

A NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN NEW JERSEY.

THE HAMMONTON TRACT OF LAND IN NEW JERSEY.

The tract of land of an acreage of 1,000 acres, situated in the township of Hammonton, in the county of Atlantic, New Jersey, is offered for sale by the owner, J. W. Smith, at his residence, in the city of New York, at the price of \$100 per acre, in cash, or on terms of credit, at the option of the purchaser.

For further particulars, apply to J. W. Smith, at his residence, in the city of New York, or to the undersigned, at his office, in the city of New York.

J. W. Smith, at his office, in the city of New York.

At his Office, Water Street, New York, N. Y.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

IN THE CITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK, SEP. 18, 1867.

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Vol 34

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SEP. 18, 1867.

No 33

Poetry.

Night Song.

Mother, now sing me to rest
For the long day is done;
Fold me to sleep on thy breast,
As the night folds up the sun.
For my heart is heavy with fears,
And my feet are weary with play;
Hide me from life's lengthen'd years—
Fold me from weeping away.
These flowers, so blessed and sweet,
I've gathered from far away from near;
I lay them all down at thy feet—
They are wet with many a tear.
But, mother, now sing me to rest;
Take back the lone child, tired with playing
Fold me to sleep on thy breast—
All the day long vainly straying.

Miscellany.

It's Me.

Passing a neat little natty box of a house
last evening, we happened to see a man waiting
for admittance. At the instant, a green
blind above just opened a little way, and by
the gas light we caught sight of a pair of brilliant
eyes and a flutter of something white
and a bird-toned voice said, "Who's there?"
"It's me" was the brief response. The eyes
and the flutter disappeared from the window
like stars in a cloud, and we almost fancied
as we passed on, we could hear the pattering
of two little feet upon the stairs, winged with
welcome.
It was a riddle, it all happened in an instant
but it haunted us for an hour. It's me! A
mid the jar of the city, these words fell upon
the quick ear aloft, and met with a glad
response.
It's me! And who was he? The pride
of a heart's life no doubt; the tree a vine was
clinging to the "Defender of the Faithful," in
the best sense of the word.
Half me! Many there are who would give
half their hearts, and more than half their hope
in them, for one such recognition in this wide
world. On changes, in the Divine story, at
the foot of the cross, and in the arms of the
Savior, but on that threshold, and within those
walls, it's me, and nothing more; and what
more is there one would love to be?
Few of all hearts that beat so wildly, warm
ly, sadly, slowly, can recognize a true soul
amid the din and darkness of the world in
this simple but eloquent "it's me." As if he
had said,
Now I am nothing to all the world,
For I am all the world to thee.

A few days since, a small, but fine-looking
bright boy came into the cars and took a seat.
Shortly after a minister came in and took a
seat before and facing him, when the following
conversation ensued:
"Well, my little lad, what is your name?"
said the minister.

"My name is James Foot, sir—what is your
name?"

"William Hand," was the answer. "Where
are you going to?" asked the minister.

"To Rome, sir; and where are you going?"
was the response of the boy.

The minister could do no less than answer
"Camden."

"How old are you?" was the next question
of the minister.

"Eight years," replied the boy, "how old
are you, sir?"

The minister hesitated, a little but gave an
answer.

"Are you alone?" was the next question of
the minister.

"Oh, no," said the boy, pointing to the pas-
senger, "I have plenty of company."

"But have you no friends on board to look
after you?" said the minister.

"No sir," said the boy, "have you?"

This was not answered, but followed by a
little history.

"When I was a little boy," said the minister,
"my parents would not allow me to go off
the farm alone."

At this the boy, with an indescribable look
said, "It is different now."

[Watertown Reformer.]

TIT FOR TAT.—A clergyman, who enjoys
the substantial benefits of a farm, was slightly
taken down a few days ago, by his Irish plow-
man, who was sitting at his plow, in a tobacco
field, resting his horse. The reverend gentle-
man, being an economist said with great seri-
ousness:

John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to
have a stub sythe here and be cutting a few
bushes along the fence while the horse is
resting a while?

