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JAS. S. CARNEGIE,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

GROWING OLD.

One by one they are passing away—
The old of the town,—to their final rest;
With reference fashion the pillow of clay,
And pile up the earth on the quiet breast.
That pillow is soft to the time-worn head,
That load is light to the aged dead.

They have borne their bur-lens of joy and pains,
They have had their portion of hopes and fears;
They have wrought out their work, they have
Gained their gains,
They have smited their smites,—they have wept
their tears,
It is over now!—the record closed,
And leave them then to their long repose.

Speak of them gently, remember them well,
They were children of earth, as we are now;
They strove with temptation—they yielded and
fell
And soon they conquered, as we still do,
Their history is what ours shall be,
Speak of them, think of them, tenderly.

But few remain and when they are gone
We shall fill the places which they now hold;
Our heads will be frosted—our bosoms be lone,
Even our hearts will grow tame and cold:
And the faltering step and failing breath
Will remind us, too, of approaching death.

Rivalry, coldness, worklessness, pride—
Why should we yield to their baleful thrall?
Let us clasp hands closer as downward we glide
Into the shadow that waits for us all,
For soon we shall be among the old,
And the days of our years will soon be told.

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But then I bethought me that Hal had some-
thing in Hilltop that we others had not. He had
been engaged to Thyra Harrington for nearly a
year.

No, Jack answered quietly. If but one of us
can go, it must be Hal.

Hal looked up suddenly, his face glowing with
something that was not exactly joy.

Jack is right, I said. It must be Hal.

He dropped his gun, and caught our hands im-
pulsively.

God bless you, boys, he cried. You make me
feel like a selfish brute. But it seems to me this
morning that I would peril my soul's salvation for
the chance of going to Hilltop.

Hurry up, then, we both answered. You have
no time to spare.

We stood in the doorway of our tent, and
watched the tall, stalwart figure as it dropped out
of sight behind the hill.

Hal returned the next morning.

"Hallo, old fellow, how's Hilltop?" cried Jack,
dancing around him in a fever of impatience.

Who did you see? How are all the folks?
He soon received a quietus in the shape of sun-
dry packets and parcels. Then Hal turned to me.

There is no change at headquarters, I suppose?
he said, interrogatively. We get out of this to-
day?

I answered affirmatively.

The Lord be praised! he exclaimed. I could
not stand this inaction much longer, Grey; and I
fell vigorously to work, packing his knapsack.

This is no war story; and it is needless to tell
of our marchings and counter-marchings, our perils,
our victories and our defeats. It is enough to say
that we were in Virginia, that vast muscledom of
two armies, and that we three Hilltop boys had no
reason to be ashamed of our record.

But through it all, and underlying all, there was
something about Hal Brainerd that I could not
understand. He was brave, even to rashness. But
it seemed to me more like the recklessness of the
man who holds his life of little worth, than the
bravery of him who takes it calmly in his hand,
ready, if it is required of him to offer it up in its
full, sweet completeness. One evening—it was
on the eve of an engagement—I ventured to re-
monstrate with him.

You are too reckless, Hal, I said. A man has
no right to throw his life away needlessly, even in
battle. Think what it would be to Thyra, if you
were to be left in some nameless grave down here.

He started, and his bronzed face flushed. But
after a moment he answered quietly:

I do not expect to be killed, Grey, for I have
learned, since I came down here, that it takes a
deal of ammunition to kill one man. But if I
should fall, I think Thyra would manage to en-
dure it, he added in a low tone, as he tossed a
pebble into the road with the toe of his boot.

Manage to endure it! I cried. What do you
mean, Hal? Is she not your promised wife?

I suppose so, he answered slowly, according
to the letter of the law. But what is the letter
good for when the spirit is gone? What is the
body worth without the soul?

The flush had faded, and he was as pale as a
ghost.

I am sure you are beside yourself, Hal, I said,
laying my hand on your arm; but it will do you
good to break the silence in which you have wrap-
ped yourself. Make a clean breast of it, man, for
your soul's sake. What is the trouble with you
and Thyra?

Trouble enough, he answered doggedly. I have
reason to believe that she made a mistake in en-
gaging herself to me. If I should happen to be
picked off by one of these infernal bullets, he ad-
ded, grimly, it would be a fortunate circumstance.
It would set her free, you see, without any fuss.

And you, I asked, have you made any mistake,
too?

"If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be,"
he quoted lightly. Then, as if some wave of feel-
ing swept over him, tearing his pride from its
moorings, he seized my hand in a vice-like grasp.

