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Ain't I Sweet.

"My good mamma, she feels so sad,
And says I am a flirt,
Because I go to promenade
All in my walking skirt;
She thinks I ought to be ashamed
To go out in the street,
With clothes, she says, all faded and fixed,
To show my little feet.

We want the sanction of the gods
In all our style of clothes;
And yet I love to please mamma,
But more to please the beaux.
And ever thus I find it is,
When ladies walk the street;
They'll try and wear some good way
To show their pretty feet!

Our bonnets now are but a trifle,
Though mighty, dear they cost;
Bonnets our forelocks and bows
Oug little firm are best;
The tiny heels upon shoes,
They are so gay and neat,
And surely made, you may be sure,
To show our handsome feet!

With parasol above me held,
And our mamma to see,
I fascinate the dashing men,
Where'er I chance to be.
Oh! what a charming, lovely girl!
I hear them all repeat,
To make their hearts go pit-a-pat,
I show my pretty feet!

Ain't I sweet, ain't I sweet?
I know I'm sweet, and have a right
To promenade the street,
And glad I am there is a style
To show my pretty feet!

Agriculture.

DRILL IN YOUR OATS.

In moderately rich soil, oats should be planted with a grain drill, putting about one bushel of forty five pounds, to an acre. Ploughing the ground in the fall will enable you to sow much earlier than spring ploughing, and the earlier oats are sown the better are the chances for a good yield in quantity and quality. If the spring season be very wet, ground that has been ploughed in the fall can be sown almost as early as spring ploughing begins. Late sown oats do not have time to mature, and unless the season be very favorable, generally prove a failure. In most of the southern states, oats should be sown in January or February.

Oats that are drilled in are improved by stirring between the rows the little being of ten increased twenty per cent. First rate soil is not necessarily needed to raise oats, the richest soil always pays best. Seventy to one hundred bushels is not an extraordinary yield for the best kinds of oats on good soil. If the season be too wet to plough, I prefer putting in oats with a shovel plough on clay soil. On sandy soil it yields best to drill in with a sub-sol phosphate.—Farm Journal.

A GOOD FERTILIZER.

The Journal of Chemistry says that one of the very best fertilizers used upon the farm for all cereal grains and root crops may be made in the following manner:

"Take one barrel of pure finely ground bone and mix with a barrel of good wood ashes; during the mixing add, gradually, about three pails of water. The heap may be made upon the barn floor, and by the use of a hoe the bone and ashes must be thoroughly blended together. The water added is just sufficient to liberate the caustic alkalies, potash and soda and these act upon the gelatin of the bone, dissolving the little atoms, forming a kind of soap, and fitting it for plant aliment. In this way the most valuable constituents of the bone can be made immediately available, and the addition of potash and soda adds in the formation of a fertilizer of inestimable value. A gill of this mixture, placed in a hill of corn, will work wonders. It is excellent for garden vegetables and for all kinds of roots. It will be ready for use in a week after it is made.

NAMES OF DISTINGUISHED AGRICULTURISTS.

Among the Romans agriculture was held in the greatest esteem. Cato in the second, and Varro in the first century, previous to the Christian Era; Varro, at the time of the birth of our Saviour; PLINY, COLUMELLA, and PALLADIUS, have all extolled its excellencies. Several of the noblest families of Rome derived their patronymies from some vegetable which they were famous for raising such as the Fabii pea, Lentuli, Cicerones, &c. These were days of Roman agricultural glory. Cato says, that when they praised a good man they called him an agriculturist and a husbandman, and it was deemed a great honor to be

thus spoken of. CINCINNATUS, who flourished 460 years before Christ, was the plowman of his own four acres; and when Samnite Ambassadors visited CURTIS DENTATUS they found him at work with his vegetables. Cato says: "Study to have large dung hill;" and to this, I would add, treat your dumb laborers as inferior brothers deprived of speech.

HENRY BERG.

Unwholesome Pork.

EDITOR WESTERN FARMER.—In your issue of April 15th, I find the following taken from the American Stock Journal:—
"It sometimes happens that swine have the measles. While they are in this state, their flesh is very unwholesome food. This disorder is not easily discovered while the animal is alive, and can only be known by not thriving and fattening like others. After the animal is killed, the flesh, its fat, is full of little kernels of the size of the eggs of a pickerel."

I call attention to this paragraph, because it is not as generally known as it should be, that each one of these "little kernels of the size of the eggs of a pickerel," is a tapeworm in one of its stages of growth.

The entire transformation of these worms is as follows: The adult animal is made up of a great number of joints, each one of which has the power of maturing in any thousand of eggs. These joints after reaching maturity, are dropped off sometimes singly, at other times in clusters, and discharged from the alimentary canal.

