

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

VARII SUMENDUX EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Vol 31

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1864.

No 10.

POETRY.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our gracious Queen;
God save the Queen;
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Let peace her throne attend,
From all her foes defend
Our gracious Queen;
Her heart to good incline,
And cause thy grace divine
In all her life to shine,
God save the Queen.

Do then her steps direct,
Watch over and protect
Our gracious Queen;
Shed o'er her hour a ray
Of wisdom's glorious day,
Loved be Victoria's sway,
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign;
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

(Suggested by Request.)

ROYAL KINDNESS.

[The following verses were written in a school at two sittings of three hours each, in the presence of visitors, by Martha Reid, a girl of 13 years of age, attending the Free South Church School, Aberdeen, after reading from a newspaper an account of her Majesty's visit to the Duke of Athol.]

Gentle, sorrow-stricken lady,
Bending 'neath affliction's weight,
Little comfort to thy spirit
Is thy throne, thy crown, thy state.

Greatest of the earthly great ones,
Many are who envy thee,
Thoughtless of the sorrow hidden
In that breast so calm to see.

All thy joys, thy hopes, thy comforts,
Faded now and withered lie,
Though, perchance, fond memory often
Brings them to thy spirit's eye.

But thou hast been taught a lesson
By the loss of one so dear,
How to comfort the afflicted,
How to dry the falling tear.

Was it this that turned thy footsteps
To Blair Castle's grey old towers,
Where, amid the autumn sunshines,
Like a dark cloud sorrow lowers?

And the Duke's own Highland glories
Lined the road at his command,
Killed all and tartan-plaided,
Every one with drink in hand.

Then the gracious royal lady
Kiss'd the mourner on the cheek,
Who, overcome by her emotions,
Wept the thanks she could not speak.

O my sister in affliction!
Let the sorrow deep and great
That our God has hid upon us,
Break the idle rules of state.

So no cordial shout of welcome
Met them from the assembled crowd;
With uncovered heads the people
In expressive silence bowed.

On the fields where, ripe for harvest,
Waited for the reapers' hand,
Many a look of pleasure round her
Cast the Queen of all the land.

In these grand old rugged mountains,
With their heath-clad hills we see
Not old Scotia's mountains only,
But her towers of liberty.

Farewell's over; still she lingers
But one moment, then she goes,
And the aged Duke's left standing
Gazing on his youthful son.

[From the Cornhill Magazine.]

EVELEEN O'CONNOR.

It was during a little tour that I made in Ireland, when following in the wake of her Majesty Queen Victoria, in her first progress through that most famous island, that I one day found myself standing in a rather desolate state at the large window of a very decayed inn, in a dull, remote country town. Except the thickness of the dust that lay on the table, there was no object in the room to engage attention or curiosity, but while I stood wearily looking out of the window I beheld one that instantly excited both. It was the figure of a woman far removed from the bloom of youth, but still by no means old, who stood just before in an attitude, one might imagine designed for effect, but

with an expression of face art could scarcely assume.

Her arms were crossed over the breast in such a way as to bring each hand to rest on the opposite shoulder; they were not the ruddy hands of a country damsel, but pale, thin, almost bloodless in aspect. A mantle that had once been scarlet hung loosely round a tall, wasted figure; the face was quite colorless, and seemed immovable as marble, but the large dark eyes were full of the most singular and melancholy light; they were upturned to the window, and fastened on me with a fixed and sorrowful gaze.

In answer to what I supposed to be a silent supplication, I threw a sixpence into the street; it fell at the woman's feet, but she never noticed it, nor withdrew the mournful eyes from my face; their silently beseeching expression was unaltered; while standing thus she burst into a strain of song of the strangest and wildest description. No words were distinguishable; it was a wild and plaintive melody that seemed to flow from the soul of sorrow.

Before I ceased, the man denominated waiter came into the room.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"A poor creature every one is good to.—God help her!"

"I threw down a sixpence, but she did not notice it."

"Nor won't. She only takes food."

"Indeed! Pray then bring her in, and give her this," nodding my head to the luncheon I could not eat.

He brought her into the room. She held out a poor, checked apron, and received the food in silence; looking at me, she made the sign of the cross on her breast, and went away without uttering a word.

"Is she mad?" was my inquiry.

"She is not right in herself," the waiter replied, slightly correcting my expression.

"Has she no friends?"

"Every one is friends to her, poor girl."

"But no relatives,—no one to take care of her?"

