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NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN NEW JERSEY.

THE HAMMONTON TRACT OF LAND IN NEW JERSEY.

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Poetry.

Spare that Dog.

A PARODY.

"Policeman, spare that dog!
Touch not a single hair;
He worries many a hog
From out his muddy lair.
Oh, when he was a pup,
So frisky and so plump,
He lapped his milk from a cup,
And hung his head from a stump.
And then his funny tricks,
So funny in their place,
So full of canine tricks!
Upon your hands and face.
You will surely let him live!
Oh, do not kill him dead;
He wags his narrative,
And prays for life—not lead.
Go get the muzzle now,
And put upon his mouth,
And stop that bow-wow-wow,
And tendency to drow.
He is our children's pet,
Companion of their joy;
You will not kill him yet,
And thus their hopes destroy.
No, policeman, spare that pup,
Touch not a single hair;
Oh, put your pistol up,
And go away from there."

Miscellany.

Top Dressing.

Upon the subject of applying manure to the surface, Mr. Bright, the well known writer on fruit culture, says:
"The practice of top-dressing, or surface manuring, has long been the favorite method employed by all intelligent gardeners within the circle of my acquaintance. We have long ago learned that masses of rich, nitrogenous manures are not what plants require about their roots but that manures are applied much more successfully and less injuriously by top-dressing, either in solid or liquid form. Nature never manures her plants with curd-masses of concentrated fertilizing substances, but imparts her stimulating and mineral food in a state of most minute subdivision—almost infinitesimal—chiefly from the surface of the earth."

The great objection to surface manuring is founded upon the probable loss of ammonia, caused by the exposure of decaying manure, upon the surface of the earth. But this loss has been shown by sound reasoning, and by fact deduced from practical experience, to be much less than is commonly apprehended, while the benefit arising from surface manuring, in other respects, more than counterbalances any possible loss of ammonia arising from the practice.

The soluble and valuable substances (of manure) are not lost to plants. It has been conclusively shown by eminent scientific authorities, that any good soil, containing a fair proportion of clay and carbon, is capable of taking up and retaining effectually ammonia, lime, potash, soda, &c., in a soluble form so that little, if any, passes off in the under drainage water of such soils. These substances, it is true, may wash from the surface, but they cannot pass through a good soil and go off in the drainage water.

When the surface manure decomposes, its elements are washed into the soil, in a state of solution precisely fitted to meet the wants of plants, and they become themselves, active agents in promoting further decomposition and chemical changes in the entire soil.

Manure then, I say, chiefly upon the surface. Top-dress your grass after mowing in July or August under a burning summer sun; top dress in the fall before and during the autumn rains. Manure your grass instead of your corn and wheat, broadcast, at any time when you have manure and leisure, and I will be abundantly satisfied with the result."

London Milk Supply.

The monthly supply of milk from the country into London is 508,000 gallons. The western counties contribute 140,000 gallons, the northern counties transmit 125,000 gallons, the eastern counties 95,000 gallons, Hants and Berks 55,000, and from other districts the supply is augmented by 18,500 gallons. Kent and Sussex are the lowest contributing counties; and at the present daily averages 6,604,000 gallons of milk, are brought from the country to London, and this is increased by metropolitan dairymen to an extent of another third, and is retailed out to about 260,000 customers. The aggregate supply of milk consigned to London is the produce of 20,000 cows in the country.

A WOLF ADVENTURE.

BY L. N. BURDICK.

It was towards the close of one of those hot, sultry days so peculiar to the southern climate, that a company of five or six trappers and hunters were congregated together, some smoking, and others lounging, half-a-leap upon the benches on the broad stoop, or piazza of a little tavern near the village of Henderson, in the north eastern part of the new State of Texas. The sun already tipped the edge of the western prairie, yet the air was almost stifling; not a breath of wind could be felt, and the heat was of the most oppressive kind.

Just at this moment a man was seen approaching upon a large, powerful steed, covered with sweat and foam, and the traveller was sadly begrimed with dust collected from his long ride. He proceeded immediately to the door, dismounted and ordered his horse to be cared for, after which he hastily brushed the dust from his limbs, and seated himself among the loungers on the piazza.

