

NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN
NEW JERSEY.
HAMMONTON TRACT OF
LAND IN NEW JERSEY.

THE central point of an extensive settlement from the
State of New Jersey, and the only one of the kind in
the State, is situated in the Township of Hammonton,
County of Atlantic, State of New Jersey. The land is
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The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

EX VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

Vol 34

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUG. 21, 1867.

No 34

Poetry.

THE LAUNCH.

Behold her as empress proud
In primal beauty stand!
And hark! the louds sound quick and loud,
Her long farewell to land.
Yes, noble ship, thy long farewell
To rest upon the shore,
The tide has pledged thee by the swell,
And thou shalt thrive no more.

While rocks and woods those souls repeat
That o'er the waters poal,
Her life-long answers by her beat—
Slow moans her mighty keel,
She glides—she shoots, and forward springs,
Ere yet she has unfurled,
Or even found her ample wings,
To gain the watery world.

And thence among the river waves,
As 'twere a sacred rite,
Her maiden forehead, plunging, haves—
Then, shining, heaves to light.
The sparkling waters leap and play,
And sing on every side,
With wreaths for her responsive day—
She hovers in ocean's bride!

Oh, thou, who mak'st thy sun to pour
His glory from on high,
This fair young ship in love watch o'er
With ever guardian eye!
Thy hand controls the powers of air—
Contains the billowy sea;
And we in this baptismal river,
Commend her to thee.

Miscellany.

A STRATAGEM.

BY KATH HETMAN.

O, very well, very well, Arnold! Take
your own way, by all means.

It was not difficult to perceive that the old
gentleman who spoke, it not actually in a
suspicion, was seriously near it. He was stamp-
ing up and down the library, as well as a
somewhat rheumatic foot would allow, ex-
isting from time to time, impatient glances at
his companion, a young man of perhaps twenty
years, who, leaning back in a deep reclining chair,
seemed quite lost in thought. Presently the
older man approached the other, and leaning
over the back of the seat, said, in a somewhat
sobered tone:

So you don't care to oblige your old uncle,
my boy?

The young man turned quickly, forcing a
smile as he met the anxious, questioning gaze.

If I only could, Uncle Gilbert! I could
gratify you in any way—but that,

Polite! I said the old man, shortly, turning
and resuming his spasmodic walk. After a
few turns through the room, however, he stop-
ped, and, putting an arm-chair close to his
hip, sat down.

See, here, now, Arnold, you know as well as
I do how the case stands. My annuity is all
I have, and that, of course, dies with me—
Everything else—the house, the plate, all the
property in fact—belongs to Clara, so that I
have absolutely nothing to leave you when I die.

My dear uncle, said the young man, you
have given me enough already. I desire
nothing more. With the education which I
owe you, and the money my father left, I shall
be amply prepared to fight the battle of life alone.

The money your father left you? pshaw!
that'll hardly keep you in boots and gloves.

It must do a good deal more, said the other,
with a resolute smile. It must help me to an
independence of my own, and what is more,
it shall.

Independence is a very good word, said the
old man slowly, but we don't all understand it
alike. Wouldn't you be independent if you
had a rich wife?

Not if I married her for her money.

Well, who in the deuce asked you to marry
her for her money? rejoined the first speaker
testily. Marry her for her beauty, if you like—
Clara is going to make a handsome girl, I
can tell you—or marry her for love, if you're
sentimental enough. Now, Arnold, why can't
you marry the girl for love?

Only because I don't love her, Uncle Gil-
bert, replied the young man laughing, and
though she is a very nice girl and dear to me
as a sister, I believe if she were forced on me
I should hate her. I am sentimental enough,
as you say, to wish to choose my own wife,
and make no doubt that the greatest kindness
you can do Clara is to allow her a similar free-
dom.

Then I'm to understand that you refuse my
ward—positively refuse her? disregarding the
young man's declinatory. Very well, sir, go

your own way, but if you don't repent it in a
few years, when you see her married to a
better man—for she shall be—yes, sir, by Jupiter
she shall!

I am sure I hope so, with all my heart, re-
plied Arnold composedly, undergoing the old
man's breathless glare.

Heart! hem! you don't possess such an
organ—but if it don't ache at your folly, soon-
er or later, then my name's not Gilbert Hough-
ton, that's all.

On the contrary, my congratulations will be
among the heartiest on that suspicious event,
said Arnold, smiling at the inconsistencies of
his uncle's speech; but as soon as the latter
had indignantly stomped out of the room, the
young man dropped his head in his hands and
fell back into deep thought.

Mr. Gilbert Houghton was a choleric old
bachelor, with a large life-annuity, out of
which he had educated his nephew, Arnold
Wade, preserving intact, for the boy's future
use, the whole of the small capital left by
his father. This nephew, however, was not
the only charge with which the kind-hearted
old man was blessed, for he had the honor of
being guardian to Miss Clara Winslow, the
daughter of a deceased friend, and mistress
in her own right, of a large fortune. To unite
these two young people, at some future day,
was a darling dream of Mr. Houghton's, first
traced, however, by the obstinate independ-
ence of his nephew, who chose to carve out
his own fortune, abroad, rather than to stay
quietly at home and accept one ready-made to
his hand.

