The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.] E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—*Cic.* [$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 32 **SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 6, 1865.** **No 49**

HISTORY OF THE MOON.

The history of the various phases and motions of the moon is one of deep interest and investigation.

The moon has borne a reputation for high benignancy from the time when her resplendent form first fell on the admiring eye of man. She has been loved in all lands, and reverenced in all ages. She was the cherished idol of Chaldea, the beneficent Isis of Egypt, the chaste and gracious Diana of Greece and Rome, the moist and fertile planet of astrology, the lucky omen of credulous superstition, and the sustainer of the pulse of life of credulous physiology.

The moon is always the earth's nearest neighbor in space, and its constant attendant and satellite. It goes round the earth in twenty-seven days and a quarter, but it does not complete the circle of its phase until after twenty-nine and a half days. What can be the cause of this discrepancy? Why, the earth itself is not a stationary body. As the moon circles round it, it moves on its own account, carrying the moon always with it, so that when the moon has got completely round the earth, it has not returned into the same position with regard to the earth and the sun.

But one side of the moon is ever turned towards the earth, and what may be on the other side we shall never know. The moon goes round the earth as if the centre of its visible hemisphere were the pole of a loadstone held firmly fixed in the grasp of the terrestrial attraction.

The moon not only accompanies the earth in its journey through space, whirling round it as it goes, but it also keeps its own sphere rigidly in one position with regard to its more powerful neighbor, as if the first glance it directed toward the earth had held it fixed by some potent fascination. From the time when the earth and the moon were first associated as world and satellite, the latter has had one hemisphere never directed toward its majestic companion, and one hemisphere never for a moment turned away.

The moon is at the distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles from the earth. A railway carriage, moving at the even rate of thirty-three miles per hour, would perform a journey to the moon, provided it made no stops, in three hundred and sixteen days.

The diameter of the moon is two thousand miles, more than one quarter the earth's breadth, and the solid bulk of the moon is consequently forty-nine times less than the solid bulk of the earth. A ball one foot across would just hide the moon's face, if held one hundred and twenty feet away from the eye.

The moon rotates (more slowly than the earth) upon an axis within itself. Every portion experiences an alternation of day and night, though she has but one day and night in her year, containing, both together, twenty-nine days, twelve hours, forty-four minutes, and three seconds. Her summer is one long fierce day of burning heat; her winter one long frigid night of intense cold. The moon is naked and bare of any trace of organization, and has its day, month, and year all fused together into one period of alternation glare and gloom that never varies in the slightest its dead monotony. The brightness is the brightness of desolation; the unchanging calmness of her face the aspect of a stolid fixedness that has never been stirred by one vivifying breath.

As there is no air surrounding the lunar sphere, we may safely infer that its surface is as dead as it is still. No wonder, therefore, that it wears so calm and unimpassioned an aspect as it looks toward our varied, ever-changing, restless world.

By observing the varying appearances of the moon, we learn that it is a ball of opaque matter, and that it, the sun, and the earth constantly change their relative positions. Often within a day or two of the time of new moon the dull surface of its body may be seen faintly traced out on the twilight sky. Not only the fine luminous crescent of the shining portion is visible, the entire force of the hemisphere turned towards the earth is also obscurely preceptible. At the full moon the sun and earth are both on one side of that body, and at the new moon the sun and earth are on opposite sides of the moon.

The moon is a solid sphere, with its surface broke up by irregular elevations and depressions. The German astronomer, Baer, calculates that when we have telescopes capable of magnifying 51,000 diameters, we shall virtually bring the moon within the distance of one German mile, and be able to see objects upon its surface that are not larger than a man. All the dark, shadowy spots of large dimensions have been called by Galileo seas, though they certainly have no water in them. They are probably basins that would be filled with water, if there were any such material on the moon. The bright points that spring up in advance of the general field of illumination are the tops of high mountains, that catch the solar rays before the subjacent valleys and plains. The mountains of the moon are not mountains in the common acceptation of the term; they are circular pits hollowed out into the lunar substance, and surrounded by a ring-shaped elevated border, more or less abrupt and broken. Three of the lunar mountains bear remote likeness to volcanic cones; and her mountains, when compared with her own sphere, are much larger than the earth's mountains, when compared with the earth's sphere.