A warm day this, said one of the men, removing the pipe from his mouth as he spoke. Yes, grunted, rather than spoke, the stranger.

Come a long way, to-day, I should think? continued the hunter, who seemed determined to enter into a conversation. Yes, he answered.

From beyond the Brazos? interrogated the inquisitive hunter. Yes, answered the stranger, nervously moving his seat, as if he wished to settle himself into a quiet sleep.

Well, you've had a hot ride over the prairie. Yes, he closed his eyes. The rest had now grouped around to hear the conversation, and one of them, an old trapper, commenced:

I've known hotter days nor these, though. Guess not, interrupted the stranger, suddenly opening his eyes, as if giving up his intention of sleep, now that there was so much talking.

But I have, the trapper continued, but two years ago this month, I was trapping down on a fork of the Colorado, for beaver. One afternoon, about two o'clock, I skinned twelve of the critters, and left their carcasses lying over a log. When I returned, in two hours, may I be charged to death by a mink if they hadn't melted, bones and all, and the grease soaked into the ground.

Don't doubt it at all, said the traveller, suddenly recovering from his fit and torpor into which he had seemingly fallen. It aint nothing what has happened to me to-day!

El! what was it? they exclaimed curiously. Well, it's a short story, and if you wish it, I can soon let you know my day's adventure. Yes, let us hear it, certainly, they all answered.

Well, he commenced, I started about five o'clock this morning from Ripley, and after pursuing the main track up the Brazos for four miles, I crossed the river, and struck straight across the open prairie. The sun had by this time arisen, and began to cast his burning rays upon the plain. The heat soon became oppressive, and as I rode along, I thought I had never felt it more. It happened that I had filled the canteen, which I always carry when travelling, with cold water from a spring close beside the river, before I attempted to cross the plain, or I should never have held out till I reached a small stream some fifteen miles from Ripley, for before going a mile on my way, my thirst had become intolerable.

My canteen was made of tin, and held about three quarts; but before I reached that stream, the water was all gone. Yet the heat of the day had hardly begun; so after resting for the limpid stream, then filling my canteen again with the pure beverage, I fastened it to the back of my saddle, exposed to the full glare of the sun, and mounting my horse, who was by this time so refreshed that it seemed as if a new spirit had been infused within him, I set off again on my lone road, in the direction of my destination.

The sun had by this time reached the centre of the horizon, and the fierce rays that were poured down upon me, I shall never forget. The prairie had, not long since, been swept over by fire, and the tall grass had given way before the devouring element. I had continued thus riding along leisurely, buried in my own thoughts, without paying attention exactly in which direction I was proceeding, until being startled by the sudden action of my horse; who pricked up his ears and commenced trotting a livelier pace in another direction, I looked up, and there, about one hundred rods to the right, were three large wolves, who were busily engaged in tearing the little meat that remained, from the bones of a buffalo. They were large, gaunt, and hungry looking animals, and as I looked up, and turned my horse in a more southerly direction, one of the wolves espied me, and with a fiendish howl, started in pursuit, as likewise

did the rest upon seeing the cause of their companion's sudden departure.

I had neglected bringing with me any kind of weapon, thinking it needless, as it is very unusual for one of these cowardly creatures to openly attack a man in daylight, but being pressed with hunger, and there being more than one of them, they made no hesitation in immediately pursuing me. I longed for my faithful rifle, that I might rid myself of my detestable enemy, but in my carelessness, I had set off on my lonely journey entirely defenceless.

I at once gave spurs to my horse, but he needed nothing but common instinct to acquaint him with the imminent danger he was in. The dust flew in clouds from his iron hoofs, as he thundered over the ground, and the foam flew in flakes from his distended nostrils. Few horses can equal him in a fair race, and well has he acted his part this day. But his speed could not last him long, at the terrible pace he was now going. I plainly saw the voracious wolves, now nearly fifty rods distant, come on with a long, steady gallop, their hot tongues lolling from their mouths, exhibiting to me all would soon be over, and I again urged my horse to his utmost speed. How far it was to any place of security, I knew not, but I felt certain there could be none in the immediate vicinity.

