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Oh Katie! art thou gone.

Oh Katie! art thou gone,
Nearer more must I behold thee?
And must I never again
To my now sad bosom fold thee?

Oh Katie! thou wert bright,
And faded quickly in thy brightness!
Thy soul was pure and white—
Viel with the angels' robes in whiteness.

O Katie! look again;
Dost thou see thy father's sorrow?
Can mortal anguish throw
A gloom around thy heavenly-morrow?

Or is this heaven a dream?
And like a vision thou hast faded?
Or is it as the light
By a passing cloud is shaded?

O Katie! since thy death,
Peace and joy from life are banished;
Thou'st worn too pure for earth,
And like a summer cloud has vanished!

Oh Katie! to my soul
Life is faded, dark, and dreary!
The time which I must pass
Ere I reach thee—oh, how weary!

Oh, Dear Me!
The cows in the farm-yard know me,
Dapple, and Dull, and Dug;
And when at the garden gate I stand,
To greet me the watch dogs run.

Everything knows you here," said he;
And I knew his meaning—oh dear me!

He is tall, this sturdy farmer;
His hair is black-and-brown,
Freckled with gold in the sunlight,
And I've never seen him frown.

"I'm sure to be kind to my wife," said he;
I know why he said it—oh, dear me!

Does any man live forever?
Does any man have time
To keep wedding bells a-ringing
Through with the same sweet chime?

Do poets live up to their dreams that you see
Better than farmers?—oh, dear me!

THE MANIC'S MATE.

[CONCLUDED.]

I actually believed she was going mad, and the thought filled me with unexpected terror.

No, dear, she said; it's too late now! My fate is sealed! But I will lie down for a while and sleep.

I assisted her in disrobing and putting on her night-garments; and then she went through her usual devotions, and closed into the high, old-fashioned bed.

I looked back the heavy curtain, and sat down beside her, soothing her burning brow with my hand. In a little while she was asleep, her breath coming in short quivering gasps, like a grievous child.

My solitude for her was sufficient to keep me awake; but something else affected me—something that I could not find a kind of dread or apprehension.

I went back to the fire-place, and threw on a large billow of wood. It was somewhere near midnight, as well as I can remember, and without the night was growing dark and stormy. I sat there an hour, perhaps, gazing into the glowing fire and listening.

An inexplicable dread overshadowed me; a dull, sickening apprehension of some coming terror. I started to my feet in real fright, and glanced round the shadowy room with distended eyes.

There was nothing to be seen but the flickering shadows; no sound save the nibble of a mouse in the wainscot and Nora's sobbing breath. Hysterically ashamed of myself, I walked the length of the room once or twice, and then sat down in a huge arm-chair.

Listening to the dismal roar of the storm, I fell into a semi-unconsciousness—not sleep, and not positive wakefulness—which lasted, perhaps, fifteen minutes. Then, all of a sudden, I was roused, as if by an electric shock, into the most painful expectation.

Every nerve in my body tingled with intense horror, and the perspiration broke out upon my face and hands in great clammy drops. Then I became conscious of some approaching presence—of a low, rustling sound; and slowly the shadowy light, a tall figure, draped in flowing white, with long black locks streaming round a ghastly face, and eyes whose concentration

of gaze seemed to burn into my very soul. It was the ghost—her ghost! Nora had told me truly.

A strange, awful terror seemed to paralyze my very soul. I could not move—scarcely breathe; the very functions of life seemed suspended, as I sat gazing with fascinated eyes upon the terrible vision.

For a moment or two it stood still, its burning eyes fixed upon me; then, with a squeaking, gibbering cry, that curdled the blood in my veins, it walked to and fro, trailing and rustling its long robes after it.

Still I sat there, powerless to move or speak—Kathie Morris, who had boasted of my strength and courage. I saw it fitting over the carpet with a mingling noiseless tread, smiling and gibbering in a manner so awfully unearthly, that I really thought the sight would drive me mad.

