

ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN
NEW JERSEY.

AMMONTON TRACT OF
LAND IN NEW JERSEY.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

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A VARIIS BOMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

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No 2

Poetry.

HOLIDAY SONG.

Holidays, holidays, happy, happy holidays!
Books away—now for play—
Tis the time for holiday.
Maps and lessons, books and slates,
Toss no more our puzzled states,
Holidays, holidays, welcome holidays!

Holidays, holidays, thoughts of home our spirits
raise:
Every boy sings for joy,
Pleasant thoughts his heart employ.
Kindly voices loudly cheer,
Loving voices now are dear.
Holidays, holidays, welcome holidays!

Raise, uprising, shouts of praise for our happy
holidays:
Home we go, where we know
Eyes will sparkle, cheeks will glow;
Then refreshed, we will return
Back to school again to learn.
But to-day, about we may, welcome
holidays.

For the Standard.

Ms. Editor.—I was pleased to notice in the
first issue of the Standard this year, the introduction
of a Scriptural Question, to be answered I
presume, by any one, but more particularly by
some of the scholars of the Sabbath Schools in
the town, which I observe by your paper are in a
prosperous condition. I hope you will occasionally
insert such questions, as they will incite the
youth, and perhaps their seniors, to search the
Word of God, for answers, and thereby contribute
to their spiritual good. Here I send an answer
to the first question:

HEAR, the Bethelites, Kings XVI, 24. Also
Joahua VI, 25.

—Sixty-eight per cent of the recruits for the
English army can read and write.

—The Russian army has been increased 103,
000 men during the past year.

—Australia proposes to spend one hundred and
forty thousand dollars in "reviving" the Duke
of Edinburgh.

—A Roman Catholic cathedral is to be built in
London second only to St. Peter's at Rome—in
grandeur.

—A flock of wild pigeons thirty miles' long is
reported by a Pennsylvania paper.

—A man in Boston is under two thousand dol-
lars bonds for issuing forged insurance policies.

—A gold ring of Saxon workmanship, and
believed to be twelve hundred years old, has
been turned up by a ploughshare in England.
It weighs an ounce and a quarter, and contains
gold equal to five sovereigns.

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

The working men of France are deriving
great educational benefits from a system of
night schools in successful operation in that
country. Over thirty thousand of these schools
have been opened, and some forty thousand
teachers furnish gratuitous instruction to 833,
000 adult scholars. Fully one third of these
scholars had been entirely without educational
advantages prior to the opening of these schools,
and they would undoubtedly have lived and
died in ignorance but for this means of
getting knowledge of the rudiments of educa-
tion. The interest which the people have in
them is attested by the fact that they witness to
the strong desire for knowledge which character-
izes humanity in attending upon these schools
which show that it is "never too late to
learn." At a late competitive examination
in writing compositions, 5,192 adult laborers
and mechanics entered the lists, and 1,408
of prepared compositions that were perfectly cor-
rect in orthography, syntax and general ar-
rangement. Aside from the literary advan-
tages of these schools, their moral effects are
excellent, and the President of the French
Legislative Assembly has urged the great
falling off in drunkenness and quarrelling
among factory and other workmen in conse-
quence of these school influences.

No government can afford to have its sub-
jects or citizens kept in ignorance. Men's
minds have been given them for use and im-
provement; and a government does not mis-
use one of the first purposes of a government until
it provides for popular education. A good
educational system is a better source of national
strength, and a surer means national de-
fence, than a large standing army.—[United
Presbyterian.]

"Wife," said a man, looking for his boot-
jack, "I have places where I keep my things,
and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she,
"I ought to know where you keep your late
hours—but I don't."

Miscellany.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

For the Boys and Girls.

AMSTERDAM, Holland, 1867.

