

# The Standard.

VOLUME 12

NUMBER 44

## OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

Price 12s 6d in Advance

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1845.

15s. at the end of the year

### From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine. "CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME."

All the world, in the village of Sturton-le-Speeple, had said so, before the time of old Dorothy Pycroft; but Dorothy did not join all the world in saying so. Sturton is a lonely little place, situated in the pleasant vale of Nottingham, and lying within a couple of miles of the Trent, and old Lincolnshire; and its church steeple forms a pretty object in the landscape which you view from the hills above Gainsboro'. Dorothy Pycroft, from the time that she was a child but the height of the table, went to Gainsboro'—market with butter, eggs, or poultry, as regularly as Tuesday returned in each week; for the heavy old dame used commonly to boast that she had never known what it was to have a day's illness in her life, although at the season we are beginning to gossip about, she was full three-score and ten. It was a sunny sight to see the dame going tripping over the charming tea which spreads its flowery riches from Sturton to Skeple to the banks of noble Trent, by four of the clock on a gay summer's morning, with the clean milking pail under her arm, that was bare to the elbow. You would have thought at a distance, she had been some blithe maiden, in her teens. And then the cheerful and clear tone in which she summoned her cows, calling to them as kindly as if they were her children—"Come, my pretty creatures!"—a call that was the signal for a treat of pleasing pastoral music to the enthusiastic early angler on the Trent; the rich, varied "low" of the cows,—also, tear, and bass,—answered that call, in cheerful echo across the stream; the angler's delighted ear caught a treble, heaved forward, from the main lark, to complete the "harmony"; and even the cackling of the geese, uttering their confused joy at the sound of the dame's voice, seemed to mingle no unpleasant "discord" with the natural chorus. By the time that her morning's milking was over, the spilt maidens of the village were only beginning to open their kitchen window shutters; and she usually passed about their sweethearts, on their way to the leaf, as she returned home, with the rich load upon her head, and her arms fixed as properly skimming as could be shown by the sprightliest lass that ever carried a milking-pail. Some little shame was commonly felt among the blunders as they passed the exemplary old woman,—but it did not result in their reformation. Old Farmer Mykles, who was always abroad at day-break, and usually chanted a few moments with the dame just at the point where the footpath crossed the brook, say over the leaf, often commented in no very measured terms on the decline of discipline among milk maids since the days when he was a lad.

"Ah, dame! he used to say, there have been some changes since you and I used to take a turn around the maypole; I'm sure the world gets lazier and lazier, every day."

"Why, you see, neighbour, fashions change, the old dame would reply,—for she ever loved to take the more charitable side of a question,—may be, things may change again, and folk may take to getting up earlier, after a few more years are over."

"I wish, I've little hope out, the old farmer would reply, and shake his head, and smile; but there's nobody like thee, Dolly, for taking the kindest side."

"Why, neighbour, I always think it the best, Dorothy would reply, with a benevolent smile; I never saw things grow better by harsh words and harsh thoughts, in my time."

And then the old farmer would smile again and say, Well, well, that's just like thee! God bless thee, Dolly, and good morning to thee! and away he would turn. Dorothy's head, and proceed on his usual morning's ride from field to field.

The work of her little dairy, added to the care of a humble household, composed of an infirm and helpless husband, and an equally infirm maiden sister,—with all and sundry, a stout house dog, two tabby cats, and a poultry yard,—usually occupied Dorothy Pycroft through the bustling forenoon of each day. And when there was no immediate call upon her skill and benevolence among sick neighbours,—for she was the cleverest herb woman in the village, and exercised her knowledge of the healing art without fee, or willing acceptance even of thanks,—she would sit in her polished high-backed chair, and work through the long afternoon at her spinning wheel, drawing her two infirm companions into a salubrious rest and forgetfulness with the humming in monotony of her labour, but revolving within her own mind many a useful and solemn thought, meanwhile.

Dorothy sat absorbed in this her favourite employ, one afternoon in autumn, when an itinerant pedlar made his customary call at the cottage door. The dame's mind was so deeply involved in the contrivance of one of her little plans of benevolence, that she did

not recognise the face of the traveller until he had addressed her twice.

"Any small wares for children? any needles, pins, or thimbles?" cried the pedlar, running through the list of his articles with the glibness of frequent repetition.

"No, Jonah; I want none, replied the dame kindly; but may be, you'll take a horn of beer, and a crumb or two of bread and cheese?"

The pedlar assented, well pleased; and lowered the pack from his shoulders, and set down the basket from his hand; next, seating himself in a chair without the ceremonial of asking, and in all the gladsome confidence of welcome.

"Thank you, thank you, dame, he said, and snatched his lips with pleasurable anticipation, as he took the horn of smiling beer and the piece of bread and cheese from the dame's hand."