The pig, in rooting among the excrementous matter, takes these eggs into his stomach, where they are hatched. They then appear to eat their way from the intestines into the blood vessels, which carry them to all parts of the system. Raising out from the blood vessels they form a cavity between the muscular fibres, in which they bury themselves, and a pseudo membrane is developed about them.

In this condition they constitute the "kerneis" of the writer above quoted. Each "kerneis" is about one fourth of an inch in length, and consists of a young tape worm, having as shown by the microscope, a perfectly developed head armed with both suckers and hooks for attachment, and large suckling body.

At this stage the growth of the animals remains dormant until taken into man's stomach, where they are awakened to a new life. Passing into the intestines they attach themselves by the mouth, complete their development, maturing and dropping joints filled with eggs, which afterwards are to appear as a new generation.

Prof. Verrill of Yale College informs me that these eggs do not develop when eaten by an adult hog, but when eaten by a pig they hatch readily and soon find their way into the muscles, where they remain until the flesh is eaten by man. Certainly flesh infected in this manner is most unwholesome diet. It is to be more particularly guarded against, as these animals, like the trichina bear partial cooking without injury.

Hogs that are "measly" should be killed and their flesh sold to the soap manufactory. But in no case should any animal be allowed to eat of the carcass before has been thoroughly cooked. When it is generally known that all unwholesome meat is disposed of in this or some similar manner, Bologna sausages and railway station sandwiches will increase rapidly in popularity.

MADISON, WIS. W. W. DANIELLS.

Agriculture in China.

The Chinamen, who walk over bridges built two years ago, who cultivated the cotton plant centuries before this country was heard of, who fed the silk-worm before King Solomon built his throne, have fifty thousand square miles around Shanghai which are called the Garden of China, and which have been tillable for countless generations.

The area is as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined, and is all meadow land raised but a few feet above the river, lakes, rivers, canals—a complete network of water communication to the land under the highest tides; three crops a year harvested; population so dense that, wherever you look, you see men and women in blue pants and blouse so numerous that you fancy some fair or muster is coming off, and all hands have turned out for a holiday.

THEIR YIELD.—A correspondent of the Canada Farmer furnishes that paper with some statistics with reference to the yield in North Wellington. The yield of one lot was 1,150 bushels the acre, and another 1,237 bushels. These were purple tops, grown in drills of eighteen inches apart, and the roots about seven inches in the drills.

MILITARY APPOINTMENT.—Lieut. Colonel Robertson Ross, of the British Regular Army has been appointed Adjutant General of the Dominion Militia, with the rank of Colonel, in place of Patrick Leonard MacDonnell, resigned.

Interesting Case.

MY REVENGE.

It seems such weary, weary years ago, and yet I can recall everything that happened in that old time.

I don't know why I have taken such a fancy to writing down the story, unless it is the hope that some woman who reads it may be warned by it never to give rein to that ignoble passion, revenge.

Minnie Adams and I were friends; we attended the same school, graduated in the same class, and moved in the same society. We were very different, though, for Minnie was pretty, and just a trifle shallow while I had always been passionately fond of books, music and art.

When Minnie and I came home from school, George Griffin was first among those who sought our acquaintance. At first I thought he liked Minnie best; but finally he sought me more, and I began to wonder whether he cared for me, and study into his character and taste, to learn if there were any congeniality. I decided finally that there was, and I encouraged him.

I don't like to think of it even now; it is like probing an old wound, and my life has gone so woefully astray since that time that it is bitter to think of the cause.

Well, in everything but plain words George Griffin tried to prove to me that he loved me, and I believed him.

I was young, enthusiastic, and unsuspicious, and I believed him.

I felt sure he would offer himself by-and-by, and I waited contentedly.

One day Minnie Adams came to me, throwing her arms around my neck, and said:

"Theo, darling, congratulate me; I am engaged."

"To whom, Minnie said I, kissing her glowing cheeks unsuspiciously."

"To George Griffin."

I had seen enough not to cry out or utter one word that might betray my folly. I only said, turning my face away:

"You care for him, Minnie?"

"O yes, Theo. Even you must admit that he is clever and handsome, and pays a salary that he is succeeding well in his business. We are to be married in a month, and you are to be my bridesmaid!"

What a dreadful vista of suffering opened before me at her words! Stand by her side and see her married to the man I loved?

Was human nature equal to a task like that? She went away at last, and I got up and paced the floor. What could I do? What would become of me? Such a terrible unexpected shock—how should I meet it?