Again I cast a glance behind me, and, as if to dispel every earthly hope, I discovered that one, the fiercest looking of the animals, was some rods in advance of the rest, and now twenty rods from me; his pace was unslackened, and occasionally a short howl would issue from his throat. I in vain endeavored to urge my horse to a faster run, and despair began to seize hold of me. I looked again; with a triumphant yell the foremost wolf was rapidly coming up, followed by his more tardy companions a short distance in the rear, their savage eyes fixed with a glowing look upon me.

I had for the past few moments been ascending a gentle acclivity, and as I arrived at the summit, I saw, scarce half a mile from me, a large stream. I suddenly became possessed with the idea that if I could only gain the opposite shore in advance of them, and I dug the spurs into the flank of my weary steed up to the hocks, and dashed onward, but one hasty look behind me completely dispelled the hope, for there, not ten paces from me, came my fierce enemy, followed by the others. The perspiration poured from me in a torrent, and the sun cast its burning glare full upon me.

I was now within a quarter of a mile of the water, when the wolf who had now gained my side, with jaws extended, and the hot breath issuing from his mouth and nostrils, gave a spring upon me.

The stranger paused, and covered his face with his hands, as if to shut out from his imagination the horrid sight. His listeners drew in long breath, and with open ears they anxiously awaited the continuation of the narration.

What next? for gracious sake, stranger, how did you escape? The traveller looked up; a mournful shade was upon his countenance; with a firm, low voice, he proceeded:

Gentlemen, my horse dashed aside, and that was the saving of my life, for the wolf missed his aim, and my left hand was dashed around, hitting the canteen, which was suspended from the saddle, as he did so, and—

What! gasped out his hearers. As I did so, he continued, unthinking of an interruption, a new thought struck me. In an instant I tore that canteen from its place, where it had been exposed to the rays of that torrid sun, and when in another moment, the wolf made a second spring at me, I threw the whole of the contents upon him.

Well! Why, gentlemen, the fact is, the water was boiling hot, and with a howl of agony, the blinded and scalded wolf made off in the direction from which he had come, followed by his frightened companions.

The stranger paused, and with a sorrowful countenance sank back into his seat. Each old hunter and trapper gave an exclamation of astonishment, and rose from his seat and entered the bar-room. The stranger meanwhile proceeded to take an easy nap undisturbed by the voice of any inquisitive person, and although he tarried for three days at that hospitable inn, yet when he departed, he found his account all settled, and was urged to call, if he ever had occasion to pass that way again.

The leaves of geranium are excellent care for cuts, where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied to the part, and the wound will be cicatrized in a short time.

Rosa Bonheur's picture of a Horse Fair, which was sold a few years ago for \$10,000, was resold a few months since for \$30,000, and now is offered by auction in New York next week, with a private bid pending of \$50,000.

"Come here, my dear—I want to ask you about your sister. Has she got a beau?"

"No; the doctor says it's the jaundice she's got."

Amusements.

All innocent amusements, of whatever nature, are not only desirable, but without them, mankind would become effeminate, intellectually weak, and would degenerate physically. The limbs, muscles, brain and every organ of the body, and mind must be properly exercised, or its development will be deficient and unhealthy. How natural for little children to indulge in play. How necessary for them to do so. How charming to behold them in the simplicity and vivacity of their natures, their cheeks all aglow, their voices in clear, ringing tones giving tokens of that rich employment which all childish sports evolve. Who would not lead to childhood every joy of which it is susceptible and which they are capable of imitating? When so little satisfied, it is cruelty to withhold the means of enjoyment to the young. From the baby with its rattle, the little child with its trumpet or whistle, to the youth in the social party or dance, and to mature age in commingling pleasant and sociably with friends, such recreations add vigor to the body, clearness to the intellect and strengthen the moral faculties. They make the blood course healthfully through the veins, the lungs to inspire and respiration with precision, the digestive organs to perform their work satisfactorily and the entire organism to present a beauty and harmony of action delightful to the beholder.

