NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN NEW JERSEY.

HE HAMMONTON TRACT OR LAND IN NEW JERSEY

FIFTEEN THOUSAND ACRES,

FARMS OF TWENTY ACRES,

WHERE AND WHAT IS HAMMONTON?

B. R. Stevenson.
torney at Law and Solicio
e—In Clerk of the Peace office.
Andrews, July 13, 1867

Dr. Parker.
as removed to the Cottage in Queen st
ining the Agency of the Commercial H
nearly opposite to the Sheriffs.
Andrews, Nov. 19, 1867.

Anthracite Coal.
Tons RedAsh Egg Co.
SALT
O Sacks Coarse Salt.
ec. 7. J. W. SCOTT

The Standard,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY
A. W. Smith.
Office, Water Street Saint Andrews, N. B.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

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

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Poetry.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY A. E. PORTER.

Softly fades the light away,
In the crimson west;
Tenderly the dying day
Glideth to its rest.
Sweet summer day, oh stay thy flight!
For sad the words, Good night! Good night!

Sternly looms the morrow now,
With its life of care;
Gloomily comes sorrow too,
Bitter strife and prayer.
Long, weary days and tired feet,
When night is welcome, rest is sweet.

Bravely bare them, shrinking not
From the toil and pain;
Joyfully endure the cross,
There's a crown to gain.
Dark, weary days, and long their flight
How welcome then, Good night! Good night!

Gently comes the morn at last,
From that dreamless night;
Joyfully the spirit free,
Riseth to the light.
Now endless day, the conflict o'er!
And then Good night no more, no more!

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Standard.

Sir:—Your correspondent "Semper Paratus," has certainly exhibited a large supply of ignorance in his very lengthy communication in answer to my brief and plain question. "Is it fair play that the Roman Catholic School of this town should receive its denominational grant, and also "the Parish School grant."—He has not only exhibited a vast amount of ignorance, Mr. Editor, but also an equal proportion of *impudence* in changing my language in the manner which he did. I can assure "Semper Paratus," that I have more confidence in the teachers of the R. C. Schools of this Dominion than to believe that they would teach him the base, dishonest art of misquoting an author, however much he might differ from him in opinion, and thereby wilfully misrepresent that author. "Semper Paratus" knows, Sir, as well as every one else who read my communication, that my objection was not urged against the denominational grant to the Roman Catholic School of St. Andrews, but on the other hand, do contend that the Roman Catholics of this Province have as much right to a Legislative denominational appropriation as the Episcopalians, or Wesleyans, or Baptists, or any other denomination. But my objection is urged against that same School receiving the "Parish School grant" also. And I know, Sir, that the public who do "understand the matter in its proper bearing," will endorse the principle for which I contend. A principle which is true, and just and reasonable, and fair play answers with the force of lightning, yes, and "Semper Paratus" knows, or ought to know that it is *lightning* which kills, and not *thunder*, however loud and terrific its *tones* may be.

Now, Mr. Editor, having corrected your correspondent on the above questions, let me deal with him just for a minute, in the other character or office which he has been vain enough to assume, viz: *a critic*, yes Sir, a critic in English grammar. He faults my grammar, but does so in the very sentence which he so ruthlessly mutilated for the purpose of making me say that which I never thought of saying, and after mutilating it, Sir, he discovers an error in its grammatical construction, and then advises me to study "Lennie's" a little better.

I not only charge the error in that sentence upon "Semper Paratus," but I also charge this upon "Semper Paratus" making some of the most *would-be* critic will make, ridiculously, that possibly egregious blunders grammatically, that possibly could be made by the greatest novice in "Lennie." Blunders Sir, which a little school boy in this town discovered and corrected in reading his communication.

If "Semper Paratus" will acknowledge the corn, confess his guilt, and also his ignorance, I will not point a finger to those blunders, but let him pass himself off in the community for what he is really worth as a critic.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

—Anderson the wizard's wife eloped. The injured husband gave out that he had murdered her child and committed suicide, when his faithless wife returned to take hold of his property, and she and her paramour were secured and $3000 of the wizard's money recovered.