"You're welcome, Jonah, replied the dame, heartily. Have you walked far to-day, and what luck have you had?"

"I've come twenty miles and have never taken a hand yet, dame, sulked Jonah, in a melancholy tone."

"So, poor heart! said Dorothy, very pitifully; I must buy a trailing dozen needles of thee, however, before thou goest. I fear times are hard, Jonah; I hear many a grievous complaint."

"Times are harder than ever I knew them to be, dame, I assure you, rejoined Jonah; and they that have a little money hold it fast. Some murmurings are made about this by poor folk; but I don't wonder at it, myself, concluded the worldly pedlar; for, in such sore times as these, there's no knowing what a body may come to want; and as the old saying goes, you know dame, 'Charity begins at home!'" and Jonah buried his nose in the ale-horn, thinking he had said something so wisely conclusive that it could not be contradicted.

"They say it was a parson who first used that saying, observed Dorothy glancing from her wheel, very keenly, towards the pedlar; but, for my part, Jonah, I am very far from thinking it such a saying as a parson ought to use."

"Say you, dame?" said Jonah, opening his eyes very wide.

"Did 'charity begin at home with their master?" said Dorothy, by way of explanation.

"Ah, dame! said the pedlar, quickly discerning Dorothy's meaning, I fear but few parsons think of imitating their Master, now-a-days!"

"That's more than I like to say, observed the gentle Dorothy; I think there is more good people in the world than some folk think for;—but I'm sure, Jonah, we all want a better understanding of our duty towards each other."

"Right, Dame Dorothy, right,—that's the best sort of religion; but there's the least of it in this world, rejoined the pedlar."

"Why, Jonah, continued the good dame, I think there might easily be a great deal more good in the world than there is. Every body ought to remember how many little kindnesses it is in their power to perform for others without any hurt to themselves."

"Yes, a sight of good might be done in that way, dame, observed the pedlar, beginning very much to admire Dorothy's remarks; and how much more happy the world would be then."

"Just so! exclaimed Dorothy,—her aged face beaming with benevolence,—that is the true way of making the world happy;—for all to be trying to do their fellow creatures some kindness. And then, you see, Jonah, when once the pleasure of this acting began to be felt, there would soon be a pretty general willingness to make greater efforts, and even sacrifices of self interest, as it is wrongfully called, in order to experience greater pleasure, and likewise to increase the world's happiness."

"Truly, dame, said the pedlar, you do me good to hear you talk. I'm but a poor scholar; yet I can tell, without book, that you must be right."

"But then, you see, Jonah, continued the dame, half unconscious of Jonah's last observation, if everybody were to say 'Charity begins at home,' this general happiness would never begin. I like best, Jonah, to think of the example of the Blessed Being who came into the world to do us all good. He came into the world to make the miserable and afflicted, and healing and blessing them. Charity did not begin at home with him, Jonah."

"The tears were now hastening down Jonah's rough cheeks. How forcible are lessons of goodness! how irresistibly the heart owns their power! Jonah could not support the conversation further. Dorothy's plain and unaffected remarks sunk deep into his bosom; and when he rose up and lucked on his back "once more and the aged dame gave him, handkerchief, or first money for the day by purchasing a few pins and needles, the poor pedlar bade her farewell in so sweet a tone that she felt more than common thankfulness for her kindness."

"Alas! this is a world where good impressions are, too often, speedily effaced by bad ones. Jonah called, next, at the gate of a wealthy squire, and with hat in hand, asked for leave to go up to the kitchen door to expose his wares to the servants. The squire refused; and when Jonah pleaded his poverty, and ventured to remonstrate, the squire frowningly threatened to set the dogs upon him. If he did not instantly decamp! Jonah turned away, and bitterly cursed the unfeeling heart of the rich man,—sawing, internally, that Dorothy Pycroft was only a dotting old fool,—for after all, Charity began at home."

Ferocely had the pedlar taken twenty steps from Dame Dorothy's cottage, ere the village clergyman knocked at her door. The dame knew the young parson, rap-rap rap! It was quick and consequential, and unlike the way of knocking at the door used by any one else in Sturton who thought it necessary to enter their neighbour's dwelling. Dame Dorothy ceased her spinning, and rose to open the door, courtesying with natural politeness, and inviting her visitor to be seated.

"Thank ye! said the parson, raising his brows superciliously, putting the hook-end of his hunting whip to his mouth, and striding about the floor in his spurred boots; sit you down, I beg, Dame Pycroft! sit you down—I'll not sit, thank ye!"

"I fear, sir, there is a great deal of suffering at present, said Dorothy, sitting down, and fixing her mild blue eyes upon the thoughtless young curate, and feeling too earnestly in love with goodness to lose any opportunity of recommending its glorious lessons."

