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ON SOWING OATS AND GRASS SEED.

When any new doctrine is promulgated, or any new theory advanced, every rational and thinking man will, before he is prepared to believe the first, wish to know what kind of evidence and how much of it can be produced in its support, before he is ready to give credence to it,—and of the latter he will wish to know whether the theory can be used in a practical matter to advantage, that he may not be liable to be deluded by any impostor who sees fit to practice his arts upon him: so the more evidence the writer on agriculture can produce in favor of any particular or favorite mode of operation, or method of improvement, the more weight it ought to have on the minds of others. It is true that evidence is little thought of at the present day, by many people who are better satisfied with bold and unauthorised assertions than all the evidence in the world; but we do not belong to that class of "true believers" of modern date, who prefer the doctrines of those who can create the most wonder while they feel under the least responsibility for what they assert. After three years experimenting, and endeavouring to discover the best way to produce hay on my farm, if I have made no new discoveries, I think I can furnish some evidence to the statements of what others have written before me. My former practice was, after preparing the ground by ploughing corn the first year on the turf, and the second year potatoes, which I have always found best to succeed corn in rotation, I waited in the spring of the third year till the ground was sufficiently dry to plough, after which I sowed my grass seed and oats, or other spring grain, and harrowed in the usual way. If the season proved a dry one, and my seed sown on dry ground, my grass was about certain to die before the succeeding winter because it had not sufficient time to root; if the season proved favourable, and the seed came up well, the spring grain, and especially oats, would shade and choke it out of existence: so that I was, one way or the other, almost certain of a failure in my expectations of future crops. As some farmers continue to sow oat and grass seed together to the present time, I, for one, would advise them to adopt the course which many are pursuing, of sowing their oats alone, and ploughing in the stubble after harvesting the crop, and sow their grass seed in August, or the March following, and I think they will succeed much more to their satisfaction. We are not generally aware of the loss we sustain in not having our grass seed come up well, or dying after it has come up; owing to this one circumstance, a farmer, my fall of an income, is liable to amount to pay all his taxes. I have seldom had good grass on any kind of land where I have sowed oats and grass seed together. Three years ago, from the necessity of the case, as I thought, I ploughed a piece of ground, after digging my potatoes in October or November, put on the manure, harrowed and fitted it for seed, which I sowed the next March on a light soil. A part of this ground was light sandy land and a part very wet and heavy, approaching to meadow or swamp, which would retard sowing seasonably in the spring; the result was, every seed I sowed appeared to come up, lived through the season, and after securing my other hay I had this winter, which was a fine crop of good fodder, and the ground has continued to do much better since than my fields, sown late in the spring. Since that I have continued the practice of sowing my grass seed in the same manner in March, with the same success. I have done sowing oats with my grass, and am compensated with a good crop of hay instead, which I think is full as valuable. The present season I had herds grass more than a yard high, which sprang from seed sown last March, and was estimated over two tons to the acre. I have repeatedly sown my grass seed, with in twenty years past, in August or September, where I have taken off a crop of rye or corn from land well manured, but by expectations were not realized: either the seed did not germinate, or the young grass perished in the winter. I much prefer sowing in March to these autumnal sowings. Clover sown in August, if it comes up, I believe seldom lives over winter. I have a high opinion of clover for horses and cows. A lady in Lowell told me that, on shifting the food of her cow from clover to other good hay, she immediately shrank nearly one half in her usual quantity milk: an observation which struck my mind forcibly. The first cow I ever wintered was fed entirely on clover; and in the spring followed she produced me the fattest calf and the greatest quantity of milk of any cow I ever owned. The present season, notwithstanding the severity of the drought, some of my most dry and stony land is now well covered with young and flourishing grass sprung from the seed sown last March. On the whole, I am decidedly in favor of the March sowing, in preference to the sowing at any other season of the year, on very dry and sandy, or on very wet land, for reasons which I have stated above.—Correspondent of Boston Cultivator.

Important Discovery in Medicine.—The Dublin Medical Press contains an interesting paper by Dr. Patterson, of Bathwick, on the discolouration of the skin from the internal use of nitrate of silver, and on the means of preventing and removing that effect. It is well known that nitrate of silver possesses great efficacy in the treatment of certain forms of epilepsy, and painful complaints of the stomach; but, from long use, it is liable to render the skin almost as black as that of the Negro—an effect which continues for life, and for which there was no means of prevention or cure. Consequently, it frequently occurred that a patient treated with nitrate of silver got rid of his disease at the expense of his beauty, and hence medical men have been prevented from employing this active remedy as extensively as they otherwise would. Dr. Patterson, by numerous and satisfactory experiments, has succeeded in discovering that combined iodine with the silver prevents the discolouration without impairing the medicinal powers of that metal, and that iodine will remove the discolouration where it has been already produced. This, we believe, is a matter of great importance to patients labouring under painful or spasmodic diseases.