A bank officer went to a prominent lawyer in New York and said: "I am a defaulter to the tune of $100,000. I have not yet been detected. What shall I do?" Go back, said the lawyer, take another $100,000 and return to me. The officer obeyed, when the lawyer wrote to the directors that his client had taken $200,000, but would return half of it if the affair was hushed up. The directors took the half loaf.

Interesting Tale.

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

Chapter I.

Mercy! what have we here?

As he uttered this exclamation, Hugh Fielding pulled at his horse's bridle so suddenly that the animal was very nearly thrown upon his haunches, which was fortunate, for, had he taken another step forward, it would have been into the bosom of a little child asleep and alone upon the prairie.

The rider remained in his saddle a moment gazing with astonishment down upon the ground where, half covered by the tall grass and gorgeous blossoms, this vision had started him. The infant, not more than a year old apparently, a little girl in a white frock, the sleeves of which were looped up with corals; she had round rosy limbs, and a sweet face. A few flowers were grasped in one hand, the other was under her cheek; one shoe was on the other foot, while her little mantle of blue silk was crumpled beneath her feet. As if in protection, a rose bush leaned over her, from some of whose fullest blossoms the leaves had dropped into her golden hair.

It was not strange that Mr. Fielding was surprised, for he was eighteen miles from any habitation; and his piercing eye darting its glances in every direction, could detect not the slightest trace of any human being. He dismounted from his horse and took the little one in his arms, who opened a pair of bright eyes and looked vaguely around, then wistfully into his face.

"Mamma?" she cried, in a plaintive voice again and again, but she did not otherwise cry or make those active demonstrations of grief which her finder dreaded.

Hugh was a man of thirty three and ought to have been the father of several such pretty creatures of his own; but he was a bachelor, reserved, "unskilled in the arts and wiles" of soothing infants. He was touched almost to tears by the evident grief and forlornness of the little thing. She seemed to pine with hunger, too. He placed her upon the saddle while he examined the contents of a brown bag which he had stored with provisions at the last settlement. Dried venison, hard bread—ah, here were some soda crackers!—sorry food for the baby that was still perhaps dependent upon a mother's bounty for sustenance but she was too hungry to be particular; she seized upon the cracker, and ate it with a relish, and, after finishing what was given her, looked at her new friend and smiled. That confiding smile went straight to his heart and stirred in it a new sensation.

What was to be done? Of course, he thought not for an instant of abandoning the child to the destruction of solitude; but a baby girl was not the desirable companion for a man going into a new country to hunt and fish and dwell alone where ever his fancy might prompt him to wander.

A sudden thought that the parents might be sleeping somewhere in the vicinity, improbable as it was, occurred to him; and he forthwith hallooed so lustily that his charge began to cry with fright, when he left off and began soothing her, patting her golden head, with some rather ineffectual efforts at baby talk.

Mounting his horse again, and keeping her in his arm, he took a circuit of a mile around the spot, hoping to find the lost guardians.—But the tiny shoe which mated the one upon her foot, and a blue ribbon sash hanging upon the thorns of a rose bush, were all that he discovered.

Something in the color of the blue scarf and something in the color of the baby's eyes, which were a soft, bright, dark hazel, reminded him of a history in his past life which it was a part of his purpose in coming west to forget. He thought it very ridiculous in himself to connect things so remote from each other, even in fancy; nevertheless, he drew the child closer to his heart and spoke to it in the softest tone of his deep and musical voice.

But what was to be done? The sun was going down behind the earth as into a sea of emerald and jasper. He had meant to pass the prairie before night, but now he thought it best to remain where he was, in the faint hope that some one would come to claim his charge. He had come upon a little brook trickling through the grass in a gully, as he described the circle of a mile, with a little clump of trees to which he could fasten his horse, making it a desirable place upon which to camp out.