John, with quite as serious a countenance
as the divine himself, said:

"Wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a
stub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they
are singing, to peel 'em awhile to be ready for
the pot?"

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

On Sunday afternoon the schooner Caroline
Mills returned to this port from an expedition
undertaken last January, in the hope of re-
covering a portion of the lading of the bark
Libelle, which was wrecked on Wake's Is-
land, in the North Pacific, in March, 1866,
and in which Madame Anna Bishop was at
the time a passenger.

On arriving at the scene of the wreck, they
found the Libelle still holding together, but
still in such a position that it was impossible
to approach her. The grinding of the waves
had knocked her bottom out, and as the reef
ramp down as sheer as a wall, and no
soundings could be got at fifty or eighty fath-
oms, of course it was useless to expect that
any considerable portion of the quicksilver,
which formed the most valuable part of her
lading, could be rescued. The weather was
very rough when the Mills arrived at the Is-
land, and after laying off and on for several
days, and finding no abatement or prospect of
abate of the sea, the master, Capt. Nickols,
decided to abandon the wreck, more especial-
ly as it became evident that it would speedily
break up under the action of the rollers. Topp-
ing his boom, therefore, he made sail, and
stood out to sea.

Not having made a fortune by the Libelle,
and being loath to return to port empty hand-
ed, the skipper now cast about for something
to do, and somewhere to go. He remembered
that an island called Cornwallis Island was laid
down on the chart, and thought he would hunt
for it. He did so, finding it with some dif-
ficulty, and making the discovery, at the same
time, that it was forty miles from the reef laid
down for it on the chart. It does not require
an error of forty miles in the position of a
rock, however, to wreck a passenger ship and
send a thousand or so souls into eternity at
five minutes notice, and it is difficult to account
for the mistake in this instance. Finding
nothing on Cornwallis Island, he made sail
for another of these coral rocks, known as
Sylvia, or Gaspar Island, situated in
longitude 169 degrees 3 minutes east, and lat-
tude 14 degrees 40 minutes north. On land-
ing upon this island, which is formed entirely
of coral, and is only about eight feet above the
level of the sea, Capt. Nickols was surprised
to find the beach strewed over with the wreck
of a vessel of considerable size, and a closer
investigation in no degree diminished his as-
tonishment, for it became evident that the
wreck had been cast away at least a genera-
tion ago.

The fragments scattered here and there
were of teak, and the copper rudder bands,
and some sheets from the hull were picked up.
Judging from the size of the timbers, the pieces
of which lying around were all in excellent
preservation, Captain Nickols supposed that
the vessel was one of between four and five
hundred tons.

On proceeding further up the beach, a
place was found where the shipwrecked crew
had evidently camped, and some faded and
rotten sail cloth showed that they had made a
tent for shelter out of the sails. Here the first
clue to the identity of the lost vessel was
found, in the shape of a quarter-board bearing
the name of "Canton" deeply carved on it.
Near to this was the arched shield which had
surrounded the stern, and this had been recog-
nized by an old sailor at Honolulu, as being
identical with those used by the ships of the
old East India Company.

It is surmised by a crown, is oval in form
and the quarters contain an inner shield, also
quartered. It is carved out of Norway
pine and was evidently gilded and gaily paint-
ed, but the sun and rains of half a century
have deposited it of its gilded finish, and left
it a cracked, bleached, rotten and decayed mem-
ber of a generation no lie of which exists to-
day. In the vicinity of the camping place
where this relic was discovered, were found
several old sea chests, as were also the com-
pass boxes of the lost vessel. No trace of
writing or inscription of any kind could be
found by the people of the Mills, though the
Captain searched narrowly over every part of
the beach where the wreck was lying. In the
course of their investigations the party came
upon a very singular scene.

The frame of the main hatchway of the
Canton had been cast up whole, and through
the opening a tree had sprung up and attained
its full growth; and as it was as large as any
tree in the island, this must then be taken as
irrefutable proof (even if none other existed),
of the many years which have elapsed since
the ship was cast away.

As to what had become of the crew, nothing
is known. The island and its surrounding
reefs enclose a large lagoon, and Captain Nick-
ols is of opinion that they escaped across this,
and endeavored to reach some of the neigh-
boring islands. Whether they succeeded and

were imprisoned or killed by the inhabitants
who are cruel savages, or whether they were
drowned at sea, will remain undisclosed for-
ever.

