

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

¶ VARIIS SUMFUNDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 9

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 26, 1873.

Vol 40

BANK OF British North America.

Head Office—London, England.

CAPITAL
One Million Pounds Sterling,
(\$5,000,000.)

Five per cent Interest ALLOWED
ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.

Drafts issued on St. John New York, Boston
Portland, also in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia,
Great Britain and Ireland, France, Australia,
California and British Columbia.
Open in St. ANDREWS
Every Day from 10 a. m., till 3 p. m.

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 burdens 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 smiled their smiles,—they have wept
their tears.

It is over now—the record closed,
And leave them there, 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 anon 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, worldliness, 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.

Interesting Tale.

HAL'S MISTAKE.

There were three of us, only, from Hilltop, a little quaint, irregular village, nestled high among the mountains—Hal Brainerd, John Hazard, and I, Harrison Grey, at your service. We messed together, and that morning as we drank our black coffee we talked matters over with no sense of restraint. The regiment, which had been in camp for a month, was to march the next day.

I shall be glad enough to get out of this, said John. But, by George, boys, it does seem a little tough on a fellow to have to go off without seeing the folks again. It can't be more than ten miles to Hilltop, as the crow flies—and the speaker, he was scarcely more than a boy, looked yearningly off into the blue distance.

It's no use, my lad, answered Hal, while his resolute face clouded over. "No furloughs will be granted, I understand." But just then our good Captain Talbot appeared at the door of the tent. He had been teacher of the High School in the town adjoining ours, and we had all been pupils of his. As we gave him the military salute, he smiled faintly.

It is almost school-time, boys, he said. But, first, I want to send one of you over to Hilltop, to do an errand for me. Whoever goes can stay all night, but must report himself by eight o'clock to-morrow morning.

We looked from one to the other, in a sort of eager dismay. At last John—Jack we called him—spoke out.
"Couldn't we all go, Captain?"
Not exactly, he answered, laughing. Orders are too stringent. But settle it among yourselves; and let one of you come to my tent in an hour.

The boys in the next tent were singing "Rally Round the Flag," at the top of their voices. Some one on the other side was whistling "Home, Sweet Home" in long and lingering cadence.

I found my voice at length.
"Let Jack go. He is the youngest."

But then I bethought me that Hal had something 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 impulsively.

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 sundry 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 he 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 remonstrate 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. Eft 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 endure 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 wrapped 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 engaging herself to me. If I should happen to be picked off by one of these infernal bullets, he added, 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 feeling 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 dazzle and bewitch me out of my senses. But I cannot follow her. I cannot keep pace with her lights. I cannot halt comprehend her. There is something 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 philosophy. 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 certain sort of knowledge—whether it comes by intuition 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 she is full of 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, intense 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 her 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, isn'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. Have n't had a glimpse of him.

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

He used to be a good enough sort of a fellow 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 man to charm the fancy of a girl like Thyra. He is all that I am not—all that she wishes I was.

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

Jealousy! he cried. Am I 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 become 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 casting no aspersions upon Thyra. It is not easy for a man to say what I have said to night; and you may have misunderstood the words wrung from me by pride and passion. I do not think she is even aware how this man has come into her life 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 last 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 saddest man in this regiment.

There was a battle next day. Poor Jack! we left his sunny boyish curls behind us on the bloody field. I had a ball through my right shoulder; but as for Hal, he walked in the fire unscathed without so much as the snarl of fire upon his garments.

It would be weeks—months, perhaps—before I could use my arm; and in the hot sweltering 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 expense 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 tender.

She was not inclined to talk much of Hal, and I had a sort of uncomfortable consciousness 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 evidently no mere dilettante, but the rising man of the county.

One evening I saw them ride by on horseback—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 return, 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 muttered, 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 centre. 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 eyes hurriedly down the long columns, in the very first I read the name of Hal Brainerd.

My face must have told the tale, for I did not seek 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 bedeviled 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 to 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 return 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 her 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 neighbor, 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 dimmed spirit, but a living breathing specimen 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 regiment 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 bewilderment. Then I broke out:

Married? Why, Hal—

You see I know all about it, he said, interrupting 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 letters, 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 patience; 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 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 distinguished 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 appointment of Astronomer to the South Sea Expedition, and on his retirement was put in charge of the depot of charts and instruments, which served as the nucleus for the United States National Observatory and Hydrograph Office, of which he, later on, became superintendent. In 1834 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 received, 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 observations and investigations, &c.

Mr. Paul Burt, 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 healing 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 pockets, 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 mailboat: "O mamma, there's a boat with a bonnet 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 epileptic by the laying on of hands. They practiced on a Kentucky mule, the other day, and the film has since dissolved.