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No 38

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1873.

Vol 40

The Charlotte County AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

will hold a Ploughing Match on Tuesday, 14th October next, at 10.50 a. m., due notice will be given of the field in which the Ploughing Match is to be held;

AND THE ANNUAL CATTLE SHOW & FAIR of the Society will take place the following day, Wednesday, the 15th October, in the Society's Field, at the Bay Side, at 11 a. m., when then following Premiums will be offered subject to the Regulations hereinafter mentioned:—

ON PLOUGHING MATCH.

1. To be performed with Horses.

Prizes 1st 2nd 3rd

Ploughmen above 25 years of age \$4; 3; 2.

2. To be performed with Oxen.

Ploughmen above 25 years of age 4; 3; 2.

3. To be performed with either Horses or Oxen open to all competitors under 25 years, 4; 3; 2.

In addition to the prizes offered by the Society, the Secretary will give a Plough to be competed for by ploughmen under 25 years of age. Not less than six ploughs to enter.

HORSES.

Entire Horses above 4 years old \$3; 2; 1.

Brood Mares above 4 years old 3; 2; 1.

Colts.

Colts 3 years old \$3; 2.

" " " 2; 1; 50.

" " " 1; 50; 125.

Spring 125; 1.

FARM HORSES.

Farm Horses \$3; 2; 1.

NEAT CATTLE.

Thorough bred Bull \$3; 2.

" " " 2; 1; 50.

Milch Cow 3 years old and upwards 3; 2; 1; 50.

Heifer " " 2; 1; 50.

do " " 1; 50; 125.

do " " 125; 1.

Bull yearling 1; 50; 125.

Oxen, per pair 100; 75.

Steers pair 1 year 250; 2.

do " " 150; 125.

do " " 175; 150.

do " " 2; 175.

SHEEP.

Rams under 4 years \$2; 1; 50.

Ewes 150; 1.

REGULATIONS FOR THE PLOUGHING MATCH.

1. Each competitor shall plough two ridges of land 12 feet in width, and about 15 rods in length, as staked off, the ridges to be gathered.

2. The furrows to be 9 inches wide and 6 inches deep.

3. The lots to be ploughed will be assigned to each competitor by lot.

4. One of the horses in each team must be the property of the person entering the same, and owned in this County, and the ploughmen must be inhabitants of the County.

5. Each Ploughman, to drive his own horses.

6. Ox teams entered must be the property of person entering them, and tamsters will be allowed to ox teams.

7. The competitors will be required to start at 11 A. M. by signal.

8. The Ploughing to be finished in four hours, after which the Judges will be called in to inspect the work done; any ploughman who has not finished his work at that time, will forfeit his right to any premium.

9. The Secretary will be at the field (if the situation of which due notice will be given) at 9 o'clock A. M., to receive entries from intending competitors who have not previously entered their name; all persons intending to compete must pay an entrance fee of 5s. each unless paid up members of the Society, and no entries will be received at 10.50 A. M.

FOR CATTLE SHOW.

1. No entire horse to be entered for competition unless he has been advertised and used exclusively for breeding purposes during the season.

2. All animals must have been the bona fide property of the person entering the same, and have been kept in this County not less than six months.

3. All crops, dairy produce, domestic manufactures, &c., must be the bona fide property of the person entering the same, and grown, produced or manufactured by them within this County.

4. Persons desirous of competing at the Cattle Show must hand a list of their stock or articles entered to the Secretary before 11 A. M., on the day of the Show—and if not paid up members of the Society must pay an entrance fee of \$1 each. No entries will be received after the hours above specified. Members of the Society will be allowed to pay their subscription for the current year at any time previous.

5. No person shall receive more than one Premium on the same kind of live stock except sheep, nor on the same kind of any other article exhibited by him.

6. Cattle and Horse competing must be provided with suitable harness, and with other stock must be placed in the field according to their respective classes and ages, and pigs must be ringed.

7. No premium shall be awarded or paid on any grain, which has been subjected to any other process than the ordinary method of cleaning it.

8. No stock or articles entered for competition, shall be removed from the Show ground or building, until after the premium list has been read and amounts awarded.

9. Any person refusing to comply with the regulation of the Committee of Arrangements will be debarred from receiving any premium.

10. No Judge on any description of articles entered, to enter an article of the same kind for competition.

11. Judges have the right of rejecting any or all of the articles entered, should they think them unworthy of premiums; and Judges are particularly requested to enforce this rule.

12. A bushel measure has been provided for measuring grain, root crops, &c. and their relative value will be adjudged, according to the weight per bushel.

13. In future all persons receiving Premiums of this Society, and who may be found to have accepted them in violation of the Society, will be prosecuted by the Society to recover back the amount received by them.

