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Er varis sumendum est optimum. -Cic.

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AGRICULTURAL.

Home-Made Manure.

Mr. Canton:—There is no question in political economy more firmly established than the necessity of home production and home manufacture. If these are necessary for the wealth and independence of a nation, a collection of many families, why not equally necessary for individual families? Perfect independence of either nations or individuals, is an impossibility; but comparative independence should be the aim of all, and nothing in your journal has pleased me more than your advocacy of home-made manure in preference to the foreign article. There is no mistake in foreign guano, and there is no mistake in the home-made article. I have tried both, and with your permission will detail some of my experience, not vainly hoping I hope, but for the benefit of my fellow farmers. Eighteen years since, I bought my present farm, containing less than sixty acres, much in the same way as Barrow bought the Museum—with brass—as I had no capital. With the exception of a muck swamp, the farm has no peculiar facilities. Indeed, one of my neighbors condescended with me for having so poor land to spend my energies upon. The farm at the time of purchase would carry a span of horses and some four cows. Believing manure to be the backbone of agriculture, we commenced on the muck, using refuse from a neighboring hill to add to its virtues and correct the acidity. The effect of this compost was good, but not equal to our expectations, as our loam has too much magnesia in it for agricultural purposes. Our next compost heaps were made of ten parts muck and one wood ashes. The latter containing all the inorganic food plants require, and the former the organic, our crops soon testifying to its virtues. Finding the farm could be made exceedingly productive by means of this compost without the aid of barnyard manure, we have of late years kept little stock, and have sold our hay.—The surplus of this crop, after feeding a span of horses and two or three cows, has in years amounted to sixty tons. In addition to the compost of muck and ashes, we have made others of dead animals from the neighboring village and the refuse of manufacturing establishments, sink, privy, etc. Now there are few farmers, (I might say none,) who have not on their own premises or in the vicinity, all that their farms require to be enriched and to enrich their possessors. Let these means be husbanded. All do not own a muck swamp, but turf from the road side, or the rich deposits in the forests, will answer in its place as the basis of the compost heap.

Plough, Loom and Anvil.

A Woman's Answer.—A writer, illustrating the fact that some errors are lifted into importance by efforts to refute them when they need to be treated with wholesome doses of contempt and ridicule, observes, that all the blows inflicted by the Hercules club of certain logicians are not half as effectual as a bo-on the ear of a celebrated atheist by the hand of beauty. After having in vain preached to a circle of ladies, he attempted to revenge himself by saying: "Pardon my error, ladies; I did not imagine that in a house where wit vies with grace, I alone should have the honor of not believing in a God." "You are not alone, sir," answered the mistress of the house; "my horses, my dog, my cat, share the honor with you; only those brutes have the good sense not to boast of it."

This reminds us of what occurred a few years ago on one of our Western rivers. A thing in the shape of a man was gliding in his atheism avowing that the present life was all of a man—that he had no soul and no hereafter! "And so you have no soul?" asked a gentleman in the group, evidently desiring to reason with him on the subject. "No," replied the atheist, "not a whit more than a pig." The gentleman was about to enter into argument with him, when an elderly Scotch lady spoke up smartly: "Sir, I hope you don't spend your breath in reasoning with the creature; by his confession he has no more soul than a pig, and ye wad na argue wi' a pig."

A confidential clerk in the employ of N. W. Tilden, of South Boston, was recently detected in embezzling money from his masters, to the amount of eight or ten dollars a day. The singularity of the act is, that the clerk had safely invested the stolen money, which amounted to about seven thousand dollars, and which was restored to the rightful owner. Mr. T. had been going astern in his business for some time, and had suspected and discharged several clerks on the suspicion of dishonesty, but had not questioned the character of this clerk till recently. He marked a two dollar bill, and placed it in his drawer, which, much to his surprise, was shortly afterwards found in the possession

tion of the unsuspected confidential clerk.—Mr. Tilden is unexpectedly placed in circumstances to meet his liabilities.

The Necessity of Exercise.

The benefits of exercise to those whose occupation does not lead them to make any physical exertion cannot be too highly estimated. The body must undergo a certain amount of fatigue to preserve its natural strength, and maintain all the muscles and organs in proper vigor. This activity equalizes the circulation, and distributes the blood more effectively through every part. Cold feet or a chill anywhere, shows that the circulation is languid there. The muscles during exercise press on the veins, and help forward the currents by quickening every vessel into activity. The valves of the heart are in this way aided in the work of sending on this stream, and relieved of a certain amount of labor. When exercise is neglected, the blood gathers too much about the central region, and the oppression about the heart, difficulty of breathing, lowness of spirits, anxiety and heaviness, numerous aches and stitches, are evidence of this stagnation. People are afraid to take exercise, because they fancy they want breath and feel weak. But the very effort would free the heart from this burden by urging the blood forward to the extremities; it would ease their breathing by liberating the lungs from the same superabundance; it would make the frame feel active and light, as the effect of equalized circulation and free action.

