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IN MEMORIAM.

Gone in her childlike purity
Out from the golden day,
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
Paving a path for her waxen feet
Over the silent way.

Over her bosom tenderly
The pearl white hands are prest;
The lashes lie on her cheek so thin,
Where the softest blush of the rose has been,
Gutting the blue of her eyes, within
The pure lids closed in rest.

Over the sweet brow, lovingly
Twined her sunny hair;
She was so fragile that Love sent down
From his heavenly gems that soft bright crown,
To shade her brow with its waves so brown,
Light as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep with the tender smile
Frozen on her silent lips
By the farewell kiss of her dewy breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel Death,
Like the last fair bud of a fading wreath
Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Robin hushed in your downy bed
Over the swaying bough,
Do you miss her voice from your glad duet
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
Till the velvet lips, with the essence wet,
In Orient crimson glow?

Rebeld, under your shady leaf
Hid from the sunny day,
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
Whose blue was heaven in your timid sight?
It is beaming now in the world of sight,
Over the starry way.

Hearts where the darling's head hath lain,
Held by Love's shining ray,
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Both brighten the harp in the unknown land?
Oh! she waits for us, with the angel band,
Over the starry way.

NOON AND MORNING.

There are gains for all our losses.
There are gains for all our losses.
But when youth, the dream departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again!

We are stronger and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again!

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air—
But it never comes again!

A REAL GENTLEMAN never dresses in the extreme of fashion; but avoids singularity in his person or habits.

Is affable with his equals, and pleasant and attentive to his inferiors.
In conversation he avoids hasty, ill-tempered or insulting remarks.
Never prides in other people's affairs.
Detests eaves-dropping as among the most disgraceful of crimes.
Never slanders an acquaintance.
Does never, under any circumstances, speak ill of a woman.
Never cuts an acquaintance who has met with a reverse of fortune.
Always pays the postage on his letters of business.

WORK.—The best lesson a father can give his son is this:—Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen your muscles, by vigorous exercise; learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount to their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it never could have been attained.

The National Government of Poland have issued an address, in which they complain that they have held an eight months' struggle with the power of Russia without being recognized as belligerents by the leading States of Europe.

An American College under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions (Presbyterian and Congregational) has been established in Constantinople, Turkey, after a hard contest of two years with Ali Pasha, the bigoted Minister of Foreign

Affairs. It is under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Hamlin, the eminent American missionary.

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

"Don't you think I've a good husband, Charlotte? He's the best man in the world." The lady who made this interrogation and answered it in the same breath in so inflated a style that her relation with the subject of her remark only excused it, was a warm-hearted, highly impulsive little woman, a wife of a half dozen years. She was sitting in the pleasant and tasteful, but by no means elegant parlor of her friend, Mrs. Charlotte Dexter, and she had run in for a friendly call two days after Christmas.

The ladies had been schoolmates, and the warm friendship of their girlhood had been continued and solidified after their marriage. Mrs. Ripley and Mrs. Dexter had crossed a little beyond their thirtieth birth days. Both were intelligent and agreeable women. Both had married men of worth and integrity, who by economy and strict business habits were making their way in the world; for neither had a fortune to commence with.

Now, it happened that Mrs. Dexter's parlor communicated with her sitting room; that the door between them was ajar; and that just as Mrs. Ripley made the remark which opens our story, Mr. Dexter hung his coat on the hat rack and walked into the sitting room, and sprang his hands over the pleasant grate fire, for they were blue with the cold. A smile, with a mixture of amusement and condescension, went over his face, which was, on the whole, an agreeable one, as he heard the remark of his wife's friend, which exalted one man at the expense of all the rest of the sex.

"That sounds just like a woman," he muttered to himself. "It's amusing to hear me talk, they deal in such tremendous adjectives!" But his cogitations on this feminine infirmity were cut short by the bright earnest voice.

"Now you will think just as I do," it continued, "when I show you what he brought me home last Christmas."

"I shan't be brought to admit that he's better than Edward," she must make up your mind to that, Julia," rejoined a voice that somehow sounded just then, particularly sweet in the listening ear of Mr. Edward Dexter.

"Ah well, I'll make an exception in his favor, as it happens to be his wife to whom I am speaking," and this was followed by a moment's silence, during which Mrs. Ripley had thrown aside the folds of her cloak, drawn a gold watch from her wrist belt, and slipped it into Mrs. Dexter's hand.