Mechanism of the Human Foot.—There is nothing more beautiful than the structure of the human foot, nor perhaps any demonstration which would lead a well educated person to desire more of anatomy than that of the foot. The foot has in its structure, all the fine appliances that you see in a building. In the first place, there is an arch in whatever way you regard the foot; looking down upon it, we perceive several bones coming round from the astragals, and forming an entire circle of surfaces in the contract. If we look at the profile of the foot an arch is still manifest of which the posterior part is formed by the heel, and the anterior by the ball of the great toe; and in front we find in that direction a transverse arch: so that instead of standing as might be imagined, upon a solid bone, we stand upon an arch composed of a series of bones, which are united by the curious provisions for the elasticity of the foot, hence, when we jump from a height upon the heel, a severe shock is felt; not so if we alight on the ball of the toe, for there an elasticity is found in the whole foot, and the weight of the body is thrown upon the arch, and the shock avoided.—Sir C. Bell.

An Invisibly Companion.—A correspondent is the *Liverpool Albion* gives the following narration:—A young lady of fifteen, in good health, and with a mind by nature and education superior to her years, and a strength of reasoning superior to her imagination, without superstition and almost without fear, has recently been attended by an invisible being, whose footsteps she can distinctly hear not always, but occasionally, during her walks, where choes could arise, and frequently in the house, where she can plainly hear its steps ascend the stairs and come into the room, sometimes standing behind her, and often sighing, its breathings being as palpable as if the warm breath of a human being was uttering a similar exhalation. You will, no doubt, laugh at the simplicity of this relation, and say it is a childish story; but the honour and innocence of the heart of her of whom I speak, precludes the possibility of deception on her part, and from her great strength of mind I am sure she is not led away by idle fancies. She has frequently attempted to speak to this being, but a something, which she says is not fear, seems to choke her utterance. She, but more particularly her friends, have treated this subject with some ridicule; but a single corroboration of its unaccountable truth, has recently occurred, of which I have just been witness. A favourite cat, that is often in the habit of lying on her bed, seems frequently conscious of its presence, and this night I had an opportunity of seeing its strange probability. The good, the loved, the innocent, had just repeated her evening prayer, when the cat, that was lying on the bed, suddenly sprang up, as if some stranger had entered the room, and looking for a moment in a particular direction, jumped off and ran down stairs. The direction was the same towards which the young lady looked quietly saying, "I heard it come in, and it stood just there; for it seems to pass away on her speaking to her friends, or come and go of its own accord without any circumstance that can make or cause its unpleasant attendance. There is no possible inducement to cheat me, and I have none to delude you. The ridicule attached to such dreams, beyond philosophy, will force me to adopt a fictitious signature; all else is fact; and, though I am as great a sceptic as any man living, I cannot disbelieve what I have written, which I pray some of your occult readers to interpret."

THE SUN AND STARS REVEAL FOR PAST AND FUTURE.—Peak these during the summer and fall for winter. Take a stone cock or firkin, and put in a layer of salt, half an inch deep—insert your eggs, on the small end, and cover each layer of eggs with a layer of salt. If the eggs are fresh when

packed, and put into a cool, dry place, they will keep perfectly good until the following summer.—*American Agriculturist.*
We have never tried the above recipe. Perhaps we have not yet got the least mood of keeping eggs. Who can tell? [Ed.]

POETRY.

THE FALL OF THE OAK.

AN AUTUMN SCENE.
A glorious tree is the old gray oak,
He has stood for a thousand years,
He has stood and frown'd
On the woods around,
Like a king among his peers.
As round their king they stand, so now,
When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
The tall trees him stand round arrayed,
In their robes of purple and gold.
The autumn sun looks kindly down,
But the frost is on the lea,
And sprinkles the horn
Of the owl, at morn,
As she hies to the old oak tree,
Not a leaf is stirred,
Not a sound is heard,
But thumb of the thresher's flail,
The low wind's sigh,
Or the distant cry
Of the hound on the fox's trail.

The forester, he has whistling plunged,
With his axe in the wood's gloom,
That shrouds the hill
Where few and chill.
The sun-beams straggling come:
His brawny arm he has bared and laid
His axe at the foot of the tree,
The old gray oak,
And with lusty stroke,
He wield it merrily:
With lusty stroke,
And the old gray oak,
Through the folds of his gorgeous vest
You may see him shake,
And the night-owl look
From her perch on his leafy crest.
She will come but to find him gone from
where
He stood at the break of day:
Like a cloud that melts as it melts to air,
He has past, with a crash, away.
Though the spring in bloom and the frost
in gold
No more his limbs attire,
On the stormy wave
He shall float and brave
The blast and battle fire:
Shall spread his white wings to the wind,
And thunder on the deep,
As he thundered when
His bough was green
On the high and stormy sleep. G. Hill.

