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AGRICULTURE.

WHEAT.

We copy the following useful article on the raising of Wheat, from an excellent work viz. the *Complete Farmer*; and shall draw upon it occasionally for articles upon Agriculture:—

Wheat.—To raise good wheat is considered, both in America or Europe, as an object of prime consequence to the cultivator, and agricultural writers have of course been very voluminous on the subject. We shall select and condense some of their remarks, which appear to us of the greatest importance, and add what our own observation and experience has suggested.

Wheat is thought to be the most useful of the farinaceous plants, and as the bounty of Providence has generally decreed, that those things which are most useful shall be most common, wheat accordingly will grow in almost any part of the globe. It thrives not only in temperate, but in very hot and in very cold regions: in Africa and Siberia, as well as in the United States and Great Britain. It requires a good loamy soil, not too light nor too heavy. The *Memoirs of the New York Board of Agriculture*, (Vol. II. p. 28), state that "wheat grows best on land which contains just as much clay as can be combined with it without subjecting the wheat to be frozen out." And the author of that article, Mr. Amos Eaton, observes, "Since it is the clay which absorbs and retains most of the water injurious in wheat soils, I adopted a rule for the consideration of farmers, founded on that principle, and confirmed by all the observations I have been enabled to make. **Rule.**—Wash a little of the soil in a tumbler of water, and observe the time required for it to become clear. If the time required exceeds three hours, it may be considered as liable to be injured by frost." W. Van Dusen, a farmer of Rensselaer county, New York, says "that if wheat be sowed the last week in August, on clay soil, it will generally resist the effect of frost in the winter, and of insects in the spring." "A clay soil," according to the same work, "having absorbed a large proportion of water, becomes cellular as the water freezes, or rises up in various protuberances, so that the roots of the wheat plant become disengaged from their hold in the soil. It is very manifest, that if wheat be sowed so early that each plant may have time to extend its roots into the soil, its chance for retaining its hold will be great. We believe that not only clay, but lime, chalk, marl, or other calcareous substance, is necessary to bring wheat to perfection, and grounds of our belief we shall exhibit hereafter.

"The *Complete Farmer*" says, that the best time for sowing wheat is about the beginning of September. But if the earth be very dry, it had better be deferred till some showers have moistened the soil." Mr. Mortimer says, he has known wheat to be so mustered and spoiled by laying long in the ground before rain came, that it never came up at all; to which he adds, that he has seen very good crops of wheat from seeds sown in July. We should apprehend, however, that it would be necessary to feed wheat sown so early, in order to prevent its going to seed the first year, or getting too far advanced in its growth to resist the frosts of the succeeding winter. Sowing in dry ground is generally recommended for seeds; but wheat, being liable to be smutty, is commonly prepared by steeping in brine or lime, and in consequence of the steep vegetation commences; and if the seed in this state is placed in earth which is and continues for any time dry, vegetation is checked by the drought, which kills or greatly injures the seed.

Early sowing requires less seed than late, because the plants have more time, and are more apt to spread, and throw out a good number of stalks. More seed is required for poor than for rich lands, and rich land early sowed requires the least of any. Burdley's Husbandry, says, "The climate and soil of America may be believed to differ greatly from those of England, respecting the growth of some particular plants. Wheat sown there two to three bushels on an acre, yields great crops. Two bushels an acre sown in Maryland or Pennsylvania would yield straw without grain. In Maryland three pecks are commonly sown. I never had better crops than from half a bushel of seed wheat to an acre, in a few instances." In these instances the ground was perfectly clean and fine, after many ploughings or horse-hoings of maize, [Indian corn], on which the wheat was sown in September, whilst the maize was ripening. It was a clay loam, highly pulverized. "But because of the loss of plants at other times, I preferred to sow three pecks an acre." Grain which is thin sown, says the *Complete Farmer*, is less apt to lodge. Every one must have observed, that in places where foot-paths are made through wheat fields, by the side of the paths, where the corn is thin, and has been trodden down in winter and spring, the plants have stood erect, when most of the corn in the same field has been laid flat on the ground; an advantage proceeding

from the circumstance of the stalks having more room."