14. No premium shall be awarded by the Judges upon any domestic manufactures, or other articles (live stock excepted) which have hitherto obtained a premium from the Society.

15. One dollar will be deducted from all parties whose prizes amount to Two dollars and upwards, said dollar to be for their subscription another year.

16. A Constable will be in attendance to protect the Fancy Work and other goods in the upper flat of the Hall.

17. All entries to be made on forms provided by the Society, which can be obtained from the President, Secretary or Treasurer.

The sum of \$15.00 will be appropriated to be paid in Premiums on such articles not already enumerated, as the Committee may think deserving of special notice.

A Committee of arrangement will be appointed for Match and Show.

Prizes 1st 2nd 3rd

Ram Lambs 1, 50.

Ewe Lambs 1, 50.

Best pen of five Lambs, 150; 1.

Sheep with best wool, 200.

Lamb " 125.

SWINE.

Boars not less than 6 months old \$150; 1.

GRAINS.

Rye, 1 bushel 1, 75; 50.

Wheat, 1 " 2, 150; 1.

Barley, 1 " 1, 75; 50.

Oats, 1 " 75; 50; 25.

Indian corn not less than 12 ears 60; 40; 25.

Bush Beans 1 bushel unmixed 1, 75; 50.

Peas 1 " 75; 50; 25.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.

Potatoes—1 bushel each.

Carrots or Jackson, 60; 40; 20.

White Bluenoses, 60; 40; 20.

Early Rises, 60; 40; 20.

Peach Blows, 60; 40; 20.

Scotch Drums, 60; 40; 20.

Next 2 samples of any other kind not mixed, 60; 40; 20.

Field Beets, 60; 40; 20.

Carrots, 60; 40; 20.

Parsnips, 60; 40; 20.

Mangold Wurtzel, 60; 40; 20.

Cabbage, 40; 30; 20.

Celery, 40; 30; 20.

SEEDS.

Grass Seed 1 bushel \$150; 1.

Turnip Seed 10 lbs 150; 1.

Best Seed 5 lbs 150; 1.

Carrot Seed 3 lbs 150; 1.

Clover Seed half bushel 150; 1.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Woolen Socks 2 pairs 60; 40; 20.

Woolen Mitts 2 " 60; 40; 20.

Dyed Woolen Yarn 3 lbs 80; 40; 25.

White " do 80; 40; 25.

Shirtings Gray do 80; 40; 25.

Domestic Hosiery Rugs 80; 40; 25.

Patchwork Quilts 80; 40; 25.

BUTTER.

Best six samples not less than 30 lbs \$1 each.

FRUITS.

Best assortment of Apples, 100; 75; 50.

" " mixed Fruits, 100; 75; 50.

FRUITS.

Pen of geese, not less than 6 75; 50; 25.

" ducks, " " 75; 50; 25.

Pen of pure bred Fowls not less than 6, 150; 75.

Pen of Fowls mixed not less than 6, 1, 75.

Pen of young Turkeys not less than 6, 125; 75.

The following Section of the Liquor Law will be enforced:—

"25. No Liquors shall be sold in any booth or shed, or in any place whatever where any public meeting or gathering of people may take place, or within one mile of the same, unless the meeting or gathering be in a City or Town, under the penalty of five pounds for every offence in every case of sale."

The Society's newly imported ALDERNY BULL, one and a half years old, will be exhibited at the Fair, and sold at Public Auction. The purchaser will be required to give satisfactory evidence to keep the Bull in the Parish of St. Andrews, for three years after the date of purchase, for stock purposes, and keep him in good condition. Particulars of pedigree &c., will be given at time of sale. The Bull can be seen at any time previous to the day of sale, at Mr Benjamin Pettigrove's, Bay Side.

St. Andrews, Sept. 12, 1873.

JOHN S. MAGEE, Secretary.

Carlyle at Home.

Speaking of Carlyle, I remark that he is marvellously altered since I first met him, two and twenty years ago. Naturally enough it may be said. But I do not mean simply the change that increasing age brings. Of that the old man has no reason to complain. Now at seventy-eight, he is a more marked man in appearance than he was at fifty-five. With his long gown hanging on the floor and open to his shoulders, his thick neckerchief tied around an unstarched shirt collar, the ends half concealing unplaited linen behind the open waistcoat, his face haggard, forehead wrinkled, brows heavy and slightly raised, and eyes whose expression, as he sits meditatively, seem to be introverted, full, clear as a boy's, and with unkempt, matted, grizzled hair, he was, to my mind, when I last saw him at his house in Chelsea.

"The grandest Roman of them all."