"What a gold watch! Why Julia!" was the astonished exclamation which followed, as Mrs. Dexter lifted up the pretty time-piece and gazed at it admiringly.

"Yes, isn't it a perfect beauty? I always liked that rich, plain clasp so much; and there's a gold cap inside also," displaying the inside of her watch with that child-like sort of pleasure which always counts on sympathetic admiration and delight in the beholder. "You can't think, Charlotte, how perfectly taken aback with amazement I was, when I found it in my stocking, which Willard had hung on the mantel Christmas morning. I rubbed my eyes several times, to be certain that I was awake."

"Well, you have got a kind husband, Julia, that is certain," cordially responded Mrs. Ripley; but somehow these words did not give quite so much pleasure to her husband as her former remark had done.

"Isn't he, I thought that such a gift in these hard times was really extravagant, and told Willard so. But he said no; that the watch was a useful article, and that if we were ever reduced to selling it, it would probably bring nearly the sum he paid for it; and he wanted me to have one present from him which I could look at and remember with peculiar pleasure for his sake, all the days of my life; and, moreover, he said that I'd earned the watch by my steadfast economy which I'd practised in my household."

"Well I congratulate you both on Willard and the watch," responded Mrs. Dexter; and her husband felt a shade of sadness in her voice. He knew that it did not spring from any envy at her friend's good fortune. His wife was above such a petty feeling, and would be generously glad of anything which brought pleasure to Mrs. Ripley.

"And now, did you have a pleasant Christmas, Charlotte?"

"Oh yes, but a quiet one." The tones were very "quiet" too, which ran along the words, and the husband felt there were no warm, bright memories to give color and animation. "I gave the day quite up to the children. Indeed I was tired sitting up so late the night before to dress Mary's doll, and I was out in the early part of the evening hunting up some toys for my boy and girl. You know how children's hearts are set on these things; and providing them all ways falls on me, because Edward is so busy

ried with business at this season of the year."

"It's just so with Willard. But I always coax him into giving an hour or two for selecting the children's Christmas toys; and I believe he enjoys it as I do."

"I know it; but somehow I can't drag Edward away from the store; so that I have that part of the enjoyment to myself."

Probably Mr. Dexter was not aware how much regret, which touched on pain, there was in her words, for she was too true and loving a wife to insinuate by look or tone anything which could reflect in the slightest degree on her husband, or give one the slightest reason to infer that he was not above reproach in all domestic relations and obligations; but Mrs. Ripley must have felt in the tones something that her friend would never here acknowledge to her, for she said, quickly and in a half commiserating way, "O, well, you know, Charlotte, that men never think of these things as we do. Willard is quite a marvel for the interest he takes in such matters. But I've had to draw him into it, and take most of the credit to myself."

And Mrs. Ripley looked at her watch, and saw that it was an hour later than she suspected, and rose at once to leave.

Her friend did not detain her. She had no Christmas gift to show!

Mrs. D. returned to the parlor, and busied herself in arranging the vases and books on the table, and her husband still stood with his hands spread before the grate fire, and an unusually thoughtful expression on his countenance.

The truth is, he was annoyed and disturbed, for it was somewhat humiliating to feel that he had been brought into comparison with the husband of his wife's friend, and that the result had been unflattering to himself.

The man moved uneasily, and rubbed his hands briskly as this unwelcome thought intruded itself. Edward Dexter had a very comfortable degree of self-esteem. He held his own opinions with tenacity, and was not easily convinced that he could be mistaken or enlightened in any matter respecting which he had thoroughly made up his mind. Moreover, he was of a somewhat practical tendency, and the mercantile life in which he was engrossed had certainly been little calculated to develop that tender and healthful sentiment which gathers its sweet blossoms about one's home, and fills it with beauty and fragrance.

Edward Dexter meant to be a good husband, a loving and watchful father. He supplied the wants of his wife and family cheerfully, and for their sake as he believed, devoted himself assiduously to his business; and he would have been amazed and indignant if any one had insinuated that he was not above reproach in both of these relations.

But the dew and the sunshine of tender and loving words did not fall softly, day by day on the rocks of that vine under whose shadow he sat. Its green and goodly tendrils were not full of the golden blossoms and fruits of all sweet and gracious ministrations, and the heart of his wife often ached with a dumb, sad, yearning pain for something of the lost sweetness of her youth. And there broke dimly into the mind of the husband and father, for the first time in all the years of his married life, a conception of this truth.