The Canton's record, however, goes as far
as this. According to Lloyd's register, the
Bengal British ship Canton is reported to have
left Sitka, on the north-west coast of our newly
acquired Russian American possession, in
1816, and was never more heard of. Who
was her captain, who was her other officers,
and what her lading was, if any, there is no
means of ascertaining.

Far away in England many an aching heart
waiting patiently for tidings of the missing
ship, until the eyes that once beamed bright
with hope grew sunken and faded, and the
rosy cheeks grew wan, and the raven tresses
silvery grey. Far away across the ocean
many a wistful gaze must have been directed,
long years ago, for the vessel that was
never to reënter a home port.
Anxiety and fear, conjecture, doubt and un-
certainty, must have merged at length into
that dull hopelessness which weighs down the
loving spirit through a life of painful endur-
ance; but hope and doubt and anxiety and
fear were alike fruitless, for the expected ones
were sleeping the sleep which knows no wak-
ing, among the fatigues of the deep where the
heavy waters swell and roll among the coral
caves, or lying unburied and unheeded on the
soil of the savage haunted isles of the Pacific.
One more touch of the old romance of the
ocean, one little lifting of the dark curtain of
the past, and the veil of mystery falls again,
never to be lifted again in the world. (Col-
man's San Francisco Circular, May 28th.)

A Capital Story.

Was there ever such a jealous fellow, al-
ways contriving some new test to subject
my affection to? said Julia Harvey to her
sister, Mrs. Fanny Markham, as she handed
her a letter.

It was from Julia's lover, Captain Paul
Wilcox, an officer, in an infantry regiment,
who wrote to prepare her to receive him. He
told her that she would find him much changed
for he had been wounded in the leg and
lost his left arm; that he had felt it his
duty to say that he should not hold her to her
engagement, though he loved her as devotedly
as ever. Now, it happened, that Julia had
correspondent in the army, from whom she
discovered that the captain had no injuries,
and that his story was concocted purely as an
additional test of the devotedness of the fair
one.

We'll pay him off for his trick, Julia, said
Mrs. Markham. Come with me and I'll in-
struct you how to give him change in his own
coin.

Shortly after the ladies had retired, Capt.
Wilcox pluming himself on his stratagem, was
announced. He had buttoned his arm up in
his coat, and the left sleeve hung empty, while
he counterfeited a halting gait, and had a large
piece of plaster on his left cheek to cover an
imaginary sore cut.

In a few minutes Mrs. Markham appeared.
"Returned at last!" cried she, warmly shak-
ing hands. My dear Paul!

There's not much left of me—little better
than half said the soldier. I left my poor arm
in the West Indies!

Poor dear Paul, and how is your leg?
Very poorly. I am troubled with daily ex-
foliation of the bone.

Poor Julia! she sighed.
She will be much affected at the change in
me, will she not? asked the Captain.

Oh, dear, no! I was thinking of the great
change in her.

Change in her?
What I haven't you heard?

Not a word.
Ah! I see—she was afraid to write to you.
She has lost all her beauty.

Possible!
Yes—you know she was never vaccinated.

Never vaccinated!
No—and she had the small-pox very bad.

Poor Julia! she has lost the sight of her right
eye. Her face is very much discolored. Her
nose is terribly red.

A red nose!
Yes. It doesn't matter so much about her
eyes—she wears blue spectacles.

Blue spectacles and a red nose! exclaimed
the Captain.

But you don't mind that. Beauty is nothing
said Mrs. Markham, who was ravishingly
beautiful herself. You love Julia for her
heart, you always told her so. And as you are
so much disfigured yourself, why you can
sympathize with and console each other.

You will be a very well assorted couple—
three arms and three eyes between you.

And a red nose and blue spectacles! groan-
ed the Captain.

Hush, here comes Julia. Don't appear
shocked. My dear dear, here's the Captain!