"I love her!" he cried, whether I have made a
mistake or not. I have loved her all my life. I
do not even know when I began to love her.

That's the worst of it, Harrison Grey.

We were silent for awhile. The sun dropped
lower and lower, and the soft twilight wrapped us
in its tender folds. I knew I should hear the whole
story, if I had patience to wait for it; but Hal
Brainerd was not one to be hurried.

I do not know that I blame her, he said at last.
The truth is, Grey, Thyra and I are too unlike.
I am no mate for her. She is gay, bright and
airy, full of sudden sparkles and flashes that daz-
zle and bewitch me out of my senses. But I can-
not follow her. I cannot keep pace with her flights.
I cannot halt comprehend her. There is some-
thing in her life which my life cannot grasp. And
then she looks at me with a vague, reproachful
wonder in her eyes which is too much for my phi-
losophy. She is a skylark and I a clod.

But admitting your comparison for a moment, I
said, skylarks build their nests upon solid ground.
Did it never occur to you that your hardy, rugged
strength might be more to Thyra Harrington
than all the brilliant parts, all the merely æsthetic
cultivation, in the world! Besides there is a cer-
tain sort of knowledge—whether it comes by in-
tuition or otherwise, that women gain earlier than
men.

Hal shook his head.

All very well in the abstract, he remarked, but
you see, it does not touch this case. What is a
man to do when he sees that the woman who has
promised to marry him feels deficiencies in him,
and when he knows that his failure to meet the
wants of her nature, and to give full sympathetic
recognition to what she regards as best and highest
in herself, is a constant trouble to her? Tell me
that.

I was silent, trying to think what I should say
—what it was best to say. Presently his hand fell
heavily upon my knee.

Tell me one thing more, he added, in a low, in-
tense voice. What is one to do when he believes,
even if he does not know of a surety, that there is
a man in the world—in his world, too—who could be
to the woman he loves all that he has failed to be?
What should he do in such a case?

Hal!

I believe just that, Grey. I have believed
it for six months. Pleasant state of things, is-
n't it?

Now that you have said that much, you
must say more, I answered. What do you
mean by these strange words?

Have you seen Fayette Blackmann since
he came back from Heidelberg?

Never. Haven't had a glimpse of him.

That is because you were away so much
for months before we enlisted. He was in
Hilltop half the time.

He used to be a good enough sort of a fel-
low before he went abroad, I said; I hope
they have not spoiled him over there. But
it is not he you are talking about?

It is, though, he answered, his face darkening.
But I tell you what it is, Grey. I will
not do the man injustice. He is just the one
to charm the fancy of a girl like Thyra. He is
all that I am not—all that she wishes I
were.

Fayette Blackmann may be Adonis and
Apollo and Mercury all in one, for aught I
know, I replied; I will not dispute you. But
it does not follow that you have any occasion
for jealousy.

My word stung him, and he sprang up
from the log on which he was sitting.

J-jealousy he cried. Am I je-jealous? Do
you look at it in that way? Jealous!

But what else is it? I asked. Look here,
Hal. Do you think that because a woman is
engaged—or married, even—she must begin
at once blind and deaf? I can understand how
a cultivated woman may enjoy the society of
a cultivated man, and yet not have the slightest
idea of falling in love with him.

I spoke with some heat, for I had always
liked Thyra Harrington.

He turned white as a sheet.

You do not comprehend, he said, with a
certain quiet dignity. I am existing no aspira-
tions upon Thyra. It is not en-jealousy that I
speak of. I have said to night; and you
may have misunderstood the words
coming from me by pride and passion. I do not think
she is even aware how this man has come in
between her and me. But I see it; and what
am I to do about it? Am I to sit still, like
a craven, and let her drift helplessly into
my arms, when I believe she would be happier
in the arms of another? What am I to do about
it, Grey?

For her sake do nothing rash! I exclaimed,
drawing him out into the road, where the cool
remaining rays of daylight fell upon her face.
I do believe you were mistaken, Hal. For
her sake, and for your own soul's sake, do
nothing rash!

I will not act hastily; and I will try to do
what seems to be right, he said, putting his
arm over my shoulder. But life plays at cross
purposes with us, from first to last.

It is just as I said, Grey. If some stray
bullet would clear up this muddle it would be
a lucky thing; but the little devils never find
out those who would welcome them, and Hal
Brainerd is the safest man in this regiment.

There was a battle next day. Poor Jack!
We left his sunny bayish curls behind us on
the bloody field. I had a ball through my
right shoulder; but as for Hal, he walked in
the fiery furnace without so much as the smil-
le of fire upon his garments.