Laws of Health.

Some Account of China.

In view of important events now transpiring at and near Canton, between the English and Americans and the Celestial Empire, some account may not be uninteresting.—China is the most populous and ancient empire in the world; it is 1,390 miles long, and 1,030 wide. Population from 300,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Peking, with 2,000,000 inhabitants; next Nankin, 1,000,000, and Canton 1,000,000. China produces tea, 50,000,000 lbs. of which are annually exported from Canton, the only place which foreigners are allowed to visit. Silk, cotton, rice gold, silver, and all the necessities of life, are found in China. The arts and manufactures in many branches are in high perfection, but stationary, as improvements are now prohibited. The Government is a despotic monarchy. Revenue, \$2,000,000; army, 800,000 men. The religion is similar to Buddhism, the chief god being Foh. The Chinese inculcate the morality of Confucius, their great philosopher, born 550 B. C. The great wall and canal of China are among the mightiest works ever achieved by man. The foreign commerce of China amounts to \$35,000,000 or \$40,000,000 annually, the whole of which is transacted with appointed agents called "Hang Merchants."

A FUNNY MARRIAGE.—The Albany Journal says that a man of sixty-six years, named William Traux, was married a short time since in that city to a widow of twenty-five. The bridegroom had a family of eleven children, the bride only one. The sum of \$1000 per annum was settled by the bridegroom upon the bride, and \$50 per annum upon her child. After the marriage ceremony had been performed, the bridegroom proceeded to a hotel with some of his male friends, where the marriage was celebrated with a supper, etc. His friends then left, he staying behind to pay the bill. He was unable, however, after leaving the hotel, to find his residence, and was finally taken to the station house, where he remained all night, and in the morning was conducted by an officer to the residence of his bride.

A DANGEROUS PET.—A French officer, who has served in Algeria, has brought home with him to Paris a tame hyena, which he leads about the streets in a leash like a lady's poodle. He is in the habit daily of frequenting a coffee-house opposite the St. Michael bridge, bringing his hyena with him—whose docility is well known to the patrons of the establishment. But the other day, having neglected to fasten his hyena securely to the leg of the table at which he was seated, the animal, finding himself at liberty, strayed into the cellar, the door of which happened to be ajar. Two waiters were engaged there in rinsing bottles, and did not notice the intruder at first; but the creature became alarmed, probably at the noise of the bottles, and his presence was indicated by a few growls which sounded far from amiable. The sight of two flaming eyes filled the waiters with alarm, as such a sight did Robinson Crusoe once, and they retreated up the stairs in haste, fastening the door behind them. The hyena became furious and made a tremendous racket among

the bottles, and finding his way up to the trap door, used his teeth with commendable activity. Luckily the officer was still in the house, and the animal was liberated and secured without any harm being done. In view of this affair, the municipal administration will probably amend the ordinance against bull dogs, by placing hyenas in the same category. We knew a showman in New York who, "when the fit was on him," was wont to visit a drinking saloon with two boa constrictors round his neck, a bald eagle on his shoulder, and a tame leopard at his heels.

THE ELECTIONS in Great Britain which have resulted in such a signal triumph for the Government have been the means of purging the House of many of its noisiest as well as some of its most active members.—The London Times of the 1st comments as follows on the result:—

"The elections have already totally changed the whole face of the political heavens. We are no longer as we were a fortnight ago, either as regards this Chinese question, or a dozen others of much older and nearer interest. People do not now ask who will be in the new Parliament, but exclaim, 'What a Parliament there will be out of doors!' The expurgation not only of vicious, but also of some meritorious elements, proceeds almost too rapidly. When the House of Commons meets, it will be with the serious consciousness that a great number of its most active and able spirits are discontented exiles, moving heaven and earth, and ready to go lower still, to obtain re-admission. It will be as in the case of the Celestial Empire, besieged by 'outer barbarians,' or 'foreign devils,' as the vagrant sympathies of some will entitle them to be called. Outside of the House, agitating, haranguing, writing, plotting, combining, and all but coalescing, will be Cobden, Bright, M. Gibson, Miall, and W. J. Fox; there will be Sir J. Walmsley, A. Pellatt, Sir W. Clay, Wilkinson, and Oliveira; there will be Layard, and other free knights; there will also be absent, Cardwell, Roundell Palmer, and a host of others, more or less distinguished, or hoping some day to distinguish themselves. All of these will be in outer darkness, yet not at all hopeless of re-admission. In doors there will be positive gaps in the debate—cries for Cobden or M. Gibson, and no stand up. His own purge has operated too effectively by half, for he has turned the House out of doors. Like the old lady in the nursery rhyme, he has sold his bed and now lies upon straw. In the house, we should think, the result will be a little more calmness and decency of discussion, and a little less of that peculiar style of oratory which has recently been imported from the bright region of the setting sun into the British House of Commons."

