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day dissolved by mutual consent.
date owing to the said partnership are to
be paid by the said James A. Moran, who is
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JAMES MORAN,
JAMES A. MORAN.
George, September 16, 1865.

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Vol 33

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1866.

No 25

Miscellany.

THE ANGEL OF THE DEPOT;

OR,

What Came Of A Kiss.

The great depot was crowded. The 4th Regiment was about to leave for the seat of war, and it was known that the brave fellows were going where fighting was sure to come. The cars had backed into the building, and the engine was shrieking impatiently. The regiment had filed into the depot, and, as the soldiers rested for a few moments upon their arms, fond friends gathered around, and the words of parting were spoken. There were tears, and sobs, and blessings; there was wringing of hands, and wringing of hearts. Wives were parting with husbands; mothers were speaking the last words of caution and care. It was a season of painful anxiety; for the departing ones were going away with their lives in their hands, and the offering on the battlefield might speedily be made.

Corporal Walter Evermond leaned upon his rifle, and gazed upon the scene. No one came to kiss him—none to bid him farewell. Not over one and twenty was Corporal Walter Evermond. He had a fresh, handsome face, and a bright, pure eye; and his frame was one of those marvels wherein a magnificent physical structure is developed with a small body.

"I declare," said the corporal, wiping a bit of moisture from his eye, "I am glad that I have nobody here to weep and sob for me. Yet, to add with a longing look, it would be pleasant to hear away one parting kiss! But I shan't get it."

"I'll kiss you, if you'll let me!"

Walter Evermond felt alone upon his arm, and the prettiest, sweetest face he had ever seen beamed upon him with a smile.

"I'll kiss you, sir! And the girl placed both hands upon his shoulders, and pressed her lips upon his blooming cheek."

"Thank you! Bless you!"

"Fall in! Fall in!"

The corporal pressed the hand of the beautiful girl; gave one more look into her beaming face, and then fell into line; and ere long the cars rolled out from the depot, bearing the volunteers towards the field where patriot duty called them.

In a little while the train was out of sight around the turn, and the throng of friends gradually dispersed.

Nellie, like astonished at you!

Astonished at me? repeated Nellie Preston, looking up into the face of John Gainsford, who walked by her side to a carriage.

Yes. How could you do such a thing?

Such a thing as what?

As kiss that fellow in the depot. Goodness gracious! What were you thinking of?

I was thinking, replied Nellie, with a perceptible flush of feeling, that he might be a poor, thoughtless, senseless boy, who had no one in the world to love him.

And so you thought you'd love him, eh?

I love all those brave, noble men who have gone out to offer up their lives for their country's welfare! said the girl, with deep emotion. I never knew how well I loved my own brother until I saw him going away to-day.

I hope God will keep him, and return him to us in safety.

Did you notice, said Mr. Gainsford, after a pause, that your foolish behavior caused considerable remark?

I'd rather you wouldn't say anything more about that, Mr. Gainsford.

You are ashamed of it, eh?

I am ashamed of you, sir! You need not help me. I can get into my carriage alone.

Two days after this, Judge Preston came home looking very thoughtful. After tea he called Nellie to him, and asked her if she had made up her mind to be the wife of John Gainsford.

I have made up my mind that I will not be his wife! was her prompt reply.

I have no wish to urge you, my child.

I do not love him, father; and I should prefer to have no more intimacy with him. I never liked him. He is unkind to his poor sister; and he might be unkind to me.

You are right my daughter; and I am now free to confess that I am pleased with your decision.

said to me, before he left with his company, was, that he hoped you would not make John Gainsford his brother-in-law. He knows Gainsford well, and has no respect for him.

The Judge kissed his child, and the matter was settled. Gainsford was the son of one of his oldest friends, and thus the intimacy had commenced; and he had been willing, for his daughter's sake, to try the young man; but he felt a sense of relief now that the trial was over.

