

## LIVERY STABLE.

FRANK ALGAR

Inform the public that he is prepared to furnish on short notice good horses and comfortable waggonettes at reasonable rates.

Stable—William Henry street.

St. Andrews, March 30th, 1864.

## TO BE SOLD.

A Bargain, if applied for immediately. If not disposed of by the 15th of April, the place will be let and possession given on the 1st May next.

THAT desirable situated House for the purpose of a school, or for a residence, has been newly abridged and is in good repair. It contains a range and shop attached.

A L S O  
3 Corner Town Lots, in good situations for building purposes. Apply to subscriber. Terms of payment liberal.

D. GREEN.

## 1865. Almanacs 1865.

McMILLAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and Register for 1865, can be obtained singly at ten cents, or by the dozen for retail from J. LOCHAY & SON.

A supply of the old Farmers Almanac also on hand.  
St. Andrews Nov 30, 1864.

## Rub. Rubber.

Rubbers

AT THE

Albion House.

JOHN S. ...

Has received an assortment of

Childrens, Ladies, Misses

Gen's, Rubber Overshoes

Also—Ladies Rubber Mittens, which

article for the present season, which

of Childrens and Ladies B

SKELETON SKI

and the balance of

WINTER DR

He will sell CHEAP

American Bills taken at 10

MORE NEW

JUST RECEIVED at

the very LOW

Prices, B

Feathers, and

SHAWLS, MA

AND CLOTHING

Grey and

Whiting, St

Pin

Factor—J. S. ...

Crashes; Towel

ling & Table Li

nens, Shirt-fronts,

Collars, and Fan

cy Neck Tea

lars, Rubbers,

Boots and Shoes

Balance of Summer Stock daily expected

per steamer "Europa" and when received

will be sold at a very small advance on

at BRADLEY.

## Ladies Seminary,

ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

MRS. KENDALL will receive a limited

number of young ladies as boarders, in addition

to her daily pupils.

The course of instruction comprises

English, French, and Italian

Languages.

Writing and Arithmetic, Geography, including

the use of the Globes; Astronomy, History,

Music and Singing, plain and ornamental Needle

Work.

The French, Italian, Music, and Singing classes

are open to ladies who desire to pursue any of

these branches of study exclusively.

The greatest attention is paid to the comfort

moral, manners, religious instruction, and personal

neatness of the pupils.

TERMS:

Board and Tuition, including all the branches

except Italian, £50 per annum.

DAY PUPILS.

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REV. G. PERCY, D.D., Quebec; J. Thompson Esq.

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FOR SALE.

Hosiery, Gloves,

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Over Garments for Boys & Girls

Boys Jackets, Sacks, Pants,

Waists, &c. &c.

Each pattern can be used with wool.

June 28.

JAS. McKINNEY.

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No 1

## Poetry.

### THE VANISHERS.

Sweetest of all childhood dreams  
In the simple Indian lore,  
Still to me the legend seems  
Of the Elves who fit before.

Fitting, passing, seen and gone,  
Never reached nor found at rest,  
Baffling search but beckoning on  
To the domain of the blest.

From the cliff of mountain rocks,  
From the dark and lowland firs,  
Flash the eyes and flow the locks  
Of the Elvish Vanishers!

And the fisher, in his skiff,  
Finds a hunter on the moss,  
Neither hands the birch-leaves toss,  
Nor cape and cliff.

Wistful, longing through the green  
Twilight, of the clustered pines,  
In their faces rarely seen,  
Beauty more than mortal shines.

Finched with gold their mantles flow,  
On the slopes of westerling knolls;  
In the wind they whisper low  
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt no man, O friend of mine!  
Thou and I have seen them, too;  
On before with lock and sign,  
Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail  
In the gold of setting day;  
For their gleams of wing or sail  
Beck from the sea-mist grey.

Ships of immortal youth,  
Gleams and glories seen and lost,  
Farward voices sweet with truth  
Are the tongues of Penteost.

Beauty that eludes our grasp,  
Sweetness that transcends our taste,  
Loving hands we may not clasp,  
Shining feet that mock our haste.

People eyes are closed below,  
Tender voices heard once more,  
And call as they go  
On and onward, still before.

## Miscellany.

### TROT! A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY S. SMITH.

HOPKINSVILLE.

I opened my sleepy eyes as the conductor's

voice rang through the cars, and, taking my

trunk, I sprang out upon the platform of

the little station. My brief holiday was over,

and, with a shrug, I prepared for my short

walk through the morning air, looking forward

to the good fire and delicious cup of coffee I

was sure Mrs. Watson was keeping for me.

It was a very rare event for me to leave

the little village whose name heads this story.

