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No 12

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 23, 1870.

Vol 37

For the Standard. MARCH.

Etymology of March.—March with the ancients ranked the first month of the year, it now occupies the position of third—January usurping its place. It was named in honor of Mars, the God of War and supposed father of the founder of Rome. He was renowned for his quarrelsome disposition and partiality to military affairs; he was known by his red coat and brass buttons, and was Captain of a Militia company under Jupiter. Being a GREAT BLOW he was chosen as the representative of this month, a position he fills with great gusto. Marriages were seldom solemnized during this month, as they were counted to become inharmonious and unhappy. (See Chicago papers.) Julius Caesar, Esq., was murdered on the 15th inst., by a Republican council, by the name of Brutus for voting against a bill introduced by his party to deprive Caesar of the right to compel him to black his boots, whence the term black Republican, (see New York Tribune.) Our Anglo-Saxon fathers called it Lencet month, that is Lent or Spring month. Welshmen and Irishmen vie with each other in celebrating their patron Saint's days, which occur, the former on the first, the latter on the seventeenth.

MISCELLANEA.—What is meant by the MEAN temperature of the month, is the continuance of easterly winds the merest prevalent on this continent. Referring to the almanac you will find that the Moon (not being a Good Templar does not smell of cloves) had her first Quart on the 10th and will continue smiling till the 21st, when she has last Quart and disappears.

CHEAP HYGIENIC.—A simple way to detect moisture on the surface of the Earth is to wear boots with holes in the soles, and calculate according to the degree of Rheumatism in which you will rise. People with delicate lungs will find an unending exposure to the cold winds of infinite service in bringing about a termination of their complaint. Snow drops may be expected, and on frosty days roles may be dressed with saucers followed by dandies. Sleighing may be expected, and if five gentlemen can avail themselves of the opportunity, to take out the ladies.

ARCHITECTURAL EMBELLISHMENTS.—We understand from the "St. Clair Courier," that a barn is being erected by a Mr. Chisholm, no doubt this valuable information will be copied by the "Scientific American."

"St. Clair Courier" please take notice, that the Clans are in season, and your anxiety relative to the schooner which grounded on the flats has not caused a RUN ON THE BANK—Clan Banks not being as unstable an institution as the Bank upon river, and resembling it only from the fact of both being LOW WATER MARK.

It is confidently hoped that the Legislature will make this MARCH in the right direction by settling the Railroad question.

What will be said to a prominent Railroad Official?—Quick march.

March of Intellect—Success of the Railroad Committee.

Stealing a march—Closing the Railroad!

More anon from yours, MEXICOR.

[From the School-Teacher.]

MR. EDITOR.—In your paper of the 16th Feb., I notice a paragraph which reflects upon my moral character, which accuses me of having shot at Andrew Dougherty and wounded him. This is a serious charge, and one which demands a contradiction, if nothing further, from me. I will be brief in my reply, and feel that you are desirous to do justice to all, by stating the following, which I can substantiate in Court.

Andrew Dougherty was in St. Andrews on the 8th Feb., with a load of Hay. After selling it, he went to a spirit store and bought a bottle of liquor; while on his return to his home, he in some way fell against a sharp sled stake, which passed through the skin of his neck; he was so ashamed of it, that to excuse himself he stated that I had fired at him with a revolver.

A few days afterwards he went to S. H. Whitlock, J. P., and made oath that while on his way home, he came up with me, and after passing a short distance, he heard a pistol shot, and putting up his hand to his face he felt as if he was pricked by a needle, and saw blood; he then heard another shot, and heard the bullet whip by his head. He also stated that Mrs. Arvin said when the last shot was fired, "he was fixed now." Mrs. Dougherty stated, under oath, that she took two bullets out of his neck, three days after he was shot. Is it to be believed that any one could take bullets out of the neck of a man who was wounded by falling on a sled stake?

He requested a warrant to take me, which the J. P. issued; but early next morning, Dougherty went to the Justice's house and ordered him to withdraw the charge, and not issue the warrant.

Dougherty did not leave St. Andrews until 3 o'clock p. m., and I was at my own house before 6 p. m., a distance of nearly 11 miles from St. Andrews. He had 8 miles to come to the place he stated that he was shot—with the sled stake.

I have not seen Dougherty for the last two months, and I dare him to prove his villainous charge in any court. I am but an humble man, working hard to support my family, and my only credit is the character I have always maintained for honesty, sobriety and industry. Hoping you will do me the justice to publish this letter, I am, Mr. Editor,

Your humble servant,
JAMES ARVIN.

[From Ballou's Monthly Magazine.]
The Haunted House at Wicklow.

BY A. L. MESERVE.

WHE I left the filthy and gloomy office of Messrs. Bate & Tear, "Attorneys and Counsellors at Law," as their legend read, and where I had acted in the capacity of clerk for the past dozen years, was for a two fold reason. The first was, my health was beginning to fail from too close application to my business, and the old doctor, who had been in our family for years, declared that I must have country air, and plenty of it, before I could hope to be better; and the other was, I wanted to pay a visit to my old friend and chum at school, Tom Jones, whom I had seen but once since I had entered the employ of Messrs. Bate & Tear. These reasons being deemed sufficient by my employers, I was granted a leave of absence for a couple of months, and throwing together a modest amount of apparel I sallied forth for the depot, and was soon whirling along towards the place of my destination.