Here he alighted and began preparations for the night. His little companion being left to herself upon the grass, commenced again her plaintive cry after "mamma, mamma,"—Occasionally, in the course of preparing his supper, he would try to beguile her away from the one desire which yearned in her forlorn little heart, but in vain. Like a dove moaning in the wilderness, she kept up her sorrowful cry. A few sticks broken from the dead branch of a tree furnished him with materials for a fire, the prairie grass being too green to endanger its burning. In a little tin pot he boiled a cup of tea, a portion of which he sweetened for the child, but she was too much grieved to be induced to partake of it. His horse at the stream, cropped at his leisure the fragrant blossoms and rich verdure about his feet.

By the time the meal of tea, toasted crackers, and dried meat was over, twilight had descended over the scene, and the infant had sobbed her poor, weary little self to sleep.—Mr. Fielding took a blanket from his portmantau, and, being nearly as tired as she, took the sleeper to his bosom tenderly, wrapped the blanket about them, and, with some of their traps for a pillow, disposed himself for the night.

Before slumber stole upon his conjectures, he had concluded that the mystery might be accounted for by the fact that the Indians had lately been troublesome, and that there were reports at the last settlement of their having been seen prowling about the neighborhood for the past few days.

How sad and terrible it must be if some emigrant family had been attacked by them, the father murdered, the mother borne off into slavery, and the child left to perish! What agony must not that mother at this moment be enduring! Was she young and beautiful?—Had she eyes like those of the infant whose soft breath played over his cheek? There had been no traces of any murderous struggle about the spot where he found the babe; but they might have taken it with them some distance and thrown it away at last, because it impeded their flight. Thus mused the traveller until his fancies melted into indistinct visions; and with only his horse for guard and his gun for defence, he slumbered as sweetly upon the wide plain as he had ever done in the spacious hall of luxurious civilzation.

A kiss upon his cheek and the caress of a soft hand awoke him in the morning; and he dreamed for a blissful moment that he was a married man.

Dear Myrtle, he said, in a rapturous tone at which the baby laughed, as if familiar with the name, thereby awakening him to a sense of his situation. Quickly the sweet dream vanished; and, as he sprang to his feet ready dressed, for a moment a cloud of pain was upon his brow; it faded presently as he became absorbed in his culinary preparations, while his companion sat upon the blanket and watched his movements with a pretty curiosity.

After breakfast, the two resumed their journey, Mr Fielding thinking it useless to wait there any longer. The child sat quietly in front of him, seeming to enjoy the ride, and yet musing over some secret grief of his own but she had no language by which to tell either her grief or sorrow; except her one word, "mamma."

The hot July sun was very endurable to Mr Fielding, who was almost a world-wide traveller. But he observed that it scorched the lovely face of his companion, who had no bonnet to shelter her from its rays; so he contrived an impromptu shade out of his handkerchief.

It was nearly noon when they reached the city of Wakwaka, which was, for the present, the destination of the travellers. As they left the prairie and ascended a slight eminence which gave them a view of the town and surrounding scenery, Hugh reined in his horse and gazed for a while upon the novel prospect. A long, river-like lake, whose bright blue waters lay smooth beneath the cloudless sky, flowed along between high banks of singular beauty. These bluff-like banks stretched back into narrow emerald plains, from which rose again beautiful wooded hills, between which he could catch glimpses of another glorious prairie beyond. At the foot of the eminence upon which he now was, along the south bank as smooth and fair as a terrace, lay the fifty houses which composed the present city of Wakwaka. About half of these were of canvas, gleaming whitely in the sunlight; the rest were of boards put rudely together, and three or four brick buildings which did not seem completed. The fact is this ambitious and flourishing town had not been in existence six months before, its exact age being five months and one week. The virgin beauty of the lake shore was already defaced by a dock, from which a little steamboat had just puffed cheerily away, leaving the group of men who had gathered at the landing to look after her a few moments, and then turn again to their different employments.