It would be weeks—months, perhaps—be-
fore I could use my arm; and in the hot swell-
ing hospital I longed, with an unspoken
longing, for the fresh breezes blowing cool
from our mountain peaks; so they sent me
home.

The fatigue of the journey brought on a
low, nervous fever. Thyra came often to
see me. She was very quiet and subdued in
manner, with a deep womanliness about her
that seemed to have been gained at the ex-
pense of some of the old glow and sparkle
but I thought her lovelier than ever, with her

soft, grey eyes, and an appealing look about
the mouth that had grown so wondrously ten-
der.

She was not inclined to talk much of Hal,
and I had a sort of uncomfortable conscious-
ness growing out of the recollection of my
last conversation with the poor fellow, that
kept me silent also.

Fayette Blackmann, as I soon learned, had
opened a law office in adjoining town, was
building a fine house, and was making himself
prominent in political circles. He was evi-
dently no mere dilettante, but the rising man
of the county.

One evening I saw them ride by on horse-
back—he and Thyra. Perhaps it was only
the exercise and the excitement, but there was
a glow upon her cheek, a light and radiance
about her, that I had not seen since my re-
turn, and Blackmann's eyes that dwelt upon
her in undisguised admiration. My heart
hardened against them both.

It is the old story of the ewe lamb, I mut-
tered, as the graceful riders disappeared over
the brow of the hill. Verily, verily history
repeats itself.

There was another great battle, and again
the heart of the nation was stirred to its cen-
tre. Two nights afterwards, as I sat upon
the piazza, with Thyra Harrington on a low
seat beside me, the daily 'Tribune' was placed
in my hands.

I opened it. There were the three fearful
lists that had become so terribly familiar:
'Killed, Wounded, Missing.'

As I ran my eye hurriedly down the Eng-
lish column, in the very first I read the name of
Hal Brainerd.

My face must have told the tale, for I did
not speak one word; but Thyra sprang up
with clasped hands, struggled for a moment in
a vain effort for utterance, and then sank at
my feet in a huddled, pitiful, white heap.

My arm was still powerless, and I was be-
sides worn with fever. After a few moments
that seemed ages, she sat up and looked about
her with an air of bewilderment.

The paper, she said at length; I want the
paper.

I gave it to her silently—what was there
to say?—and she looked at the name for a
moment with a fixed tearless gaze. Then
she slowly gathered herself up, and, with
the paper still clasped in her hand, walked
unsteadily down the gate and disappeared.

Months passed. I had been discharged
from the service, for it seemed impossible
that I should ever be strong enough to re-
turn to the field again. Thyra, a saddened,
patient woman now, rather than the sparkling,
brilliant girl who had so bewitched poor Hal
Brainerd—this Thyra and I were much
together. We did not often talk of Hal, but
his memory was bound between us, and I knew
at last how she had loved him. It had all
been a mistake, a misapprehension on Hal's
part; growing chiefly out of his own modesty,
and the slight valuation that he placed upon
his own attractions. Fayette Blackmann was
an old friend, and was betrothed to one of
his cousins—only that, and nothing more.
The young couple were married that autumn,
and the beautiful mansion received its destined
occupant.

I was alone in the cottage one night. My
mother had gone to watch with a sick neigh-
bor, and I sat by a blazing fire lost in a waking
dream. It was early—for I had just heard
the whistle of the evening train, though, in
those short December days, it had been dark
for hours. A step upon the piazza startled
me, and I felt, rather than saw, that somebody
was looking through the blinds. In another
moment, Hal Brainerd, bronzed, bearded, no
doubt imbued with spirit, but a living breathing
emanation of magnificent humanity, stood before
me, holding me with his earnest eyes.

I pass over the next few minutes.

But now, Hal told me how it happened. I
said, when our first emotions had expended
themselves, and I had him safe in my easy
chair.

He sat looking into the fire for a full minute
before he answered. His mouth grew stern
and hard.

Do you remember the last talk we had?
he asked. You must keep that in mind if you
would understand what I have to tell you. I
have never had so much as a scratch. The
man next to me in the ranks was blown to
pieces, but I was taken prisoner, and when,
many months afterwards, I escaped and made
my way to the Union lines, I found I had
been reported killed. I saw my name in an
old 'Tribune' in the dead list. I said nothing,
but I thought the matter over. Our old regi-
ment was all broken up. The path seemed
plain before me. Hal Brainerd was dead,
and well out of the way.