I am sure that every boy and girl would
take pleasure in visiting Holland, it is such a
queer, strange, funny place, and the people so
odd and curious. There are such scenes as
cannot be found any where else in the world.
Most of the boys in New England carry knives
in their pockets; and I dare say that there is
not a lad among all of them who may read
this letter who has not whittled out a wind-
mill, or at least a whirlingig; but there are
more windmills here than they ever dreamed
of—windmills in the towns and cities, out in
the country, and all along the shore of the
sea—all in motion wherever there is wind
enough to turn them. Yesterday I could see
nearly a hundred at a time. It was a gusty,
breezy day, and the storm clouds were flying
in from the German Ocean, and there was a
tremendous commotion among the windmills.
Each one seemed to be trying to whirl faster
than the other.

Undoubtedly you have read of the exploits of
that crazy knight, Don Quixote, who saw a
windmill, and thought it was a giant, and went
at it full tilt, and got tumbled into the dirt by
the great fan, which went round and round
just as if nothing had happened; but if he
were alive in the past there would be very few
people in Holland now. The windmills, in
one sense, have made the country what it is.
Looking upon your map of Holland you will
see that the river Rhine, which has its source
away south in the centre of Europe among the
mountains of Switzerland, here reaches
the sea. When it gets within about one hun-
dred miles of the sea, it splits itself into a dozen
or more channels—all of which, after wind-
ing and running through a great marsh, pour
their waters into the ocean. Holland, there-
fore, was once a great marsh or bog. There
are very few stones in the country; there are
no mountains or hills, but one dead level of
marsh land.

Hundreds of years ago the people who lived
near the mouth of the Rhine saw that the
marsh land was very fertile, for the salt in the
river brought down every year from the moun-
tains made the land very rich; they saw also
that if they could only get rid of the water on
the marshes they might lay out cabbage gar-
dens and little farms. They commenced by
building dams here and there—one on the
branch of the Rhine called the Rotter, and the
place in time was known as Rotterdam; a-
nother on the Amstel, which was the origin of
the name of this city—Amsterdam. So all
the dams in Holland came, not because the
people were in the habit of using wicked words,
but because they built dams on the streams.

But the water, soaked through the embank-
ments, and every rain made their gardens wet;
they dug ditches, into which the water settled,
and then conceived the idea of building wind-
mills for pumping the water into the river.

They set one of the forces of nature—the
wind to work against another force—the
rain; and as a gust of wind will turn several
thousand of mills just as easily as it does one,
they have conquered the rain,—have forced
the great river Rhine to quit the marshes,
and have begun to pump the ocean dry!

That is the meaning of all those giants swing-
ing their arms from one end of the year to the
other—day and night—whenever there is a
breath of air.

THE COUNTRY.

To see the country as it is, imagine a great
embankment along the shore of the sea, against
which the waves are always dashing. Walk-
ing along the embankment you notice that the
land is ten, fifteen, twenty, even thirty feet
lower than the sea. You can hardly realize
that these gardens, green with cabbages, tur-
nips, cauliflower, and other vegetables, were
once the bed of the ocean; that the waves
rolled miles, and miles inland; that the
once wild where farm houses now stand; that
fishermen let down their hooks and nets above
the meadows. But so it has been, and the
story of the rise and growth and pumping out
of Holland is one of the most interesting in
all history. It shows us what enterprise, in-
telligence, perseverance, and hard work will
accomplish.

It would give you a strange sensation to
sit up the river from the ocean in a steam-
boat, or in a ship, and find yourself so high
above the houses that you can almost look down
the chimneys; also to see the cattle and sheep
feeding down below, and men catching fish
above!

Were it not for the wind-mills, the river
would be dry and the rain would flow the
fields and the meadows and set all the houses
afloat; but, because the mills are almost go-
ing, the boys and girls of Dutchland sleep se-
curely at night, go to school, eat three meals
a day, play in the streets, go to church on
Sunday, without ever dreaming of any
danger.

Once there was a terrible disaster; a dam
gave way and the water came pouring in, cov-
ering the meadows, drowning cattle and sheep,
sweeping away farm-houses, villages, and
towns, destroying many lives and making sad
havoc. But the people filled up the breach,
set the wind-mills a-going, pumped the
whole country dry again, and ever since have
taken good care to keep all the embankments
strong and in repair. There is a saying that
"eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," but
here in Holland it is the price of life. Men
are on the watch all the time to see that there
are no weak places in the embankments.