But what I mean by his being changed so greatly is, in the seriousness that has frozen in his whole nature. It is not misanthropy, as the world calls it, for no man better loves his fellow men, nor cherishes more the sorrows that comes from disappointment, nor dissatisfaction with his life's work, nor remorse, nor decay of intellect—God save the mark!—nor irritability. But ever since the terrible day in April, 1866, when, returning from his inaugural address as rector of Edinburgh University, he heard the tidings that his wife had been killed, he has never been the same. Edward Irving gave her, when a child, her early lessons on the stars and flowers, and far off hills, and brought Carlyle to see her. Seventeen years afterward the latter married his "bonnie Madie Welch," and took her to his little farm in Cruguenstown. It God never made a woman for one man, he made Mary Welch for Thomas Carlyle. She knew him measured him, understood him appreciated him and loved him, and when she died the whole joy of the old man's life closed its eyes as well. I have seen him many times since that awful day, but never since have I heard the ring of the old hilarious laugh.

There was never such a home, in the very best sense of the word, as was found in that little Chelsea house when I knew it from 1851 to 1860. The master and mistress of it were always in good health, and always at home. There was a cozy bit of supper in the evening, and three or four persons were generally present, generally Scotchmen residing in London.

Among his "live Scotchmen" of that time was one Hugh Macdonald, since deceased, who frequently came up to London on the matter of a volume of poetry he was publishing. He was one of those curiously impracticable Scotchmen who, in spite of all difficulties, had knack of making friends of all with whom he came in contact. Though born in Glasgow, he was a Celt, as his name implies, in all his feelings. It was one of his whims, which aided the quaint effect of his talk, that he could not express himself clearly in English. This whim Mr. Carlyle humoured to its bent.

He was speaking in his fanatical way one evening of Burns, when Mr. Carlyle said:— "Surely Hugh, you do not put our Rabbie above Shakespeare?"

Shakespeare? he replied, dubitatively shaking his head; we'll see! Shakespeare!—Nae doot a very great poet!

And you don't believe that Burns could have written Hamlet?

Na! Na! I wadna just venture to say our Rabbie could have written Hamlet, but there's aye two ways o' putting a thing.

How is that, Hugh? asked the philosopher.

Just this, Mr. Carlyle. I'll no say that Rabbie could have written Hamlet. But div ye really think no, honestly, that Shakespeare could ha' written Tam O'Shanter? De'il the fears o' him!

And Wordsworth? pursued Mr. Carlyle, winking appreciatively as the fun went on. O' him I had just nae opinion ava. He drank nathing a' his life but lake water, they say; and truth I weel believe it, for little else ever cam o' him.

Drinking wine is a habit; so is drinking spirits, aid, cider, coffee and water.

TRIED AND TRUE.

It was the Carnival season in Paris; and Col. Eugene Merville, an attaché of the great Napoleon's staff, who had won his way to distinction with his own sabre, found himself at the masked ball in the French opera house. Better adapted in his tastes to the field than the boudoir, he flirts but little with the gay figures that cover the floor and joins but seldom in the waltz. But at last, while standing thoughtfully and regarding the assembled throng with a vacant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a person in a white satin domino, the universal elegance of whose figure, manner and bearing convinced all that her face and mind must be equal to her person in grace and loveliness.

Though in so mixed an assembly, still there was a dignity and reserve in the manner of the white domino that rather repulsed the idea of a familiar address, and it was some time before the young soldier found courage to speak to her.

Some alarm being given, there was a violent rush of the throng to the door, where, unless assisted, the lady would have materially suffered. Eugene Merville offers his arm, and with his broad shoulders and stout frame wards off the danger. It was a delightful moment, the lady spoke the purest French, was witty, fanciful and captivating.

Alas! pray raise that mask, and reveal to me the charms of feature that must accompany so sweet a voice and so graceful a form as you possess?

You would, perhaps, be disappointed. No, I am sure not.

Are you so very confident?

Yes. I feel that you are beautiful—it cannot be otherwise.

Don't be too sure of that, said the domino. Have you never heard of the Irish poet Moore's story of the veiled prophet of Khorrassan—how, when he disclosed his countenance, its hideous aspect killed his beloved one. How do you know that I shall not turn out a veiled prophet of Khorrassan?

Alas! your every word convinces me to the contrary, replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart had begun to feel as it never felt before, he was in love.

She closed his efforts at discovery; but permits him to hand her to the carriage, which drives off into the darkness, and though he throws himself upon his fleetest horse, he is unable to overtake her.

The young French colonel becomes moody; he has lost his heart, and knows not what to do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns his former places of amusement, avoids his military companions, and in short, is miserable as a lover can well be, thus disappointed. One night, just after he had left his hotel on foot, a figure, muffled to the very ears, stopped him.

Well, Monsieur, what would you do with me? asked the soldier.

You would know the name of the white domino? was the reply.