Hospitality at Cabul.—There are few places where strangers so soon feel themselves at home, and become familiar with all classes, as at Cabul. There can be none where all classes so much respect his claims to civility, and so much exert themselves to promote his satisfaction and amusement. He must not be unhappy. I had not been a month in Cabul before I had become acquainted with I know not how many people; had become a visitor at their house, a member of their social parties. No holiday occurred that did not bring me a summons to attend some festivity in some one of the many gardens of the city. The stranger-guest will not fail to be astonished at the attentions paid to him on such occasions. It seems as if the entertainment had been expressly designed for him, and that the company had no other object than to contribute to his gratification. The most rigid mind must admire such politeness, and the feelings which prompt its exhibition.—*Masson's Journey in Afghanistan.*

The Ancient Pear Tree at Eastham.—This tree, the most of our readers are aware, was brought over from England in 1640 by Gov. Prince, for many years Governor of Plymouth Colony. The year tree has flourished well since that time, and has constantly borne a large crop of pears. It is at present owned by Mr. Nathan Kenney. An esteemed correspondent at Eastham writes as follows:—"Last week Mr. Kenney cut off a part of the ancient pear tree, making about a cord and a half of excellent wood for any mechanical purpose. The remaining part of the tree is in a good state of preservation and bears about its usual quantity of delicious fruit. The pruning was necessary to preserve the remainder of the tree."—*Yankee Register.*

A writer in the New York Tribune says:—"Few award to mechanics the praise they deserve. It is the mechanic that first constructs the plough and supplies the sower with which a furrow cannot be traced or a tree cut down. Give agriculture the full benefit of science and the mechanic arts, and production will be increased to an incredible extent; superadded to this a good Tariff to

provide a market for its surplus, and a more independent community will not exist on earth than the farmers of the United States, and every mechanic in the nation will have as much profitable work as he can do."

Alteration in the West India Mails.—The following notice is exhibited at the General Post-office and the several branch offices:

"Henceforward and the mails for Mexico, Honduras (Belize), Chagres, and the 15th of Panama, Carthagena, Santa, Martha, Lagunayra, and Puerto Cabello, will be made up on the 1st day of every month as heretofore; consequently no mails will be upon the 15th.

"The mails for the British and foreign possessions in the West Indies, with the exception of Honduras, as above mentioned, will continue to be made up in London as hitherto on the 1st and 5th of every month; except, of course, when those dates fall on a Sunday; in this case the mails will be made up on the following day.

"The packets will no longer touch at New Orleans, Savannah, Charleston, New York, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Curacao, Paramaribo, in Surinam; Maracaibo, Bahia Honda, San Juan de Nicaragua, Mayaguez, in Porto Rico; Ponce in Porto Rico; Turk's Island, Cape Nicola Mole, in Hayti; and Santa Cruz.

"On the return voyage the packets will continue to touch at Bermuda and Fayal, but the schooner between Fayal and Madeira, announced in the notice of December, 1840, is now to be discontinued.

"The following is a list of the ports comprised in the scheme of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, as now modified, with the rate of postage chargeable on a letter not exceeding half an ounce annexed to each place.

"All letters marked * must be prepaid, else they cannot be forwarded:—

Antigua	1 0
Barbados	1 0
Belize (Honduras)	1 0
Bermuda	1 0
*Cape Haytien (Hayti)	1 5
*Carthagena	2 3
Chagres	1 0
Demerara	1 0
Dominica	1 0
Grenada	1 0
Guadeloupe	1 5
Havana	2 3
Jamaica	1 0
Lagunayra	1 3
*Martinique	1 5
Montserrat	1 0
Nassau (New Prov.)	1 0
Nova	1 0
*Puerto Cabello	2 3
*Santa Martha	2 3
*San Jago de Cuba	2 3
St. Kitt's	1 0
St. Lucia	1 0
St. Thomas	1 5
St. Vincent	1 0
*Tampico	2 3
Tobago	1 0
Tortola	1 0
Trinidad	1 0
*Yera Cruz	2 3

Prayer draws all Christian graces into its focus; it draws charity, followed by love; it trains, her forbearance with faults, her forgiveness of injuries, her pity for errors, her compassion for want. It draws repentance, with her holy sorrows, her pious resolutions, her self-distrust; it attracts faith, with her elevated eye—hope, with her grasped anchor—benevolence, with her open hand—zeal, looking far and wide to serve—humility with introverted eye, looking at home. Prayer, by quickening these graces in the heart, warms them into life, fits them for service, and dismisses each to its appropriate practice. Cordial prayer is mental virtue; Christian virtue is spiritual action: the mould into which genuine prayer casts the soul is not effaced by the suspension of the act, but retains some touches of the impression till the act is repeated.—*Hannah More.*

