

The Standard.

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

VOLUME 11

NUMBER 31

Price 15s. in Town]

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1844.

[15s. sent by Mail]

From the London Saturday Courier. A Black Eye.

Notwithstanding the stern characteristics of his nature, men, when in the presence of a female, feels that he is in the society, of a being who at once commands respect and veneration. When abroad amongst his companions, he may rave, buster, and be quarrelsome; but no sooner had he left these companions, and entered into the society, it may be, of his mother, sister, or wife than he feels at once subdued, and confesses to himself, that here, at least, there is no room for him to show off his quarrelling propensities. It is well for mankind that females possess this power; for if it were otherwise, often would they have to lament the effects of their own inconsiderate conduct, as exemplified in the following tale.

Jean Watson was the daughter of most respectable parents, who kept a chandler's shop in a pretty considerable sized village in Aberdeenshire. While in her youthful years, her parents lost no opportunity of giving her the best education which their circumstances and the village where they were located could afford. These instructions were not lost upon their daughter; for, as she advanced in years, she carried with her the respect of her teachers, as well as of every other person who had the pleasure of enjoying her acquaintance. Combined with a natural sweetness of disposition, she added that of a cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits in executing the commands of her parents, that could not fail of exciting their warmest approbation. Jean, being an only daughter, and her mother being of rather a delicate constitution, was never sent to service of any kind, her parents finding plenty of exercise for her talents as a housewife, within their own domestic circle. When about eighteen Jean presented the very best ideal of a village beauty; her pure and delicate white skin looked like alabaster; her features regular, while her flowing jet black hair, which hung in ringlets from her temples, gave her altogether an appearance of the most interesting description.

About this period, a circumstance happened, which materially affected her condition throughout the after part of her life. A young man, named William Hatherton, a millwright by trade, and foreman in a large establishment in Aberdeen, had been sent to superintend the erection of a threshing mill, in the immediate neighbourhood of the village where she resided; and arriving late in the evening, he experienced considerable difficulty in procuring lodgings; but, at length, trusting the dignity which he supposed attached to his situation, and to his own respectable appearance, he ventured into the shop of Mr. Watson, and inquired if he could accommodate him for a short time, until he had more leisure to look about for another place. Mr. Watson, after enquiring into the nature of his business in the village, at once acceded to his request, by granting him the use of a small spare room in his own house. Having got himself once established, William Hatherton showed no disposition to remove; and it was soon seen he had more attractions than the comfortable room in Mr. Watson's house to bind him to his present quarters. In fact, an attachment had, from the first moment they saw each other, taken place between William Hatherton and Jean Watson, he being struck by her beauty and simplicity of manners; she by his manly appearance, and openness of heart. Two months had scarcely elapsed from the time they first saw each other, until William was one night sent to Mr. Watson's own room, asking his consent to give him his daughter in marriage. Mr. Watson was a little discontented first about the loss of his daughter, but as he could see no personal objections to the young man, he, like a wise parent, thought it would be useless to throw any obstacles in the way of his daughter's happiness, especially as she had already bestowed her heart.

Having made the lovely Jean his wife, and finished his commission at the mill, Hatherton sought his way back to Aberdeen, where he took up a house in a respectable part of the town, and was most assiduous in his attentions to his young and interesting wife for the first twelve or fifteen months of his married life, during which period she gave birth to a daughter. By degrees, however, he began to stay out late at night; and, on more than one occasion, his partner observed that on coming home he was considerably the worse of liquor. Jean, in the simplicity of her heart, took no great notice of this, as she thought it a trifling matter, more especially as he generally had some excuse such as that he had been detained by business on his employer's account, and of course, as is usual on such occasions, there was a glass going, in order to make the business the more complete. This did very well for a time; but at length he began to go to his work at the time he should have been coming home to his breakfast, and although Jean said nothing, yet she had her own fearful forebodings that every thing was not as her husband presented.