The door opened, and Julia entered. She
had painted her face most artistically; a pair
of blue spectacles concealed her fine black
eyes, but the marvelous feature of her face was

her nose—it glowed with all the brilliancy of
a carbuncle.

Oh, dear Paul, said she; poor, dear Paul;
how much you must have suffered.

I have one arm left for you to lean upon,
said the Captain.

But you are lame. We can never dance the
Schottische more.

I don't know but I can manage it, all but
the side steps and hops, said the Captain, rue-
fully.

But don't you find me hideous? asked the
fair one.

Not exactly, said the poor Captain. The
tip of your nose is rather a warm color, to be
sure.

Oh, the doctor says it will settle into a pur-
ple by-and-by.

Oh, he does, does he? said the Captain,
abstractedly.

Do you think I shall look better with a pur-
ple nose? asked Julia.

Speak not of it, said the Captain. But tell
me, when you heard of my injuries, were you
inclined to relinquish my hand?

Not for a moment.

Then forgive my deception, said the Cap-
tain. Here is my left arm as sound as ever.

I have no scar upon my cheek; I can dance
from dark to dawn.

How could you be so cruel, said Julia. It
is my turn to ask you whether you are still
willing to fulfill your engagement with me?

With all my heart. I am grieved for the
loss of your beauty, I confess; but your heart
and mind are dearer than your person.

Excuse me for a moment, said the lady;
I must retire for a few moments.

In an instant she returned, radiant in all
the glory of her charms.

Paul, said she, how do you like me now?

You are an angel, said the Captain, holding
her in his arms. How could you treat me
so cruelly with the red nose and spectacles?

Not a word of that, said the beauty. We
have friends in camp who exposed your jeal-
ous folly, and it was only 'tit for tat.'

I deserve it all, said the Captain, and here
I lay my arm cured of jealousy forever.

When they were married, which followed
as a matter of course, they were pronounced
the handsomest couple that ever submitted to
the matrimonial noose.

A PET LION.—A gentleman, visiting a
house in Algeria, says:

"In a few minutes a door opened and a lion
entered the room; the man only leading him
by the tail of his mane. He was a magni-
ficent animal, two years old, and full grown
all but his mane, which although but a foot
long made a respectable appearance. He did
not seem to care about our being strangers,
but wandering about the room like a large
dog, permitted us to take liberties with him
such as patting him, shaking a paw, and mak-
ing exhibit his teeth and claws. He showed
a marked predilection in favor of old acquaint-
ances, and lying down before them, turned on
his back to be scratched. After a scratch or
two he began to yawn, and was fairly satiat-
ing himself for a nap, when a cigar was pulled
in his face, a proceeding he evidently did not
approve of. Rising in a hurry, curling his
lips and wrinkling his nose, the exposed to
view a splendid set of teeth, a sure sign that
he was not pleased. A hearty sneeze, seemed
to restore him to good temper, and bearing no
malice, he returned a friendly pat bestowed on
him by Captain Martener, who had been the
aggressor, by rubbing his head caressingly
against his knee."

[Kennedy's Algeria and Tunis.]

THE GRASS-TREE.—There grows in Aus-
tralia, especially in the colony of Victoria, a
tree known to colonists as the grass tree, which,
from its abundance, has been considered as an
exuberant. Some of the settlers know that
the natives extracted from the tree a tenacious
kind of gum, which they used as glue, in pre-
paring their weapons and implements; but
none seem to have been aware that the dis-
posed timber would one day prove to be high-
ly valuable as a source of commercial prod-
ucts. This, however, has now been demon-
strated by a colonist at St. Roman's who from
the root of the grass-tree, extracts gum shell-
sugar, alcohol, and gas with which he lights
his works. These are all saleable products,
and, as we are informed that the grass trees
are so abundant near St. Roman's that six
hundred tons of root and root can be had
every week for the next ten years, they will
probably be found ere long figuring in the list
of colonial exports. In addition to the abun-
dant of full-grown timber, we hear that large
self-sown crops of young grass-trees are com-
ing on.

Prussia is free from a national debt, and
a consequence we suppose she is no "national
blessing." With one of the largest armies
in Europe, always prepared for war, and not
slow to the field, its debt is the smallest
among first class nations, and its treasury for
the year including the time of last summer's
campaign has a handsome balance—\$6,000,000.

