

C. STEVENSON.
at Law and Solicitor
building, opposite Post Office
July 13, 1866.

DR. PARKER.
at the Cottage in Queen street
Agency of the Commercial Bank,
next to the Sheriff's
Nov. 19, 1861.

ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN
NEW JERSEY.
MORTON TRACT OF
D IN NEW JERSEY

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS
FOR THE BOWELS
ARE THE MOST PLEASANT
AND THE MOST EFFECTIVE
FOR THE BOWELS

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BUT A BRIEF AND THOROUGH
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IS ALWAYS SECURED.

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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17, 1864.

No. 32

Vol 32

Poetry.

[From Chamber's Journal.]
"They're Dear Fish to Me."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

The farmer's wife sat at the door,
A pleasant sight to see,
And basked in the sun, and the breeze,
That played around her knee.

When, bending 'neath her heavy cress,
A poor fish-wife came by,
And, turning from the toilsome road,
Unto the door drew nigh.

She hid her burden on the green,
And spread its scaly store,
With trembling hands, and pleading words,
She told them 'twas her o'er.

But lightly laughed the young girlhood,
"We're no sea-creatures here,
Take up your cress, and gang your way—
I'll buy me fish to eat."

Herding beneath her lead again,
A wench might see,
Right sorry sighted the poor fishwife:
"They're dear fish to me!"

"Our boat was out so early night,
And, when the storm blew o'er,
My husband and my three brave sons
Lay corpses on the shore."

"I've been a wife for thirty years,
A childless widow three;
I must buy them now to set again—
They're dear fish to me!"

The farmer's wife turned to the door,
What was there rising in her breast,
What was there rising in her breast,
That then the scarce could speak?

She thought upon her ain guidman,
Her little ones ladies three;
The woman's words had pierced her heart—
"They're dear fish to me."

"Come back," she cried, with quivering voice,
And pity's gathering tear;
Come in, come in, my poor woman,
Ye're kindly welcome here."

"I kenna of your aching heart,
A woe weary tale to tell,
I'll never forget you, and your words,
"They're dear fish to me!"

"Ay, let the happy-hearted learn
To pause ere they deny
The mercy of honest toil, and think
How much their gold may buy—
How much of mabod's wasted strength,
What woman's misery—
What's a-king hearts might swell the cry:
"They're dear fish to me!"

Miscellany.

Judge Harding's Birth-Day Gift.
BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

Slowly and sadly Judge Harding
crossed the steps of his stately but gloomy man-
sion. Not one of the many rooms were
lighted with the exception of the library, and
that used in common by the two domestics.

Yet there had been a time when those dark,
and deserted parlors had been one blaze
of light, and its walls had echoed to the
sound of merry laughter and gay young
voices.

Judge Harding entered the library, and
closing the door looked drearily around—
yet it was filled with all the appliances of
wealth and luxury; the carpet was like vel-
vet to the foot, the lofty walls were decked
with pictures, and the wide, deep windows,
hung with wine-colored drapery of the richest
silk.

A large easy chair was wheeled in from
the store which gave forth a ruddy glow;
across it lay a dressing gown, while on the
rug were slippers all ready for his feet. But
Judge Harding knew that was the work of
Margery, the housekeeper, who, though she
had been in the service nearly two score
years, looked more than she looked him—
there was no eye to brighten at his approach,
no voice to welcome him.

This thought was uppermost in the old
man's mind as leaning back in his chair, he
gazed abstractedly into the fire. Some years
before, God had called to himself the wife of
his youth, taken her mercifully from the
evil to come. One of the woe-ache above him
filled a drunkard's grave, the other had been
mortally wounded in some disgraceful quar-
rel. But Estelle, his little Estelle, the Jew-

lamb of his flock, loved beyond all others,
and yet who had wounded his heart so sore-
ly, where was she?

Ah, well he knew that the December
snow was falling upon her grave; that she
did not smile at the knowledge of his for-
getting her.

The iron-gray locks that shaded his tem-
ple accorded well with the general expres-
sion of the strongly marked features, and
which were characterized by a hardness and
coldness almost repelling, yet through it
could be seen traces of a depth of mental an-
guish which weak natures are incapable of.

He was aroused from his gloomy reverie
into which he had fallen by old Margery,
who, opening the door, said:
"There's a woman with a little girl in the
hall, who insists on seeing you."

Did she give her name?
"She said her name was Dugald," replied
Margery, speaking with evident hesitation.

But, contrary to her expectations, this
name had not at all produced no visible
effect upon her master.

"Show her in," he said, after a moment's
reflection.

It was difficult to determine the age of the
woman who entered. Her hair was nearly
white, but her eyes bright and piercing, and
white, but her eyes bright and piercing, and
white, but her eyes bright and piercing, and

The young old man, "wince visibly at this
thrust, but did not lose his self-possession."
"And this is the child of your son?" he
enquired, pointing to lovely little girl of six,
clad in deep mourning, who was standing by
her side.