The cause of the tides is the attraction chiefly of the moon upon the waters of the ocean. When the moon is nearest the earth her attraction is strongest, and the tides are the highest; when she is farthest from the earth her attraction is least, and the tides are the lowest.

If the moon's course among the stars be watched night after night and month after month, it will be noticed that it sometimes shifts its position further in twenty-four hours than it does at other times, and that when it has returned to the same part of the heavens after the lapse of one of its sidereal periods, it is either a little above or a little below the path it last traversed. It is only after two hundred and twenty-nine revolutions in the sky (completed in eighteen years and ten days) that it holds again the same precise position in relation to the sun and the earth.

This is a summary of facts known of this attendant upon our earth, of which inquiring minds have speculated, and to which has been attributed by ignorant and superstitious persons enough signs and influences to turn the brains of those who were not already (as they supposed) under its control. The belief in the moon's effect upon human minds "has waned to wax no more."

CONTRIVANCES OF ANTS.—A gentlemen in the Island of St. Croix instituted several experiments with reference to ascertaining the truth of what he had often been told, of the ingenuity, and apparent reasonings of the ant of that beautiful island. Having slain a centipede, which had been sent him by a friend, he laid it on the window-stool in his apartment, where, though not a single individual of that mischievous race of vermin had been seen, to his great gratification, in the course of a few hours, one solitary ant suddenly made its appearance through a crevice in the casing, attracted, probably, by the odor of the dead body. Shortly after, having surveyed the premises, it disappeard, but speedily returned, with a host of companions, to whom the discovery of a prize had unquestionably been communicated; a more careful survey of the magnitude of the object was evidently instituted; the whole company then disappeared simultaneously through the crack; but an army was put in requisition, for the third appearance was a multitude. Having mounted the carcass, examined minutely its exact position, and satisfied themselves that it was actually bereft of life, and that no danger would incurred from their premeditated operations, a new and unlooked for series of labors was commenced, bearing such a striking analogy to human reason, as manifested in what is commonly called contrivance, that if there is no intelligence in it—why, the metaphysicians have in reservation an unexplored field of observation. Not being able to move the mass entire, they divided themselves into platoons, and cut the boyd into portions of about half an inch in length, which was effectually and skilfully done, between a late hour in the afternoon and the following night, and each piece transported to their citadel, through some contiguous aperture, of sufficient diameter to allow the loads to pass. When the observer [illegible] daylight, every part had been disposed at but the head, which [illegible] carried away wards the [illegible] really moving off to- [illegible] surrounded by an immense course of admiring spectators, probably on the *qui vive*, happy in the delightful anticipation of future feasts and revellings. On further scrutiny he found that the decapitated head was mounted on the backs of about a dozen bearers, who, like a Roman phalanx with a testudo upon their shoulders, were marching off in an orderly manner towards the same orifice through which the rest had disappeared.

SIMON'S WIFE'S MOTHER. A friend just returned from New York tells us a pretty good story of an Illisnoisian who was stopping at the same hotel. On Sunday, the Western man, being desirous of hearing several of the more famous pulpit orators at the metropolis went in the morning to Dr. Chapin's church, but heard a stranger preach from the text: "But, Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." In the afternoon he went to Beecher's Plymouth church, and heard the same discourse from the same preacher. Going in the evening to Dr. Osgood's church, he found the same clergyman and the same theme: "Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." The next day the paitent hearer of the thrice-told discoure was crossing to Brooklyn in a ferry-boat when the alarm bell in the park agitated the air with its great shocks of sound, and a man behind him inquired why the bell was tolling. Looking up, he saw the now familiar countenance of the preacher, and was prompt to reply; "I think Simon's wife's mother must be dead. I heard three times yesterday that she was sick of a fever."—[Providence Jour.

Cut this out for REFERENCE.