A NOVEL WEDDING.—A lady in one of
our Vermont towns, says the Bellows Falls
Times, wishing to get married, and to have
people know that she was married, invited the
people to her father's house to an evening
prayer meeting as the custom was in their
neighborhood and gave the parson an invita-
tion and the hint. He arrived at the hour
appointed, and found some seventy or more
persons had assembled, no one knowing what
was to take place. He chose to address the
congregation upon the marriage at Cana, in
Galilee. Having finished his discourse, the
said lady and her affianced arose to their feet
without invitation, and the parson married
them without any bluster, but among many
bewildered countenances, and said amen, took
his hat and left them wondering, and for aught
we know they are wandering yet.

What Constitutes a Belle in staid New
England.—A young lady who has been the
reigning belle in Boston for some years, and
who is now growing rather "passed," did afraid
of losing her laurels, is said to be using every
means to preserve her beauty. She eats ar-
senic to make her eyes bright, and is obliged
to increase the quantity continually; she
sips pencils to make her complexion white;
drinks vinegar and lemonade to keep her
waist small; uses "Emul de Paris" and rouge;
pencils her eyebrows; blackens the lower part
of her eyes; sleeps with her hands in gloves,
and never under any circumstances, goes
out in the sun. Besides this, she is said to
own three hundred dollars' worth of false hair,
rats, mice, ears, cashions, puffs, braids—scar-
ves and waterfalls included. It is to be
hoped that, after all these efforts to be beau-
tiful, she will eventually become a wife. [Hunt-
ington Journal.]

A Yankee peddler, passing a solitary house
among the New Hampshire hills, noticed a
dozen less one of faces staring from the single
window looking out of the road, and took a
look at the stranger. Stopping his cart and calling
to a man standing at the door, this colloquy en-
sued:

Peddler—I say! I has there been a funeral
here lately?

Man of the house—Not I know on. Why?

Peddler—Because I see there's one pane of
glass that hasn't got face to it.

Man of the House—Tell you what, if you
don't start alog pretty darned quick, there
will be a funeral, and you'll go to it, tew.

The oldest locomotive in America was brok-
en up at a machine shop in Bangor the other
day. It was the "Pioneer," a ten ton engine,
and one of the early machines built in Eng-
land by Stephenson, the inventor of the loco-
motive. It was built in 1825, and ran the first
trip over the B. O. & M. R. R. Nov. 6,

The following is the official state of the Poll at its close:

	Bolton.	Thomson.
St. Stephen.	233	156
St. Andrews.	150	131
St. David's.	111	57
Campobello.	82	0
Baillie, St. James.	93	40
Kirk, do.	93	41
St. Patrick.	68	58
St. George.	67	103
Upper Falls.	42	61
Denfield.	35	81
Lepreux.	44	45
West Is.	65	17
G. Manan, N. Head.	62	8
De G. Harbor.	36	8
Dumblarton.	53	19
Total.	1214	918

Majority for Bolton 296.

The Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, SEP. 18, 1867.

Declaration Day.

Monday last being the day for declaring the successful candidate for this electoral district to the House of Commons, the Sheriff opened his Court in the County Court House. He stated that by letters received from various parts of the County, persons complained that they could not vote in consequence of not being registered. Upon examination of the list by the Clerk of the Peace and himself they found that not one of those names who complained, was on the lists. He thanked the electors, presiding officers, and poll clerks, for the orderly and law abiding manner in which the election had been conducted. The books were then opened, and the total number of votes in each Parish added up, and the Sheriff declared John Bolton, Esq., duly elected for this electoral district to the House of Commons.

John Bolton, Esq., in offering his thanks said that he did not take it as an expression of favor of himself, but for the Government. Many anti-confederates had supported him, and some confederates from local feelings had opposed him, but the people had shown they were in favor of union. False statements had been circulated concerning him (Mr. B.) he did not wish to refer to them, but justice to himself demanded that he should mention that Dr. Thomson and his relations had circulated a report that it was through his (Mr. B.) influence that Mr. Key had brought the suit against the Doctor; he branded the assertion as a malicious falsehood—he felt bound to advert to the untruthful report and to contradict it.