"Oh!—suffering!—ay! observed the young clergyman in a tone that showed he did not know what it was to think seriously; you know there always was a difference between the rich and the poor."

"But, do you not think, sir, that the rich might lessen the difference between themselves and the poor, without injuring themselves?" asked Dorothy, in a tone of mild but firm expostulation.

"Why,—as to that,—I can't say, exactly, replied the parson, apparently brought to a halt in his thoughtlessness, and unable to extricate himself from the difficulty in which his ignorance placed him; I can't say, exactly, but, you know, Dame Pycroft, the old proverb holds good 'that Charity begins at home.'"

"I am grieved to hear you quote that proverb, sir, said Dorothy; I had just been exhorting my poor wife to show that saying was not a right one, in the hearing of poor Jonah the pedlar, before your reverence came in."

"Not a right saying, Dame Pycroft? Why, you know it is a very old established saying; and I think it a very shrewd one, rejoined the clergyman."

"But it is not so old as the New Testament, sir, replied Dorothy, with a winning smile, and as shrewd as it is, do you think, sir, it was ever acted upon by your Great Master?"

"The young clergyman took his hook whip from his mouth, laid it on the table, took out his pocket handkerchief and blushing up to the eyes, said down before he attempted an answer to the good old dame's meek, but powerful question."

"You will remember, Dame Dorothy, he said, at length, that the Saviour was in very different circumstances to all other human beings that ever lived."

"But you will remember, sir, rejoined Dorothy, in the same mildly pertinacious manner, that that blessed Being said to his disciples, 'I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you; if I have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet.'"

"Yes; that is very beautiful, said the young clergyman, feeling the irresistible force of goodness, and speaking as if he had never read the passage in the book, for himself, the Saviour's example is very beautiful."

"And does not your reverence perceive how easy and delightful it would be for every one to begin to follow it? I immediately rejoined Dorothy, taking advantage of the good impression which she saw, was being made on the young parson; how easily might all who have enough given even of their little superfluities; how easily might we all who do each other kindnesses which would cost us nothing! What solid pleasure this would bring back upon each of our hearts; and how surely it would lead us to make sacrifices in order to experience the richer pleasures of doing greater good! Oh, sir, concluded the good old creature with a tear that an angel might envy gliding down her aged and benevolent cheek, I cannot think that any one knows the secret of true happiness who practices the precept—'Charity begins at home.'"

"The young and inexperienced man gazed with a strange expression at his now and humble teacher. This was better preaching than he had ever heard or practised. His heart had been misled, but not thoroughly ruined, by a selfish and falsely styled 'respectable' education. He was too affected to prolong the conversation then; but he became from that time, a pupil at the feet of the aged Dorothy. His fine manners were laid aside. He became a real pastor. He

was from that day, more frequently in the cottages of the poor, twenty times over, than in the houses of the rich. He distributed of his substance to relieve the wants of others and lived himself upon little. He forgot bread, to preach goodness, and pity, and mercy, and love. His life was an embodiment of the virtues he inculcated. And when, in the course of five short years, he laid down his body to the grave,—a victim to the earnest conviction of his heart,—the Poor crowded around his hallowed resting place with streaming eyes, and loving, but afflictive hearts, wishing they might be where he was when they died, since they were sure his presence, they said, of itself would make a heaven!"

"The young clergyman interred Dorothy Pycroft but half a year before his own departure; and her last words were words of thankfulness that ever she had shown the young man the fallacy of the proverb—'Charity begins at home.'"

### From the Bristol Mercury

THE POTATO DISEASE.—The following correspondence has just taken place between Lord Portman, President of the Royal Agricultural Society, and William Herapath, Esq., the eminent analytical chemist of this City, in reference to seed potatoes for 1846.—His Lordship, in a subsequent letter requests that the correspondence may be made public, and it has been handed to us for that purpose. This object is of vital importance, and is worthy of the deepest attention.

Bryanston, Sept. 13, 1845.

"Sir,—I observe in the newspapers that you have directed your attention to the potato disease, and have advised as to the use of the starch, &c. As I am specially bound, during this year of my holding the office of President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, to promote inquiry, and to note my observations on subjects relative to the produce of the soil, I trouble you with this letter, and ask if any method has occurred to you by which the potato may be preserved from the disease, though in a field or garden which has been partially diseased, have, after being stored away, sound stems of the disease and have rotted off; and I fear that the greatest quantity of the potatoes will thus perish, and so continue the distress of the poor into another season. I have directed some potatoes to be stored in slaked lime, in the hope that it may preserve them, but have, of course, yet had no time to judge of the effect. I therefore ask for your opinion, as one of our most eminent chemists, upon this point, and would ask leave to make known your reply, if you are able to offer an opinion sufficiently explicit to be useful."