About two years after her marriage, she observed her husband, on the evening after one of his drowsy mornings, to be more than usually downcast; and pressing him in the most urgent and affectionate manner to tell her the cause, he gave her to understand, that he had lost his situation as overseer at work. On hearing this piece of bad news, she felt sensibly affected, but instead of upbraiding him for his misconduct, as many others would have done, she showed the utmost solicitude in order to raise his drooping spirits. 'Never mind,' said she, 'you can still have good employment as a journeyman; our family is not large, our wants are few, and by good management we shall still be able, with the blessing of God to keep ourselves in a respectable manner. Bear up my dear William, with your misfortune like a man; it is the part of a coward to sit and repine.' On hearing this touching appeal, William Hatherton burst into a flood of tears and eagerly embracing his affectionate wife, he vowed with an oath, that he would make amends for his past misconduct towards her by his good behaviour and attention to his duties at home. But, alas! how vain and impotent are the firmest resolutions of men when they come in contact with the contaminating influence of intoxicating liquors! Instead of amending his conduct he waxed daily worse and worse; his hours instead of being late, were generally early in the morning, and he was often seen in a state of intoxication. But the worst feature of the whole to his wife, was the great alteration that was sensibly taking place in his temper. Formerly, when he came home, he was inclined to be good natured and jocular, now he was peevish and quarrelsome—finding fault with the most minute article in the arrangement of the domestic economy in the house. Notwithstanding the harsh usage of her husband, the dutiful wife never repined in the least; for although he was exceedingly ill natured when in his cups, he generally showed her the greatest kindness when in his sober moments; and this circumstance led her to conjecture that she still had the right affections of her husband. In this respect she was doomed to meet with disappointment. On one occasion he having, as usual, been along with some companions, and a quarrel taking place, from which he came off second best, he went home in such an angry mood, that nothing which his watchful wife did for him could allay his bad humour. Demanding his supper in the most peremptory manner, he was no sooner placed before him, than he immediately threw it in the grate; and on his wife remonstrating with him in the most gentle manner, he rose from his seat and struck her violent blow on her face; shortly after he fell into a profound sleep. Poor Mrs. Hatherton sobbed and wept aloud. She ran to the looking-glass, and there she saw that rapid discoloration was taking place on one of her eyes. She tried every remedy to stop it, but without effect; she sat down beside her unconscious husband, buried her face in her hands, and gave way to the most heart-rending wailings.

'I could have been content,' she said, 'to have lived with him through poverty through sickness, or the most direful calamity, that could by any possibility have befallen us; I could even then have fancied myself happy, if I had only known that I possessed his affection; but to be struck by the husband of my bosom is more than I can endure. Oh, oh, oh!' and she wept yet louder and louder. Poor woman! the cup of her misery was not yet full. When he woke from his perishing sleep on the following morning, he went to a closet where he generally kept a bottle of spirits; but finding it empty, he then ordered his wife to go and get some put into it. With great reluctance she obeyed the command; and placing the bottle before him, he drank first, and then by way of making up friendship with his wife, he asked her to drink also; she took the poisoned cup into her hand, and elevating it to her lips, for the first time during her life, she drank it off! He went to work; and shortly after a sympathizing neighbor, who lived immediately below, and of whom there is generally one to be found in every neighbourhood, came in to ask what had been the matter during the previous night. She told her tale in a few words, and in such simplicity of heart, while the tears flowed down her cheeks, that it would have moved the heart of a stone, if it had one to hear and recital. Her sympathizing friend recommended a glass of whiskey to recruit her sunken spirits, and generously offered her one out of her own bottle, which the disconsolate wife swallowed also; so that when her unmanly husband returned from his work, he found what he had never seen before—his ill used wife considerably elevated with the liquor she had imbibed. This was the first attempt she had made in the broad road of dissipation and ruin; and it would have been well for her own sake, and that of her offspring if it had been the last; such was not the case, however. Even from the time on which her unfeeling husband had raised his hand against her, it would seem as if she had lost all com-

mand of herself: nay she often expressed that all the self respect and honour of which she was ever possessed, had fled on that ill fated moment. From that period her career in the drunkard's path was fast and furious; and when ordinary means failed to gratify her desire for intoxicating liquors, she then had recourse to the almost exclusively woman's practice of selling the furniture in the house to procure ardent spirits; and the consequence was, that these powerful stimulents, acting on a mind already too sensitive, threw her, after a severe drinking bout, into a state of delirium, from which she never recovered. She had, to be confined in a lunatic asylum, where she died about 6 months after her admission.

Her husband, who had been the guinea-cous instrument (he was in a state of intoxication at the time) of all this devastation and ruin, adjured the poisoned cup; and now lives that self condemned, through unintentional, murderer of this once happy and virtuous woman.

POETRY.

THE MOTHERLESS.

The following is one of the most touchingly beautiful things we have ever read. The whole scene is one of exquisite tenderness, and its beauty lies in its entire truthfulness. There is no attempt of effort to make grief—what is written, is written because it was felt—because the heart was full and was relieved by utterance. It is real, not invented. None can doubt this is the language of a husband and a father, with a spirit stricken by the loss of one fondly loved as a wife, and as the mother of his precious ones. How full of nature is third verse! how like what we would look for—and how beautiful the fourth!

Your're weary, precious ones! your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her, who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide;
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim?
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name!

'Tis time to say your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove!
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine
And lean the arm of love;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng!
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds; the accustom'd strain
Come, warble loud and clear;
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear!
Good night, go say the prayers she taught
Beside your little bed,
The lips that used to bless you there
Are silent with the dead!