Nora slept on in blissful unconsciousness; I could hear her quivering breath, and see her long tresses gleaming in the white pillow, from where I sat; still I sat there patiently watching my ghastly visitor.

Once or twice she took up the bridal robe and began to examine it. After a while she crossed over to the toilet-table, and the open casket containing the magnificent diamonds which

Leyborne had presented to Nora only a few days before, seemed to attract her attention. An alarming change came over her ghastly face; her hollow eyes flamed with anger, and her bloodless lips trembled.

She snatched them up with a terrible cry—not loud, for it did not awaken Nora—but so full of fiendish hate and pain that the bare memory of it will thrill me with unspeakable horror to my dying day.

But the cry, terrible as it was, brought me to my senses; and as she turned her glaring face towards me, I comprehended for the first time the truth of my position. I was not in the presence of a ghost—an apparition, as I had fondly believed at first—but of a maniac.

In an instant, after the truth had flashed upon me, my old courage and somewhat reckless daring revived. With my eyes fixed upon the strange being, which she might be, I sat perfectly motionless, determined to watch and wait her actions.

After having scented the diamonds in her bosom, her angry eyes turned from me to the couch where Nora slept; and with a slow and cautious movement she drew a long, gleaming, double-edged knife from beneath the folds of her robe, and sitting down in the centre of the bridal chamber, took off her slipper, and began to sharpen the edge on its sole, laughing and gibbering, and nodding her head from side to side, with a kind of fiendish enjoyment.

From her actions I felt certain that she meditated the murder of Nora, and that she was in some way connected with Rupert Leyborne.

What to do, that was the puzzle. If I moved, she might attack me and overpower me, and then all would be over with Nora. If I shrieked for help, she might accomplish her dreadful work before it could reach me. I could do nothing but sit there and watch her.

Slowly, oh how slowly, the moments crept by! Nora slept on—the storm raved without, and the maniac whetted her gleaming knife. At last she rose, and began to cross the room in the direction of Nora's couch, with a stealthy, snake-like tread, the glittering weapon firmly grasped in her right hand.

Another moment, and the keen blade would be plunged into that fair, unconscious bosom. She had almost crossed the room, her eyes were fixed upon the sleeping girl, and the deadly blade was uplifted to strike. I threw myself by the hands, but she was too quick for me.

Eluding my grasp, she darted into the adjoining dressing-room with an angry cry.

I knew that there was not a moment to lose, and I caught the door by its ivory knob, and jerked it swiftly together. But it locked on the inner side, and I could do nothing but hold it together with what strength I could command.

And what was my strength in comparison with hers? I felt her seize it from the inner side, and jerk it back with a force that well-nigh drew the polished knob from my hands.

But I fell upon my knees, holding on with all my might, and at the same time calling for help, with all the power of voice I could command.

My cries awakened Nora; and she sprang from the bed and rushed to my side, with eager questions. I explained as much to her as I could, and entreated her to aid me in holding the door together as the only means of saving her life.

She tried, trembling and faint with terror, but her dimpled hands slipped off powerless. I felt the very knob passing slowly but surely from my frantic grasp, and knew that in another moment the maniac-woman's superior strength would overcome me; and I called for help with frantic despair.

Suspense is a dreadful thing. I realized it is full meaning during these few moments—hours they seem—dashed as the ivory knob slipped through my hands, and the door of the dressing-room swung open, revealing the ghastly vision with her murderous weapon uplifted.

At the sight of Nora, who stood just behind me, struck dumb and immovable with

surprise and fear, she uttered a hideous cry and bounded forward. I threw myself before her; but she hurled me aside as if I had been a child; and seizing Nora by the arm, raised the knife to strike.

Another instant, and its keen blade would have been buried in her white bosom; but simultaneously with her swift movement, Geoffrey Mordaunt rushed in just in time to hold and stay the uplifted hand.