"I remain your obedient servant,  
Wm. Herapath, Esq." — PORTMAN.  
TO LORD PORTMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.  
Bristol, Sep. 17, 1845.

"My Lord,—In reply to your letter of the 13th inst., I must say that I do not think it would be either safe or prudent to depend upon the infected potatoes of the present season as seed for the next year; as, in all instances, I have found the diseased parts to exist when the potatoes are kept in a damp situation; I should therefore except that if any diseased seed was kept so dry as not to rot before setting time, yet upon being planted and left in the damp soil, the rotting process would then begin, and the hopes of the husbandman be disappointed. I have no doubt that some potatoes, apparently sound, have (as stated by your lordship) been found to be affected after storing away; but I do not consider this to have been an origination of it, but merely that which was noticed when dug has become apparent after storing. When a potato is first affected the diseased parts are scarcely visible, but upon keeping it in a dry place the spots soon become dark and consequently more apparent, but the spots do not extend; if however the tuber has been kept in a damp place, the spots not only extend rapidly over the surface, but penetrate into the interior, and in a short time it will be completely rotten. As far as the slaked lime, which you have used in your potato stores, has a tendency to prevent the tubers from touching each other, or by its power of absorbing water, of keeping them dry, it will answer a good end; but it must not be expected to have any chemical effect upon the diseased parts or their juices. Any thing which, like dry sand or sand, would prevent contact, would prevent the propagation from one tuber to another, and any substance capable of absorbing the moisture of the air in which the potato is stored, would prevent the extension of the disease in each diseased root.—Our best microscopists and cryptogamists are divided in opinion as to whether the cause of the calamity is a fungus or not. After all the examination I have given to the subject, and a careful review of all the evidence brought before me on the two sides, I believe that it is; and I am daily confirmed in the opinion originally expressed, that the only advantageous way of treating the diseased potatoes, is to obtain from

them, by rasping and washing, the starch which they contain—by which process all their nutriment can be retained; and if it is well dried it will keep for any length of time. The operations can be performed in the cottage or manufactory alike, as no apparatus beyond a rasp, (a nutmeg grater), a tub, and clean water, are required; and I have ascertained that however far the disease might have extended, even if the root is rotten, yet the starch can be separated, and in a state fit to be eaten, if it shall be well washed, as all the bad parts come away with the water, while the great weight of the starch carries it to the bottom of the vessel. If it is required that the fecula should have all the qualities of the best foreign arrow-root, it is only necessary to wash it last in water containing a little chloride, when it has unrivaled colour and quality, and this I can speak of practically, having made many tons of the article. I will only add, that an opinion has been circulated that the disease is owing to the introduction of guano as a manure; this I feel no hesitation in contradicting, as I have seen it in situations where no guano has been used, and where every other variety of manure has been resorted to.

"I am your lordship's most obedient servt.,

### "WILLIAM HERAPATH."

An Affectionate Spirit.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than one of these families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than to take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than to be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart?—Who would not rather bury his wife than to bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave, than to entomb his parental affection! Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and glowing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, love everybody and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic cultures, to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong—Religion is love; love to God; love to man.

Button Holes on both Sides.—A gentleman in Charleston, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a black fellow as an attendant who was a native of Africa, and never could be taught to hand things invariably to the left hand of the guests at the table. At length, his master thought of an infallible expedient to direct him, and as the coats were then worn in Charleston single breasted, in the present quaker fashion, he told Sambo always to hand the plate, &c., to the button-hole side. Unfortunately, however, for the poor negro, on the day after he had received his ingenious lesson, there was among the guests at dinner, a foreign gentleman with a double-breasted coat. Sambo was for awhile completely at a stand. He looked first at the outlandish make of the stranger's garment, he cast a despairing look at his master, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Button holes on both sides, massa," handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.

A Good Anecdote.—As the good Deacon A., on a cold morning in January, was riding by the house of his neighbour F., the latter was chopping wood and threshing his hands at his door. The usual salutations were exchanged, and the severity of the weather discussed, and the horse-man made demonstration of passing on, when his neighbour detained him with "Don't be in a hurry, Deacon; wouldn't you like a glass of good old Jamaica this cold morning?" "Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount, with all the deliberation becoming a deacon. "I don't care if I do." "Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, deacon," said the wag. "I merely asked for information; we haven't a drop of rum in the house."

Puzzle.—It is required to cut a plank, which is sixteen inches long and nine inches wide, once in two in such a manner that by placing the halves together they will exactly cover the surface of a square foot.

Conundrum.—Why is a stile saddle like a four quart bottle?