George Preston, the Judge's only son, had gone as Captain of a company; and the family watched anxiously for the news that was to bear to them intelligence of the movements of

the 4th Regiment. By and by intelligence came. The regiment was at Pooleville. The regiment was at Ball's Bluff! The regiment had been under fire nearly the whole of that terrible day; and a fearful havoc had been made in its ranks. Where was George? O, how anxious was Nellie Preston now! More than ever before did she know that she loved her brother.

"Ma! Good news. George is safe! The Judge came home with an evening paper, and handed it to Nellie, pointing with his finger to the paragraph she was to read. She read as follows:

CAPT. PRESTON, after being exposed to a mercurial fire for four consecutive hours, was one of the last to swim the river. He had made his way down the bluff, and was assisting some of his wounded comrades, when the enemy came pouring down upon him. He was surrounded, and would have been slain, but for the heroic bravery and devotion of a sergeant of his company. This sergeant, whose name was Walter Evermond, seeing the captain in danger, sprang to his side, and with his revolver shot down three men who were pressing upon him. When they gained the water Capt. Preston had received a wound in the shoulder, which rendered it impossible for him to swim; but Evermond did not forsake him. The noble fellow clung to his captain like a brother, and succeeded in getting him safely over the river. We are happy to state that Capt. Preston's wound is not dangerous."

O! Heaven bless that noble sergeant! ejaculated Nellie, as she finished reading the account.

And her father joined her with his whole soul.

Late in the evening a curious thought worked its way into Nellie Preston's mind. She wished the man who had saved her brother's life so bravely had been only a corporal!

And then she wondered where that fair-faced, bright-eyed soldier was whom she had kissed in the depot. She wished that she knew his name.

It would be a satisfaction to know how he fared. She hoped he was safe.

Ere long a letter came from George, in which he gave a thrilling account of the battle. He spoke of Sergeant Walter Evermond as he would have spoken of a brother. He saved my life at the risk of his own, he wrote; and but for him you would have no son living to write this; and Nellie would have no brother. There was a postscript to the letter, as follows:

"P. S.—Walter Evermond has just received the commission of Second Lieutenant."

The winter wore away, and George, in his letters to his sister, frequently spoke of Walter Evermond as of a very dear friend.

At length came a letter with the following passage:—My dear father and sister, give me joy. I am a Major, and my commission dates from the day of Ball's Bluff.

My dear friend Evermond is Captain of my old company; and a better soldier does not live; and I know there cannot be a truer friend.

Once more the Judge and his daughter were anxious. The 4th Regiment was before Yorktown. Then came the bloody field of Williamsburg; but George was not called into that battle. At length, however, came tidings of another bloody fray, in which our regiment was engaged. FAREWELL! The list of the killed and wounded lagged; but a letter from George was received. He was alive, but badly wounded.

Our column was stricken down, he wrote, early in the engagement. I had been acting as lieutenant-colonel for some time, and the command devolved upon me. I was following the lead of the gallant Howard, when a bullet passed through my thigh. Capt. Evermond was on the right of the regiment, and I had just time to pass the command over to him when the clash of the final charge came. I was faint and dizzy; but I saw him dash on at the head of our noble regiment; and the shout of victory struck my ear as I was borne from the field. Late at night Capt. Evermond was borne into our quarters severely wounded by a sabre cut on the shoulder.

He had a hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy over a battery; and he took it, and held it!

Three weeks afterwards another letter came:

"Dear Nellie, I am coming home. I have a furlough for forty days. Capt. Evermond is coming with me. Our wounds are doing well."

The train arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon. Major Preston came from the car upon his crutches, and his father was there to receive him. Nellie had not come down.

Big, grand tears coursed down the old man's face as he heard the glad shouts that welcomed his noble boy; and for a while his son was monopolized by the multitude.

Where is your friend, Evermond? asked the Judge, as they moved towards the carriage.

O, he will be with us this evening. He had gone as Captain of a company; and the family watched anxiously for the news that was to bear to them intelligence of the movements of

a joyful moment was it for Nellie Preston when she threw her arms around the neck of her returned brother. O, she knew now how much—how very much, she loved him. What numberless questions were asked, and how eagerly were the answers listened to.