"Ah! sure God takes care of her, when He took away the creature's reason. She comes from the other side of the mountain, and they say she comes of decent people—great people entirely they were in the old times, before Henry II. or Cromwell came over here. But her father's people got into trouble ten or fifteen years ago, about a boy that was killed up there by the side of the mountain. There was an old man that used to go about with her in my time, that is five years ago come Candlemas, when I came to this place, and they said he was her father. He was a pilgrim, and only took food or a night's lodging. He had 'made his soul,' good man, whatever had gone agin him, and one day he was found lying dead under a hedge, and she, poor innocent, sitting beside him, not crying nor screaming, but just as quiet as if she were watching an infant asleep in its cradle."

"How very odd."

"True for you, ma'am. But if you please, the car is waiting, and it's myself forgot to tell you."

I forthwith mounted the said car, and holding on as well as I could, contrived to reach the house where I was to be a visitor, and where, having described the apparition that had interested me so much at the inn, I was told the history I now record.

Eveleen O'Connor was the daughter of a farmer who, in England, might be said to be well to do in the world, but who in Ireland derived more importance among his neighbours from the honor of his traditional ancestry than from the number of acres he was able to farm.

Brian O'Connor, on the authority of his family tradition, and in the pedantic language of the hedge-schoolmaster, could boast of being descended in a direct and mathematically straight line from the ancient kings of Ireland; his claim was considered too clear to be disputed; he was an O'Connor, and, therefore, a descendant of the famous Roderick O'Connor, who, in Brian's most eloquent phraseology, "was the renowned and unfortunate king of a renowned and unfortunate land." His hereditary pride was, however, chiefly displayed in the harmless garrulity of a good-hearted old man; in his only son, who, after his illustrious ancestor, was named Roderick, though always called Rory, pride assumed a darker character, because it was allied to a disagreeable and even repulsive disposition—a character scarcely comprehensible to the plain and plodding English farmer who might possess ten times his wealth.

Brian was a widower; he had remained so from the time when his youngest child—a girl—some years younger than her brother—had been born. The neighbors said "I dotted down on Eveleen, who took more after him than dark Rory did, and had a one bit more pride nor stiffness than if she had come from nobody and wasn't to have a fortune;" for Eveleen grew up to be eighteen years of

age, and was gay, handsome, happy, and wilful.

His sister's demeanor was often a sore grievance to Rory; she shrunk from his dark looks when he reproved her, and if she saw he was really angry; but when she could venture to do so, she teased her handsome head defiantly, laughed at his warning, and repeated the conduct that gave him displeasure, winning her own way or taking it, and showing no more conceit or haughtiness at wake or wedding, rustic dance or evening walk, than any country beauty might do, independently of pride, of pedigree or portion.

Eveleen O'Connor was the natural product of her country; open-hearted, impulsive and thoughtless; entering heartily into all projects of enjoyment with utter recklessness of future consequences, yet full also of deep passionate feeling, and keenly sensitive to what others thought of her. She was believed to have had a first-rate education; she could read, sprig that she had worked something like a dog in words that was framed and hung up in the parlour, or "room," as that seldom-used apartment of an Irish farmhouse is commonly called; and which, in addition to that ornament, boasted a boarded floor and a mahogany table, while the deep window seat held the whole family library, consisting of four smoked brown volumes of a fabulous history of Ireland, I believe, before the Flood, and having the pages relating to King Roderick much worn by frequent and very laborious perusal.

One Sunday dark Rory came in to dinner with a countenance still darker than usual; the thundercloud soon burst. He was furious at having heard that his sister had been seen walking with Jim Delaney; "a fellow she ought to scorn to look at the same side of the way with, and whom she had been so often warned to drop."

Eveleen did not now toss her head or scoff at her brother's queer notions. She coloured, and then grew pale; shrank from his angry and searching gaze, and looked to her father as if for help. The timid old man, always anxious to conciliate the exasperated pair, began a sort of exhortation with the words—

"There now, alanna, have done, will ye? It can't be helped now. You won't be after doing so again, Eveleen astore; don't now agin."

"You won't go for to side with Rory, against me, father dear?" cried the girl in a voice of supplication that came from the heart. Its tone was enough for Rory; he threw back his chair, and stopping a moment before he left the room he swore a deep and deliberate oath to be the death of Delaney if ever his sister demeaned herself by thinking of him.

Eveleen knew well what thinking of him meant; she knew she was thinking of him just in the way her brother wanted her not to think; the dish she held fell from her hands on the floor, and he, looking at her white face, added, as an additional warning, a fresh asseveration of his horrid vow, and set off to the next market town, where he intended to stay that night. An hour or so afterwards Eveleen walked out to a hazel grove near the house, leaving her father asleep in his large chair. It was a shady, pleasant place; the boughs formed a canopy of overhanging brushwood, wild flowers and short, shiny grass. There the young folks of the neighborhood often met; but the hour was too early for such meetings, and the girl's heart was too heavy for their mirth.