The *Farmer's Assistant* asserts, that "the time for sowing wheat probably depends much on previous habit. Thus if it were sown a number of successive years by the middle of August, and then the time of sowing were changed at once to October, the crop would probably be much lighter on that account; yet where wheat has become habituated to be sown late, it will do tolerably well. The later it is sown, however, the more seed is requisite. When early sown, a bushel and a half, or more, may be necessary." The estimate of seed, however, should be formed, not so much from the capacity of any particular measure, as from the number of grains which the seed is, the greater quantity by measure will be required; the smaller, the less quantity. Much therefore, must be left to the discretion of the farmer, who must take into consideration the time of sowing, the quality and preparation of the soil, as well as the plumpness or the shrivelled state of the seed wheat.

If naked summer fallows are used at all, they may as well be made preparatory to a crop of wheat. It may some expedient to suspend, for one season, the raising of crops of any sort on land which is exhausted or greatly infested with weeds; and during the summer and autumn, plough and harrow it several times, and thus thoroughly subdue it. When such a process is adopted, wheat is generally the succeeding crop. The custom of naked fallowing, however, is not much approved of in modern husbandry, and that mode of preparing for wheat is rarely adopted by scientific cultivators. Sir John Sinclair says, "The raising clean, smothering, green crops, and feeding stock with them upon the land, is not only much more profitable, as far as relates to the value of the crop substituted in lieu of a fallow, but is also a more effectual method of procuring large crops of wheat, or any other crop, which may succeed the green crop." Land which is kept in a light and pulverized state is liable to be washed away by violent rains, and the showers of our summer season are usually more plentiful, and fall with more impetuosity than those of England, although the mean moisture is less, and there is less rain falls in the course of the year on this than the other side of the Atlantic.

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS.

Metals restored from an Oxide.—Take one ounce of red lead, and half a dram of charcoal in powder, incorporate them well in mortar, and then fill the bowl of a tobacco-pipe with the mixture. Submit it to an intense heat in a common fire, and when melted, pour it out upon a slab. The result will be metallic lead completely revived.

Vitrification of Metal.—Take a little red lead expose it to intense heat in a crucible, and pour it out when melted. The result will be metallic glass, and will furnish an example of the vitrification of metals.

Bleaching.—If a few strips of dyed linen cloth, of different colours, be dipped into a phial of oxygenized muriatic acid, the colours will be quickly discharged; for there are few colours that can resist the energetic effect of this acid. This experiment may be considered as a complete example of the process of bleaching colored goods.

Method of printing Calicoes.—Having found a piece of blue linen cloth that will bleach in oxygenized muriatic acid, dip the tip of the finger in a solution of muriate of tin and press it while wet with the solution upon a strip of this cloth. After an interval of a few minutes immerse the cloth in a phial of liquid oxygenized and muriatic acid, and when it has remained in it the usual time, it will be found that the spot which was previously wet with muriate of tin, has preserved its original colour, while the rest of the cloth has become white.

To print scarlet spots on black cloth.—Dip a piece of white calico in a strong solution of acetate of iron, dry it by the fire, and lay it aside for three or four days. After this wash it well in hot water, and then dye it black, by boiling it for ten minutes in a strong decoction of brazil wood. If the cloth be now dried, any figures printed upon it with a colourless solution of muriate of tin, will appear of a beautiful scarlet after it has been ground with a permanent black.