HINTS TO NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS. The columns of a newspaper present to the well qualified writer, one of the finest fields for usefulness—a field to enter which, should be a matter of intense desire. To write well for a newspaper, however, is no easy task. But very few can do it. It requires knowledge, judgment, taste and practice. The American Presbyterian speaks thus on the subject:—

As a general rule, short pieces are best liked. A gentleman in a bank once told us when we asked him to subscribe for a certain Quarterly Review: "Read a Review! why, I never read any thing longer than a telegraphic dispatch. But I will take it and send it to my brother in the country who is a minister." The public like a short article, when it is condensation. This introduces a second idea. An article to be printed should absolutely have something in it. If proffered argument it should be conclusive; if pathetic, it should moisten the eyes; if an anecdote, it should have a sharp point; if philosophy, it should go to the primitive rocks; if practical, it should go like an arrow to its work; if spiritual, it should awe the soul that reads it. A good newspaper style is not as easy as it seems. Its Scylla lies on the side of attempting a popular manner, and succeeding only in being more familiar than a man ought to be at his own table, or degenerating into slang, or becoming very childish. Its Charybdis yawns for those who, shunning Scylla, are determined to have real thought, pitch and value in their writing, and so become too learned, or profound, or imaginative, or philosophical for any but scholars or highly cultivated people.

A STUBBORN STRIPPLING.—"Once upon a time" a big, strapping, awkward youth, fresh from Vermont, entered the Dummer Academy at Byfield, Mass., for a little share of erudition, which is doled out at this temple of Minerva at economical prices. At

that time—we know not how it is at present—the boys and girls were kept in one apartment, only the middle aisle separating them. One day, this Vermont stripling, who had just been helping one of the girls through a hard sum—he was *cute* on cyphering—thought it not more than fair that he should take toll for his valuable services; accordingly he threw his stalwart arm around the rosy damsel and gave her a sly but rousing smack, which startled the whole assembly. "Jedediah Tower, come up here!" roared out the preceptor.

The delinquent appeared, his face glowing with blushes like a red hot warming-pan—and looking as silly as a ninny.

"Hold out your hand, sir!" said the pedagogue. "I'll teach you not to act thus in this institution."

The huge paw was extended in a horizontal line toward the instructor, who surveyed its broad surface with a mathematical eye—calculating how many strokes of his small ferule it would take to cover the large number of square inches which it contained. "Jedediah!" at length, he said, "this is the first time that you have been called up for any delinquency; now, sir, if you are sorry for what you have done, I will let you off this time without punishment."

"Sorry!" exclaimed the youngster, striking an attitude of pride and indignation, "sorry! No, sir! I am not. And I will do just so again if I have a chance. So, put on, old feller, just as hard as you like. By the jumpin' Je-hosaphat! I'd stand here and let you lick me till kingdom kum, afore I'd be sorry at *that*—by thunder, I would!"

[Boston Atlas.]

TAX ON BACHELORS.—An act to "encourage matrimony," imposing two per cent. additional tax upon every male over twenty-five years of age, who shall be unmarried, was offered in the last legislature. The proceeds of this tax on bachelors were to be appropriated to the support of common schools. Widowers having a child or children living, were to be excepted from this bachelor-tax. This act was postponed to the next session of the legislature. [Massachusetts Republican.]

A funny story is told of a man who stole a five dollar bill out in Indiana. In order to lesson the crime, his counsel tried to prove that the note was not worth five dollars, it being at a discount. The prosecutor said he knew the prisoner was the meanest man in the State, but he did not think he was so all-fired mean as not to be willing to steal Indiana money at par.

In Winchester Centre, Conn, there has not been a death in one and a half years, and but two or three deaths in three years. The village is surrounded by 120 smoking coal pits, and besides, there is no physician in the place.

POPULATION OF THE ROMAN STATES.—The Minister of Public Works has just presented to his Holiness the census of the Pontifical dominions. The gross population is estimated, at the beginning of 1854, to have consisted of 3,124,668 souls, showing an increase of 770,497 souls since the great census of 1816. These are distributed amongst 608,280 families, occupying 468,457 houses in 4,055 parishes, and 1,220 municipal communities. The population is almost equally divided between the inhabitants of the towns and of the open country; the former class a little preponderate, and stand in the proportion of 1,585,715 to 1,538,953.

