

The St. Andrews Standard.

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FARM WORK FOR OCTOBER.

October has been styled the *sober* month, from the fact of its being the winding up of the busiest part of the year on the farm. Let us see what important work we have to perform this month.

In the first place, there is the potatoe patch. Dig your potatoe now, and house them with all the dirt that adheres to them. It is even beneficial to add more dirt to potatoes in the bin or cask to exclude external air as much as possible. Keep their surface slightly moist, and the atmosphere which surrounds them as little above the freezing point as possible. This manner of housing potatoes may appear strange to those who never tried it; but observation has taught us that it is the only true method of preserving potatoes in their natural state throughout the winter.

It would not be amiss now to look to your manure heap. Rake together all the leaves of trees and the mould which has been produced by the decay, and cast them into your barnyard as a layer to absorb the liquid manure from your cattle.

Be careful about gathering your apples. If you wish to preserve them from rotting. Gather winter apples by hand, in the middle of fair days, and by putting them down in sand, well dried, it is said you may keep them till apples are again in season.

Put your beans, and stack them on stakes put into the ground in the form of an X, where they should remain just one week before thrashed.

Previous to the commencement of severe frosts, (and we have already had a foretaste of them,) you should take up the roots of your turnips, carrots, parsnips, beets, &c., and they may be preserved, according to an eminent writer, in this way: On the surface of a very dry spot of ground, in a well sheltered situation, lay a stratum of sand two inches thick, and on this a layer of either sort, covering them with another layer of sand, (the drier the better,) and so continue, layer above layer of sand and roots until all are laid in, giving the whole on every side a roof-like slope; then cover this heap or ridge over with a good coat of straw, up and down, as if thatching a house, in order to carry off wet and prevent its entering the roots; then dig a wide trench round the heap, and cover the straw with the earth so dug up, to a depth sufficient to preserve the roots effectually from frost. An opening may be made on the south side of this heap, and completely covered with bundles of straw, so as to have access to the roots at all times when wanted for sale or use. Now we know that many of our readers will think lightly of this plan of storing roots out of doors, when there is plenty of room in the cellar. Well, these roots may be preserved in like manner in the cellar; but in such a place they are subject to vegetate and become stringy earlier in Spring. The only advantage of this latter method is, that in the cellar they may be had when wanted more conveniently during winter than out of the field or garden.

You may now transplant fruit trees. The best time to take them up is, unquestionably when the sap is least active.

Don't suspend the operation of the hoe. If you do, pigweed, purslane, couch grass, and numerous other vegetable intruders will spring up to leave their seed for next year. If you neglect these weeds now, after all your pains during the summer to keep them down, they will give you a very troublesome practical exemplification of the old adage, that "Laziness takes the most pains."

Let, therefore, the provident tiller recollect that a scratch of his hoe now will save nine scratches next summer. To close our October suggestions, we will give a little rhyme on this subject, with the hope that the similarity of sounds, at the close of the couplets, will aid the memory of those for whose use the maxims are evidently intended:

"Since the best way of weeding
Is to prevent weeds from seeding,
The least procrastination
Of any operation
To prevent the germination
Of noxious vegetation
Is a source of tribulation
And this, in truth, a fact is,
Which gardeners ought to practice,
And tillers should remember,
From April to December."

VERY FAIR.—The Post says—A young gentleman who was ardently arguing in favor of Fremont's election, was replied to by a buxom young miss; who expressed doubts of Fremont's success; whereupon the gentleman proposed to bet a kiss that his candidate would win upon these terms:

"If Fremont is chosen, you are to kiss me—
If Buchanan is elected, I am to kiss you."

We shouldn't mind gambling ourselves a little after this fashion.

Mighty Cedars of California.

Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, writes from California to the New York "Independent," a graphic account of the immense cedars of California, the greatest trees in the world. One of them which had been felled, he ascertained, by counting the grains of the stump, to be twelve hundred and eighty years old. When Mahomet was at nurse, this tree was sprouting. Says the reverend gentleman:—

"It is forest, yet nothing that we mean by forest. There is no undergrowth, scarcely anywhere a rock; the surfaces are as beautifully turned as if shaped by a landscape gardener, and dotted by myriads of flowers, more delicate, if not more various, than any garden ever grew. Moving along these surfaces, rounding over a hill, or galloping through some silent valley, winding here among the native oaks, and here among tall pines and cedars, drawing their huge conical shapes on the ground, we seem in fact, to be riding through some vast park. Indeed, after we had seen the trees and taken their impressions, we could think of nothing but to call it the park of the Lord Almighty. The other trees we observed were increasing in size as we neared the place, till finally descending gently along a western slope among the files of little giants, we came to the gate of the real giants, emerging into the cleared ground of the Big Tree Hotel, between the sentinels, which are 500 feet high, and stand only far enough apart for the narrow road pass between. These were the first of the Washington cedars we had seen; it would really seem that we had never seen a tree before. And yet they were medium specimens."

Close by the house lay the first cut of the Big Tree, *par excellence*; the remaining part or top had been cut up and removed. Near this first cut stood the stump, about six feet high with an arbor mounted on the top, which had been squared down for this purpose, the posts of the arbor standing out in the lines of the largest circuit at the ground, and the space between them and the circuit to the top filled in by a floor of short boards. The diameter of the top is by measurement twenty-five feet one way, twenty-three and one-half the other. The diameter at the ground was thirty-one feet. They are included in a space of fifty acres, and are only nineteen in number. The ground occupied is a rich wet bottom, and the foot of the most northern slope adjacent, covered also with an undergrowth. And why are they here just here, and nowhere else? This, I confess, is to me the greatest, strangest wonder of all, that no where in the whole earth is there another known example of these Anakims of the forest; ninety seeds alone have been started, ninety and no more. Is there, was there no other piece of ground but this, in the whole world, that fitly take the seeds of such a growth? Why have they never spread, why has no one seed of the myriads they sprinkled every year on the earth, ever started in any locality?

And what a starting, it is, when such seed of life begins to grow. Little did that tiny form of matter, about the size of a parsnip seed, and looking more like it than any other, imagine what it was going to do, what feelings to excite, when it started the first sprouting of the Big Tree! We measured an enormous sugar pine recently felled. Sixty feet from the ground it was six feet in diameter, and it was two hundred and forty feet high. We measured one of the prostrate giants, and it was two hundred and forty feet from the ground, it was six feet in diameter. The top was gone, but it could not have been less than three hundred and fifty feet high. And yet this tree was only eighteen feet in diameter, where the Big Tree was twenty-five. If the Big Tree were hollowed, one might drive the largest load of hay through it without even a brush or contact.

Many of the trees, and all the largest of them that remain, are greatly injured by fire. Their time is therefore shortened, and a long time will be required to bring the smaller ones to their maximum of growth. That a man instigated by the infernal love of money, should have cut down the biggest of them, and skinned the next, one hundred and twenty feet upwards from the ground, (viz.: the mother) that he might show or sell the bark of her body, both sound as a rock at the heart, and good for a thousand years to come—Oh, it surpasses all contempt! And yet to see this giant mother still growing up as before, and bearing her fresh foliage, ripening her seeds, and refusing to die; siding still her juices and working her pumps in the deep masses of her barkless body, which has not been able to season through, dead as it is, and weather-wacked without—it is a sight so grand as almost to compensate for all we suffer by the baseness of the human scamp."

PERSEVERE.—If a seaman should put about every time he encounters a head wind, he

would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances, will never make headway in the voyage of life. A sailor uses every wind to propel; so should the young man learn to trim his sails and guide his bark, that even adverse gales should fill his belying canvass and send it forward on its onward course.

POETRY.

CONTRASTS.

How beautiful is sunshine
That follows after rain!
How pleasant are the dreams of ease
When purchased by a pain!
How sweet when true love quarrels,
To make it up again!

How merry is the streamlet
That hath a rock to leap;
How blessed is the daily toil
That brings refreshing sleep!
Then prythee, Love, a quarrel,
But neither long nor deep.

How dull would be the morning,
Had night not gone before!
How lame would be the summer days
Were't not for winter hoar!
And were life all pleasure,
Delight would be no more!