Ever the first time in her young life the heart of Eveleen O'Connor was heavy; full to oppression with an undefined sadness.—The shadow of a coming sorrow was upon her. She raised her arm to pull down a branch of hazelnuts, unconscious that she did so, for she was thinking of something quite unlike nut-gathering; yet still she tried and tried again to lower the bough that was too strong for her. An arm was stretched over her head; the bough was swept down to the ground. Her head was then turned and her black, tearful eyes fell before the bright and honest ones that laughingly met them.

Fears in those of the gay and admired Eveleen as one remembered to have seen; and the answer, "Not much, Jim," made to Delaney's anxious inquiry as to what had happened, did not satisfy the inquirer. The truth was soon found out, and the cause of the unusual tears discovered. Thus, as a few words often led to a great many, the three already quoted led finally to a declaration from Jim Delaney that Eveleen O'Connor might indeed get a richer husband, but none that could love her better; and these words again led to the declaration on her part that she would take no other husband than poor Jim.

Eveleen's love was not misplaced, barring, as the Irish say, the fact that it was contrary to the wishes of the family; but her brother had no right to oppose it, and her father was only grieved by him. Delaney was a young man of whom every one spoke well,

every one but Rory O'Connor would say he was a clever, proper boy, who meant a well-grown, handsome, unmarried man. He was true-hearted, intelligent and good. All the objections even Rory could entertain against him were three—he was come of nobody, he had no money, yet he was a greater favorite than the descendant of the kings of Ireland, and the heir of a little sum of money in the county bank.

Neither Eveleen nor her lover were much given to consideration or exhortation; caution and reserve are not Irish qualities, and certainly appear very disagreeably in an Irish character. Our story might have been a different one, or rather might not have had an existence, if they had formed any part of those of the young couple who passionately and hastily arranged their destiny beneath the shadow of the hazel grove.

Not many hours afterwards, Eveleen was some miles distant from her home; they were both in Sunday dress, and quite ready for the priest, who was the bridegroom's relation to make them one for life.

If there are no people who more naturally act on what is termed the impulse of the moment, there are also none who in general more keenly and deeply suffer the penalty that often arises from allowing feeling to conquer judgment. Eveleen O'Connor was possessed of all the keen, passionate, yet variable feelings of her country. No sooner was the step taken which her brother had so terribly denounced than a dread of its results to him she so truly loved seized upon her heart and caused her to implore him not to return home with her as they had originally agreed should be the case. The loving bridegroom readily yielded to such a solicitation, and instead of taking her back as soon as the ceremony was performed, and asking forgiveness for a runaway marriage, he brought the trembling bride to an old house on the hill side, of which he kept the key, while the owners, who sometimes worked with him, were on what is called "the tramp."

It was a miserable sort of place in which to celebrate the wedding of a young handsome, and hitherto happy couple. But love was there, and the gloom of inward fear or outward wretchedness was brightened when Eveleen looked on the happy, joyful smiling husband, who built up a pile of turf on the wide grateless hearth, placed her in an old chair beside it and declared himself to be as happy as a king.

"It is a poor place to bring you to, ma'voorn," he said, "but sure with the morning's light we will be off, and it's myself will be proud to take you back in honor and happiness, to the people that owned you."

Eveleen shivered—not at the thought of remaining, but of going—to stay in that poor house with Jim Delaney was all she wished—all the rest of the world might be a blank; within those four clay walls was all to which her heart clung now in its wild and passionate devotion; and she shivered, not at the thought of remaining days, months, years with him in such an abode as that, but at the prospect of leaving it to expose him to her brother's fury. Still when she met his beaming eyes, and looked at his honest face, she smiled, and got over her fears and helped him to spread on the bare table the provisions he had carefully brought, and they made their marriage feast by the light of the blazing turf, and tasted, it may be believed, all the sweetness that a dinner of herbs, where love is, can be supposed to yield.

The morning's light, however, did not find them at all more ready to take their departure. Eveleen trembled at the prospect of meeting Rory O'Connor, and used that tender yet impassioned persuasiveness which Irishwomen can employ, as well, at least, as any others, to induce her husband to remain where he was. The light of her eyes, the pulse of her heart, and whatever else Jim Delaney was to her, did not, indeed, require so much tender extorty. He really did not feel in any haste to encounter "dark Rory," but still, when he laid her head on his breast and soothed her like a child, he would say,

"Hush, ma'voorn, astore, both! and never fear that any one can harm us now.—No, ma'voorn, you are my own now, and since I have you safe, Rory may keep the money, and leave me all I wanted, and that's your own self, scushla macree."