I can't afford it.—Many common farmers when asked to adopt new processes, and try experiments, answer, "It will do well enough for rich men and book farmers, but I can't afford it." When Mr. Coke, the great Norfolk farmer of England, had learned that two horses abreast would do nearly as much work at plowing as three when harnessed one before the other, he not only changed his own course, and harnessed abreast, but induced many others to do the same. In one instance when riding, he saw a poor man at work in the old way. Stopping his carriage, he went into the field, induced the man to change his mode of harnessing for a few

rounds, and forced him to confess that his two horses abreast seemed to work as easy as the three had done. "Well now, good sir," said Coke, "get your harnesses properly fixed for working abreast hereafter." "I think not," said the other. "Why not?" "Ah, this working with two horses will do well enough for you rich men, but I can't afford it." He is not the only man who has thought himself too poor to afford to save labor in the cultivation of his land.—*New England Farmer.*

POETRY.

A BRIGHTER WORLD THAN THIS.

Oh! when I trod life's early ways,
Hope wing'd my fleeting hours,
I saw no shadow in her rays,
No serpent in her flowers.
I thought on days of present joy,
And years of future bliss,
Nor dream'd that sorrow could alloy,
So bright a world as this.

Alas! the fairy dreams I wore,
Soon from my fancy fled,
The friends who owned my tender love,
Were numbered with the dead,
Upon their pallid cheeks I pressed,
Affection's parting kiss,
They left for a world of rest,
A brighter world than this.

Nor did the spacious world supply
Those ties of opening life,
False were its mocking flattery,
Keen was its bitter strife;
And then I first began to look
For purer, truer bliss,
And loved to trace in God's own book,
A brighter world than this.

My wounded heart desired relief,
I found the good I sought,
And now, in trial and in grief,
I feel the soothing thought,
That though the worldling may despair,
When robbed of earthly bliss,
The Christian humbly hopes to share,
A brighter world than this.

Brose and Butter.—During Cromwell's Protectorship the principal residence of Charles II. was at the court of his sister in Holland. The Laird of Cockpen, a staunch adherent to the house of Stuart, followed the prince thither, and attached himself to Charles' household. Cockpen, from his skill and proficiency in music, very much contributed to divert his royal master, by the impressive manner in which he played the favourite airs of his native country; but none pleased Charles so well as the tune of "Brose and Butter." So partial was he to this air, that with "Brose and Butter" sounding in his ears he was lulled to sleep at night, and with "Brose and Butter" awaked from his morning slumber. At the Restoration, Cockpen returned to Scotland, where he found that, in consequence of his attachment to the Royal cause, his estate had been attained. Many were the applications he made to have it put again in his possession, but all to no purpose. He at length went to London, but was coldly received by the courtiers, put off with fair promises, and in all his attempts to gain an audience of the king, he was baffled and thwarted. Having formed an intimacy, as a musician, with the organist of the king's chapel, he solicited, and obtained, as a special favour, permission to perform on the organ before his Majesty, at the royal chapel. Cockpen exerted his talents to the utmost, thinking to attract the attention of Charles, but all his efforts were unavailing. On the conclusion of the service, instead of a common voluntary, in a fit of despair he struck upon "Brose and Butter," which no sooner caught the ear of the king than he flew to the organ gallery. The regular organist perceived the vivid flashes of Charles' eye, was seized with such a panic that he fell on his knees and protested his innocence. "I was not me, please your majesty, it was not me!" "You! you!" exclaimed the enraptured monarch, as he hastily passed him,—"You never could play anything like it in your life!" Then, addressing his old associate in exile—"Odds fish, Cockpen! I that you would have made me dance!" "I could have danced to 'Brose and Butter' once with a light heart too," replied the performer, "but my adherence to your majesty's interest has bereft me of the lands of Cockpen!" "You shall dance," said Charles, "you shall dance, and be Laird of Cockpen yet!" Accordingly the Laird was put in possession of his inheritance.