A passenger who was injured by an accident on the North Eastern Railway, England, has recovered from the company eleven thousand dollars damages. His injuries were caused by a collision of the trains, and the most serious was a fracture of the ribs. The husband of a woman who was killed by the same collision recovered \$5000, the company making no defense in either case.

SAM SLICK IN SCOTLAND.—Judge Halliburton, alias Sam Slick, the famous clock-maker of famous saws, is now in Glasgow. He is the lion of the day there. He is entertained from morning to night by the nobility and gentry; and has made a speech, it appears, on the British North American Colonies. The Glasgow Gazette says:—"The Hon. Judge, in the course of a most interesting address, referred to the extensive resources contained in Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada, as compared with the United States. He also referred to the unsatisfactory manner in which these colonies were governed and predicted that, unless a different system of policy was adopted, these colonies would soon fall from the body politic."

COMBUSTION AND EXPLOSION.—Prof. Faraday lately lectured before the Royal Institution, and in the course of his remarks took occasion to explain the distinction between combustion and explosion, which he said consists simply in the different rapidity of the two actions—for, during the former process, the combustible and the supporter of combustion are brought together by degrees, as in the flame of a candle; but in explosion they are both intimately blended together, and can be brought into action at once. A mixture of hydrogen and oxygen gases, in the proportion in which they are combined in water, was adduced as an example. The cause of the explosion of gunpowder, and of other substances that explode without access of air, was shown to be owing to the large quantities of oxygen in a solid state that enter into the composition of such explosives, and being intimately mixed with the combustible, afford an instantaneous supply of the supporter of combustion, which enables them in some instances to burn under water.

A VICTIM OF UNREQUITED LOVE.—A STRANGE FANCY.—George B. Smith, a man about twenty-three years of age, and a native of Massachusetts, died at the New York Hospital from epilepsy, brought about by intemperance. At the inquest upon the body, facts were revealed which gave the case a tone of the most marked romance, and made the listeners to the tale involuntarily exclaim, "truth is stranger than fiction." The history of deceased's life was found to be full of interesting and exciting events. Springing from a highly respectable family in New England, Smith was well educated and fitted for the bar. When he had attained his majority he became enamored with a lovely young lady, and after an ardent suit his love was returned, and the young man was full of bright hopes for the future. But his dream of bliss and happiness did not last long. The lady was coquettish, and loved dearly to flirt with other gentlemen. Her conduct made Smith desperate. Jealousy took possession of his soul, and the "green eyed monster" prompted him to pursue a revengeful course towards the most favored rival. He challenged him to mortal combat, but the request was coldly declined. Soon afterwards the rivals met; an altercation sprang up, when Smith drew a pistol and fired it at his antagonist, but happily without any serious effect.

Well knowing that he had set the laws of his State at defiance, Smith fled from Massachusetts, and escaped to New York. While there, the fugitive pursued a most intemperate course of life. He drank incessantly, and finally became a confirmed inebriate. Intemperance brought on epileptic fits, and while suffering under the dreadful malady, he died, neglected and unknown.

The sequel to the story is far more melancholy than the story itself. Upon an examination of the body of deceased, a sickening sight met the view of the observer. The arms were tattooed in red and black ink. On his right arm was his name in full, the initials N. H., and also two hearts pierced with an arrow. On the left arm was the strange and fearful inscription, "I LOVE RUM" in large Roman capitals. That the deceased died "in love rum" his melancholy death fully attested. The observer had not much difficulty in coming to a conclusion as to the cause of death. The emaciated and care worn features, together with those fearful words, "I love rum," inscribed upon the left arm, told the fearful tale too truly. In the prime of youth and manhood he had been cut off and sent to an untimely grave, a victim of intemperance. [New York Herald.]

IMPROVEMENT IN ROCK DRILLING.—Mr. Kind, the German engineer, has devoted the last twenty years to the improvement of an especial branch of his profession—namely, the boring of rock to great depth. The main feature of his improvement consists in this, that the boring chisel is fastened to a ramrod of 5 or 6 cwt. which is alternately elevated to a height of 1 or 2 feet by a wooden rod, and thus falls by its absolute weight on the rock, by which even the hardest is reduced to powder. In the old apparatus the rod was made of iron, which amounted to a depth of 1,000 feet, to 100 or 150 cwt. imparted to the falling chisel vibrating motions, which nearly annihilated its action. The wooden rod, on the contrary, swims in the water of the borehole, and rods of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in length do not considerably augment the weight of the apparatus. The progress of the work varies according to the quality of the rock, from 1 to 10 feet daily; but hard rocks do not present the like difficulty as soft and loose ones, which must be protected by tubes of strong sheet iron.—Builder.