"This is the daughter of Estelle Dugald,
your child and mine, Judge Harding," re-
turned the woman, in the same abrupt and de-
fiant tone.

Judge Harding could not suppress this
statement, but, being though it was, but the
voice took a sharper tone as he said,
"Why have you brought her to me?"

"Because I have not the means of sup-
porting her, and you have."

"Did your late son have no property?"
For a moment the woman's eyes watered
beneath his penetrating look, then she said
boldly:
"Nothing but a mere pittance, which was
more than swallowed by the expense of your
daughter's last sickness."

Judge Harding's eyes blazed with a sud-
den light that was almost startling.
"Do not hope to deceive me so easily,"
he cried. "There is not one act of yours
that has escaped my notice. I know that
your son left property which should have de-
scended to his wife and child, but of which
you took possession. I know, also, of the
grudging care you bestowed on the deluded
girl that your son deluded from her friends
and home. But let them both pass. I will
take the child and indemnify you from the
possible expense, but only on condition,
that you sign this paper, by which you pledge
yourself to abstain from all intercourse with
your granddaughter."

The woman's eyes sparkled as she caught
a glimpse of the roll of bills in Judge Hard-
ing's hand, but she still hesitated.
The sharp sighted old man saw quickly
the cause of this hesitation.

"I wish you distinctly to understand," he
said, "that though I will provide for the
child, I shall leave her only sufficient to
place her above all want; the bulk of
my property will go to some charitable in-
stitution."

As Mrs. Dugald looked upon that resolute
countenance she felt that he was in earnest,
and without another word she signed the
paper, and then taking the money the Judge
placed in her hand departed.

As soon as she closed the door after her,
Judge Harding turned to the little girl who
stood regarding him with a timid, wistful
look.

"What's your name, child?" he said ab-
ruptly.

"Estelle Harding Dugald," she replied in
a clear voice, that had a pretty tinge to
it.

"Do you know whom I am?"
"You are my Grandpa's Grandpa."

Ab, how many pleasing "uncles" arose in
his heart at those words; but he crossed
his arm with a stern hand,
"I am not your Grandpa," he said harshly;
"you must never call me by that name."

Which he well remembered placing around
his daughter's neck, but a happy birthday song
was sung, and he, whom he fondly
termed his "birthday girl."

He touched the
spring, and it flew open. It was his own

entered, "this little girl is the child of Rich-
ard Dugald. I place her under your care—
See that she has everything that she needs,
but do not let her come within my sight or
hearing."

Margery cast a look of pity and tenderness
upon the child, who, attracted by her
kind motherly face, sprang eagerly to the
respected courtier to the Judge, she led her
from the room.

Weeks came and went, Little Estelle
grew dearer every day to the faithful old
nurse, who had tended her mother in her
sickly infancy.

She obeyed her master's injunctions,
though many were her inward murmurs at
what she termed the unusual treatment of
the child of his only daughter. This was
not difficult, for the house was large, and
never crowded. Sometimes, indeed, he heard
the patter of little feet along the corridor,
that led to some remote apartment, or a
sweet, bird-like voice, which fell upon his
heart like a strain of half-forgotten music,
but that was all.

Perhaps Judge Harding's heart might
have softened toward his granddaughter had
she come to him in any other way; if his
daughter had once indulged had expressed any
wish that he should take charge of her,
but to have her thrust upon him by the
woman whose awful manumance had made
his home so desolate, steeled his heart
against her.

She was a pretty sweet-tempered child,
with grave, quiet ways, and intelligent
beyond her years.

"Wasn't my grandpa's birthday, nurse?"
she suddenly inquired, one day nearly two
months after her arrival.

"Let me see," replied Margery, her coun-
tenance assuming a contemplative expres-
sion: "It is the seventh of this month—and
I declare if that isn't the day, I remember
it well, for it was also the birthday of my
poor young mistress, your dear mamma."

She would have been twenty-four years old
to-day, if she had lived. Alack, alack, it
seems only yesterday that I held her in my
arms."

Here the faithful creature wiped away a
tear.

"Well, if it is his birth day, I must go
and give him this," resumed Estelle, taking
a small package from the pocket of her
dress.

"Where is he?" in the library?"
"Yes, but what are you thinking of
child?" ejaculated Margery, regarding her
young charge with a look of amazement.

"You must not go in there; Judge Hard-
ing will be very angry."

"I shall be very sorry to make him angry,
nurse," returned Estelle, with a childish
dignity quite in keeping with the little serious
features of her face.

"But I promised my dear, dear mamma
that I would, and I must do it."

Old Margery looked after her with an ex-
pression of astonishment, not unminged
with admiration, as she left the room.