As the banks in Maine have surrendered their State charters and became National Banks are not legally obliged to redeem their State bills after they have been two years in operation under the national system, the following list of times limited by law for the redemption of their bills—furnished by the Deputy Secretary of State of Maine for publication—may come to interest many of our readers:

Bank	Town	Time redeemable
Market	Bangor	expired Sep 11, 1865
Auburn	Auburn	do Oct. 7, "
State of Me.	Bangor	Dec 31, "
State	Augusta	Decr. 28, 1865
Augusta	Augusta	September 21, 1866
American	Hallowell.	December 26, "
Alfred	Alfred	October 28, 1868
Bath	Bath	" 20 1866
Cumberland	Portland	June 28, 1868
Somerset	Skowhegan	May 20, 1866
Winthrop	Winthrop	May 23, 1866
Belfast	Belfast	December 26, 1866
Bucksport	Bucksport	May 30, 1868
Canal	Portland	March 30, 1868
Calais	Calais	August 1, 1868
Casco	Portland	May 1, 1868
City	Biddeford	June 12, 1868
Cabbossee C.	Gardiner	February 23, 1868
Freemans	Augusta	March 21, 1866
Georges	Thomaston	January 16, 1867
Granite	Augusta	July 18, 1866
Gardiner	Gardiner	March 23, 1868
International	Portland	July 6, 1866
Kenduskeag	Bangor	Oct 15, 1866
Lewiston Falls	Lewiston	April 30, 1866
Lincoln	Bath	December 29, 1866
Long Reach	Bath	October 20, 1866
Lumbermans	Oldtown	February 27, 1868
Manufacturers	Saco	September 1, 1868
Maine	Brunswick	December 31, 1865
Manf'trs & Tra.	Portland	July 31, 1868
Marine	Damariscotta	Feb. 15, 1866
Merchants	Bangor	March 30, 1868
Merchants	Portland	March 23, 1868
Mechanics	Portland	Feb. 14, 1867
Medomak	Waldoborough	May 31, 1868
N. Berwick	North Berwick	Aug. 26, 1868
Northern	Hallowell	October 17, 1866
Newcastle	Newcastle	March 27, 1868
Oakland	Gardiner	Dec. 15, 1866
Ocean	Kennebunk	September 12, 1868
Orono	Orono	March 1, 1866
Pejepscot	Brunswick	June 29, 1868
People's	Waterville	December 31, 1866
Richmond	Richmond	December 31, 1866
Rockland	Rockland	September 1, 1868
Sagadahoc	Bath	March 28, 1868
Sandy River	Farmington	Feb. 25, 1868
Skowhegan	Skowhegan	April 25, 1866
S. Berwick	South Berwick	March 11, 1868
Thomaston	Thomaston	January 20, 1867
Ticonic	Waterville	Decr. 27. 1866
Traders'	Bangor	May 1, 1868
Union	Brunswick	July 1, 1868
Village	Bowdinham	Feb. 15, 1867
Waldoboro	Waldoboro'	Jan 31, 1867
Waterville	Waterville	Dec. 31, 1866
York	Saco	Sep. 2, 1868

Westminister Abbey.

What an illustrious place of sculpture is Westminister Abbey; thus we read:—

"Where Lord Palmerston lies the ground is thickly sown with illustrious seed—on his left are Lord Chatham and the two great rivals—Pitt and Fox; at his feet, Canning, the leader by whom he abided so faithfully, and his son the Viceroy of India, whom he supported thro' good and evil report, with zeal, firmness, and loyalty Nearer the door lies Grattan, and again, on the other, Wilberforce, and a name as detested as his own by the enemies of England—Castlereagh. Over his head towers the monument of Lord Chatham where, as Lord Macauly, says, "with eagle eye and outstretched arm, the Great Commoner seems to bid England be of good cheer and hurl defiance at her foes," and on the other side the statute of Canning seems almost to turn towards the new comer as if to bid him welcome. Nearer still is the monument of Lord Mansfield, the great Judge, but equally great as the 'silver tongued' orator of the House of Commons; and hard by though his ashes do not rest here, the statute of Sir Robert Peel commemorates a career not so lengthened but hardly less successful or less distinguished by public services."