The Sipping on the Thames.—Gradually the revolutions of the wheels became more and more rapid, and the vessel had attained her speed. Beautiful was it to behold the spray which proceeded from the immediate neighbourhood of the paddle-box, and the pleasure was in it to witness the noble swell of the vessel left behind her as she moved on her way through the forest of sails, and the multitude of skills and other manœuvres the drunkard, who long abused the blessing

floating articles, which lay in motionless repose, or swiftly skimmed along the capacious bosom of Father Thames. (On either side were crowds of vessels from all countries and climes in the civilized world. The aspect of the shipping was imposing in the extreme. It resembled a wooden city erected on a liquid foundation, and yet the wooden edifices resting on the watery basis were as secure as the brick and mortar ranges, of buildings which lined either side of the river, and whose foundations were deeply laid in the earth. As the steamer glided through the Pool, she met and passed several vessels, bearing the flags of all nations, with their pennons streaming in the air. Some of these vessels were in full sail, and just starting for every quarter, and for the farthest corner of the globe. Others were returning, after long, eventful, and perilous voyages, from the most distant regions of the habitable earth. Some of the former were, in all probability, commencing a voyage which they were not destined ever to terminate, or rather which they were doomed to terminate by being suddenly engulfed in the ocean; while some of the latter vessels had been menaced with that disastrous fate. In other words, the sailors and passengers in some of the outward bound had, though they suspected it not, a watery grave in reserve for them; and the sailors and passengers in some of those which were just reaching their haven, and narrowly escaped being consigned to a final resting place at the bottom of the deep, deep sea."—*Joseph Jenkins, a new work by the Author of "Random Recollections."*

Necessity of a Steadfast Character.—The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first, will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend, who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, and veers, like a weathercock, to every point of the compass, with every breath of caprice that blows, can never accomplish any thing great or useful. Instead of being progressive in anything, he will be at best only stationary, and most probably retrograde in all. It is only the man who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit, that can advance to eminence in any line. Let us take, by way of illustration, the case of a Student.—He commences the study of the dead languages; but presently a friend comes, and tells him that he is wasting his time, and that instead of absolute words, he had much better employ himself in acquiring new ideas. He changes his plan, and sits to work at Mathematics. Then comes another friend, who asks him a grave question, whether he intends to become a professor in college; because, if he does not, he is misemploying his time; and that for the business of life, common Mathematics is quite enough of mathematical science. He throws up his Euclid, and addresses himself to some other study, which in its turn is again relinquished on some equally wise suggestion; and thus his life spent in changing his plans. You cannot but perceive the futility of this course; and the worst effect of it, is the fixing on your mind a habit of indecision, sufficient of itself to blast the fairest prospects.—Let your course be taken wisely, but firmly; and having taken it, hold upon it with heroic resolution, and the Alps and the Pyrenees will sink before you—the whole empire of learning will be at your feet, while those who set out with you, but stopped to change their plans, are yet employed in the very unprofitable business of changing their plans. Let your motto be *perseverance*.—Practice upon it, and you will be convinced of its value by the distinguished eminence to which it will conduct you.—*Wells's Essays.*

THE DRUNKARD'S END.

BY EDWARD JAMES.

Let us look at what the drunkard will be, if not snatched by the hand of Temperance from the path which he is now pursuing—should he be spared to old age (which seldom happens) he will, ere that, be forsaken by all those who were his friends, and left alone, an old and withered trunk, whom the lightnings of heaven have scathed, and deprived of all its vigour and life, standing tottering at every breeze, or waiting the axe of the executioner to cut it to the earth. The drunkard will be a despised and miserable outcast from society, the destroyer of his property, and the bane of the community. Thus he will, until he fall before the idol car of intemperance, into the drunkard's grave. The grave to him, as doubly dark and dismal, and the prospect before him is cheerless.—He feels indeed that "Tis not all of death to die."

