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JAS. S. CARRIGY,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

PARODY ON EXCELSIOR.

The shadows of night was a comin' down swift,
And the dazzin' snow lay drift on drift,
As through a village a youth did go
A carryin' a flag with this motto

Higher!

O'er a forehead high, curled copious hair;
His nose a Roman, complexion fair;
O'er an eagle eye, an amaranth lash;
And he never stopp'd shoutin' through his mouth

Higher!

He saw through the windows as he kept gettin'
A number of families sittin' at supper;
But he eyed the slippery rocks very keen
And fled as he cried, and cried while a fleetin'

Higher!

Take care you there said an old woman—stop
It's blowin' gales up there on top
You'll tumble off on 'other side;
But the burryin' stranger loudly replied

Higher!

Oh don't you go up such a shockin' night
Come sleep on my lap said a maiden bright,
On his Roman nose a tear-drop come;
But still he remarked as he upward clomb

Higher!

Look out for the branch that squeamish tree,
Dangle rollin' stones if any you see,
Savin' which the farmer went home to bed
But the lone wic'd voice replied o'er head

Higher!

About a quarter past six the next afternoon
A man acciden'tly goin' up, soon
Hard spoken above him as often as twice
The very same words in a very weak voice

Higher!

And not far I believe from a quarter to seven
(He was slow gettin' up, the road been uneven)
Found the stranger dead in the drifted snow
Still clutchin' the flag with this motto

Higher!

Yes, lifeless, defunct, without any doubt
The lamp of his being decidedly out,
On the dreary hill side the youth was layin'
And there was no more use for him to be sayin'

Higher!

The Scots Greys at the Crimean War.

In the battle of Balaklava, the Scots Greys displayed, as is well known, a heroism against overwhelming numbers worthy of old Rome. It will be remembered that the object of the stealthy Russian attack on the memorable 25th of October, 1854, was to seize our outer line of defence, the camp of the Ninety-third Highlanders as well as the Turkish camp, near Kadikoi, beginning with the work on Caubert's Hill. This Russian surprise began by the advance of General Gribov at five A.M. The vast herd of Russian cavalry, six hundred dragons had to wedge their way into Mr. Kinglake computes as at least two thousand.

Lord Raglan had ordered Lucan to advance and the Heavy Brigade. In the first line rode those old comrades and friends, the Inniskillings, with the Greys on their left. From behind to lead the men, helmet plumes, shoulder scales, stocks, and gauntlets had been laid aside. The four horsemen who led the charge were General Scarlett, Alexander Elliot, his aide-de-camp, behind them the general's orderly, Skragg, and a trumpeter. Taking advantage of the Russian cavalry halting, and eager to strike his blow Scarlett sounded at once the charge, shouting, "Come on," to the Greys, as with a wave of his sword he dashed in among the Russian troopers far ahead of his men. Elliot, cutting

down a Russian Officer, sprang in also, followed by Skragg, and the trumpeter. The Greys, spreading almost into single line in their advance, were received with a dropping carbine fire, one bullet disabling Colonel Griffith, who commanded them. Besides Major Clarge, who led the first squadron; Manley, Hunter, Buchanan, and Sutherland the four troop leaders of the regiment; the adjutant was Lieut. Miller; the serjeants were Boyd, Nugent, and Lenox Prendergast. "And to those," says Kinglake, "though he did not then hold the Queen's commission, add the name of John Wilson now a colonel, and the acting adjutant of the regiment, for he took a leading part in the fight."

Major Clarke, now really the leader of the light squadron of the Greys, lost his bearings, and rode into the Russian ranks bareheaded. The Scots Greys, says an eye-witness "gave a low eager fierce moan," the Inniskilling went in with a rejoicing cheer. The Russians unable to fall back, struggled in vain with the enemies they had imbedded. In some open spaces, says Kinglake ten or twelve Russians would fall out of their ranks, and try to overwhelm two or three Greys or Inniskillings, who seemed lost in a crowd of jostling horsemen. Our men bowed and dashed with their swords, and with their bridle hands tried to tear the Russians from their saddles. In many cases the swords of the Greys rebounded from the thick coarse grey coats of the Russian horsemen. The Russians nearest the Greys seemed to encounter them with distrust and hopelessness, for their assailants were taller and reached further, and seemed contemptuously certain of victory. General Scarlett received five slight wounds, and had his helmet cloven through. Elliot was pierced in the forehead, had his face divided by a slash, and received a severe wound in the skull. He had at together fourteen sabre cuts. Clarke, who led the squadron bareheaded, rode deluged with blood from a wound in the head, of which he was himself long unconscious. Many of the Greys cut quite through the column, and then bowed their way back. In the midst of this engaging struggle the Inniskillings came plump on the Russians' left front. Then the Royal Fifth and Dragoon Guards, seeing the Greys lapped in by the enemy's right wing, broke in also to their aid. Alexander Miller, the acting adjutant of the Greys, famous for his tremendous voice, roared out of the midst of the melee the words, "Rally—the Greys. Face me!" Cornet Prendergast also, said Clarke, joined in this endeavor. Another charge of Hunt's squadron of Inniskillings shook the great crowd of Russians, and soon the columns wavered, trembled, shook and fled.