A father's hand your course may guide,
Amid the thorns of life;
His care protect those shrinking plants,
That dread the storms of strife;
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul
Dear, smitten flock!—Good night.

AGRICULTURE.

FOOD OF PLANTS.

The following article from the *New Geneva Farmer*, will strike the intelligent reader, as being entitled not only to be read, but studied. It is written by Dr. Lee, of Buffalo, New York, a gentleman, possessing powers and original views upon all subjects connected with science, and who has also the happy knack of making people understand him.

To understand the process of nature by which certain elements of earth, air, and water are transformed into living plants, and the best method of preparing these elements so as to produce the largest crop at the least expense, are objects worthy of the careful and profound study of every cultivator of the soil.

If we take 100 pounds of ripe hay, oats, wheat, or corn, including the roots, stems, and seed, and burn them in the open air, we shall have only about three per cent. of alkaline earths left, most of which can be dissolved in water. If we burn a pound of candles or a pound of oil, whether animal or vegetable, the whole of these substance, (which are truly the 'fat of the land,') will be formed into invisible air and vapour. The atmosphere and water are nature's great storehouse for preserving an exhaustless vegetable food. By respiration, fermentation, and rotting, all organic structures are transformed into gases and soluble salts. It is from the lime dissolved in the ocean that the oyster elaborates its shell, and the coral insects rear its massive mountains of coral rock. It is mainly from the phosphate of lime held in solution in its mother's milk, taken from her food, that the sucking calf elaborates its

solid bone. Without lime to be dissolved in her gastric juices, and taking into her circulating blood, the hen can make no solid shell to her egg. The unborn infants in the great city of London and Paris, and fed on arrow root and other food that contains little or no lime, have soft, cartilaginous, rickety bones, simply because neither animal nor plants can make something from nothing.

On page 254 of *Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society, 1842*, Gen. Harmon, of Wheatland, states that "in 1803 Pettin Sheffer, Esq. of this town, harvested 40 acres of wheat, on the Genesee flats, that produced 62 1/2 bushels per acre." What elements did nature provide, and where did she get them for the growth of such a crop? Manifestly they came from the mineral and vegetable matter washed down from the highlands above.

From nature crab apple that weighs less than an ounce, science has at last grown fruit that weighs twenty times as much, or 2,000 per cent. more than the original.

By the use of charcoal and lime, Mr. Fell of Goshen, in this State, has harvested this season at the rate of 78 bushels 24 quarts of wheat per acre.

It is more than twenty years since I first began to use pulverized charcoal to absorb the gases given and field crops. Its value in correcting the taint in meat, and purifying rain water in filtering cisterns led me to believe that it would be just the thing to absorb the food of plants from the atmosphere into which so much passes, and hold it about their roots in a condition that neither dew, rain, snow, frost, nor the heat of the sun, would injure it or take it away. To labour hard to save and draw out manure on to ones fields, and then to lose 60 or 80 per cent. of this vegetable food by its solution in water, and washing away to form something like the Genesee flats in the bottom of the Lake Erie I never regarded as very good economy—which by the way, is the soul of good husbandry.

A pint of urine contains ammonia enough to mix, with the other necessary elements, 60 pounds of good wheat. Charcoal will absorb this liquid, and render it quite innocuous to the olfactory of the nose.

After wheat, corn or grass has taken up all this nourishment, the coal (unlike lime, which has parted with its carbonic acid in the same way) is insoluble in water, and remains, as in a filtering cistern, to absorb and hold, for the benefit of the growing plant, more vegetable food from every rain that falls to the earth. For be it remembered, that dew, rain and snow—the poor man's manure, bring back to the earth all the gaseous elements given off by all the fires, respiration and other decomposition of solid and liquid matter.

The analysis of soils abounding in fragments of limestone rocks, shows a marked deficiency of this important element in their composition. The reason of this perhaps unexpected deficiency I will now explain.

Disintegrated limestone is decomposed by the vital action of plants, and its carbonic acid is taken up by their roots. It will then combine with more of this gas which is bound in the air and soil, and will again give it out to growing vegetables. It is this way that plaster, (sulphate of lime,) after it has parted with its oil of vitriol, often produces such wonderful effects, although the amount applied is less than one fourth thousandth parts of the soil from which plants draw their nourishment. I wish to fix public attention upon the circumstance, that when lime in the soil has parted with its acid whether sulphate or carbonic, and especially the latter, it is soluble and very liable to be washed out of the soil by rain, &c. The same is true, in a less degree, with regard to leaching of the soil, and its loss of alumina, potash and soda. The cultivation of the earth, without allowing any vegetables to grow upon it, would exhaust its fertility very rapidly.

