party, met us on the 11th of July, as far
advanced as Athabasca Lake. They appear-
ed in good health and spirits, and I should
suppose that Sir John would reach the coast
about the 27th or 28th of the same month.—
I have little doubt, however, that they will on
account of the lateness of the Spring in this
quarter, meet with considerable detention from
ice."

The latest news from Peel's River brings
reports that the Indians who frequent the
coast had met with Esquimaux, who showed
them files and knives, which they said they
had received from whites in very large can-
oes, to the eastward of the McKenzie. In-
dian rumours are so problematical that it is
utterly impossible to vouch for their accu-
racy; but, at the same time, it is not improba-
ble that such should have happened.

We have further advices by other channels
from the far West, and regret to learn that
the Hudson's Bay Company's bark 'Vancouver'
was wrecked on the bar of the Columbia
River, on the 7th May last; and that her va-
luable cargo, consisting of English manufac-
tures, was lost. It is satisfactory however, to
know that the crew and passengers were all
saved; and that the ship and cargo were cov-
ered by insurance."

The same account of the Esquimaux report,
we perceive, has been given to the Admiralty,
in London, by Mr. McPherson, in a let-
ter dated March 1. The London Athenaeum
makes the following remarks upon it:—

Presuming that the boats or ships seen
were those of Franklin's expedition, their
position even East of the Mackenzie, is good
as regards success, and better still as re-
spects safety, since they must have been very
near the coast. It has been ascertained that
open water exists during the summer, from
Mackenzie River to Behring Straits, and we
therefore, dare venture to hope that the ex-
pedition may have yet effected the long de-
sired Northwest passage this Summer, and the
gallant party may be even at this moment
approaching our shores. The anxiety res-
pecting the lost party had grown finally to
be very great, and the public will cling e-
agerly to the hope so suddenly presented. A
very short time must test its value.

A NEW CHANNEL AT THE WEST END OF
THE ISLAND OF BERMUDA, has been recently
discovered. It bears directly west from
Somerset, and is said to be preferable to the
Hogfish cut. It has been examined by the
governor and suite, and was found to have
16½ feet of water at its shallowest parts, half
an hour after ebb. It is represented as avail-
able when the winds are adverse to vessels
entering the other passages at the west end.
A subscription list has been opened for Mr.
Wm. Knight, a branch pilot, for his discovery
of this passage.

HAYDN.—The poet Corpani once asked his
friend Haydn

"How it happened that his church music was
almost always of an animating, cheerful and even
gay description?"

To this Haydn's answer was
"I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to
the thoughts which I feel.—when I think upon God
my heart is as full of joy, that the notes dance and
leap as it were from my pen; and since God has
given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven
me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."