

WILKINSON



STANDARD

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE.

"THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER."

TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME I.

GODERICH, HURON DISTRICT, (C. W.) FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1848.

NUMBER 47.

1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND FOR SALE IN CANADA WEST.

THE CANADA COMPANY have for disposal, about 1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND dispersed throughout most of the Townships in Upper Canada—nearly 500,000 Acres are situated in the Huron Tract, well known as one of the most fertile parts of the Province—it has trebled its population in five years, and now contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants.

The LANDS are offered by way of LEASE, for Ten Years, or for Sale, CASH, DOWRY—the plan of one fifth Cash, and the balance in Installments being due away with.

The Rents payable first February each year, are about the Interest at Six Per Cent upon the price of the Land. Upon most of the Lots, when LEASED, NO MONEY IS REQUIRED DOWN—whilst upon the others, according to locality, one, two, or three years Rent, must be paid in advance—but these payments will free the Settler from further calls until 2nd, 3rd or 4th year of his term of Lease.

The right to PURCHASE the FREEDHOLD during the term, is secured to the Lessee at a fixed sum named in Lease, and an allowance is made according to anticipated payment.

Lists of Townships, and any further information can be obtained, by application, if by letter post-paid, at the COMPANY'S OFFICE, Toronto and Goderich; or R. HUDSALL, Esq., Sphello, Colborne District; Dr. A. L. G. Guelph, J. C. W. DALY, Esq., Stratford, Huron District.

Goderich, March 17, 1848. 7

MARBLE FACTORY SOUTH WATER ST., GALT.

D. H. McCULLOCH continues to manufacture HEADSTONES, MONUMENTS, OBELISKS, TOMB TOWNS, &c., in Marble and Freestone, as cheap as any in the Province, all work warranted to order, or no charge will be made. Pieces of Marble Headstones from 10 to 50 dollars; of Freestone from 6 to 30 dollars; Monuments &c., from 10 dollars upwards. Written communications addressed to the undersigned containing the inscriptions, and at what price, in Marble or Freestone, will be punctually attended to.

D. H. McCULLOCH, Galt, Nov. 8th, 1848. 42nd

REMOVAL. A HOPE.

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to return his sincere thanks to numerous friends and the public generally, for the liberal patronage heretofore received, and informs them that he has REMOVED his TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT from Light House street to East street, next door to James Bennett, Carpenter, and a few doors west of the Goderich Foundry, where all orders will be promptly executed; and customers may depend on having their garments made up in the most improved and fashionable style.

A full variety of the newest Fall and Winter FASHIONS for 1848-9 just received.

Goderich, Oct. 27, 1848. 39

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his Customers and the inhabitants of Stratford and vicinity, that he intends carrying on business on "A READY PAY SYSTEM." And that after the first day of January, 1849, he will give no credit. He will pay the highest price for produce of all kinds, Black Salts &c. He begs to return his sincere thanks to his Customers for their liberal Patronage, and hopes still to receive a share.

THOMAS M. DALY, Stratford Nov. 29th, 1848. 34th

DR. GEORGE HARVEY, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

HAVING practiced his profession for several years in the Province of Nova Scotia, takes leave respectfully to offer his professional services to the inhabitants of Goderich and its vicinity.

Residence in the cottage lately occupied by Mr. Montgomery.

Goderich, Nov. 16th, 1848. 42

VALUABLE LOT OF LAND FOR SALE.

LOT 8, Lake Shore, township of Ashfield, containing ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO ACRES.

Within two miles of the thriving Village of Port Albert, in which there is a Grist Mill, a Saw Mill, and an Oil Mill. The Lot is bounded the west by the Lake, and on the east by a cut road, and is well watered.

For particulars, apply—if by letter post paid—to DAVID CLARK, Esq., CLAREMONT, 14th Dec. 1848. 43rd

ALEXANDER WILKINSON, Provincial Land Surveyor, OFFICE AT GODERICH, HURON DISTRICT. Nov. 24, 1848. 48

Poetry.

TO MARGARET.

Oh Margaret! well I call to mind,
The night my wanderings were o'er;
Van'ed the ties of Love to bind,
The exile from his native shore;
And thy bright eyes with tears were wet,
My own kind hearted Margaret!