Concerning Clara's acquiescence in
his scheme, Mr. Houghton had no grain of
doubt. She was now about fourteen, very
docile to his wishes, and extremely fond of
Arnold. Yet this opportunity the foolish
fellow was deliberately throwing away in an at-
tempt to realize the baseless visions of artist-
life in Italy! And of course this wild-goose-
chase would fail, and Clara would marry
some one else, and he himself would die with-
out having accomplished the happiness of his
nephew whom he loved almost like a son.

Well, if things were determined to go at cross
purposes, it was not his fault, and all he could
do was to make the best of a bad matter.

So to Italy Mr. Arnold Wade went, and
there remained, prospering and to prosper for
some four years. In the meantime Clara
Winslow had grown up into graceful and beau-
tiful womanhood. At eighteen she had re-
ceived many offers of marriage, none of which,
however, she had seen fit to accept.

Uncle Gilbert, she asked, rather abruptly
one evening, when Arnold coming home?

Well, you know as much as I do about it,
Clara, he replied, somewhat testily, for the
subject touched a sore point.

But did he ever write?—he went away?—
something, I mean, by which you could judge of
his probable return?

I don't know that he'll ever come back, was
the answer, said somewhat short. He told me
nothing, and I asked him nothing. We quar-
relled, and there was an end of it.

You quarrelled, Uncle Gilbert? rejoined
Clara in surprise. Why should you and
Arnold quarrel about a girl?

I can generally find grievances enough when
I'm in the humor, was the response, and Clara
understood that he did not choose to explain
to her the subject of the difference. She
colored a little, but did not resume the ques-
tion. When she spoke again it was of some-
thing else.

Well, Uncle Gilbert, I have been thinking
that if Arnold would come to see us, I must go
to see him.

You must do what? demanded the old
man, sharply, facing about upon her.

Go to see him, I said; that is, if you've no
objections?

None whatever, he said abstractedly; then
after a pause looking keenly in her face, Clara
asked me, just now, what I quarrelled
with Arnold about? It was about you.

About me! why, what—what can you
mean?

I wanted to bring about a match between
you two, but he was sentimental and scrupu-
lous; talked about making his own choice and
being independent of his wife. Altogether
more nice than wise, I think, and so, with his
I fancy, when he sees what he has lost.

Clara had colored again, and this time not
slightly.

I am glad you told me, she said, presently.
Yes, I thought it best you should know it
now, all things considered. You are a sensi-
ble girl, Clara, as you have proved by sending
after their business all the young jackanapes
that have been dangling round you, and I knew
I could trust you with the secret without
danger of hysterics.

Clara's eyes danced with mischief.

Thank you, Uncle Gilbert, for both the com-
pliment and the confid'nce, she said, demur-
ringly. I shall always deserve your good
opinion. But what you have just told me may
alter my plans a little, you know.

How so, child, how so?

Why, I don't wish to give up going to Italy
because Arnold had seen fit to— I might as
well say it—to refuse me, and I certainly am

not willing to have him think we come in pur-
suit of him.

By Jove! the idea of the young monkey's
having the vanity! chuckled Mr. Houghton.
You're rather more used to have them come
after you, aren't you?

Clara laughed.

Well, Uncle Gilbert, she said, if you will
give me your consent and assistance, I think I
can contrive a plan that will do away with
those inconveniences. Will you promise be-
forehand?

Certainly! I'm willing to promise whatever
you ask. Now let me hear the plan.

I mean to have my winter in Italy, in spite
of Arnold's disapprobation, said Clara laugh-
ing and coloring very plainly a little. And I
mean to have him like me, too, which he prob-
ably wouldn't do if he had any idea of my
coming after him.

Very good, but how do you intend to accom-
plish these two very desirable objects? asked
her listener, as she paused.

Not by letting him know who I am.

En? ejaculated the bewildered Uncle Gil-
bert—How's that?

Why, he's not seen me for four years, you
know. Do you think he would recognize me
for the little girl he left? Now, Uncle Gil-
bert, look at me, and say if I have not changed
considerably since then?

Why, yes, to be sure, answered the old
man gazing at her, in fond admiration, as she
rose laughingly from her chair, and stood be-
fore him. But of course he'll know you must
have grown up, he added rather blantly.

Of course! she repeated, in good humored
amusement. What's head you have! But
he can't know just how I've grown up, can
he?

But there's your name, suggested the other.
Won't that make him suspect?

O! I shall change it, of course, that is my
first name. As for the other, Winslow is not
remarkable enough to excite suspicion. Eve-
lyn, you know my mother's maiden name, is
common either as Christian or surname. I
never either, because papa disliked the com-
bination, but it does belong to me, after all,
so that I have a right to use it when I like—
Then my maid is old and respectable enough
to matronize me, I've called her 'Aunt Wil-
son' ever since she took care of me as a baby,
so the title will come easily. And now that
you know the plan, will you still consent?