After that, there followed a scene of indescribable confusion and consternation. The guests ran shrieking up and down the long passages, the servants crowded in with staring eyes and eager questions; and Nora was borne out, white as a lily, to another chamber.

Then Mr. Wrayford came, and with him Rupert Leyborne and our old uncle. In the centre of the chamber, with the gorgeous and flashing jewels scattered round her, sat the poor maniac, bound like a culprit. Rupert started back, and grew deadly white as his eyes fell upon her; and the old man tottered forward with a sharp cry.

Annabel, he said—Annabel come back from her grave! Is it her ghost? What does it mean, Kathie?

I came forward with a brief explanation of all that had taken place. The old man turned towards his son with a stern countenance.

How is this, Rupert? he demanded, sternly.

But Rupert made no answer, and was turning to leave the room, when Nora's father caught him by the shoulder.

Expel her, sir! he said, hoarsely, his face black with passion, who and what is that woman?

The poor creature looked up, with a lucid gleam in her eyes.

I'm his wife, she said, pitifully; he married me, and I do love him; and then he shut me up in a dark room—till I went mad. And my diamonds, she went on, taking the gems from her bosom, that I wore on my wedding day—he gave them to her; and he wanted to marry her—but he shut me! I'll kill her!

The word "kill" came back to her eyes, and she struggled to free herself and regain her weapon.

Mr. Wrayford turned towards his intended son-in-law with a terrible frown upon his brow.

Is this true, sir? he said sternly; is that woman a wife of yours?

Rupert said nothing, but his old father answered for him.

Yes, he said, tears coursing down his cheeks, he is his wife—his own lawful wife; but I thought she was dead years ago—she told me she was—or I would never have consented to this marrying this pretty child, Rupert, Rupert, you've done a great wrong to your poor crazed wife; but thank heaven, Nora is saved; this dreadful secret has not come out too late.

Rupert turned away with a smothered oath, and stood down the stairs at once.

Then the whole story must perforce be told to quiet the curious guests. It was short and simple. Rupert Leyborne had married early in life, and injudiciously—married a beautiful but ignorant girl, of whom he got tired almost before the honeymoon was over. His cruel and fickle nature turned her weak brain; and then, plying out that she was dead, he imprisoned her in a remote wing of the Hall, and made up his mind to marry his beautiful and wealthy cousin.

The news of the wedding preparation coming to the poor creature's ear her womanly jealousy was roused; and, with a maniac's cunning, she sought to avenge herself upon her beautiful rival.

Mr. Wrayford ended with the dreadful story, and turned towards the young clerk with a white face.

And, sir, he asked; who bade you to the wedding?

I felt, well unbidden, sir, because I loved your daughter, and wished to save her.

But did you know she was in danger? Any woman about to be forcibly married to a man she cannot love is in danger, sir.

Mr. Wrayford winced, beneath his calm glance and truthful words; and just at that juncture I beset him from the room. On a sofa in an adjoining apartment Nora lay, as white as her mother's night robes, and, to all appearance, lifeless.

See there, sir I said pointing to her still face, what your unrelenting cruelty has brought her to! I'm afraid the maniac's knife was not needed to end her hopeless life.

He fell on his knees beside her, and raised her slight form to his bosom.

Nora, Nora! he murmured, only wake up and speak to me, and I'll never be cruel again; you shall have it all your own way, darling!

And, as if his promise called back life to her fluttering pulses, Nora opened her blue eyes and smiled.

Oh, such a dream! she murmured; such a dreadful dream as I have had! But, thank heaven, it is over!

The next morning we were going back to our dear London home. Making my early toilette, I went to the mirror to brush out my hair, and lo! it was thickly streaked with silver! My night of terror had left its traces behind it!

Look here, Nora! I said, holding up my locks for inspection. I am an old maid, in truth!

An! foolish thing, she, actually sat down and cried about it.