He remembered when Charlotte had suggested some Christmas presents for their boy and girl, that he had answered hastily, "Nonsense, Charlotte; I've got business of more importance to attend to than hunting up baubles and toys; besides, it's only a foolish waste of money, any way, and I don't approve of indulging the children in such follies. You can do as you like about it, however." And recalling this speech, Edward Dexter remembered the painful look on his wife's face, and the words sounded cold and unsympathetic to him as they did not at the time. "Poor Charlotte," he said to himself. And then his thoughts strayed back down the long avenue which wound through the past years of his married life.

He saw Charlotte Dexter, no more the mistress of his home, the mother of his children—but he saw her in the joy and bloom of maidenhood, when the shy roses first began to widen in her cheeks as she felt his glance on her face. He saw the brightness in her eyes, the smile on her lips, and her breaks of light laughter went down in his heart like the ripple of pleasant waters. He saw her as she stood one morning in her youthful loveliness by his side; and once more the solemn voice of the minister, as he bound those lives into one with those holy words, "husband," "wife," came back to him.

And then he remembered what a true and loyal wife Charlotte Dexter had been to him through all these years, what a fond and devoted mother; and as his gaze swept over the years, he felt that all the right and holy claims of her womanhood had been recognized that there must have been many hours when

her woman's heart had ached for sympathy and appreciation which she had never received. There must have been something chilling and barren in her life, for which his own rose up and rebuked him. And it was not enough that he could say to himself, "I have been a careful provider, a kind husband to my wife, a good father to my children."

"Why, Edward, how long have you been at home?"

The words were the first which startled the husband from his reverie.

He turned from the fire and saw his wife standing near him, the first surprise on finding him there not quite gone out of her face. He looked at her with a new tenderness and interest. Maternity had paled the roses in her cheeks, and the soft hazel eyes had lost something of their lustre. They had a chastened expression, and the lips, though they were sweet ones still, had not the old smile drifting about and breaking over them, as though her heart was like a fountain which ran over with sweet leaping waters.

The face of Charlotte Dexter was not unhappy, but there was some brightness gone out of it, for which, in that moment of revelation, Edward Dexter held himself responsible.

"I came in a little while ago. Aren't you feeling well, Charlotte?"

"O, yes; quite as usual. What makes you ask me, Edward?"

He had detected a little shadow on her face when he first saw her, and he guessed rightly that she was thinking of the Christmas gift of her friend.

"Because you are not looking quite so bright as I would like to see you, my dear little wife."

The tones and the words were not like those which Charlotte Dexter was accustomed to. She looked up in surprise, as she met the smile and tenderness in her husband's eyes; a change came over her face. There was a quick leap of brightness, like which she remembered in her girlhood, and then it melted suddenly in a gush of tender feelings, and the tears stood bright in her hazel eyes.

The sight moved Edward Dexter strangely. He put his arm around his wife's waist, and drew her to him and kissed her as he used to in the old days before she had belonged to him.

Charlotte Dexter drew a long breath, much like a timid, grieving child who had been watching long for its mother and sees her at last. She laid her head down on his shoulder, and the sobs came thick and fast, and every one which shook to and fro her slender frame went to the heart of her husband, as he held her tightly and tried to comfort her.

"God forgive me!" said the man to himself, in his sudden self-abasement, "he has given me a great and precious gift, which I have not half appreciated nor understood."

At last the lady looked up, and a smile trembled out through her tears. "You took me so by surprise, Edward, that I was overcome completely."

"Well, darling, if kind words affect you like this, it is unmistakable proof that I am very remiss on my part. But dry up those tears now, for they are a reproach to me."

"O, Edward, it does my heart good to have you speak to me that way!" and she clung to him.

"Charlotte," said her husband, with a gush of feeling which fairly choked his voice, "you have been the best and truest wife that ever a man had. I haven't half deserved you."

Just at that moment the dinner bell rang, and the "boy and girl" burst into the room, hungry and vociferous. But something in their parents' tones subdued the children. And Edward Dexter thought it had been long since the face of his wife had worn such a radiant brightness as it did that day at dinner!