Mr. Fielding spurred up his horse and rode down along the street, taking, as he passed along with his gun on his shoulder and a baby in his arms, the place of the departed steamer in the interest and curiosity of the people.

It is doubtful if any in the motley crowd who had gathered from various impulses of self-interest in that new city could more truly be called adventurers than the couple who now made their way to the principal and in truth the only hotel. It was Hugh Fielding's business to seek adventure; and, as for the little girl, she alas, by some strange and mysterious fortune, had been cast into a unique situation which promised only singular experience.

The theatre chosen for her first appearance in her new part seemed altogether appropriate. It was a stage upon which almost any new drama might be performed with unprecedented success. The cloth house, the sound of hammers, the flag fluttering from the top of the one-story hotel, the rattle of an omnibus, the distant hills, the lovely lake, the flowers and berries growing upon the very street of the city, formed no stranger jumble of objects than her life might form of events.

The arrival of a new-comer, though of constant occurrence, was still a matter of intense interest to the dwellers in Wakwaka; and the crowd upon the landing proceeded across the way and gathered about the front of the hotel to welcome with inquisitive eyes the approach of the strangers.

Hugh was not a man to be embarrassed even by the novel charge held so gently in his arm. One glance upon the shrewd, speculative, yet cool faces about him revealed to him the elements upon which the rapidity of western civilization depends.

He smiled slightly as he glanced at the house built of rough boards with canvas wings like some strange, unfeathered bird just settled from a flight, and thought of how he had often rested beneath the shadow of the Coliseum.

Have our new house done next week—that brick yonder, said the landord, who already had his horse by the bridle, as he detected the smile.

Have you any women in the house? asked Hugh.

Lots of them, was the ready response.

Well, take this child in, and have them provide some bread-and-milk for her, if you please.

The curiosity expressed in the neighboring faces gave place to a look of admiration as he took his handkerchief from the head of the little girl. The extreme beauty of her infant countenance delighted even the coarsest in the crowd. Her golden hair curled up in short, shining ringlets, which hung like a garland about her head, the crown of her exquisite loveliness. She shrank and clung to her protector when the landlord went to take her; but when Hugh asked her to go she obeyed. A woman, who had been looking from a window, was already at the door to take her within and minister to her comfort.

Mr. Fielding, as he dismounted, found himself in a group of men, most of them intelligent, many educated, all ready to ask after the world they had left, and to give all the information desired about their new home and its prospects. He soon related the story of the child's being found by him; and it was unanimously concluded that its parents had fallen a prey to some revengeful Indians who did not dare open warfare, but sometimes attacked unprotected emigrants. Great pity and interest were felt; and twenty fiery hearts blazed up with a determination to hunt out and punish the marauders, if any traces of them could be found. The next thing proposed was that each man present should subscribe a sum towards the proper support and education of the Child of the Prairie, (as one imaginative person proposed she should be called;) and several hundred dollars were offered on the spot. But Mr. Fielding, with many thanks for their generosity, told them that, although he was, and always expected to be, a bachelor, and had hitherto regarded children as rather needless and unjustifiable intruders upon people's time and comfort, yet, as Providence had thrown this one in his way, and he was very well able to provide for her, and already loved the motherless little creature, he should himself see that she was well taken care of.

A low cheer of approval broke from some of the young men; and they gathered about the windows and doors to get another peep at the pretty heroine who was being lionized by all the females of the house.

Hugh only waited to shake the dust of travel off him, and partake of the dinner awaiting upon a long table in the canvass dining-hall, before he went to inquire after his charge. She had eaten her bread-and-milk, and was sitting in her nurse's lap very patiently, making no trouble, but with two great tears glittering upon her eyelids, ready to fall. When she saw Hugh, she laughed, and came eagerly to his arms. It was evident that she was a delicate flower, to be guarded from too broad sunshine and too severe storms. She seemed dismayed to receive so much attention from strangers, and clung to him with an affection which made him feel how impossible it was for him to abandon her.