My father had been the only resident phy-

sician there, from the time when I was a

boisterous school-boy, up to the hour when,

in his professional rounds, he fell dead,

with heart disease in the main street, leaving

me, his heretofore assistant, sole heir to his

name property, and practice. Ten years be-

fore, they had carried my dear mother to the

little churchyard, and I had been the only

housekeeper in her place. The villagers were

willing to let the young doctor step into his

round which clustered short curls of a sunny  
brown, was round with health and wonder-  
fully beautiful. It was no Hopdale child; I  
knew them all. My professional instinct made  
my heart thrill with a sudden shock, as I  
caught sight of the pale face for well I knew  
the danger of that deep sleep in the biting  
winter air. How long had he been there?—  
Was he already dead? were the questions I  
asked myself as I stood across the room, and  
lifted him in my arms. There was no breath  
came from the white lips, no throb at the wrist,  
only a faint, very faint fluttering under my  
fingers as I pressed them over the baby heart.  
Mantling him warmly in my heavy cloak, I  
tore down the steps, and raced along the road  
homeward at a pace that would have consid-  
erably amazed my patients, had any of them  
been awake at that early hour.

Allowing Mrs. Watson no time for amazement,  
I pressed her into service, and in what  
she called "a jiffy," we had the little form un-  
dressed, in my bed, and undergoing the most  
vigorous treatment. It was so long before we  
were successful, that my heart almost failed  
me; but at last the faint heart throbs grew  
stronger; color came to the pale lips and  
cheeks, and a pair of large brown eyes ap-  
peared from under the heavily-lidded lids I had  
watched so anxiously.

Only a look of sleepy inquiry was visible,  
as he stared a moment at me, then obeying  
my order to drink the warm food Mrs. Wat-  
son fed to his lips, my little patient closed  
his eyes again, and turned over to finish his  
nap. He was safe now, I knew; so leaving  
him to Mrs. Watson's care, who by this time  
knew as much about him as I did, I went to  
sleep myself, to be ready for the day's duties.

It was nearly nine o'clock when my house-  
keeper roused me to say that breakfast was  
ready, and the child awake.  
Very wide awake I found him, the glorious  
brown eyes staring round my room, taking in  
every detail of its arrangement.

Who are you? How did I get here? Am  
I nearly at Australia? Who's that man in  
the picture? were the questions poured rapidly  
forth, before I had time to frame one in  
inquiry. I want to get up! Who's got my  
clothes? came next; then, "Who put me to  
bed without any night-gown?"

Not a sign of fear or of homesickness!  
I was puzzled.

What is your name? I asked, sitting down  
beside him.

Trot! I want to get up!

You shall get up in a minute, but first tell  
me your name, and how you came to be a sleep-  
er in the station?

My name's Trot; and the plaguy cars start-  
ed off without me when I got out. It was  
dark night, and I could not catch them, so I  
went into the room and went to sleep till they  
came again.

Was your mother in the train—in the car?  
No, nobody but just me. I'm going to  
Australia.

Going to Australia?

Yes; Ellen's there! They have roses  
there at Christmas, and we waited some for  
our tree.

But, my child, you did not leave home  
alone?

Yes I did! I ain't afraid! I'm going back  
right away, as soon as I find Ellen, and get the  
roses.

But, don't you know you will have to sail  
in a great ship for months to get to Australia?

Ellen went in the cars. We saw her go,  
mamma and I. We went in the carriage and  
said good-bye, and she got in the cars with  
Mr. Williams.

Who is Mr. Williams? I said, eagerly  
catching at a name.

Ellen's husband. Our milkman he was,  
before he went off to Australia. He's jolly  
always, filled my cup for nothing, when I was  
up.

And who was Ellen?

My nurse. Had she to call you before?

But his other name? You said she was  
Harry, dear. Mamma always called him so.

Where does he live? I asked, and he  
said, "He lives in the city, in a big house."

Mamma cries all the time, most, and wears a  
ugly black gown every day.

Well, where does mamma live?

At grandma's, with Aunt Daisy, and Wal-  
ter, and Sue, and baby; and—ain't it funny?

Baby's my uncle, and he so little, he has to be  
carried about, and Walter's fatter than me,

and he's my uncle, too; and Sue's only six,  
and she's my aunt.

Grandpa, grandma, mamma, who was  
called Mary by the rest, Aunt Daisy and the  
three children, were all mentioned, and per-  
sistent questioning revealed that he lived in a  
large house in the country, but that was all.  
My heart grew fairly sick as I looked in his  
beautiful face and pictured the grief of his  
widowed mother over the loss of this only  
child. In vain I searched his clothing for the  
mysterious "locket" containing the miniature of  
a beautiful female, always found on the stray  
children in novels; no "strawberry or rasp-  
berry mark" disfigured his smooth, white skin.  
His clothing, of the most dainty material and  
make, was marked with the initials "A. H."