Yet the wedded lovers stayed all that day in the old house. The rain fell, and Eveleen was glad to see it; the wind swept down the hill, and she started and trembled each time it shook the crazy door. Jim Delaney piled the turf on the hearth, drew out the white ashes, and told their fortunes in them. Evening was drawing on, the day had been dark and dreary, and the light without the house was fading away; the blaze of the turf danced in the small window pane, the young couple forgot their care, smiling at each other, while the husband, with a piece of old iron drawing out the turf ashes on the hearth, told the most wonderful fortunes he

could invent for himself, his wife, and perhaps for a generation yet to come. Eveleen had nearly upset the rickety stool he sat on by a vigorous push, intended to interrupt the flow of his predictions, when she grasped the arm she had pushed away, with the utterance of the Irish word "Whist!" All her warm young blood left the glowing cheek, and ran curdling to the heart. A heavy trampling step was heard coming quickly on before the lonely house; a shadow fell over them as a figure passed the lighted-up window; a hasty blow drove in the half-shattered door.

Delaney threw himself before his bride, believing the object was to take her from him. He cried out, "She is my wife; we were married!"

They were the last words he ever spoke; a shot fired by his wife's brother laid him dead at her feet. Rory O'Connor dropped the musket from his hand, lifted up the girl, who lay almost as lifeless on the bloody body of her husband of a day, and, carrying her out, placed her on the car that waited for them, and brought her back to her father's house.

The circumstances we relate are not so strange in reality as they appear when read in a story; many a wilder one, however, has often been known in the country of poor Eveleen O'Connor.

With the recklessness so often remarkable in persons who have just forfeited their lives to the law, dark Rory not only returned to his home after this deliberate murder, but, apparently satisfied with the vengeance he had taken, was insensible to the penalty he had incurred. It was only when he was warned that the "polls were out" that he began to think about it, and he was taken prisoner before he attempted flight.

At the request of the unfortunate Jim Delaney, his wife's brother was charged with the murder. The prisoner maintained the same stolid, repulsive pride and stubbornness that had earned for him the appellation of "dark."

This apparent indifference only at the moment gave way. At that moment his dark eyes flashed a vivid light; he clenched his hands; his limbs shook, not with fear, but with passion. His sister, the wretched young widow, a wife for less than twenty-four hours, was brought in as a witness.—That she would be an incompetent one was almost evident. She was deadly pale, with the exception of one deep red spot high up on one cheek, that burned as if with hectic fever. At the first question put to her, she stared, dark, and once more eyes that had stolen poor Jim Delaney's heart away, wandered, with a helpless, pitiable expression, from face to face, till they rested for a second on that of the prisoner, when a shiver shook her whole frame, but her lips were silent.

Seeing her state both of bodily and mental illness, it was resolved to put to her only one leading and decisive question. So they said.—"You were at Ballymack on the evening of the murder. Who fired the shot that killed James Delaney?"

"Who killed James Delaney?" said the unhappy girl, as if repeating the words to herself. "Who killed James Delaney?" she reiterated more slowly, and looking round to the coroner, the jury, and all before her, as if making the inquiry herself; then bringing round those wandering eyes to the prisoner scowling at her, she repeated them once more, and stretching out her arms towards him, she cried with an exceedingly bitter cry, "Who? oh! Rory, Rory, you killed James Delaney!" She dropped down while that cry yet made the ears that heard it tingle, and unconscious of what she had done, she was carried back to her father's house.

And there she lay, and knew nothing more. The words she had repeated seemed to have set fire to her brain; and yet, while she lay raving on her bed, her ravings were not of the frightful scenes in which she had lately been.

Persons who know what it is to have gone through the delirium of fever, induced by some mental shock of violent agitation, may recollect, as the writer of this story does, the peculiar sensation of gradually awakening, as it were, to the recovered power of perception; to a feeble sense of existence when the mind only seemed to be slowly awakening, and the pains or languor of the body were as yet unmet. Such a state may almost appear to resemble what we may fancy an arising from the dead to be. There is a faint striving again to live, a wondering, an oblivion of what we are, or where we are.

It was the evening hour, and the scene was the end of Autumn, when Eveleen lay in that state of semi-consciousness. All was deep quietness; the mournful song of the robin, "The last home songster of the falling year," perched on the topmost bough of the brown-leaved tree outside her window, was the only sound that broke the stillness, and its song was in unison with the gather-

[Conclusion on fourth page.]