They are paid by government, and have con-
trol of all the mills. They wage constant war
with the ocean, at a cost of nearly three
million dollars every year; but, with the wind
for an ally, they are enabled to keep the
marshes drained, and have transformed the
bogs into beautiful meadows, pastures, or
orchards, and gardens, and built villages and
towns below the level of the sea.

SCENES ON THE CANALS.

The country is cut up by canals,—some
deep enough to float the largest of ships, others
small and narrow. You see hundreds of boats,
Stand with me on the bank of the great canal
which leads from the city of Amsterdam to the
ocean and see the crafts. A boy riding a
horse trots past us,—the horse towing a
"trekschuit," a packet boat, a canal omnibus
or stage which plies between Amsterdam and
the adjoining villages. A man stands at the
helm, and his good wife is in the cabin dealing
out bread, cheese, and beer to the passengers,
who are eating, chatting, laughing, and smok-
ing. The boat skims lightly over the water,
and is far down in the bow of the canal, al-
most before you have had time to see what the
people are up to on board.

Here comes a lazy lumbering craft, almost
as broad as it is long, with a man and boy tug-
ging at the tow-line. It is loaded with wood,
They are taking it out into the country to
spread it on the land. Here is a family craft,
—a boat which is at the same time a house—
the owner, with his wife and children, living
on board. The father is tugging at the tow-
line. The air is still to-day, and he is obliged
to pull the boat along the stream; if it were
breezy he would sail his boat, and he is obliged
to go scudding away. His wife has a long pole
in her hands, and is pushing with all her might
to help her husband; and their two children,
a boy and girl, are steering the craft. They
live on board,—eat and sleep there, in a little
cabin below. Here they are to-day, and to-mor-
row they will be at Haarlem, and the next after
at Leyden perhaps, and next week will be
there at Amsterdam again with a cargo of po-
tatoes, or of something else. Now a schooner,
then a barge, and then a ship,—her masts tall
as church steeples,—the sailors in the shrouds
getting ready to make out the sails. On the
bay beyond the green meadows are hundreds
of boats and barges with sails set to catch the
little breath of wind which puffs in from the
sea. Here comes a boat filled with cabbages,—
another loaded with sheep with turnips,—
another filled with cheese. Here is a market-
man with chickens and geese, which are
cackling and gobbling.

The canals, to a great extent, are the streets
of Holland. In the summer they are thronged
with boats of every description; and a mouth
hence, men, women, and children will be skim-
ping up and down these streets on skates, hav-
ing many merry times through the winter.

A CHILD CHARMED BY A SNAKE.—A woman
named Somers residing in Worcester, Pa.,
went into the orchard to gather some fruit, and
left her little babe, less than a year old, sitting
upon the ground. She soon moved out of sight
of the child, but hearing his voice crying and
laughing, she gave herself no uneasiness—
Suddenly the sounds ceased, and she stopped to
him, supposing him asleep. But to her
horror, she saw him perfectly motionless, his
limbs paralyzed, and his eyes fixed upon an enor-
mous rattlesnake that was approaching him
by almost imperceptible motions. She looked
in vain for some stick or stone to kill the in-
fernal reptile, then, quick as thought, spring-
ing to her feet, she reached out her hand, and
grasped the snake by the head, and with a
sudden jerk, she threw it into the air, and it
fell upon the ground. The child, it is said, was
crying and screaming for help. The covering
of the snake broke the spell upon the
child, its body swayed to and fro, and it quick-
ly crept to the house. In a few minutes
friends came to her relief, and the cause of
her terror was discovered.

An Alabama paper announced that it would
keep silent in regard to a "certain little af-
fair," if a bottle of champagne were sent to
the office. The editor received seven bottles
from seven different parties, each of whom
supposed he was the one appointed.

CURIOSITIES OF ICE.