VALUE OF OLD NEWSPAPERS.—How few persons realize the value of files of old newspapers. They are often worth three or four times the original price of subscription, and sometimes even a hundred dollars would be gladly paid for a certain volume if it could be obtained. Isaiah Thomas, in collecting the materials for his "History of Printing in America," paid upwards of a thousand dollars for volumes of old newspapers.

A pair of shears are being made in Skowhegan which will weigh a ton. They are to be used in cutting iron and steel in an axe factory.

John and his Leisure Time.

How do you spend you leisure time? The boys have a good deal; apprentices and young men have a good deal. The *way* which you spend your leisure shows more than any thing else what your taste and habits are, what the real bent of your life is, whether it is towards good or evil.

In a shipyard at Philadelphia there was not long since, among the hands one who did not follow his fellow-workmen to beershops or saloons, or to target-shootings, or to jollifications of any kind; nor did he buy a poodle, and spend six months in teaching the poor dog to dance a jig. John did not spend his leasurs so. His mind was at work studying mechanical science; in the same time that a man took teaching a dog to dance, John invented a saw which can do more work in two hours than a dozen men can do in a whole day; and the saw is now in use in all the shipyards of the country. It cuts a beam into a curved shape as quick as an ordinary saw-mill rips up a straight plank. John kept on studying and planning and making experiments; and his next invention was a machine that cuts things into the form of a sphere. He got a patent for it, and he sold a part of the patent for what would be a small fortune to some of us.

Lately he has invented a boring machine, which bores solid granite at the rate of twenty-two inches an hour. A gentleman who saw this invention tested, offered John ten thousand dollars for some share in his interest in the invention in Europe, and the offer was accepted on the spot.

John L. Knowlton—for that is his name—is a quiet, modest, industrious man, brought up to work. Nobody thought him brilliant or great; but he *improved himself*. While others wasted their thoughts and their time on idle pleasures, he applied both his time and thoughts to something valuable. His leisure evenings were spent in reading and study; and he got ideas which it became his deligh; and interest to make into better tools than the world had before.

Such a course of study and improvement would make fewer idlers and gamblers, and keep many a young man from the card-table, the dice-box, and the dramshop.

Moral Courage.

Young man, would you become morally strong? Would you grow up prefectly competent to resist every foe to your happiness, every enemy which may dispute your progress in manhood? Would you fit yourself for usefulness in this world and for happiness in the next? Then listen to the feeblest voice of conscience, calling you to duty and to right. There is no more certain method of cultivating and promoting moral strength than by heeding continually that which "lighteth every man which cometh into the world." When some specious temptation is presented before you—when there is thrown over it the witching guase of fashion and show,—do you not hear that precious voice bidding you look away and shun the specious temptation? That voice is soft as the whispers of angels, and as the melting tenderness of a mother's pure love. You cannot disregard it but at your imminent peril. Every time you listen with attention, your ear becomes keener to hear and your strength more competent to resist temptation. It will soon become easy to do right. The charm of temptation would loose its power over you. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

MODERN POETRY.—A Richmond paper gives as the material of some of the modern poetry the following; 200 loud mouthed cannon; 2500 whistling bullets; 150 pounds glistening steel; 2 tons of battle field smoke; 500 prancing and neighing steeds; 300 beautiful maidens, assorted; 250 gallant youths; 10 broken hearts; 75 raven tresses, various lengths; 50 auburn tresses, various lengths; 175 stars, twinkling and blinking; 120 blue eyes, finest quality; 100 black eyes of uncommon brightness; 1 hogshead of tears; 1000 sighs, deep and affecting; 10 dozen gleaming swords; 110 weaving flags and streaming banners; 1 idea supposed to be new; 1 grain common sence.