Then do not withhold the means of enjoyment to the young, but rather add to their joyous sports everything in your power to impart. Never rebuke innocent pastime. The cheerful laugh should be encouraged. Singing, dancing and all athletic sports not only tend to healthy development, to augment the enjoyment of youth, but also to increase the capacity to enjoy. Gymnastics are vigorous and add to elasticity to the action of the body and strength and beauty to the form.

Beautiful Incident.

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of his vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm."

He rose from his chair, lashed to the deck, and supporting himself by a pillar of the bed places, drew his sword and pointed it to the breast of his wife, exclaiming:

"Are you not afraid?"

She instantly answered, "No."

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know the sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I believe, and that He holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand."

It is not the will of God to give us more troubles than will bring us to live by faith simply on him; he loves us too well to give us a moment of uneasiness.

PAYING LIKE A SINNER.—Several years ago, in North Carolina, where it is not customary for the tavern-keepers to charge the militiamen anything for lodging and refreshments, a preacher presuming stopped at a tavern one evening, made himself comfortable during the night, and in the morning entered the stage without offering to pay for his accommodations. The landlord soon came running up to the stage, and said:

"There is some one who has not settled his bill."

The passengers all said they had, but the preacher, who had understood that he never charged ministers anything.

"What! you a minister of the gospel—a man of God?" cried the innkeeper, "you came to my house last night; you sat down at the table without a blessing; I lit you to your room, and you went to bed without paying to your Maker (for I stood there until you retired), you rose and washed without prayer, and you came to my house like a sinner and eat and drank like a sinner, you have got to pay like a sinner!"

DEVELOPMENT OF WRITING-MATERIAL. The earliest mode of writing was on lumps of stone, shells, ivory, bone and leaves of trees. Copper and brass plates were very early in use; and a bill of merchant on copper was some years since discovered in India bearing date 100 years B. C. Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century was superseded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially amongst the Chinese, but the first paper mill in England was built in 1588 by a German, at Darford, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half, namely 1713, before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper making to anything like perfection.

The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a

kind of bodkin. Subsequently, reeds pointed and split like pens used, and whatever may be said of our pens and paper on the score of convenience, it is clear from early records that the inks of the ancients were greatly superior to our own.

Thirty years ago, the sterile plains of Texas "the great desert of the Southwest," belonged to Mexico. To-day Texas is "going more trade with the world at large, than the republic of Mexico, with its eight millions of inhabitants."

Lady (in a fashionable hooded dress)—"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" Boy—"Perhaps. A load of hay went through this morning."

The wholesale prices charged are an average of 2s. per bushel (eight quarts); and the value of milk brought to London for consumption represents a sum of \$560,400 per annum.

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow boasting. "Very true," replied a wag, "for you can't please any."

Harbour Regulations.

From thirtieth March to first of October vessels to be moored North-west and South-east, and before and after those periods North-east, and South-west. When swinging within twenty-four hours after anchoring, the main jib or spanker booms to be rigged in. No anchor to be laid above low water mark. No vessel to be left over night without some person on board, and to be kept moored with their bows and stern anchors, with buoys and buoy ropes. Rats' stow to be kept close to the vessel. No vessel to throw out ballast while passing through the harbour, or when anchored excepting under the direction and permission of the Harbour Master, who shall direct a tarpaulin to be laid under the ballast. Port, so as to prevent any ballast falling into the water. Every commander of a vessel refusing or neglecting to comply with the directions of the Harbour Master, shall pay a fine of not less than five, and not more than twenty pounds for each and every offence. The Harbour Master to show the commander and Pilot of every vessel he shall take in charge, these Rules and Regulations, and present in his own name, for all breaches thereof, and may demand and receive as his fees from the master of every vessel entering the harbour, coasters excepted, five shillings for vessels above fifty tons, and not exceeding one hundred tons, and ten shillings for every vessel exceeding one hundred tons, and arriving from one port to another in this province.

JOHN DALSON,
Harbour Master.

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