By and by Nellie asked Captain Evermond.

O, she cried, I hope he is not old and ugly, for I want to love him!

Not very old, said George, with a smile; and not very ugly. But there's a curious circumstance connected with his experience as a soldier, which is worth relating. He told the story to me with tears in his eyes. After the affair at Ball's Bluff we were like brothers.

Evermond is an orphan; without father or mother, brother or sister. He has a splendid education, which he owes to an old aunt, who intended him for a minister; but his disposition did not lead him that way, and he started to study law. His aunt withdrew her favor, and he was left to struggle alone. He was in danger of becoming dissipated when the thought struck him that he would enlist. He enlisted as a private in the company of which I was captain. While we were waiting at the depot, on the morning when we left for the seat of war, Evermond stood alone gazing upon the scenes of weeping and blessing; and as the thought passed his mind that he was relieved from the pain of parting with his friends, he felt thankful, and expressed himself to that effect. Yet, he said, he felt that it would be a blessing to bear away one friendly kiss that could remember as coming from a sister.

He said this aloud, and in a few moments a young girl—he says the most beautiful he ever saw—put her hands upon his shoulders, and kissed him upon the cheek. He says he had just time to bless the angel, when the order came to fall in. I think the girl that gave Walter Evermond that kiss did a noble deed. He assures me that it made him all that he is. He says that the memory of that sweet face has led him to high and holy resolves; and that he had sworn within himself that he would never do a deed that could cause that girl to blush that she had kissed him, even were she the daughter of a king.

Yes, said he, was a private then? remarked Nellie.

No—he was corporal. He was made a corporal very shortly after he enlisted, and before we had been in camp a week in Maryland, he was made sergeant. But, my sister, what is the matter?—Merey!—your look pale.

O! whispered Nellie, hiding her face with her hands, what dreadful things!

My—I thought this story of Evermond would attract your thoughts from the darker themes.

So it does, in a measure, George; but I cannot not help my feelings.

George Preston, never mistrusting, never dreaming that his sweet sister had ever seen Walter Evermond, drew his arm about her and gave her a brother's kiss.

At eight o'clock in the evening the coach was sent to the depot, and at half-past eight it returned. Nellie left the parlor and sped away to her room. He heart was in a flutter and her face was burning. It might be possible that she had never seen Captain Evermond; but she did think it probable. What should she do? How should she meet him? Twice she attempted to tell her brother of her adventure at the depot on that memorable morning but she could not.

Major Preston, upon his crutches went to the door and welcomed Captain Evermond, who carried his right arm in a sling. The old Judge welcomed the hero as another son; and he was surprised when he found that the captain was a fair faced, handsome youth, just upon the opening stage of manhood.

But where was Nellie? The bell was rung and a servant sent in quest of her. At length she came, trembling at every joint; but her father and brother did not notice it.

Nellie, my sister, cried George, "here is our dear friend, Walter Evermond!"

The captain advanced with a quick step, and half extended his hand, when he stopped as though he had been shot.

Good angels! he gasped; what is this? This—your sister!

With a mighty effort Nellie smiled and put forth both her hands.

Alas! exclaimed George, lifting his crutches from the floor, and stamping them down with wonderful energy, I think I see it now! Say Walter—tell me—tell me—is this your angel?

Ten thousand blessings on her head! murmured the brave youth, while the tears started down his cheeks. I did not dream of this! Then he dashed the tears away and extended his hand.

"Lady," he said, you will excuse my left hand, I know!

Goodness mercy on me! exclaimed the old man, who began to see through it. Is this the soldier you kissed in the depot, Nellie?

Again the poor girl came very near losing herself; but she made one more struggle and was successful.

"Yes, sir," she said Captain Evermond and I have met once before.

It was a curious position for both the captain and the maiden.

Hold on! cried the major, with another lump of his crutches. I have it. I know how awkward it is; and if I had mistrusted, so much as by a thought that my own sweet sister was the identical angel of depot, I should have prepared the way for this meeting. But see how nicely I'll fix it; you, Nellie are my sister by right of birth; and you, Walter, are my brother by every tie of love and gratitude.