We returned to town that day. In a few weeks Nora had her roses and her sunny smiles back again; and one morning in early spring time, when the primroses and snowdrops were in bloom, we had a wedding, and a real, old-fashioned, happy one.

And who do you think the happy couple were? Why, our silly little Nora and her deliverer, Geoffrey Mordaunt.

Mr. Wrayford, the following week, took Geoffrey into his business as a junior partner. I am an old maid still, and I wear my white locks under a muslin cap now. But I am wholly content, and as happy, perhaps, as if I had a husband to please. I live with Geoffrey and Nora, and get their little responsibilities; and when they gather round me, clamouring with uplifted rosy faces for a story, I invariably get up some new version of that terrible night in Leyborne Hall.

For the Standard.

MR. EDITOR: Sir, it is well known to all my friends that I am an old widower. I must now inform them further, that this situation in life has fallen to me rather by accident than from choice; for though the confession can hardly fail to excite laughter, I frankly acknowledge, that there is nothing I so much regret as the many favourable opportunities which I have enjoyed to escape me of entering into matrimony, "the second time," which every natural and uncontaminated bias of the human soul bears testimony to, as the one our all-wise Creator has ordained for the mutual happiness of creatures.

Never does that day dawn in the east, shedding light and gladness over the universe, nor that night wrap the world in darkness and silence, on which I do not sigh for the want of a kind and beloved friend, whom I might love, trust, and cherish, in every circumstance and situation of life; to whom I might impart every wish and weakness of my heart, and receive hers in return; to whom I might share her griefs, and weep with her over her own or the misfortunes of others, or the general depravity of human nature; kneel with her at the same footstool of infinite grace, and jointly implore forgiveness for our frailties and failings, and a blessing on our honest endeavours at fulfilling the duties of our station.

But as the case now stands with me, I find myself to be an insignificant, selfish creature, unconnected to the world by any ties that can tend to endure it to me, further than the sordid love of life or the enjoyment of some sensual gratification. I am placed, as it were, alone in the midst of my species, or rather, like a rat surrounded by a family of cats, to whose joys I bear witness without being able to partake with them, and where no person cares a farthing for it, unless for his own benefit or amusement.

When lying on a bed of sickness, instead of experiencing the tender attention and indulgence which the parent or husband enjoys, I am left to languish alone, without one to bind up my aching head, or supply the cordial or cooling draught to my parched lips.

Oh, who that has ever loved in the freshness and early spring-time of life, can forget the delicious dream from which, alas, there has since been many a sad awakening. Then all was innocence and confiding tenderness. The selfishness of heart, that has since gained strength, was like a sleeping infant, and forth its hand to pluck the sweet blossoms of love, so many of which its rude fingers have since broken and scattered upon the ground.

Young love! pure love! I weep thee! There is a fragrant memory of thee lying safely hidden away, that ever and anon comes up with its thronging host of delightful emotions. The older we grow, the more do we love to recall that pleasant memory, and we live in the hope of dreaming in a green old age that sweet young dream. J. E. K.

The First British Monitor.

The "Glatton," the first monitor built for the British Navy, has just been floated out of dock at Chatham Dockyard. She was laid down in 1868, and was designed by Mr. Reed as a monitor vessel for coast defence.

In the United States navy there are many vessels similar to the "Glatton," in spite of certain differences; and in authorizing the construction of this vessel the Government was actuated by the pressure of public opinion, which before 1868 had expressed itself loudly against the tardy efforts of the Admiralty to give the country turret ships of the monitor type. No the "Glatton" which is the first monitor belonging to the British navy, is the forerunner of a number of similar vessels which are in various stages of completion at the Royal and at private dockyards.