But he went on, after a moment's pause,
during which his face was convulsed with
strong emotion; but Grey, my dear old friend
I did not think they would have married so
soon, and his voice faltered. I thought they
would have waited at least one little year. I
deserved as much consideration as that from
Thyra Harrington—surely I did.

I was silent for a minute from sheer bewil-
derment. Then I broke out:

Married? Why, Hal—

You see I know all about it, he said, inter-
rupting me; else I should not be here. I saw
the names on the register at Willard's, Grey,
—Fayette Blackmann and wife—and by the
date of the entry it was not three months after
my supposed death. It stunned me, Harrison,
and it hardened me. Now I have run up
here to take just one look at you, and then I
go back to my work again. You will keep
my secret, I know, and let her think me dead.
It is better so.

My thoughts had worked themselves clear
at last.

Excuse me, I said, I will be back shortly.
I darted up the street and was at Thyra's
door in less than a minute.

She was looking over a package of old let-
ters, with a faint trembling color in her cheek.

Come with me, I cried; we want you over
to our house. Never mind your hair! that's
all right.

But while she was putting on her hood, I
looked at her. A slight, graceful figure, robed
in black; soft, wavy brown hair, that had
escaped from its confinement and floated over
her shoulders; gray eyes, with a world of
pathos in them; a sweet, tremulous mouth,
and a forehead scaled with Heaven's own look
of pathos—yes, that was what I saw.

And it was what Hal Brainerd saw, when
two minutes afterwards, he turned as I opened
the door.

I stole softly away and I left them.

There is not a doubt that my old comrade
was dreadfully to blame, somehow. But
Thyra forgave him—and so do I.

The late Commodore Maury.

Commodore Matthew F. Maury, the distin-
guished American hydrographer and naval officer,
died at Lexington on the 1st inst., in his 68th year.
He was born at Spotsylvania, Va., in January,
1806. At the age of nineteen he entered the
navy as midshipman on the 'Brandywine,' then
fitting out at Washington to convey Lafayette to
France. He subsequently served on the 'Pacific
Station,' where he commenced his work on
navigation. On his return home he received the ap-
pointment of Astronomer to the South Sea Ex-
ploring Expedition, and on his retirement was
put in charge of the depot of charts and instru-
ments, which served as the nucleus for the United
States National Observatory and Hydrograph-
ical Office, of which he, later on, became superin-
tendent. In 1854 Mr. Maury visited England, and
on his return published 'The Physical Geography
of the Sea.' On the outbreak of the Civil War
he embraced the Confederate cause, of which he
was a staunch champion. Commodore Maury re-
ceived, in recognition of his services in the cause
of science, gold medals from the King of Prussia
and the Emperor of Austria. As an author, he
was widely known. His principal works are his
letters on the Amazon and the Atlantic Slope of
South America, the Relations between Magnetism
and the Atmosphere, reports of astronomical ob-
servations and investigations, &c.

Mr. Paul Bert, a French physiologist, has
succeeded in making an artificial pair of
Siamese twins by joining two young white
rats. He cut away a strip of skin from each,
sewed the two together by the edges of the
wounds, and nature united them by the heal-
ing process. They were not amiable towards
each other. Therefore he killed both by
poisoning one.

Among the passengers in a stage-coach was
a little gentleman who had possibly seen five
summers. The coach being quite full, he sat
in the lap of another passenger. While on
the way, something was said about pick pocket-
ing, and soon the conversation became general
on that interesting subject. The gentleman
who was then holding our friend remarked:
"My fine fellow, how easy I could pick your
pocket!"

"No, you couldn't," replied he, "I've been
looking out for you all the time!"

READ not books alone, but men, and among
them chiefly thyself; if thou find anything
questionable there, use the commentary of a
severe friend.

SICKNESS should teach us what a vain
thing the world is, what a vile thing sin is,
what a poor thing man is, and what a precious
thing an interest in Christ is.

One hour lost in the morning will put back
all the business of the day; one hour gained
by rising early will make one month in the
year.

While crossing a ferry a little three-year-
old was heard to exclaim, as she saw a mail-
boat: "O, mamma, there's a boat with a bon-
net on!"

What riches are those that certainly take
wings and fly away? O, riches.

A clairvoyant trio, two women and a man,
have been traveling in the South, pretending
to cure epilepsy by the 'laying on of hands.'
They practiced on a Kentucky male, the other
day, and the firm has since dissolved.

accident occurring
obstructions on the
public are hereby no-
sua, leaving rubbish or
pots or side walks in this
on the penalty according