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Almanacks 1866.

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or by the dozen for retail from

J. LOCHARY & SON,

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a Nov. 30, 1865.

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son, of St. George, in the County of

der the firm of James Moran & Son,

dissolved by mutual consent.

owing to the said partnership are to

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JAMES MORAN,

JAMES A. MORAN.

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Waists, &c. &c.

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e 25. JAS. McKINNEY.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

ET VARIIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 33

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1866.

No 44

Poetry.

WHY!

I have something, maiden,
Much I long to say,
But I dare not breathe it
In the garish day.
Come with me and ramble
In the woodland near;
There in shaded silence
You the tale shall hear.

Blissful visions haunt me,
Breeding day-dreams sweet;
Growing more ecstatic
Chance we but to meet.
Morning, noon, and night-time,
Steal such rapturous thought—
For a clear defining
Vainly have I sought.

Can you tell me truly,
Will you tell me why,
Swells my bosom always,
Passing one by one?
Why I treasure fondly
Words her ripe lips spill?
Why her sunlit glances
Through me quivering thrill?

Why my throbbing pulses
Leap with sudden pride,
Lingers she a moment
By my trembling side?
Has this marvel meaning?
Lovely maiden, guess—
Raise your drooping eyelids—
Whisper softly—yes.

Reveal the guarded secret,
Wherefore blushes hide?
Speak I my silent darling—
Be my loving bride?
Never word she deems;
But her azure eye
Filled with wondrous meaning,
Teaching me the why.

THE AIR—A BACHELOR.

The air is a bachelor, merry and free,
He roves at his pleasure o'er land and o'er sea;
He ruffles the lake, and he kisses the flower;
And sleeps when he lists in a jessamine bower.

He gives to the cheek of the maiden its bloom,
He tastes her warm kisses, and breathes their perfume;
But transient-like often the sweets that he sips
Are lavished next moment on lovelier lips.

Miscellany.

THE FIRST LOVE AND THE LAST.

It is an old story I am about to tell; that

story which, thank heaven! people never tire

of listening to, any more than we do of seeing

the buds swell and the leaves unfolding, and

the world made young again by the coming

of spring—the story, to which as we listen,

our own youth comes back, and once more

the flowers bloom, and the skies are blue, and

our hearts are beating joyously, and it is May.

I am not young now, neither is the day on

which I am soberly writing this little record

of a long past period, a balmy one of spring,

or anything like it; and yet may come back

to me as I recall that day of which I am go-

ing to speak.

A lark was singing far up in the blue sky,

a few sheep were pasturing in the green dis-

tance, and a tall figure dressed in gray, with

gun on his arm, and one or two dogs frisking

around it, was coming leisurely along the sea-

wall. I had been fully intent but the minute

before upon the sketch of an old boat I was

making, but now I felt but the beating of my

heart, and saw nothing but Mark Sutherland

coming leisurely along the sea-wall, with his

dogs playing around him.

The little picture was never finished, for at

the instant that I became conscious of the ad-

vancing figure, I dropped my brush, and hope-

lessly, ruined my distance by a great smear of

vandyke brown. It was never finished, no—

but I have it yet, and I mean it shall be laid

beside me in my coffin.

He was a long way off when I first saw

him, and yet it seemed almost the next instant

that he was standing beside me speaking. My

heart had not left off beating and I could feel

the color hot in my face as I looked up, but

my fiery little terror took exception to his

disapproval, flung at his attention off me for the

moment.

When this little fracas quieted, he put his

gun on the bank, made his retrievers lie beside

it, and sat down himself by me.

Have you had good sport? I asked, by way

of saying something—anything.

No, he answered, but I don't comprehend.
I didn't expect any. I came out here because
I thought I should see you, and I wanted to
tell you a piece of news and ask you a ques-

tion.
News is a precious commodity, indeed, in
these wilds; but please remember my Scotch
blood, in expecting an answer to the question.