In 1850 Professor Faraday discovered that
two pieces of ice placed in contact froze to-
gether almost instantly. Mr. Tyndall says—
"One hot summer day I entered a shop on
the Strand, on the window, fragments of ice
were lying in a basin. The tradesman gave
me permission to take a piece of ice in my hand
holding the first piece, I attached all the other
pieces in the basin to it. The thermometer
was then about sixty degrees, and yet all the
pieces in the basin were frozen together." In this
way Mr. Tyndall formed a chain of ice. The
experiment may be made even in hot water.
Throw two pieces of ice into a pail of almost
boiling water, keep them in contact and they
will freeze together despite the high tempera-
ture. Mr. Faraday made another experiment
of the same sort. He threw into a vessel full
of water several small pieces of ice. They
floated on the surface of the water. The mo-
ment one piece touched another there was an
instantaneous freezing, attraction soon brought
all the pieces in contact, so that in an instant
an ice chain was formed.

An ice wheel turning on a surface of ice re-
fuses at the point of contact, during the ro-
tation a series of cracks are heard which show
the ear that successive freezings are constantly
taking place. The phenomenon of refreezing
is easily explained. At the surface of ice the
molecules are no longer in equilibrium
on the outside tend to leave their neighbors
and just position causes. In consequence
of this property ice is endowed with a singular
plasticity. A rope and a knot, or a buckle
may be made of ice. The school-boy who fills
his hand with snow and compresses it into a
ball produces the phenomenon of refreezing
and forms an ice ball sufficiently hard to
prove a dangerous projectile.

This explains the extraordinary rigidity of
the bridges of snow which are often in the
Alps supported over deep crevasses. Alpine
guards, by cautiously walking on these snow
masses, freeze the particles together, and trans-
form the snow into ice. If snow be compressed
in a mould, ice statues may be obtained.—
Fill a hollow ball with snow, press it as hard
as possible, and you may obtain ice balls ad-
mirably translucent. Nothing would be easier
than to dine with a service made of moulded
snow. Snow compressed in this way does not
melt so rapidly as might be thought. Ice
requires a great deal of heat before it melts.
A layer of ice often becomes a protection a-
gainst cold. If you would prevent anything
from sinking from a temperature below thirty
two degrees during the very severe frosts, we
know you have but to wrap it in wet rag.

The process of freezing gives to the environ-
ing bodies all the heat necessary to destroy it.
The water in the rage slowly forms small pieces
of ice on the rag, and in the meantime dis-
engages heat which warms the object wrapped
in the rag. A tree wrapped in rag, or moss
saturated with water, does not freeze, even
when the thermometer is 7 degrees below the
freezing point. The snowmen with which the
ice melts is well known. During the winter
of 1740 the Czar built at St. Petersburg a
magnificent palace of ice, which lasted several
years. Since then cannon have been made
of ice, and they have been loaded with balls
and fired ten times without bursting. It is
consequently, in disputable that ice melts slowly,
and may be turned to good account in the
Polar regions. In Siberia the windows have
panes of ice. The remarkable property with
which quantities of ice are endowed of
moulding themselves into different shapes by
refreezing, easily explain how glaciers make
their way through narrow gorges and expand
in valleys. The ice is broken into fragments
which refreeze whenever they touch.

DEPTH OF THE SEA.—A French journal
says that the sounding of the trans-Atlantic
cable have enabled comparisons to be made of
the depths of the different seas. Generally
speaking they are not of any great depths in
the neighborhood of continents. Thus the
Baltic between Germany and Sweden, is only
120 feet deep, and the Adriatic, between
Venice and Trieste, 120 feet. The great-
est depth of the channel between France and
England does not exceed 200 feet, while to
the southwest of Ireland, where the sea is
open, the depth is more than 3,000 feet. The
sea of the south of Europe is much deeper
than those of the interior. In the narrowest
parts of the Straits of Gibraltar, the depth is
only 1,000 feet, while a little north to the east
it is 2,400 feet. At 250 miles south of San-
tucet (south of Cape Cod), no bottom was
found at 7,000 feet. The greatest depths of all
are to be met with in the Southern Sea. To
the west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000
feet have been measured, and to the west of
St. Helena, 27,000. Dr. Young estimates the
average depth of the Atlantic at 29,000 feet,
and of the Pacific at 20,000.