But I had to meet them both; had to offer Griffin my congratulations. And each moment brought strength for its own burden, and away down in my heart was the vague hope that something would happen to prevent it—the marriage, I mean.

Strangely enough, something did happen. A serious illness put off the marriage ceremony for a week, and before they had been engaged two months she jilted him, and ran away with his head book keeper.

For a time, George Griffin kept away from me; while in my heart I registered a vow that he should yet feel the weight of my resentment—if he gave me the chance, I would prepare for him a cup as bitter as that he had forced upon my lips. I hated him now and I meant to have my revenge.

He came back to me at last as I knew he would. He did not find me smiling and eager, as once I had been; but my seeming indifference drew him on. I kept him off until I knew he really and truly loved me, and then I let him propose. "I feigned surprise at his suit; and he told me that his love for Minnie Adams had been but a brief illusion. "I loved you all the time, had I only known my own mind; but I was dazzled by her beauty that she could not be ready in so short a time; and before they had been engaged two months she jilted him, and ran away with his head book keeper."

When I say that I accepted him, you may think that I meant to forego my revenge; but it was not so. I fancied that I hated him bitterly; and perhaps I did, for I laid my plans deliberately and carefully.

Our marriage morning came. When I was dressed, I took out a little note I had written, and read it over. It was very short, but George Griffin would understand it. "When you go my love and throw it away, you make me suffer just what you will suffer now; when I tell you that you never shall see me again, I shopped this note inside my glove, and went down stairs. It was over soon. I was George Griffin's wife; had deliberately sworn to love, honor and obey—vows which I fully intended to break within the hour.

A carriage took us to the depot. Two trains were waiting there—one on which George had planned our trip. My train was to go out first—it was waiting for the express train from the West; while the other train was not to start yet for half an hour. The express

train came thundering by. My time had come, I called to George, standing at the window; and he was at my side in a moment.

"Will you get my new water, please?" and he hurried off immediately.

I rose, threw off my shawl—I had a sack under it—folded it and laid the note on top of it in the chair; then I hurried out and took a seat in the train going West. It started immediately, and I knew that my revenge was complete.

I had laid my plans, though, and had already secured a situation in a Western town. Under my own name I intended to reach there, and comfort myself with the success of my plans. I was excited and triumphant, and in a measure insane.

As the cars rolled swiftly on, gradually my feelings changed. I began to ask myself if I hated my husband so bitterly after all! I was going out to a new and untried life—our separation would be the theme of a hundred tongues, and who could tell what those tongues would say? My relatives, too, would be incensed at me; in short, a thousand considerations, before unthought of, rushed through my brain. "Oh, if I could only turn back now!" I groaned. But the cars rushed on.

The first station was reached and passed, I gazing morbidly out of the window, with bitter anguish in my heart, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a voice that made my very heart stand still, said:

"What does this mean, Theodore?"

I had never counted on such an occurrence as this. George Griffin had followed me and was standing over me. For very shame and fear I could say nothing, and he sat down beside me.

"Did you not get my note?" I gasped.

He held it up between his fingers.

"Yes, and I desire to have it explained. I never dreamed you capable of such treachery—treachery, rather, but we will not recriminate in the cars. At the next station we will get out. You may explain, and then go your way. I do not think it will be a very happy one."

He spoke moodily, and turned his head away when he had finished.

I stole a look at his profile. It was sternly set, the lips coming closely together as though with a firm resolve. I felt as if some one was strangling me. I tried to untie my bonnet strings and get breath; but my hands trembled so. I was obliged to drop them. I think I should have laughed right out the next moment at the unutterable silliness of my position; yet when I tried to smile, a heavy weight fell upon my spirits, and the face seemed suddenly changed to a tragedy.

We rode on. I did not speak again, nor did my husband. An hour I watched the whirling forests and meadows, and the fleeting clouds in the sky, then I turned and looked at my husband.

He sat still, erect and stern, and his eyes were fixed on me. He did not turn his face away, but held my gaze steadily with a look rather of sorrow than anger in his eyes. It thrilled me so that I knew I still loved him, and in a moment he leaned over and whispered:

"I was wrong. I wronged you, but you can forgive?"

I looked in his face so earnest, so pleading. I was about to speak, when with a wild rush and roar, heaven and earth seemed to come together darkness fell upon me, and maddening pains pierced me through, then all was blank.

It was only a railroad collision, a loss of twenty lives more or less. Of little moment to the world outside, but George Griffin's was one of those lost lives.

When I came out of my blank, my dead husband's head was on my breast, his arm thrown feebly over my head. He had been lying there, and had crawled up to die on the bosom of the woman who had murdered him.