ASHES AS MANURE. Every farmer, or orchadist or gardener should economize ashes and use them as manure. The bar of inferior soap received from the ashman is a poor equivalent for the large quantity of plant-food which he takes away in the wood ashes.—There is not a crop in the garden, orchard or farm that may not be benefitted by the application of ashes. They contain the ingredients of vegetable life, which have been extracted from the ground by the trees during the whole period of their growth. If ashes do not contain a single particle of plant-food, they will be useful in other ways. They are valuable solvent, and by their action on the soil dissolve silica and various acids, bringing them into a proper state to be taken up by the roots of plants. Coal ashes are an excellent top dressing for orchards, and also for flower beds, as they keep down weeds and keep the soil friable and admit the atmosphere to the roots.—Wood and peat ashes may be used in the same way.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP,

Americans are peculiar in one thing they will sing to death. In our brief existence we recall many instances of kind. We remember how often "Old, Dan Tucker" was taunted with being too late to come to his evening meal; how little rest we give "O, Susannah," (we owe Susannah a weighty debt,) and how entracingly we alluded to the eyes of "Dearest Mae," those orbs that rendered midnight superfluous. For a long time "The Poor Old Slave" was allowed little repose, although he had ostensibly "gone to rest." "The Old Folks at Home" were ruthlessly torn from that quiet and seclusion which their age imperitively demand and forced to do duty in every minstrel and concert company in the land. Old, Dog Tray," the faithful old pup, was for a long time drawn by the tail through all manner of brass instruments wound up to an agonizing pitch by piano keys, and made the howl plaintively in four voices. The "Silver Moon" had to "roll on" by day as well night, constantly performing the unremunerative task of guiding "the traveler on his way," apparently regardless of whether the nightingale's song was in tune or not. "Home Sweet Home," has been so sucessfully divested of all its attractive features that many people have been satisfied to become wanderers for the remainder of their existence. "Gentle Annie" was a bore for a time, and although we were assured that "Thou wilt come no more gentle Annie," she still kept coming. Then there was no end to those winds that "Blew bitter across the wild moor." We got sick of such "blowing" over the moor. Othello, the Moor of Venice, was't blowed overmore. "Nellie was a lady," sang everybody. Well she might have been but there was an asertion of that nature is so often and so persistently, we are inclined to question the foundation of the assertion.—We have heard young ladies singing "Who will care for mother now?" while their mothers were warming themselves out in the kitchen over the family washing. Then there is "John Brown's body." Instead of being permitted to lie quietly "moulding in the grave," it was kept "marching on," with enough knapsacks "strapped to his back" to supply a regiment with that necessary article of camp and garrison equippage. "When this cruel war is over" had a pretty good run. The heartiest congratulations that we indulged by the termination of the war arose from the fact that the people got over singing when this cruel war is over, etc. Now the popular tongue is singing and whistling "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching." We are in great danger of being tramped to death with it. You hear it in the billiard saloon, "Beneath the starry flag we will breathe the air again." We had been holding our breath or else breathing chloroform up to this period we suppose, but now "we breathe the air again." This air is breathed by a great many people about now. What next? We wait the reply of the popular song writer.

GENEROSITY.—A young lad on entering a country school one morning proclaimed that he found a fur cape on the road. A while after a lady entered, somewhat excited, and asked if any of the scholars had found a fur cape.—"Yes'm, this it?" exclaimed a curly headed little fellow. "Yes!" "oh thank you, dear!" About to leave, she turned again and asked to see the boy, who on being pointed out, she placed her hand in her pocket and advanced towards him; the lad, who expected nothing less than a small sum of money, held out his hand and was presented with—a small sour apple!

ENERGY. It is a common error to mistake mere effort of energy. Where there is real power adequate to the performance of the task in hand, their will be no effort. The strong man will lift a weight easily and even gracefully; while the weak man, who rushes forward and puts forth all his strength, may pant and tug at the burden; but either fails to accomplish the task, or does it only in a strained and awkward manner, showing plainly his want of the requisite power. There is in connection with every form of bravery a true energy and its counterfeit. Bluster is not courage, rashness is not readiness, doggedness is not fortitude, stupidity is not patience, foolhardiness is not valor, recklessness is not magnanimity, and desperation is not self-devotion.

"Apples of Gold" is a term that is far from figurative at the present time, when good apples are worth at least $10 per barrel.

General Burnside is building a railroad to the oil region, ten miles and a half long, which is to be completed in ninety days.—Seven hundred men are employed in the construction.