ADVANTAGE OF SHUTTERING CATTLE.—
From the experience of an English farmer,
it has been demonstrated that sheltered sheep cut
out one third less of linnseed cake, and two
pounds less of turnips per day, than unprotected.

withstanding this, the increase of those housed
as compared with those that were not, was
fourteen to nine. An equal if not greater ad-
vantage, is derived by sheltering cattle.

PREPARING FOOD FOR STEAMING.—The
cut hay, straw and hay, or feed is moistened
with a large watering pot (if done by hand),
at the rate of at least two gallons of water to
five bushels of feed, while it is being stirred
up with a fork, and if bran, meal or other
feed is used with it, should be stirred on and
mixed evenly. Two quarts of bran to the
bushel of straw will render wheat, barley,
oat and pea straw equal to good Timothy hay.
A little salt should be added, which will be
perfectly diffused through the mass. The
feed must always be moistened before steam-
ing will not cook dry hay or straw, but only
dry it more. Moisture is required to absorb
the steam.—[Rural New Yorker.]

A young man wanted to marry a girl out in
Wisconsin, but her rich parents forbade the
match. The young man thereupon became
sick, and had terrible fainting fits. The doc-
tors were called, and said he would soon die,
and he wanted to die. The father of the girl
visited the patient, and the poor fellow said
that if he could marry his Mary Ann he would
die happily. His dying request could not be
refused, and Mary Ann having no objections
the minister was sent for, and the marriage
ceremony was performed. The knot being
securely tied, the patient, from his bed, a
lame man. It was a great cure, as nothing but
the cruel parents and the doctors; but the
bride acted as though she had expected it all
the time.

A correspondent writes to the Philadelphia
Ledger that six years' experience have con-
vinced him that if a coating of gun copal var-
nish is applied to the sole of boots and shoes,
and repeated as it dries, until the pores are so
filled that the surface shines like polished ma-
hogony, it will make the sole water-proof, and
also cause them to last three times as long as
ordinary soles.

A spendthrift lying in bed saw a man en-
ter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick
the lock of his writing desk. The rogue was
not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh
from the occupant of the apartment, whom he
supposed asleep, and asked him the reason.—
"I am laughing," said the spendthrift, "to think
what pains you are taking, and what risk you
run, in hope of finding money by night in a
desk where the owner can never find any by
day."

A CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF SICK HEAD-
ACHES.—Take half a drachm of aromatic spirits
of ammonia, in a little water; at the same
time apply cloths wet in solution of muriate
ammonia (one ounce of muriate of ammonia in
nine ounces of water and one ounce of alcohol)
to the forehead.

MUSTARD PLASTERS.—By using syrup or
molasses for mustard plaster, they will keep
soft and flexible, and not dry up and become
hard, as when mixed with water. A thin pa-
per or a fine cloth should come between the
plaster and the skin. The strength of the
plaster is varied by the addition of more, or
less flour.

A short time since some boys were play-
ing hide and seek in the barn of Mr. W. B.
Kennison, of Northwedge, Me. one of them
crawled in behind the hay mow to hide, and
came upon a hen's nest containing one hundred
and eight eggs, all good and sound.

During the removal of articles from the Pa-
ris Exhibition, in the Italian section, a work-
man called on one of his contrabands to assist
him in lifting an immense cask, which had
stood against a wall, and they found that the
article was as light as a drum. A family of
rats had installed themselves in it, and nothing
but a mere shell remained.

The St. Helens Guardian states that a man
named Elsie Isack, was on October 25th
found in a cave about 160 yards from the sea
at Chubb's Rock, near Harpur's, in St. Hel-
ens, reduced to a mere skeleton. He states
that he was caught with a cramp and fell in
there about sixty days before, and was under
from weakness to get out. During that time
he had nothing to eat. He had been missed
from the island about two months. He was taken
to the island hospital, and was believed to be
progressing favorably.

A party says there is one thing which we
never get hurt by falling—it always falls, a
slow. It means floor.

A sailor who received a blowing from a
girl, calls her a windbag.

The first ticket sold in Boston for Dickens
readings was bought by negro.

The writers of the London Saturday Review re-
ceive forty dollars a page.