He did not seem to be attending to what
I said; he had taken up one of my sable

brushes and was absently playing with it, but

but he threw it down the next minute, and

said said softly:

Hester, I have got an appointment that I

been trying for, and I shall leave for India

next month—that's my news.

My heart had been beating so wildly, seem-

ed to stand suddenly still, and drop down—

down. The water and the green marsh rocked,

blended hazily into each other, and the sky,

and then a voice that sounded dim and far off

but was my own, too, said, It is good news,
I suppose.

Good news! Well, yes I hope so.

He stopped a minute here. His voice was a

very deep one, for he was a large, broad chest-

ed man; but when he spoke again it had a

soft undertone in it that used to ring in my

ears afterwards—it does now.

I thought it good news this morning, for

without it I could not think of a wife. That

troubled me little enough till lately—till ah!

till I knew you, Hester. My dear, I think

you have guessed my question.

Guessed it! Ay yes, but my face was

down upon my hands; he could not hear the

cry that was stifling in my heart, and he went

on gently, pitilessly—

But I shall not get an answer to it so—

Will you go with me to India?

I did not answer—I could not. Ah! those

who have had deliberation to kill their own

happiness, to raise up themselves the barrier

that shuts them out from hope, and love, and

life, will know how hard it is—will pity me.

Will you be my wife, and go with me to

India?

I cannot. And no wonder that he made a

sudden movement of surprise, for I myself

wondered to hear the harsh passion of my

own voice.

You cannot! What a fool I have been

then. I hoped—I hoped—Hester, is it pos-

sible that you have not known what I have

been thinking of all this time?

Knowing what he had been thinking about!

Ah! the light and life and joy of those mo-

ments when I had dared to hope that I did—

Ah! the anguish of feeling now that they had

been in vain.

Look at me, Hester, I don't think I under-

stand you, my dear, he said patiently and

gently. You say you cannot be my wife, and

yet—tell me you cannot love me and I am

answered at once.

He put his arm over my shoulder as I leant

forward, with my face buried in my lap,

and whispered—

I think you don't love me, Hester.

Oh, I do, Mark, I do! I cried, lifting my

head; but I cannot marry you. I shall have

to give you up.

Give me up, my dear love! and he held me

closer.

I cannot go to India.

Why not? and he looked half-amazed, half-

amused.

I could not bear the glance of his kind dark

eyes, I shrank away from his arm, and said:

I cannot leave Milly.

To our own thinking, I had pronounced our

doom now; but Mark Sutherland could laugh,

and said:

Well, then, you shall not; Miss Milly shall

go too.

Ah! I felt it could only be; but Milly would

die in India. We came home because the

climate was killing her.

And you will not leave her.

I promised Mamma, before she died, that I

never would; that if married it should not

separate us; that my home should be Milly's

till she did not need it, I answered, faltering

under something in the look of his face that

was new to me. Up to this time I had been

thinking of myself, now I was reminded that I

was giving pain to him.

He was silent two or three minutes, looking

away into the distance. He had taken his

hand from my shoulder.

Well, Hester, said he presently, gravely,

not unkindly—but ah!—as it seemed to me,

very coldly—"you have simply to choose be-

tween your sister and myself. You are best

able to judge of your sister's claims upon you;

of my own, I will only say that I love you—

I never thought or cared much about women

till I saw you, so I am not likely to change

my liking or to forget it; and if you had mar-

ried me—but I will not try to plead my cause

against your sister's. It is for you to decide

and for me to abide by your decision.

I cannot and will not do it, I said in my heart;
yet knowing at the same time that I must and

could.

Then Mark spoke again:

Would you like a little time to consider the

matter? I need not leave the Hollies till to-

morrow evening, or, perhaps, the next day.

No, I answered—with or without my own

will I never knew. I know what I must do.

I cannot leave Milly.

And Milly cannot go. That decides it,

then. Well, I have nothing to say; I am the

last man in the world to try and persuade any

one against their judgment.

He rose deliberately, but did not go, for I

sat still.

Are you going home? he asked, after a

minute. Hester, don't look so sad; you are

feeling for me—don't do that. I should like