Reading Loud.—One of the accomplishments which we wish to see among females, and which is greatly neglected or wholly overlooked, is the art of reading aloud. It is a most healthy exercise when used discreetly, since exercise is advantageous to the lungs as to all other parts of the human frame. The ability to read aloud agreeably is also a truly domestic acquirement; it will be another link in the chain which binds men to their hearths, it will amuse the young, cheer the old, and instruct the ignorant.—*Journal of Education.*

It is said that the late Dr. Spurgeon, in selecting a companion for life, made choice of a lady who had passed through uncommon scenes of calamity. He considered great mental suffering necessary to the formation of the human character and to the develop-

ment of the highest and purest qualities of the soul. There is philosophy in the idea, as well as prudent calculation.

An Antislavery Mistake.—Arrest of the Duke of Brunswick on Suspicion of being one of the Small Mob.

Most of our readers are aware of the extensive robbery committed at Preston during the celebration of the Guild, by a party of accomplished swindlers, who succeeded in introducing themselves to Mr. J. Marquis of Acreington, and easing him of his pocket book, containing £1,900 in Bank of England notes, and one hundred sovereigns. In the evening of the Thursday following, a dashingly-attired foreigner entered one of the hotels in that town and called for a pint of wine, tendering a £5 Bank of England note in payment. The waiter having heard a description of the persons by whom the robbery of Mr. Marquis had been effected, fancied that the personal appearance of the stranger-guest tallied with that of one of the parties implicated in the theft; and this supposition was converted into almost absolute certainty when the former withdrew from his purse a note of the identical bank whose promissory obligations constituted the bulk of the stolen property. Fired with the supposed discovery he communicated his suspicions to the proprietors of the hotel, who concurred in the probability of the supposition, and despatched a messenger in quest of a policeman, who was ushered into the room where the supposed "conveyancer" was luxuriously reclining on an ottoman, and humming snatches of an opera tune, when his privacy was thus rudely disturbed. The constable with- out ceremony, marched up to the sofa, grasped its occupant by the collar, and after stating the nature of the charge against him, blandly desired the favour of his company to the station-house. Words are wanting to describe the mingled air of rage and astonishment with which the "strange gentleman" received this intimation and its accompanying infringement of personal liberty. For some moments he seemed deprived of utterance, but at length his tongue resumed its office, when in terms of indignation and disdain, he haughtily repelled the charge, declaring himself to be no less a personage than the Duke of Brunswick. This arose, however, was disregarded by the policeman and his abettors, who considered it a mere artifice resorted to in the hope of overawing them; and in spite of his earnest protest against such a proceeding, dragged him to the police-office, a distance from four to five hundred yards, a crowd of persons following, attracted by the rumoured detection of the scoundrel by whom Mr. Marquis had been plundered. On arriving there, the stranger reiterated his former declaration, and in proof of his assertions, referred to the owner of the mansion where he had been taking up his stay, and also to several distinguished individuals whom he named.—On inquiry this statement proved correct, and his Serene Highness, after being literally overwhelmed with apologies and protestations of regret for the blunder which had placed him in so awkward a predicament, took his departure, accompanied by Baron Andran, his equerry, who reached the station-house at the moment of his royal master's liberation. The de-throned prince, we understand, has since received from Samuel Horrocks, Esq., the worthy mayor of Preston, a most handsome apology for his unintentional affront, with which his Highness has expressed himself satisfied, and thus ends the matter. The festival of the Guild exhibited many signs worthy of special commemoration; but the spectacle of a deposed ruler, allied to the most illustrious reigning families of Europe, being dragged to a police-office on a charge of pocket-picking, is, we may safely assert, without parallel.

T. Hood, v. Ghosts.—Ghosts be hanged! No such things in nature; all laid long ago before the wood-patenment. What should they come for? The collectors may rise for higher wages, and the Chartists may rise for reform, and Joseph Sturge may rise for his health, and Isaac may rise, and the rising generation may rise; but that the dead should rise only to make one's hair rise, is more than I can credit. Suppose yourself a ghost. Well, if you come out of your grave to serve a friend, don't you go to help him! And if it's in enquiry, what's the use of appearing to him, if you can't pitch into him.

A Benefactor.—A lady applied to the philanthropist Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, on behalf of a little orphan boy. After he had given liberally, she said: "When he is old enough, I will teach him to come and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man; "they are mistaken, we don't thank the clouds for rain, teach him to look higher, and thank him who gives the clouds and the rain."

Important to Painters.—It is stated in Liebig's Chemistry that the disease called painter's colic is unknown in all manufacturing towns, in which the workmen are accustomed to take as a preservative sulphuric acid solution rendered acid, by sulphuric acid.