Oh, blissful time! Two fleeting years
I passed within thy southern bowers,
How brief, to-night, thy flight appears—
E'en as a quickly vanished hour;
We parted almost when we met,
My own true-hearted Margaret!

Those fleeting years! within thy home,
A Lover wooed a trusting maid,
Who might be stay his weeping roam
Beneath thy roof-tree's winning shade;
And for a time the past forgot,
With Love and Hope and gladness met.

Not vain to win the stranger's love,
Thou view'dst his conquest proudly;
To win a sister's fervent love,
Thou deem'dst wouldst lure her heart from thee;
And thus thou own'dst a fond regret,
My own dear, jealous, Margaret!

But time sped on, and thou didst see
Thy jealous fears of doubt depart,
Thy sisters' love gained from thee,
A sister's fond, confiding heart;
For this I bless thee, even yet,
My own frank hearted Margaret!

Oh Maggie! these were blessed days!
How blithe their peaceful hours went by!
Full of my want I-moody sighs
To linger "neath that pleasant sky;
And Memory's sun shall never set,
On those green pleasures, Margaret!

As I traced its green windings, a murmur of prayer.

With the hymn of the worshippers rose on the air,
And drawn by the links of its sweetness along,
I stood unmoved in the midst of the throng,
For a while my young spirit still wandered about
With the birds, and the winds, that were singing without;
But birds, waves and zephyrs, were quickly forgot,
In one angel-like being that brightened the spot.
In stature majestic, apart from the throng,
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song!
His cheeks pale with fever—the blue orb above
Lit up with the splendors of youth and of love,
Yet the heart-glowing rapture that beamed from those eyes,
Seemed saddened by sorrow, and chastened by sighs,
As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold
With its loves unrequited, its sorrows ungod.
Such language as his I may never recall,
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all;
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropp'd from his tongue.

Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole,
Enforced by each gesture it bled to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Saviour—what pictures he drew,
The scenes of His sufferings too clear to my view—
The cross, the rude cross, where he suffered and died—
The gush of bright crimson that flowed from His side;
The cup of His sorrow—the wormwood and gall;
The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall;
The garland of thorns—and the demon-like crew
Who knelt as they scoffed Him—"Hail, King of the Jews."

THE MODERN GYGES.

A TALE OF TRIALS.

"The boy shall be called Annibal!" exclaimed Walestein, a young painter resident in Nuremberg, as he snatched his sleeping first-born from the mother's arms, and strained him with rapturous delight to his bosom. "The infant, roused by this sudden change of position, opened a pair of large blue eyes upon the happy father, and screamed with terror in his vehement embrace. "Give me the boy, Walestein!" exclaimed the anxious mother, as she hastily extricated the frightened infant from her husband's arms. "You men are miserable nurses, and should never touch an infant under twelve months old." The little fellow nestled in her arms, reposed his cherub head upon her bosom, and in a few seconds was asleep again.

"But tell me, Walestein!" continued Amelia, "what in the name of wonder can prompt you to call this beautiful boy by such an ugly name as Annibal? Why, it is the name of our neighbor's bull-dog, and the first owner of it was that heathen Carthaginian who delighted in havoc and slaughter. I should never hear the name without a shudder, and I beg you will choose one more suitable for the child of Christian parents." For instance, one of the scriptural names, John, or Mark, or Luke.

"Like, say you?" exclaimed the painter; "impossible, Amelia! St. Luke is the patron saint of the sublime art of painting, and I should never hear the name without a shudder as I think of the painter's child after him would be almost as irreverent as to name him after the great founder of our faith. No, Amelia! these holy names will not become a painter's boy; he must be called after some one of the great Italian masters. The Annibal I mean is not the Carthaginian general, who, by the way, was a great man; but the famous painter Annibal Caracci—that great and glorious artist; who, in conjunction with his brothers, roused Italian art from the death-like torpor and darkness which had so long prevailed, and to whose admirable efforts we owe the revival of the Italian schools, and to whose admirable genius I am mainly indebted for my proficiency in art. I will nevertheless, to please your, abandon my intention of calling our first-born after him. What think you of Bartolomeo?"

"I prefer it to Annibal," said Amelia, "because it was the name of one of the holy apostles; but it is so long that every one would call the boy Bart. No, Walestein! he is a beautiful fellow, and I am determined that he shall have a beautiful name."

"Bartolomeo is a name implying that he is a good fellow, and I am determined that he shall have a beautiful name."

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