So, of course, you two are brother and sister. Capital! exclaimed the Judge.

And now for enjoyment. Come, Walter, lead your sister to a seat and we'll talk of the times that have tried our souls.

Alas! the present was a time that tried Nellie's soul; but it was a happy, blissful trial.

Late at night they prepared to retire. The two soldiers were left alone after the rest had gone to bed; for they had got used to helping each other. The major cared for the captain's shoulder; and the captain took care of the major's thigh.

We are at home my dear Walter, said George Preston after they had dressed each other's wound, and we will have a happy time of it.

I shan't be able to stop with you long, returned Walter.

Merey! What is up now? Where else will you go?

I don't know. I must not stop here.

And why not, pray?

Because I dare not!

Oho! cried George, who knew his friend well enough, and knew human nature well enough to read ordinary signs of feeling, I think I understand you now. But we'll say no more about it to night. On the morrow I'll help you to find a good boarding place.

And so they went to bed.

On the following morning, after breakfast had been disposed of, George took his sister away into the library and had along talk with her. She wept and smiled by turns during the conversation.

When he came out from the library he met his father in the hall; and he had a talk with him.

Half an hour afterwards he met the captain in the parlor.

Walter Evermond, he said, I have found a good, comfortable boarding-place for you.

Ah—have you? Thank you, George.

Yes. Sit down, and I will tell you all about it. Now listen, continued the major, after they were seated: I have assumed some what of a responsibility in this matter. I have even gone so far as to pledge my own honor that you will so bear yourself that the house can never be ashamed of you. In short, I have given you my word that you are an honorable, true man; incapable of premeditated wrong, and fixed in the path of virtue.

Thank you, George.

And now, my dear Captain, your place of abode is fixed in this house. My sister is hostess, and my father is the host.

But—George—

Nonsense! Do you think I am blind? At any rate, I can see plainly enough to discover what ails your heart; and all I have further to say, is—if you have courage you will stay here. If you have any further arrangements to make, make them with Nellie.

But—George—will Nellie—

Don't ask me what she will do. Ask her yourself.

But your father—

Already looks on you as a son. What more have you to ask?

I don't know. Indeed, this is more than I had expected. I am dreaming.

Then I advise you to wake up.

When Walter Evermond did fairly awaken he awoke to a blessed hope. Before night he had resolved to stop; and before the work was out he had made arrangements with Nellie Preston to live with her always.

And all this came of the simple kiss in the depot.

A MYSTERY.

Did you ever meet with a person who drew out all the antagonism in your nature? In whose presence all of the kindly feelings seemed to shrivel up and blacken like some delicate fabric in the fire? Who caused you to say everything that you didn't think and believe, and that in the most positive, emphatic, pugacious and disagreeable manner? Who set you otherwise calm, tranquil blood bubbling and seething like some intimated, chauldron-mixture. Who took all the symmetry and sweetness and glory and beauty out of the world for you, leaving you in its place nothing but chaos and deformity. Who left to you vexation and surprise and repugnance, and the most bewildered craving to know where and how and in what manner they ever secured up such diabolism in your nature.

Then, on the contrary, did you never meet a person whose mere mute presence was as happy and soothing as your mother's kiss. Who inspired you with the most intense longing to be good and to be good. Who made you say all manner of funny and delicious

things. Who expelled all your weakness moral and physical, and set you on your spiritual feet, sleek, armed, helmeted, and invulnerable to all attacks of the enemy from within and without, and left you to wonder how you would ever have sighed, or cried, or been troubled about anything; or ever have supposed that there was a thing in the universe that a human being could, would should, or might have done, that you wouldn't yourself bring to pass, immediately, if not sooner.

Did you ever meet such persons, and experience all this? and can you tell me what it all means?

FANNY FERN.

ITEMS

On Tuesday five rowdies belonging to Calais, attacked private Cross of the volunteers in a shop in King street which resulted in the whole five getting a thorough beating. Arrests were made by the magistrates to put a stop to such unwarranted proceedings.

—[Courier.