Days passed away, and still the little Trot-  
ter—his name was now—was an inmate of my  
cottage, the very darling of Mrs. Watson's  
motherly heart. I advised him in all the large  
cities, hoping some paper would reach his  
country home; yet, as the days wore away, and  
he became reconciled to his new home, and  
ceased to grieve for his family, I began to  
dread the hour when he should be released.  
His frank, bright joyousness, his merry prattle,  
his loving caresses, began to fill an unex-  
pected void in my heart, and Mrs. Watson  
was a perfect slave to his loving tyranny.

She made him pretty garments to replace  
the rich velvet suit which we put carefully  
aside, in case they were ever required to  
prove his identity. She furnished her from her  
own sleeping-room. She made the day one  
long act of service for his comfort, and there  
was no clue found to guide us to his home, she  
taught him to call her grandma, while Uncle  
Charles became my newly-acquired title.

To tell how he was petted in the village would be  
a task to attempt. To say that he was the  
hero and idol of Hopdale, will give but a  
faint idea of his popularity. Gradually the  
memory of his home, Ellen, the visit to Australia  
died away, and he seemed to forget that he  
had ever lived away from us. Mamma and  
Aunt Daisy had been the two of whom he  
spoke most; but I judged from all he said,  
that his father's death was very recent, and  
his residence at his grandparents' a brief visit  
only in his memory.

Eleven months had this dear little treasure  
been an inmate of my home, when there came  
into my life a new dream of hope and happi-  
ness. About five miles from Hopdale there  
resided, and had lived for many long years, an  
eccentric old bachelor, by name Herman Gram-  
ham. His home, Lechaven, was far away  
from any cluster of houses, indeed, nearly a  
mile from any other residence; and here, in  
solitary state, with only two ancient servants  
for his household, he had lived ever since I  
could remember. He was a morose, ill-tem-  
pered man, and some early cross had made  
him adopt a perfectly hermit-like seclusion,  
though his wealth would have commanded  
every advantage society could offer. It was  
early in November that I was summoned to  
attend this old genius, professionally. The  
little note brought to my office by an elderly  
man on horseback, was signed "Lillian Gram-  
ham, and urged my immediate attention."

It was a long, cold drive, but the man re-  
presented his master's very ill, so I prepared  
to obey the summons. I had no idea my  
master had a daughter, I said, referring to my  
note.

That's Master's niece, was the reply, a nice,  
sweet-spoken young lady as ever see. She  
comes down on our visit sometimes from her  
father's place near Albany. They were born  
out there, her father folks, last winter, and the family  
all went to Europe while the new house was  
building. They came home about a fortnight  
ago, but won't go the new house till spring, so  
some of them' boarding in New York, and  
some in Albany. Miss Lillian she's coming  
down for New Year's, I expect.

I found my new patient very ill, and for a  
week my visits were frequent, and more than  
once I passed a whole night by his bedside.  
I do not mean this for a love-tale, so I will not  
weary my reader with the why and wherefore  
of my heart's bending in allegiance to Lillian  
Gramham's charms. Her beauty, gentleness,  
and winning grace touched my heart as no wo-  
man had ever before touched it, and before that  
weary week of anxiety and watching was over  
I loved her. As her uncle began to recover,  
my visit to him from a professional capacity to a  
social one, and I saw that my welcome was a  
sincere one from both the old gentleman and  
the fair girl, whose devotion to his sick had  
proved her love.

I was agreeably surprised  
to find the heart neither so savage or inaccessi-  
ble as he had been represented to me. He  
had a painful chronic disorder, his manner  
was brusque, and his voice often harsh, but he  
could soften, and I found him, for all his  
illness, a most agreeable companion.

New Year's was  
involved to lay my  
heart to my wife. I  
practise, a pleasant home,  
the pure love of a young heart  
without hope, especially as I  
flush deepen on her cheek, and a

spring to her blue eyes whenever I was an-  
nounced. She wore mourning, and I often  
longed to question her about the loss it im-  
plied, but our private interviews were very brief,  
and but seldom occurred, and she never spoke  
of her sorrow. I, too, had a story to tell. Of  
course, if she became my wife, she must hear  
about Trot.

It was the day before New Year's, and the  
snow was smooth and hard round Hopdale;  
so I ventured to propose a sleigh-ride, mean-  
ing to open my heart to her as we drove.  
She accepted my proposal readily, and we  
were soon on our way. Somehow there fell  
a long silence between us; I looking but not  
daring to speak, my eyes fixed upon that love-  
face framed in its pretty fur-lined hood,  
the eyes looking down, the sweet mouth set  
with a sadder expression than I had ever seen  
it wear. Suddenly she spoke:

I expect my parents, brothers, and sisters  
here to-morrow.

No, to escape them. They are coming here to  
pass the day quietly, far away from any festi-  
vity. It is a sad day for us. Doctor, do you  
believe in a broken heart?