To the electors in the various Parishes he returned his sincere thanks. He then described some humiliating conduct at St. George on the day of voting; a gentleman from the U. S. who was present declared he had never seen anything so humiliating. The electors in the rural districts and the Islands, had by their votes, endorsed in the most emphatic manner the confederate policy; they were a sober, industrious and thrifty people, and had shown how they felt towards Union government.

He also thanked the electors of St. Andrews, and said they should not lower the dignity of the Town by local jealousies and sectional feelings; he did not believe in such conduct. It had been reported that St. Stephen controls the Manager of the Railway—even the local legislature was swayed by St. Stephen. Such statements were not correct, and it was giving St. Stephen entirely too much importance. Another most disgraceful report had been industriously circulated for electioneering purposes, viz:—that he had said, before two years he would make the grass grow on the streets of St. Andrews. The report was a wilful falsehood.

He then described in glowing language the claims and great natural advantages of St. Andrews, and stated that if those who, as industriously sowed the seeds of sectional feelings would slow half the energy in developing the resources and fostering the interests of the town, they would be a benefit to the place. Twenty one years ago he commenced his advocacy of the St. Andrews Railway, while in the office of the late John Wilson, Esq., to whom he paid a most touching and merited tribute, and added that had it not been for that gentleman's energy and indomitable perseverance, there would have been no Railway here now. Mr. Wilson had been the great promoter of the Line (loud cheers). Mr. B. thanked them for the acknowledgement, it showed that they had not forgotten his deceased friend's services. Had he lived until now, he would have seen his prophecy fulfilled of a Union of the Colonies and the Intercolonial Railway (cheers).

He next referred to the energy of the people of St. Stephen in obtaining their branch railway; the branches to Woodstock and Houston would never have been undertaken but for St. Stephen.

The people of St. Andrews must work and advance the interests of the place. He felt that he would have to do more for St. Andrews than any other Parish in the County. He had spent more time in the town than any other place in the County.

He spoke in high terms of the Hon. Mr. Tilley, and his advocacy of the Intercolonial Railway, and believed that before 12 years passed over, St. Andrews would be a large manufacturing and shipping port, and alluded to the advantages the place possessed in water-power, and said that before many years the population of the town would be fifty or sixty thousand. He also alluded to the magnificent waterpower of St. Croix, Chamcook, Bocabee and St. George.

The interests of his friends at the Islands would not be neglected; he would assist his friends at St. George and all other parts of the County, and hoped that in five years, from this time, he would be able to come direct by rail from Ottawa to St. Andrews; and after again thanking the electors for the honor they had conferred upon him, sat down amidst prolonged cheers.

In giving this brief report of his speech, we have omitted some passages. Mr. Bolton spoke fluently, forcibly and to the point; and after some practice, will be able to take his stand among our best speakers; and why not; he enjoyed the advantages of a classical education, and we remember him when a youth as a prominent member of our old Debating Society.

Dr. Thomson was not present, and the Court was closed after the intimation given by the Sheriff for the local election.

CANDIDATES.—The election cards of the Candidates for the Provincial Legislature are published in our columns. We have given our opinion of each of them as public men, and of their capacity to fill the responsible position of Representatives. Of course we as well as others, have our preferences, but still we have studiously avoided canvassing for either of them, leaving the selection of two out of five to the electors. The names of the candidates as they appeared are N. Smart, W. T. Rose, J. Donald, B. R. Stevenson, H. Frye.

That the Hon. S. L. Tilley has been triumphantly elected, will not surprise even his opponents. Many years ago, we stated prior to an election, that "he is an honest man," and from a long and intimate acquaintance we to-day reiterate the statement. Like a true statesman, he is guarded in his promises, and does not make known all his views, but when the proper time arrives, he is found to be just where a patriot and statesman should be, on the right side. Our friends who are so anxious about the route of the Intercolonial Railway, may judge from the following brief extract from his speech at St. John last week, what his views are; to have said less would have been improper, to have pledged himself further, would have been impolitic. He said:—

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