For to die were comparatively easy and pleasant were there no thorns in bedewing memory's sighs; no groans of hearts he has broken down on strating that in his towers, the flames and then the flames are burned to heaven. The pain, for instance, consists of thirty-five years, which may be seen in the early stages

of Heaven, by making an improper use of them, madly braved its solemn threatenings and trampled on the friendly warnings of humanity, as well as he who madly kept him such, must both appear at that awful tribunal from which place there is no appeal; and there, in the presence of the assembled universe, render up an account of their stewardship, and receive the just reward of their labours from that God who is a respecter of persons, and who will render unto all as their work shall have been. Here, all their fallacious arguments, false pretenses, and refuges of lies will be unavailing.—Here they must receive their final, irrevocable sentence. Then, every avenue of hope and consolation is closed upon the drunkard.—He has no hope. Oh who would be a drunkard,—die a drunkard's death, and fill a drunkard's grave for all the wealth ten thousand worlds like this we live in, could heap upon him.

Use of the Feeling of Responsibility.—It is often a happiness and a safeguard to feel that our circumstances call on us for vigilance; that our office or our profession has made our character conspicuous; and that we have need, therefore, of the greater diligence and care, that we disgrace it not. It is one of the manifestations of the wisdom of Providence, that when we feel the greater burden of responsibility, then also are we naturally roused to greater exertions, and almost without reflection, rise to loftier aims and a more rigid uniformity of conduct. But, on the other hand, I scarcely know a more fatal mistake, or one more common, than from undervaluing the effect of our example, to suppose ourselves at liberty to relax our watchfulness; and because we are comparatively unknown and unimportant, to lay aside all concern for our consistency. Let us always recollect that every Christian, even in the meanest circumstances, is called to the maintenance of a peculiar and an elevated character; that the light of a holy and consistent example will often shine out the more effulgently for the very obscurity and darkness with which it is surrounded; that the piety of the household servant, or the conscientious conduct even of a child, has not unfrequently put to shame the blasphemous master, or the unbeliering parent.—[*New Vol. of Rev. Dr. McAl's Sermons.*]

Tumbling Incident.—The Boston B. Y. States Democrat relates the following:—"We witnessed an incident Friday afternoon, of a most noble and benevolent character. A little girl about seven years of age, was sitting at the corner of Washington and State street, upon a small pine box, with a basket by her side, containing some half-dozen apples, which she was patiently waiting to sell, though her little form trembled from head to foot with the cold, which was most severe. At the moment the little half clad object met our eye, a boy not more than eight years old, dressed in the richest style of the day, even to an unusual extent, stopped before her, and taking a large rich kerchief from his own neck, tied it snugly about her, and tripped a way before we could recall him. We should like to know the generous little fellow's name, that we may publish it. Let this child's charity prove an example for those who are older.

Curious Coincidence.—Low!—A proof of the "glorious uncertainty of the law" was shown at the last quarter sessions for the county of Dorset. Two men were indicted jointly for a felony; upon being called on to plead guilty or not guilty, one of them pleaded "guilty," and the other "not guilty." At that moment an attorney stepped up to the prisoner who pleaded guilty, and told him he was employed to defend him; the prisoner then withdrew his plea of guilty, and pleaded not guilty. The trial proceeded, and at the close, the jury acquitted the one who had at first pleaded guilty, and convicted the other who had not pleaded guilty.—*Sherborne Journal.*

Remember the Sailor.—When the wind howls mournfully—when the storm beats furiously—remember the poor sailor. And the cold and the tempest he rides upon the swelling seas, exposed to danger and death. Hundreds perish in every storm, far from home and kindred, from parents, from wives and from children. Remember the sailor—and when seated round a blazing fire, or reposing on beds of down, put up a petition for him, that his frail bark may outlive the storm, and he be returned in safety to his friends.

The most kind of cuts are those who are out of humor, out of health, and out of money; and the worst kind of cuts are those who are in love, in jail, and in water over the

The *Complete Farmer* has an article, under the heading that in the towers, the flames and then the flames are burned to heaven. The pain, for instance, consists of thirty-five years, which may be seen in the early stages