After the dark, the dawning,
After the cool, the heat,—
After the rain, the buds of spring,—
After the sour, the sweet,—
And after all thy chiding,
Behold me at thy feet!

SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

A young lady, newly married, being obliged to show her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend:—

"I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend! blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom which has ever been in unison with mine, the various sentiments which swell my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that I joined us. My husband is both in person & manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure; a wife it is his maxim to treat as a loquacious friend, - - - - - and not as a play-thing, or mental slave, the woman of his choice - - - - - Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly, but each yield to the other by turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady lives in the house with us—she is the light of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighbourhood round, generous and charitable to the poor. I am convinced my husband likes nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication, (for so I must call the excess of his love), often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object & wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word - - - - - and to crown the whole, - - - - - my former lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a Prince without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! may you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy!"

N. B.—The key to the above letter (in ciphers) is to read the first, and then every alternate line only.

Anecdote of Shelley.

Shelley took great pleasure in making paper boats, and floating them on the water.—The New Monthly has the following curious anecdote on this subject:—

"So long as his paper lasted, he remained riveted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement. All waste paper was rapidly consumed, then the covers of letters, next letters of little value; the most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondents, although eyed wistfully many times, and often returned to his pocket, were sure to be sent at last in pursuit of the former squanders. Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles, and he seldom went without a book, the fly leaves were commonly wanting; he had applied them as our ancestor Noah applied gopher wood. But learning was so sacred in his eyes that he never trespassed further upon the interior of the copy; the work itself was always respected. It has been said that he once found himself on the north bank of the Serpentine River, without the materials for indulging those inclinations which the sight of water invariably inspired, for he had

exhausted all his supplies on the round pond in Kensington Gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found, save only a blank note of fifty pounds. He hesitated long but yielded at last. He twisted it into a boat with the extreme refinement of his skill, and committed it with the utmost dexterity to fortune, watching its progress, if possible, with a still more intense anxiety than usual. Fortune often favors those who full and frankly trust her; the north-east wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where during the latter part of the voyage the venturesome owner had awaited its arrival with patient solicitude.

A Holy Life.

The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow creatures, but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright and well ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child, is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrance and associations. The beauty of holiness, beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend is more effectual to strengthen such as do not stand in virtue's ways, and to raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty or warning. Christianity itself, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more, to regenerate the world and bring in an everlasting righteousness than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.

A Case of Conscience.

"Friend Broadbrim," said Zephaniah Straitace to his master, a rich Quaker of the city of Brotherly Love, "thou canst not eat of that leg of mutton at thy noontide table to-day."

"And wherefore not?" asked the good Quaker.

"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, Lawyer Foxcraft, hath come into thy pantry and stolen it—yes, and he hath eaten it up."

"Beware, Friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. Art thou sure it was Friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?"

"Yea, verily, I saw it with my eyes, and it was lawyer Foxcraft's dog; even Pincin'em."

"Upon what evil times have we fallen!" sighed the harmless secretary, as he wended his way to his neighbor's office. "Friend Gripus," said he, "I want to ask thy opinion."

"I am all attention," replied the scribe, laying down his pen.

"Supposing, friend Foxcraft, that my dog has gone into thy neighbor's pantry, and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I saw him, and could call him by name, what ought I to do?"

"Pay for the mutton, nothing can be clearer."

"Know then, friend Foxcraft, thy dog, even the beast men denominate 'Pincin'em,' hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton of the just value of four shillings and sixpence, which I paid for it this morning."

"Oh! well, then it is my opinion that I must pay for it; and having done so, the worthy friend turned to depart."

"Tarry yet a little, friend Broadbrim," cried the lawyer. "Of a verity I have yet further to say unto thee. Thou owest me nine shillings—for advice."

"Then verily, I must pay thee, and it is my opinion I have touched pitch, and been defiled."

EXPLORATION OF THE NILE.