Yes; I know they exist.

Sometimes! I have seen heavy sorrow  
drain away life!

My poor sister, she said, sadly, her eyes fill-  
ing with tears, I fear her heart is broken—  
And after a pause she said: A year ago—a  
year ago—poor little Trot!

Trot! I cried breathlessly.

My sister's only child, who died on New  
Year's day last year.

Died? I said my hopes sinking.

Burnt to death? she said, sadly. We had  
a gift tree for the children in the nursery.

My sister had been a widow only three months  
so we had no holiday gathering, but we dressed  
a tree for the little ones and lighted it on  
New Year's Eve. The next morning they  
the children we mean, were all in the nursery,  
and we suppose one of them tried to light the  
tree. Certain it is that they set the room on  
fire, and before we could save anything the  
whole house was in flames. All escaped but  
my sister's child, her only one; he perished in  
the fire.

Are you certain?

Where could he be? My two little  
brothers and my sister were saved with diffi-  
culty, and the roof fell in while we were frantically  
searching and calling and calling for  
Arthur, or, as we always called him Trot—  
My sister's health gave way entirely under  
this blow. She had consecrated all the strength  
of her love upon this child after her husband  
died, and the loss prostrated her utterly. We  
took her to Europe; we have had the best  
advices for her, but she is slowly dying of a  
broken heart.

It is from no impudent curiosity, I said,  
that I question you. Will you answer my in-  
quiries?

We were speeding over the frozen ground  
toward my home, she answered—

Certainly.

This little child—had he a pet name for  
you?

Yes; my home name. They all call me  
Daisy, and he called my Aunt Daisy?

And your sister's name are Mary and Sue,  
your brothers Walter and Baby.

Yes, yes, she said, turning very pale.

And Trot's name, Ellen, did she go to Aus-  
tralia?

Yes, a year ago last fall. Your face is radiant!  
Speak quickly—our lost boy!

We were at my door; her face was ashy  
white with emotion, but she obeyed my motion,  
and let me lead her from the sleigh to my of-  
fice. I made her sit down, and began to ex-  
plain, when Uncle Charles's! Uncle Charles!  
ranging out from my pet's voice, and Trot, bar-  
ing into the room. Lillian rose to her feet with a  
wild cry of Trot! Arthur! darling!

For a moment he stood bewildered; then a  
sudden rush of memory came over the childish  
heart, and he sprang into her arms.

Aunt Daisy! Where's mamma? I want  
mamma! Quick! quick! Uncle Charles!

Aunt Daisy, take me to mamma!

For nearly three hours we sat in the little of-  
fice, before Lillian could tear herself away from  
the child, but at last she let me take her to the  
sleigh, exclaiming: Trot! by a promise she  
made to me, she would be his mother's.

I left the dis- closure of her identity met-  
ing, on the morrow, when I drove away with  
the child dressed in his black velvet suit, at-  
tended to fit him by Mrs. Watson's trembling  
fingers, and nestled him close to my many tears  
I found all prepared for the great joy?

Such a New Year's gift, destined for me  
to tell of the gratitude to the pale widow, the  
joy of the grand old lady, the happiness of  
myself, and the joy of the child, to the act  
of my own heart.

Of course the precise time and manner of  
Arthur's escape from the house we could only  
conjecture. The nurse was in the kitchen  
nearly an hour when the alarm of fire was given,  
and the flames had gained great headway  
before they were discovered, the family sitting  
in was on a different floor, and some dis-

tance from the nursery. Of course the four-  
less boy had left this house before the attempt-  
ing to light the tree was made, but the others, ab-  
sorbed in New Year's delight, did not miss  
him. The distance from the station was very  
short, and Ellen had gone to New York from  
the little village near which Mr. Gramham's  
house was situated. The departure for Eu-  
rope, and the certainty all felt of his fate, had  
prevented any search being made for the boy,  
and we presumed the railway official supposed  
he belonged to some party off the train.

It was a glad day for all, for if I lost my life-  
treasure, I won from Lillian the right to be  
called in good truth, Trot's Uncle Charles.

Two Years or Doing a Thing.—In the  
mail from Ellen from Harrisburg recently was  
a gentleman Jack Tar in a good-looking outfit,  
jolly, gentle, and happy, with a decidedly  
pretty specimen of eighteen year old crinoline,  
to whom he had been a week's trip, and was  
conveying Philadelphiaward. Opposite Jack  
and his wife were a couple that any one could  
see were on a honeymoon cruise, the little old  
ladies, beauty and lushness, and the gal-  
lant bridegroom all devotion and endearment.  
At one of the way stations half way down the  
road the cars stopped, and the careful bride-  
groom then addressed his timid bride.

"My love, I am about to step out for a few  
moments for refreshments. Do not be alarmed  
during my absence."