In this desperate combat the heavy dragons lost seventy-eight killed and wounded; the Russians suffered heavily. When Sir Chas Campbell galloped up soon after in advance of the Ninety-third Highlanders, he uncovered the Greys and said: "Greys! gallant Greys! I am sixty-one years old, and if I were young again, I should be proud to be in your ranks."

A French general officer present declared he had never seen anything so glorious as the defeat of the enormous numbers of Russian cavalry. "The Russians," said Mr. Russell, when describing this gallant affair, "advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last merely halted. Their first line was at least nearly double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Inniskillings went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses gather way, nor had the men quite sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rushed on, with a cheer that chilled every heart. The wild shout of the Inniskillings rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through the clouds, the Greys and Inniskillings pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the red-coats disappear in the midst of the broken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. 'God help them! They are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of the heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and

sheer courage Inniskillings and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the First Royals, the Fourth Dragoon Guards, and the Fifth Dragoon Guards, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it had met our dragons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength."

Among the Scots Greys who were recipients of the Victoria Cross, we find two of the heroes of Balaklava, whose services are thus recorded: Sergeant-Major John Grievie, in the heavy cavalry charge at Balaklava, saved the life of an officer who was surrounded by Russian cavalry, by his gallant conduct in riding up to his rescue and cutting off the head of one enemy and disabling and dispersing the others.

Sergeant Henry Ramage, at the Battle of Balaklava, galloped out to the assistance of private M'Pherson of the same regiment, on seeing him surrounded by seven Russians, and by his gallantry dispersed the enemy and saved his comrade's life. On the same day, when the Heavy Brigade was covering the retreat of the light cavalry, he led from his horse private Gardner, who was disabled from a severe fracture of the leg by a round shot. Sergeant Ramage then carried him to the rear from under a very heavy cross fire thereby saving his life, the spot where he must inevitably have fallen having been immediately afterwards occupied by the Russian cavalry.

As long as a regiment can furnish heroes like this, who can deny it the right to bear on its banners the motto of the Scots Greys, "Second to none?"

WIFE OR MOTHER. Or the Housekeeper's Daughter.

I never did see such a sight in all my life, quoth Mrs. Narley, elevating her two rheumy, aching hands in the air.

Dust on the beautiful velvet carpets; glass in the conservatory windows all broken; chickens scratching up all the geraniums on the front lawn, and the servants dawdling away their precious time, while poor dear Mr. Avenel and Harry don't know no more what's goin' on than if they were boarders.

Says I, 'Dear Mr. Avenel, this is enough to make your poor wife turn in her grave.' Says he—'you know his pleasant way—I know it isn't just right, Mrs. Narley, but what can I do?' And I, in answer, says I, 'got a housekeeper'.

Where, says he. Advertisement, says I. Says he, Mr. Avenel, you've hit the nail on the head. I'll advert: to-morrow, and that's how the paragraph happened to be in the papers.

Here Mrs. Narley stopped to take breath, and nodded emphatically at her auditor, a pale woman, dressed in deep mourning, with a becoming frame work of a widow's cap around her face.

And do you think I would suit the gentleman? the lady asked, timidly. Mr. Avenel is as easy as a lamb, and not one of them as is ever lastin' chaffin' off bills and countin' nickel pennies, and Harry's dreadn't pleasant temper. Anyway if I was you, Mrs. Hawkhurst, I'd go up and see.