The remedy for this is, to cultivate less land in grain crops, and cultivate it far better, to remove all excess of water by draining; to plough deep, and to turn up to the sun virgin earth from below, and apply thereon manure, coal, lime, ashes, and salt. Instead of applying large quantities of quick lime at distant periods, it is far better to apply a less quantity and often, to make up for the loss that occurs from its being dissolved in water, and carried with it into rivers and the ocean.

Leached ashes are valuable, when applied to grass lands and are far from being worthless on wheat, rye, oats, and barley—all of which need their silicate of potash, to give them a good firm stem. Grass and wheat know as well how to convey the apparently insoluble elements in leached ashes up into their organic structure, as do the trees from which these ashes were obtained.

Points of a good Milk Cow—The following may be useful to your correspondent "G." in answer to his inquiries. It is from a report of the *Germeyne Agricultural Society*. Points.—1. Purity of breed and quality of the dam for yielding rich and yellow

butter. 2. Small head, large and bright eyes, small muzzle, small ears, orange-coloured within. 3. Straight back from the shoulder to the tail, and chest wide. 4. A fine and loose skin, with soft and short hair. 5. Sides well rounded, flank small between the sides and haunch, tail fine. 6. Fore legs straight and well proportioned, hind legs broad above the knee, fine and clean below; hoofs small; legs should not cross in walking. 7. Udder large, and the teats large, and springing from the four corners of the udder; milk vein large and well defined.—*Gardner's Chronicle*.

Manure of Fowls.—We regret to see so little attention paid to the saving of pigeon and hen-dung. The manure of any kind of bird is extremely valuable for growing melons, or indeed fine crops of any kind. Cucumbers, squashes, pumpkins and especially melons, grown with hen or pigeon dung, are said to be sweeter and more delicate than those from any other manure whatever.—*American Agriculturist*.

To remove Grease Spots.—We copied into a Farmer a short time since, from one of our exchange papers, a recipe for removing Grease spots from cloth, by applying the yolk of an egg, and washing afterwards with warm water. This has since been tested in our own family, and found completely successful. "Keep it before the people"—Few are so fortunate in keeping themselves "unsposited from the world," as not to soil their garments with grease.—*N. E. Farmer*.

Preserving Tools from Rust.—To preserve scythes, sickles, reaping hooks, and other steel tools from rust after the season for using them, wipe them clean and dry, and hold them before the fire, and keep drawing them backward and forward until warm enough to melt wax; then take some beeswax and rub it all over. A half penny worth of wax will be sufficient for a scythe. Then put it in a dry place; it needs no covering. The usual method is to wrap a hayband round; but in the winter time this naturally attracts moisture, or the damp air strikes in betwixt the folds of the hay band.—*Farmers Magazine*.

Cucumbers.—For two year past, I have entirely discharged the old method of growing cucumbers on dung hot-beds, or of allowing them to grow on the surface of the soil at any time. I find that by training them to trellises I have not half the trouble with them that is required by the old plan, and that the plants continue much longer in bearing when so treated.—*Robert Reid, Noble Thorpe*.

WM. MACLEAN, COMMISSION MERCHANT, AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

RESPECTFULLY intimates that he has removed his Office to the Store recently occupied by J. B. BROWN, at the head of the Market Wharf, where he renders his services to the Public in the above business.

HE HAS ON CONSIGNMENT,
20 Pounds of various descriptions,
Franklin, Cooking and Office Stoves,
with a variety of other articles, which are offered for sale very low for Cash or approved credit.
St. Andrews, May 8, 1844.

HARDWARE, &c.

Ex Ship *Calcedonia*—

By the ship *Calcedonia*, from Liverpool, the subscriber has received,
7 Cases, 1 Comprising a very general
1 Case, 1 assortment of Hardware,
1 Case Bright Trace Chains,
12 Cases best Ox and Horse Nails,
18 Bags best Nails, Assorted,
2 Sheets 2 1/2 and 4 lb. Lead,
24 Bundles Sheet Iron,
Camp Ovens, Covers, &c. &c.
Which with his former Stock on hand he will dispose of on reasonable terms.
JAMES W. STREFF,
St. Andrews, June 25 1844.

FARM FOR SALE!

THE Subscriber offers for Sale by Auction, a FARM containing one hundred acres, situated in the parish of St. Andrew's on the E. side of the Ulsterburgh River, in what is commonly called the Irish Settlement, contiguous to Church's Head and Sawmills. There is a dwelling House fronted with yellow stone, and a new-looking Spring well on the premises. It yields from eight to ten tons of hay, and is well adapted for the production of the produce.
TERMS Buxial: Apply to the Subscriber the produce.
JAMES COCKRIEN,
St. Patrick's, June 26, 1844.

RECOVERY OF HAIR

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LAND AND SON, 20, HATTON

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MEMS HOTEL, COVENT GARDEN

February 16, 1842

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C. P. FRIDAY.

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C. P. FRIDAY.

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