"She's a Harding—one can see that plain-
ly," she muttered, as she resumed her knit-
ting; "the old Judge may not be fit to
own his own flesh and blood."

Estelle paused a moment at the door at
which she had never dared to approach,
and then, as if summing up all her resolutions,
softly turned the barbed knob, and glided
in.

Judge Harding sat in his easy chair,
his feet upon a footstool, and his eyes
were fixed upon the roll of bills in his hand,
but he still hesitated.

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the cause of this hesitation.

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spring, and it flew open. It was his own

license taken in a sitting position. Beside
his chair stood a little girl about six. One
small hand laid trustfully in his, the other
rested upon his shoulder, while the smiling
eyes were lifted to his face with a look
of childish confidence and awe.

The warm, life-giving, awakened tenderness
that swept over him melted every vestige of
the ice that gathered around his heart. Con-
science began to make itself heard. In re-
sponse to her, he said, "I do not indulge
myself in every whim, until you will grow
strong, and impetuous, and then I shall
suddenly and harshly. Had he dealt more
generally with her would she have taken
that step that had wrought them such
far woe."

As he raised his eyes they fell upon the
little form that was sitting where she used
to sit so many years ago. What a mar-
velous resemblance! It seemed almost to him
that it must be her very self.

Ab, well did that lying mother know that
nothing she could write would soften that
stern heart like this mute remembrance of
all she was once to him, or could plead so
eloquently for her orphan child. Tears
gushed from the old man's eyes, and, rising
from his seat, he took the child in his arms.

"My dear little Estelle!" he muttered
"My precious birthday girl!" come back after
so long a time to cheer my desolate home—
I thought but death shall part thee and me!"

The night, when Margery carried in the
her kind old heart repose; the child of her
dear young mistress was sweetly sleeping in
her grandfather's arms, whose eyes were fixed
upon her with a look of pride and tenderness.

And, giving her a sweet love, more nat-
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WESTERN EXTENSION.—The "Colonial
Presbyterian" says:

"From Mr. Burpee, who was in town last
week, we learn that the survey of the West-
ern line may be completed early in October.
It is likely to strike the St. Andrews line
about 11 miles above Toly Gully, and 40
miles above St. Andrews. If the road costs
under \$2,400,000, of which Government
gives \$800,000, and St. John, not less, we
shall have, that 400,000, and if another sum
of \$400,000 can be secured in stock taken
along the course of the line, for work done
and performed, and Mr. Burpee is confident
this can be accomplished, it ought not to be
difficult to borrow the remaining \$300,000
required, on the bonds of the Company."

From the same paper we also learn:

"Steps are in active and successful
progress to establish a stove-manufacturing
factory. Stock to the extent of \$40,000
is being subscribed. Mr. W. K. Reynolds
being the leading capitalist. The machinery
being procured for the factory, and the
factory will be adequate to the manufacture of 25
dozen stoves a day, and its power can be in-
creased. The New Brunswick manufacturer
can largely undersell the importer. Our
Hardware merchants will doubtless inter-
fere to stop this useful project. The state
of the tariff in the United States must tend
to originate and sustain various manu-
factures of the kind in this Province. We
are glad that Mr. Reynolds, with his usual fore-
sight and energy, has taken up the matter."

GRACE WITH A MORAL.—A young man
who was paying special attention to a young
lady, met with the following incident during
one of his visits:

"Being invited into the parlor to wait the
lady's appearance, he contained himself in
the best manner for some time, and, as he
was feeling very weary, when a little girl about
five years old slipped in and began a conver-
sation with him.

"I can always tell," said she, "when you
are coming to our house."
"How do you know that?" he replied, "and how
do you tell?"

"Why, when you are going to be here sister
begins to sing and get good; and she
gives me cake and pie and anything I want,
and she sings so sweetly, and she smiles so
pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all
the while; then when you go off sister is
not in good. She gets mad, and if I look
her for anything, she slaps and bangs me
about."

"This was a poser to the young man—
"Fools and children tell the truth," quoted
he; and taking his hat he left, and returned
no more.

MORAL.—Parents wishing their ill-
natured daughters married, should keep their
children out of the parlor when strangers
are there.

OUT DOOR ERIGUETTE.—A gentleman
meeting a lady should always take the right
of the walk.

A gentleman another, should always pass
the right.

A lady, as a general rule, should not take
a gentleman's arm in the street in the day
time. However, it is not improper when
the walk is through a crowd, or passing a gen-
tleman and lady, should pass on the gen-
tleman's side.

A gentleman should never fail to salute a
lady of his acquaintance when within a prop-
er distance, unless she wears a veil, in which
case it would be highly unpolite to recognize
her.

"Why, don't you think that Mr. Bold is
a handsome man?" "Oh, so I can't re-
sist," he said, "but he is a honest enough
man; he's got a good deal of money, and he's
just died and left him \$50,000." "He
died? it's true