And Mrs. Hawkhurst, holding her pretty little girl by the hand, went up accordingly to the handsome stone house on the hill. There she found Mr. Avenel in a state of temporary siege, for others had seen the tempting advertisement, and made haste to answer it. There were five women and lean, women who had seen better days and women who evidently hadn't, tall women and short, Scotch women and German, slowly smiling women, and grim, sharp visaged women.

Mrs. Hawkhurst looked around somewhat disconcerted at the formidable array of rivals. There is no hope for me, she thought despairingly, and was just about to turn away with the timid Juliet clinging to her hand, when Harry Avenel advanced.

Do you wish to see my uncle, ma'am? he asked, courteously. I—I called about the housekeeper's situation, meekly murmured the widow. And Harry showed her in at once.

The fat and the tall, the Scotch and the German, the sour and the sweet went. Avenel decided to engage Mrs. Hawkhurst as his housekeeper, with permission to keep Juliet with her.

She is all I have, sir, said the widow, apologetically, and she will try to be useful about the house.

How old is she? asked Mr. Avenel. Fifteen, sir.

Well let her stay, said the widower, good humoredly. She'll eat no more than a chicken,

and I dare say she can do a great many odd things about the house.

Mrs. Hawkhurst preened herself an excellent efficiency of the greatest ability. Gradually the chaos and old night of Avenel place was reduced to system and order. The wheels of housekeeping revolved so softly that no one knew they moved, yet there were the results. You scarce ever saw the housekeeper glide about the halls, yet the servants declared her omnipresent. Mr. Avenel found himself actually the inhabitant of a home once more as the years passed by.

He was sitting on the piazza one day smoking a cigar and watching the graceful movements of Juliet Hawkhurst as she was planting and training vines in a marble vase that occupied the centre of the lawn, when Mrs. Narley came out.

A nice evening, sir, said she, Oh, here she is.

Who? Why, that foolish child, Juliet, said the old lady, sharply. I haven't patience with her, that I haven't!

What has she been doing, now? asked the widower, with an amused face.

Why, she's refused Ben Nichols' eldest son, as likely and before-hand a young fellow as there is in the country.

Mr. Avenel started. Ben Nichols! Why, Mrs. Narley, she is only a child.

She's seventeen next week, nodded Mrs. Narley, and high time she thought of settling.

Mr. Avenel looked across to where Juliet stood in her pink gingham dress, the soft sunbeams softly tinted as the standard rose on the lawn. Seventeen! Was it possible that little Julia Hawkhurst had grown to be seventeen years old? Oh, relentless time, that would not stand still! Oh, cruel years, that went by and stole the fair brightness of childhood away! So Ben Nichols had actually asked Juliet Hawkhurst to be his wife!

I wish you and Harry'd talk seriously to her 'bout it, went on Mrs. Narley. Tain't likely she'll have any more such chances as that.

No, to be sure not; said Avenel, abstractedly.

And o'course she'd oughter think it over well, added Mrs. Narley.

Oh, certainly—to be sure. When Harry Avenel came home from the city that night he found his uncle in a brown study.

Harry, quoth the widower.

Yes, uncle. So I should calculate, sir, from the ill-lap'd wrinkle between your brows, laughin' the young merchant. Well, and what has been the topic of your meditation, Uncle Joe?

Why, I was thinking what would become of us if Mrs. Hawkhurst should take it into her head to leave us.

Harry opened his merry hazel eyes at this idea.

What made you think of such a thing, sir? he asked.

Oh, I don't know. She has a good place here; but one couldn't expect her to be contented with a housekeeper's situation always, Harry.

Yes, to be sure not.

She has become very essential to our domestic happiness, Harry, went on Mr. Avenel.

Yes—I grant you that, Uncle Joe.

And I really don't know how we could manage to exist without her.

Raise her salary, uncle, suggested Harry. No, I hardly think that would answer my purpose, but Harry—

Well, uncle.

Mr. Avenel looked slightly sheepish. Can't you imagine any other way of keeping her?

Harry stared at his uncle. Mr. Avenel felt disposed to give him a hearty shake for his simplicity.

Oh, cried the young man, with a sudden dawning of lucidity over the darkness of his brain. You don't mean—matrimony, uncle? Would you do it, Mr. Avenel, stoutly.

I would?

Because you are the only person interested besides myself and her.

My greatest interest, uncle, is to see you happy, the young man answered, wringing the elder's hand. And—if I, too, should conclude to marry at no distant day—

Why, then, cried Mr. Avenel gaily, we can all live together just as we do now, and be the happiest family in the world!