But I did not die; I was not even seriously injured. I had to endure long, dreary, lonely years of sorrow and remorse. The revenge planned in blind anger had been well carried out; and as revenges are apt to do, it recoiled upon myself.

There are so many sad, sad stories in life—so much human passion leading souls astray that it were well for some to hear the awful sufferings which chastened me.

Joe King was sick in a boardinghouse, and had got his mind made up for some nice chicken-broth. The opier went down to the kitchen and the broth came up weak flat, and insipid. The sick man was subsequently relating his disappointment to a friend, who said: "They just let a chicken wade through it." "If they did," said Joe King, faintly, "it had still on."

An intoxicated gentleman, in New York, mistook an undertaker's shop for a restaurant, the other night, woke up the office boy, and demanded a "dozen fresh natives." He was told that the establishment did not furnish food for the living, but coffins for the dead. "All right," he replied, in muddled tones: "I'll take a little coffee."

Dan's Dinner.

Dan is a watch dog in an iron foundry, and is always fed by his master at one o'clock. Dan knows the time, and is as punctual as the clock, waiting in the appointed place with an air of calm satisfaction delightful to behold.

The other day his master came in with the meat, but was called away at the instant; and, as it was not quite time, he hung it up on a nail, meaning to return directly.

Dan didn't like that arrangement; but sat down and waited, with a resigned expression, both funny and pathetic. The clock struck, but no one came; and Dan barked, to remind his master that dinner waited. Master didn't care; and there hung the delicious meat, just out of reach, in the most tantalizing manner.

Dan bore it as long as he could; thought over his wrongs and growled his opinion, that it was a mean shame to keep a hard working fellow waiting when he was ravenously hungry.

Presently, he made up his mind that he wouldn't bear it. He had a right to that meat, and he would have it, in spite of other people's neglect. Up he jumped, took a good look, gave a spring, and—didn't get it.

Over and over he tried, growing excited as he leaped up and bounced down, each time getting just one momentary sniff as he snapped and missed.

One of the workmen, attracted by the noise, peeped in at a window, beheld him, and enjoyed the fun, wondering when Dan would give up. But Dan had no thoughts of giving up, for "Nil desperandum" was his motto; so he jumped, and panted, and snatched, till he was exhausted, then sat down to consider the matter.

Being a sensible dog, he soon had a bright idea, and stationed the watcher by dragging and pushing, with teeth and head, a chair to the wall, just under the meat. Having fixed it to his mind, he stepped into it, reached up, and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, brought down the meat.

He surveyed it with an air of pride, as well he might, after such a struggle for it, and then devoured it with a relish which hunger and hard work always give to one's meals; while the man went away to tell the story, and glorify in his dog's doings. [Merry's Museum.]

A man named Sands threatened to sue for damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred dollars to beat his broken heart. "Two hundred!" he exclaimed, "two hundred for ruined hopes, a blasted life! Two hundred dollars for all this! Never? But make it three hundred, and it's a bargain."

An old Irish actor of the name of Barry was rather too fond of whiskey punch; and one night, when he came rolling on to the stage, a voice from the gallery called out:—"Barry you tie of the world! how many tumblers of whiskey punch did you take to-night?" To which Barry with a leer, replied "none, ye blackguard at your expense!"

A little youngster, two and a half years old, had heard some complaints in the family about pegs in shoes hurting the feet, approached his mother the other day, with his fingers in his mouth, and said:—"Mamma, me dot pegs tumbling in my mouth, and dey hurt me." And sure enough the little fellow was cutting two or three nice teeth.

ASHES FOR SWINE.—A writer in an exchange had five fine hogs slaughtered, in each of which the lungs and liver were badly affected, appearing rotten. He attributed this to feeding ashes in their stoves.

London, May 12th. It is reported that initial steps have been taken for an alliance offensive and defensive between England, France and Spain against the United States, the rejection of the Alabama Treaty, the tone of Mr. Sumner's speech, the alleged abetting tendencies of Gen. Grant's administration, and the reported continuance at expedition from the United States against Cuba being made the pretext for a necessity for such an alliance.

New York, May 12. Money continues in liberal supply. Gold has fluctuating, closing price 138 1/2.

A Quabe de-patch says the body of Ensign Whitaker who was killed by young Custer was embalmed and sent home, on the Nestorian.

The troopship Crocodile sailed yesterday with two batteries of Artillery, and the 76th Highlanders.

The "Borderer" says that a Cattle Plague of a very malignant kind is making great ravages among stock in the eastern part of Western and County.

A man in Harrisburg, Pa., boasts of having had talk with a woman getting the last word. He did it by gently applying a poker to her cranium. She never spoke again.

Some counties in Iowa are swarming with grasshoppers.