Her length is 245 feet, breadth 54 feet, and draught of water 19 feet. She has a burd of 2,700 tons, and a nominal horse power of 500 horses. She is, therefore, a decidedly small vessel when compared with other powerful monitors, for the "Monarch," "Hercules," and "Sultan" have each a tonnage of more than

5,000 tons. The "Glatton" only bears on turret for the working of 25-ton 600-pound guns, of which her armament will consist. This turret is plated with 14 inches of iron, and is 12 inches thick in its most exposed parts, and 12 inches elsewhere, the whole being attached to a wood backing of 15 inches, and an inner skin plating of five right angles of an inch thick. In diameter it is 30 feet, and is similar to the "Cresset" and "Monarch." But this even will not allow too much room for the free use of the guns. The turret is movable, and, on that account, has a point of weakness in its base or junction with the deck. To guard against its being jammed in action by a shell, and so rendered useless, Mr. Reed has added a novel protection in the shape of a breast-work, which rises up 6 feet 6 inches on each side of the vessel from the upper deck, and increases the trest board on each side of the turret to about 10 feet. This breastwork materially detracts from the lightness of the vessel and from her speed; but it is a very material protection to her most vital parts; it is plated with 12 inches of iron fastened to 15 inches of wood. Another point of importance is that, while the upper decks of iron-clads have never, as a rule, been covered with more than an inch of iron plating, the upper deck of the "Glatton" will be protected by three-inch iron. Thus, in every conceivable way it has been sought to add to the defensive powers of this vessel, whose chief importance lies, of course, in her power of attack.

Are Great Talkers Deep Thinkers.

Persons who talk do not always think most. I question whether persons who think most—that is, have most conscious thought, passing through their minds—necessarily do most work. "He says nothing in a tree, Jack, it will be growing when you are sleeping." So with every new idea that is planted in a man's mind. It will be growing when he is sleeping. An idea in the brain is not a legend carved on a marble slab; it is an impression made on a living tissue which is the seat of active nutritive processes. Shall the initials I carved in bark grow from year to year with the tree? and shall not my recorded thoughts grow to new forms and relations with my growing brain? Daniel Webster told one of the greatest scholars that he had to change the size of his hat every four years.

His head was growing larger as his intellect expanded. Illustrations of this same fact were shown me by a famous phrenologist in London. But organic mental changes may take place in shorter space of time. A single night of sleep has often brought a sober second thought, which was a surprise, to a hasty conclusion of the day before.—[O. W. Holmes.]

The Disasters of France Prophesied.

The following prophecy of St. Cyprian, Bishop of Arles, in the 542, predicting the past and present misfortune of Paris and France, has been singularly verified. It is contained in his book entitled "Liber Mirabilis," printed in Gothic characters, and deposited in the Royal Library, Paris. The admission of the kingdom of France still in so divided that they shall leave it without food.

The hand of God shall extend itself over them and over all the rich; all the nobles shall be deprived of their estates and dignity; a division shall spring up in the church of God, and there shall be two hands, the one true and the other adulterous. The legitimate husband shall be put to flight; there shall be great carnage, and as great a profusion of blood as in the days of the Gentile world. The ruin and the destruction of a most celebrated city—the capital and mistress of France. The altars of the temple shall be destroyed, the holy virgins outraged, shall fly from their seats and the whole church shall be stripped of her temporal goods; but at length the black eagle and the lion shall appear hovering from afar countries. Misery to thee, O city of philosophy! Thou shalt be subjected; a captive, humbled even to confusion, shall at last recover her crown and destroy the children of Brutus.

A lady in London somehow got the idea into her head that the devil was in her, and went to the cupboard and hung herself. If some go to hanging themselves for a little thing like that, they are going to be mighty scarce, that's all.

It may surprise some readers to know that the elder, so popular as a house and garden plant, is extremely poisonous. An Ohio doctor writes that he was recently called to attend a child who had eaten some small fragments of an elder bush that had been cut off. The symptoms were sudden and violent, and the result nearly fatal.

At a California fair, recently, several bottles of strained honey were put on exhibition, when a chap put a bottle of castor-oil with the rest. The opinion of all who tried it was that the bee that laid it was a fraud.



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