Consent and approve, said the old gentleman
in delight. But what is the assistance you
wanted from me?

O, that is rather negative than positive,
isn't it? to betray me.

Clara went to her own room, to think it all
over. She was a spirited girl, with ideas of
independence rather peculiar, and Arnold's
sensitive honor and unreasoning, instead of
offending her vanity, only raised him in her es-
timation. She knew very well that it was
not she whom he had scorned, but the paltry
ideas of fortune, ease and position, which his
honest pride had rejected. In her own heart
she rejoiced to find her girlish ideal pro-
ved worthy of the noble character with which
her remembrance and imagination had invest-
ed him, and she resolved that he should get
her for herself.

What is the use of multiply words, or to re-
peat the story that tells itself so well? Clara
Winslow's scheme succeeded even beyond her
own intentions, for she was not only Arnold
Wade's liking, but his love. It is true, cer-
tainly, that her own had been given in return,
and when the young artist offered his hand
and heart to the apparently penniless girl, she
responded with a joy that was alloyed only by
a qualm of conscience for the deception which
had been practised upon him.

Arnold's letter, informing Mr. Houghton of
the betrothal, reached that gentleman some-
what before Clara's missive containing the
same intelligence. The delighted recipient,
after executing a highly original and impres-
sive pas seul, forthwith sat down to his desk
and indulged the following epistle.

MY DEAR ARNOLD!—So you are going to
marry a poor girl; beauty and worth in an
humble station, love in a cottage, and all the
rest of it. Well, my father's old Scotch
gardener used to say—'A will' man man
has his way,' and knowing your obstinacy of
old, I shall attempt no opposition to your de-
signs. On the contrary, I congratulate you
with all my heart—and so, I have no doubt,
will Clara though you did refuse her once or
a time. Lucky for you, wasn't that that you
were so firm on that occasion?

Hang it you young dog! I can't keep it up
any longer. What sharp-sighted fellow you
are, to be sure! Just take this letter to your
lady love, with my best compliments, and ask
her if she doesn't think it would be to your
advantage, another time, to try to vex and

cross your affectionate old uncle.

GILBERT HOUGHTON.

This riotous letter naturally puzzled Mr.
Arnold Wade a good deal, and after consid-
erable reflection, he concluded that he could
hardly do better than to follow the old gentle-
man's recommendation.

I have received a rather singular letter from
my uncle, he said, when he saw her, and, if
you have no objection, I would like to read you
a passage in accordance with his suggestion.

He appears to think that you can throw any
light on the mystery pray do so.

With which he proceeded to read, Clara,
as she listened, turning red and pale by turns
as she realized that the time had come when
he must learn all. As he finished he looked
up and observed her agitation.

What is it, Evelyn? he asked. Do you
know my uncle? Has he ever seen you? You
need not fear to tell me, whatever it might be.

Thus encouraged she made a full confession
that she was the girl who had received complete
absolution, with no severer penance than love
was wont to exact. The hand of fate was
evidently in it, rendering useless all resistance,
even had he been inclined to make such—
But he accepted the decree very contentedly.

It would be hard to find any married life
happier than that of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold
Wade although Uncle Gilbert occasionally seem-
ed to fling glances at his nephew.

Of course your hen-pecked, Arnold, for you
declared once, as I very distinctly remember,
that you could never be independent with a
rich wife, said the old man one day.

Very true, sir, answered Arnold, laughing
but I presume, unless your memory is very
treacherous, that you also distinctly remember
my having qualified that assertion by saying
if I married her for her money.

Then I am to conclude that you did not
marry Clara for her money? rejoined Uncle
Gilbert, looking quizzically from one to the
other.

Clara knows, answered the young man.
And Clara looked as if she did know.

GOOD FOR FORTY TIMES—The Shelby
(Ind.) Courier says—Organs in the churches
have become very fashionable of late, and
most every church has one of these instru-
ments. A friend of ours, who lives in a
neighboring village, related to us yesterday
an amusing incident which occurred at one
of our churches.

He said, to be in fashion they must have
an organ. The congregation could not afford
to pay an organist, so they got a self-acting
organ, a compact instrument, well suited to the
purpose, and constructed to play forty times.

The sexton had instructions how to set it
going, and how to stop it; but unfortunately,
he forgot the latter part of his business, and
after singing the first four verses of a hymn
before the sermon, the organ could not be stop-
ped, and continued playing two verses more;
then just as the choragus completed the
words "let us pray," the organ again clicked
and started another tune.

The sexton and others continued their ex-
ercises to find the spring, but no one could
put a stop to it; so they got four of the
stoutest men in the church to shoulder the
perverse instrument, and they carried it down
the aisle of the church, playing away, into the
church yard, where it continued clicking and
playing until the whole forty times were fin-
ished.

The shipbuilders of France are raising an
outcry against the purchase of naval ves-
sels in foreign countries. Referring to the
Dunderberg, a writer in their local paper, says—
"The mischief is done, and cannot be remedied
but there is good reason to