And he went into the house, whistling as he went, John Anderson, My Joe, John, as b'itly as a boy of sixteen.

Juliet Hawkhurst was standing by the little side garden gate that evening thoughtfully watching, over her right shoulder, of course, the slender crescent of the new moon. Juliet had certainly blossomed into a perfect rose of a maiden, during the years she had been an inmate of Avenel place. She was fair haired and rosy, with long eyelashes, deep blue eyes

full of shadowy purple gleams, and a complexion like rose colored satin, and moreover there was in her very movement a self-possessed grace and dignity of mien that was expressly charming. Julia Hawkhurst had been born a lady, but untoward fate had made a housekeeper's daughter of her.

As she stood there, leaning over the iron rail of the gate, a footstep sounded behind her.

Juliet!

She turned with a little rose blush and a smile she fain would have concealed, and Harry Avenel came up and stood close beside her.

Little elf, you thought you had hidden away from me, but see I have contrived to find you out even here. What makes you blush and look so confused?

D. I? And Juliet fleet her gaze very steadfastly on the green turf at her feet, where a single yellow dandelion was closing its eye of gold for the night.

Listen! cried Harry, triumphantly. I've got a piece of news for you.

What is it?

What should you think of a step-father, eh, little one?

Juliet looked up this time in real and genuine astonishment.

A step-father, Harry?

My uncle has con-fided to me this evening that he thinks of marrying, Juliet, and from all that I can gather, the bride is to be no other than your mother. So, when we are married there will be a nice little family of us, eh?

And the ambitious young man belted her slender waist with his arm, and ventured to draw her a little closer to him.

Oh, but Harry, you are all wrong, cried Juliet, crimsoning and smiling like a June flower. I—I want to tell you, but somehow the words would not come to my lips. You must tell me, had concluded to marry again, and asked me to be his wife.

The—mi—chief he did! cried Harry, staring back as if some one had struck him a blow you! why, Juliet, you are young enough to be his daughter!

Perhaps I am, said Juliet, meekly.

And what did you tell him? You accepted him, of course. He is rich, and I am poor, and all the girls like gold.

Harry!

Tell me quickly, Juliet, he cried, passionately, don't keep me long in suspense!

I told him, Juliet answered innocently, that I had already promised to marry you.

My little dove! and Harry Avenel's dark face brightened into sunshine once again.

And you were right, for May and November were never yet happy. My uncle is an old fool; and yet I can't blame him, Juliet, when I look at your sweet face.

The countenance of Mr. Avenel was somewhat confused when he met his nephew at the breakfast table the next morning, but further, there was no sign of the discomfort he had undergone. He gave Juliet an exquisite set of wedding pearls when she was married, and congratulated Harry in a very cordial fashion.

But he never proposed to Mrs. Hawkhurst, and as she had never expected anything of the sort no harm was done.

And everything goes on at Avenel place just precisely as it ought to do.

Mr. Avenel keeps his house-keeper, and Harry has found a wife.

A VETERAN STEAMER.—The oldest steamer in the world has been presented by her owners to the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce. The vessel is named the Industry, is sixty-four tons register, and was launched from the building yard of Messrs. John and Wm. Fife, of Paisley on the Clyde, in 1814. She was the seventh steamer built on that river. Later she has lain sunk in the East India Harbour at Greenock; but a few weeks ago she was floated and beached, to be caulked thereafter, to proceed to Glasgow, where she will be preserved as a memento of the early days of steam navigation.

THE PACIFIC ENQUIRY.—It is stated that Mr. Cameron, Chairman of the Committee on this subject, has written to each of the members, asking them if they would accept of a Royal Commission instead of the present Parliamentary order. This is done on account of the English Law Officers deciding that the committee have no power to examine the witness on oath, notwithstanding the act recently passed, and which, it appears, had been disallowed.

In the gold valued at \$150,000,000 which is being gradually melted and coined in Germany, there are 193,194 ounces of American eagles and 273,150 ounces of gold Napoleons. The American eagles were obtained in England.

John Peterson, who is to be hanged in Georgia this month, has, since his sentence, fallen heir to a fortune of thirty thousand dollars.

London Photographers charge only thirty-five cents a dozen. All handsome ones, too.

The Emperor of Morocco has eighty children so far, so fat.