What are you going to name her? asked one.

I believe I shall call her Myrtle, replied Hugh.

What makes you give her such an out-of-the-way name as that? said another. Mary would be much more to my mind.

It was the name of a friend of mine, he answered; "and, besides, the meaning of Myrtle is 'love'—a pretty meaning for a child's or a woman's name, though the name does not always indicate the character," he added, with a sigh.

As true as I am born, said the first speaker, "if the initial on the clasp of her corals is not 'M?' But of course, her name must have been Mary."

Of course it was, added the second.

I think Myrtle will be very pretty, said a sweet voice in the corner.

Hugh looked that way.

Do you know, madam, he replied, where I could find some kind woman who would take care of her a few days until I get my plans somewhat arranged? She shall be rewarded.

I will take her with pleasure, and wish no reward, of course. She will be company for me, answered the lady.

With this pleasant person, who was the young bride of a lawyer who had come out to take advantage of the making of new country, and whose winning ways were well suited to soothe the timid child, Mr. Fielding left his little Myrtle.

[To be continued.]

In our age the rule is to ADVERTISE.—All classes do it, and they do it in every way.—There is no general method or set term of phrases, for every one is unmistakably for himself. As a general rule advertisments are well written, striking and characteristic, but sometimes they are written with utter disregard to syntax, and some times the punctuation renders them a trifle obscure, as witness the following, cut from various papers in our office.

"Wanted a steady young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion."

"To LET. A cottage in Newport containing eight rooms and an acre of ground."

"For Sale A piano by a lady about to cross the Channel in an oak case with carved legs."

"Lost! A small lady's watch with a white face; also, two ivory young ladies' work boxes A mahogany gentleman's dressing case, and a small pony belonging to a young lady with a silver mane and tail."

An advertisement of cheap shoes in a country paper has the following nota bene:

"N. B. Ladies wishing those cheap shoes will do well to call soon as they won't last long."

A man once advertised for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds, we doubt not with a truth, it will be profitable to the "undertaker."

ITEMS.

A famous judge came late to court one day in a busy season, whereat his clerk in great surprise, inquired of him the reason. "A child was born," his honor said, "and I'm the happy sire." "An infant judge?" "Oh no," said he, "as yet he's but a crier."

Gas was first introduced into America, at Newport, by David Melville in 1812, five years after London and 16 years before New York.

With love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the buds, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that which hath lived its day.

A statistician estimates that every married couple may calculate upon 4,194,304 descendants in about five hundred years

A thrifty wife wonders why men can't do something useful. Might't they not as well smoke hams as cigars.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not intend to keep them; such persons covet secrecy as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation

The man who refuses to advertise his business, in effect confesses incapacity and defeat and retreats to the rear rank of his profession.

To avoid and overcome temptation let the mind be stored with useful knowledge, and let the heart search after the wisdom that cometh from above.

WHAT DARK DE HOLE.—Two darkeys in the west went out to hunt 'possums &c., and by accident found a large cave with quite a small entrance. Peeping in, they discovered three young bear whelps in the interior.—"Look here Sam,' said one; "while I go in thar, and gets de young bars, you just watch for the old bar." Sam got a-leep in the sun, when, opening his eyes, he saw the old bear scouring her way in the cave. Quick as a wink he caught her by the tail, and held on like death.—"Hello dar, Sam! what dark de hole dar?"—"Lor bless you, Jumbo, save yourself beny! If dis tail comes out, you'll find out what dark de hole."

Eighteen men engaged in cutting wood in the forest of Rothwald, in Austria, had collected to breakfast when they were overwhelmed by an avalanche of snow, and when a search was made for them eleven were extricated, seven dead and the other four so exhausted by cold and hunger that they were not expected to recover.

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