I would indeed, replied the officer hastily. How can it be done?

Follow me.

To the end of the earth, if it will bring me to her. 'But you must be blindfolded.' 'Very well.' 'Step into this vehicle.' 'I am at your command.'

And away they rattled the youth, a soldier and his strange companion. "This may be a trick," reasoned Eugene Merville, but I have no fear of personal violence. I am armed with this trusty sabre, and can take care of myself. But there was no cause for fear since he soon found the vehicle stop; and he was led, blindfolded, into the house. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in a richly furnished boudoir, and before him stood the white domino just as he met her at the masked ball. To fall upon his knees and tell her how much he thought of her since their separation, that his thoughts had never left her, that he loved her devotedly, was as natural as to breathe, and he did so gallantly and sincerely.

Shall I believe all you say?

Lady, let me prove it by any test you may put upon me.

Know, then, that the feelings you avow are mutual. Nay, unloose your arm from my waist. I have something more to say.

Talk on forever, lady! Your voice is music to my heart and ears.

Would you marry me, knowing no more of me than you now do?

Yes, if you were to go the very alter masked! he replied. 'Then I will test you.' 'How lady?'

'For one year be faithful to the love you have professed, and I will be yours—as truly as heaven shall spare my life.'

'Oh cruel suspense!' 'You demur?' 'Nay, lady, I shall fulfil your injunctions as I promised.'

'If at the expiration of a year you do not hear from me, then the contract shall be null and void. Take this half ring,' she continued, 'and when I supply the broken portion I will be yours.'

He kissed the little emblem, swore again and again to be faithful, and pressing her hand to his lips bade her adieu.

He was conducted away as mysteriously as he had been brought thither; nor could he by any possible means discover where he had been, his companion rejecting all bribes, and even refusing to answer the simplest questions.

Months roll on. Colonel Merville is true to his vow, and happy in the anticipation of love. Suddenly he was ordered on an embassy to Vienna, the gayest of all European capitals, about the time that Napoleon was planning to marry the Archduchess Maria Louisa. The young colonel is handsome, manly, and already distinguished in arms, and becomes at once a great favorite at court, every effort being made by the women to captivate him; but in vain; he is constant and true to his vow.

But his heart is not made of stone; the very fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white domino had doubtless made him more susceptible than before.

At last he met the young Baroness Caroline Von Waldroff, and in spite of his vows she captivated him, and he secretly curses the engagement he had so blindly made at Paris. She seems to wonder at what she believes to be his devotion—and yet the distance he maintains! The truth was, that his sense of honor was so great that, though he felt he loved the young baroness, and even she returned his affection, still he had given his word and it was sacred.

The satin domino is no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form in his imagination and becomes in place of his good angel, his evil-genius!

Well time rolls on; he is to return in a few days—it is once more the carnival season; and in Vienna, too, that gay city. He joins in the festivities of the masked ball, and would fill his brain, when, about the middle of the evening, the white domino steals before him in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the French Opera House in Paris. Was it not a fancy?

I come, Colonel Eugene Merville to hold you to your promise, she said, laying her hand lightly upon his arm.

Is this a reality, or a dream? asked the amazed soldier.

Come, follow me, and you shall see that it is a reality, continued the mask, pleasantly. I will.

Have you been faithful to your promise? asked the domino, as they retired into a saloon.

Most truly in act; but, alas, I fear not in heart?

Indeed.

It is too true, lady, that I have seen and loved another; though my vow to you has kept me from saying so to her.

And who is it that you love?

I will be frank with you, and you will keep my secret?

Most religiously.

It is the Baroness Von Waldroff, he said with a sigh.

And you really love her?

Alas! only too dearly, said the soldier sadly.

Nevertheless, I must hold you to your promise. Here is the other half of the ring; can you produce its mate?

Here it is, said Eugene Merville.

Then I too, keep my promise? said, the domino, raising her mask and showing to his astounded view the face of the Baroness Von Waldroff!

She had seen and loved him for his manly spirit and character, and having found by inquiry that he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue, and had tested him, and now gave him her wealth, title and everything.

They were married with great pomp, and accompanied the archduchess to Paris. Napoleon to crown the happiness of his favorite, made him at once a general of division.—English paper.

A man in Pennsylvania has invented a rat-trap that is made to operate on the selfish passions of the poor rat, and lures him into a snare. A mirror is set in the back part of the device, beyond the bait, and as his tailship is on a forcing expedition, he spies the bait; at the same time he believes his own image in the mirror to be another rat making for it on the opposite side. This is too much for rat, nature to stand and be cool over, and he rushes for the bait.

CAPS

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olly Varden, Duke les to numerous to h Shakespeare Paper set fit and durability. (Gents. Furnishing

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