The new expedition to the head waters of the Nile, under the command of the French Count d'Escayrac de Lauture, and under the protection and auspices of Said Pasha, promises to exceed all similar projects hitherto set on foot. At Vienna twelve officers of the Austrian general staff expressed their willingness to join the expedition, from which number three were selected, who, together with the mineralogist, Mayer, recently in the service of the Dutch government in Borneo, make up the complement of Germans in the expedition. The whole force will comprise twelve Europeans, besides the leader, and three hundred soldiers furnished by the Egyptian government. Among these latter,

who are principally natives of the interior of Africa, there are supposed to be a sufficiency of interpreters. For the navigation of the Nile the expedition has thirty banks and two small steamers, and a crew of one hundred men, besides the necessary men and means to continue the journey by and beyond the head of navigation. Never before was a scientific expedition fitted out in like manner.

The expedition will leave Europe on the 10th of September, Count d'Escayrac with the Germans embarking at Trieste, and the French expeditionists at Marseilles. The entire party will meet at Alexandria, and expect to reach Chartoum by December, where they will remain some time to complete the organization.

THE SHADOWS OF CHILDREN.

God bless the little children! We like their bright eyes, their happy faces, their winning ways, their rosy dreams! Nothing seems to weigh down their buoyant spirits; long misfortune may fall to their lot, but the shadows it casts upon their life-path are fleeting as the clouds that come and go in an April sky. Their future may, perchance, appear dark to others, but to their fearless gaze it looms up brilliant and beautiful as the walls of a fairy palace. There is no tear which a mother's gentle hand cannot wipe away, no wound that a mother's kiss cannot heal, no anguish which the sweet murmuring of her soft voice cannot soothe. The warm, generous impulses of their nature have not been fettered and cramped by the cold formalities of the world; they have not yet learned to veil a hollow heart with false smiles, or hide the basest purposes beneath honeyed words. Neither are they constantly on the alert to search out our faults and foibles with Argus eye; on the contrary, they exercise that blessed charity which "thinketh no evil."

A DARING ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

On the morning of Friday last, the loud bellowing of a cow under torture was heard in the Big Marsh Settlement, Lot 42. Three men, Donald and Mathias MacCormack, with a neighbour by the name of MacLuskin, arrived only with axes, immediately started for the place from which the now painful groans proceeded, with the intention of rescuing the suffering animal. When they reached near the scene of distress; they could see through the thicket a huge bear preparing for himself a sumptuous repast. So intent was he upon his prey, that he was not disturbed by their near approach, until a dog, a few paces in advance of the men, ran up to him; but the experienced butcher, far from retreating, attacked the dog most furiously, following him as he retreated, until a few paces brought him in contact with the men, who, seeing evidently from the unpleasant grin of their aggressor, that he was bent on their destruction, and seeing no hope of safety by flight through thickets and windfalls, put themselves in a state of defence, an instinct of self-preservation. MacLuskin, in performing some hurried manoeuvres, was stripped by a small twig, and thrown off his feet, and while the bear was attempting to take advantage of him as he lay prostrate, by springing upon him, the two MacCormacks, with their faithful battle-axes, dealt such a well aimed blow upon the formidable antagonist, laying him prostrate at their feet while a few more blows, given with right good will, left him as lifeless as the carcass of beef within a few paces of him.—*Edinburgher.*

A HINT TO THE LADIES.

The following paragraph, which we cut from an exchange, is local in its application:—

"Among all the 'accomplishments' which our young ladies are expected to acquire, it is to be regretted that the art of conversation is not included.

No grace of person or manners can compensate for a lack of this. In youth, the conversation of our women is apt to be trifling and insipid, and in middle age is too often confined to complaints of health and the scandal of the day. Lively conversation upon instructive and elevating topics, is but little practised, but whenever it is found, it gives a charm to the society of females which nothing else can. It triumphs over foibles and old age, and makes ugliness itself agreeable. Curran, speaking of Madame de Staël, who was by no means handsome, but a splendid conversationalist, said that she 'had the power of talking herself into a beauty.' Ladies should think of this.—Beauty 'in other things than fine features and cosmetics.'"

"What is the oligarchy, I wonder," said Mrs. Partington, as she read some hideous tale about the oligarchy of the south. "What can it be?" "I guess," said Mr. L., "it's something they make out of turpentine, something like rosin oil, may be." She deferred to this, and he guessed what it was, saying, "Well, I hope it will be, for it may have a tenderness to make lamp glass cheaper."

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