"Charlotte shall have a New Year's present. It will be the first one that I ever gave her—poor child!" murmured Edward Dexter to himself, on his way to the store the morning before New Year's. "I don't know what in the world to get her, though," mused the man; "she doesn't want a watch, for her brother gave her that pretty one on his return from California, after our marriage—And a brooch? No, she's got that pearl one. What shall it be?" Suddenly a conversation which he had partially heard in an abstract mood, between Charlotte and her dressmaker, the week before, recurred to him.

"You'll have hard work to get waist and sleeves out of this, Mrs. Dexter," said the dress-maker, after a thorough inspection of the green silk which the lady gave her.

"I know I shall, Miss Gray. But I can't afford to get a new silk, and I must fix on the old one, and make it do. We must set our wits to work and get it out in some fashion. You know they wear tight sleeves now, and I can afford half a breadth from the skirt."

"She shall have a new silk dress, and a handsome one!" was the audible exclamation of Edward Dexter's cogitations, as he struck

the heel of his boot down hard on the pavement.

"A happy New Year to you, Charlotte!" and the young husband dropped something done up in brown wrappers, into his wife's lap.

It was a beautiful morning, and like a flock of golden winged birds came the sunbeams of the newly born year, with joy and blessing into the house of Edward Dexter.

"Is this for Mr. Edward?" asked his wife, her face full of surprised pleasure.

"For you, dear."

He rapid fingers broke the small cord in a moment, and then the dress rolled out.

It was a rich dark brown silk, overshot with lustrous green leaves and buds, a most gracious design.

"Do you like it, Charlotte?"

"O, Edward, I never in my life saw such a beauty. Is it really for me?"

"Really for you, my dear wife."

She tried to thank him, but the tears overmastered her voice.

"Mamma! mamma! let us!" and the two bright-haired children bounded into the room.

Her face was radiant through her tears as she lifted up the fabric. "It's mamma's New Year's present my children."

"Don't trouble mamma now, my little girl and boy," said the father, slipping his arm around his wife. There was a new light in his face.

"Papa, you look happy, if mamma does cry said his little boy sidling up to him.

"I am, my child. It shall be please God, a happy New Year to us all."

And it was!

O, husband and father, see to it that you make for you and yours, also a happy New Year!

ARRESTS.—The Halifax Colonist says that on Saturday warrants were served on Dr. Almon, Dr. Smith, and Alex. Keith, jr., Esq., on a charge of having illegally interfered with a policeman on the 19th ult., while the latter was attempting to arrest one of the men who had been brought on shore in handcuffs from a Federal gunboat and released by our authorities after the Federal officer had unlocked and removed the irons by order of the Sheriff.

Perhaps there are no associations so strong and lasting as those of childhood. Though tossed about by the storms of life; driven hither and thither by the winds of fortune and circumstance; cheered by the loving smiles of true friends, and sickened with the fakeness of false ones; living at peace in a distant home, roving continually over the wide world—the absent one calls up with a yearning, tender and sacred feeling, the home where his boyhood's days were passed.

EXAMINING BOARD.—They have at Washington what are called Examining Boards, to inquire into the fitness of officers for the positions held by them in the army.

Before one of these, composed entirely of officers of the regular army, was summoned a Pennsylvania volunteer artillery captain. Among the questions proposed was this:

What should you have done had you been in command of Rickett's (regular battery) in the same position in which that was at the first battle of Bull Run?

I would not have had my battery in such a position.

But suppose you had?

It is hardly a supposable case. I would have been careful not to get such a position.

But, Captain, let us just suppose you to have been in that position. Inform the Board what you would have done.

If I had got into that position I would have done just what the regulars did on that memorable occasion—ran like horses!

An Assistant Surgeon was called before the same Board and asked—What would you do if a man was threatened with a fever?

Endeavor to create perspiration and relieve him.

What course would you think best adapted to invite perspiration?

I think I would—order him before this board of Examination!

A temperance orator having finished his discourse, began to call for signers to the pledge after this wise:

"Come up, my friends, and let us tell a monument to the cause of temperance in this town." Whereupon a tipsy individual was the first to press himself at the stand.

"What do you desire?" asked the lecturer, as he surveyed the blot.

"I desire, said a bystander, he wants to help to build the monument, for he's got a brick in his hat."

Prentice thinks a woman always dresses the truth up a little. She wouldn't for the world exhibit it naked.