I had learned that the train did not run near to Wicklow than half a score of miles; and I was told, on board, that I should find a conveyance at the little wayside station which would take me there, and therefore I felt somewhat disappointed, when I stepped on the dusty, unbelieved platform, to find that I was monarch of all I surveyed, there not being a road, or a human habitation in sight.

A cross road led away into what seemed to be the heart of a wilderness, but which one to take, the right or the left, was more than I could possibly conjecture. In my uncertainty and doubt, I blamed myself for not having written Tom to meet me at the station, as he would gladly have done, but then I wanted to take him by surprise. In one thing I had succeeded, and that was in surprising myself, for I had not the least idea that such a wild, wilderness looking place could be found before the end of a day's ride from the Hub.

I was just on the point of adopting that method which all lost travellers are supposed to put in practice, that of setting up a stick and bending my steps in the direction which it fell, when, much to my relief, I heard the clatter of wheels, and a loud voice, apparently addressed to the least in sight, was driving, and in a moment more a rough-looking team appeared coming down the road, and in a little time it had driven round to the platform with a flourish.

Going to Wicklow? he asked, as he took me in at a glance, and picked up the small mail-bag, which, up to this time, had been lying all unnoticed at my feet.

What of it? Anything more than a dark stain, as is usually the case where human blood is spilt upon wood?

Yes, much more. On certain nights, when the ghosts walk, and also during the day before, the dark stains upon the floor turn to a blood-red, as though blood had been but just spilt there.

That can hardly be. People who think they witness this miracle have to draw largely on their imagination, and allow their eyes to deceive them.

There is no chance for your being deceived. It is there as plain as the nose on your face. But yonder is Wicklow.

I gave Tom a genuine surprise, as I had intended to, and he was glad to see me, as I knew he would be.

One day I said to him, the thought suddenly occurring to my mind:

What is it, Tom, about that haunted house over yonder? The driver told me something about it the other day as we came along.

My friend looked grave.

I hardly know what to tell you, he said, probably the same as the driver told you. I have seen the bloodstain when it was almost as dark as ink, and then again when it was a light crimson—like fresh blood. How this should be I doubt if you can explain.

I could not. The most I could do was to say that he must be mistaken. But he would not be convinced; neither would I.

One morning Tom was called away. He was going to a town some twenty miles distant, and would not return until late in the night, perhaps not until late the next day. He invited me to go with him, but I declined. I meant to pay a visit to the haunted house.

Tom took an early start. I lingered about the house, making company for Tom's mother until nearly the middle of the forenoon. Then I took down Tom's rifle, and, with the remark that I was going out shooting for an hour or two, I left the house.

I promised to be back by noon, in season for dinner, so, in a half hour's time I stood in front of the haunted house.

There was nothing very peculiar about it to distinguish it from other old houses that had been deserted for a number of years. The front door was fastened, so I could not effect an entrance there, and I went round to the backside, in search of another entrance. Here I found one, and the door, instead of being fastened, I found standing open a foot.

I may as well confess that I paused for a moment before I went in; but I pushed open the door and entered.

I found myself in a sort of back hall, or entry, from which a door opened upon either side. One of these rooms, I reasoned, must be the kitchen, and in it I should find the traces of the terrible deed which had helped give the house its bad repute.

I turned to the left, and pushed open the door. A glance about the room showed me that it was the kitchen. So I was standing in the room where a murder had been committed, in the years that had passed.

I must confess that I did not give the surroundings more than a passing glance. My eyes, almost in spite of myself, I found were sweeping the floor, and they were not long in resting upon the blood-stain. There it was, and what was more, it was of a blood-red, as though the life fluid had been spilled there ten minutes before. After examining every room, I ventured down into the cellar. I will acknowledge that I had hesitated a moment before doing so, but I went, and there I made a discovery.

Near where the stairs descended there was an angle in the wall, and near it a cellar window, and it chanced, at this time of day, the sunlight fell through it, and rested on the earth behind the step, and there it revealed an object which at once attracted my attention. It was nothing more or less than a tin basin half full of newly-mixed red paint!

In a moment the trick was all plain to me. Ghosts would have no need of this device, but human beings might. Whenever the old stain was repainted, then some sort of a band assembled there, who, for reasons of their own, did not care to have company, or too much light thrown upon their operations; hence this device of theirs which had proved so efficacious.

A glance at my watch showed me that it was nearly twelve, and that Tom's mother would soon have dinner in readiness.

When I got back, minus game, the good woman rallied me somewhat on my want of luck; and then I told her of my visit to the haunted house, but not of the discovery I had made there. This part I kept to myself, as did I, also, the determination I had formed of spending the night there.

When at sunset I imparted this information to her, the good woman received it almost with affright, and begged me not to do it, but I answered her that my mind was fully made up on this point, and begged her not to impart my intention to any one unless it was Tom, should he return. This she promised and as soon as the sun went down I set out upon my self-imposed task.

When I arrived at the deserted house I found everything quiet, and as I had left it; and entering the kitchen I stowed myself in a small closet, opening therefrom, the door of which I left open a little way, so that I could command a view of the door by which I had entered, and also of that which led to the cellar beneath. Thus stationed, I waited, with what patience I could, for any development which might take place.

At last I heard a footfall outside the door. Instinctively I place my hand upon the revolver I carried in my pocket. Would I have occasion to use it?

The footstep sounded close, and at last was on the threshold. The door was pushed open, and a footfall sounded in the entry. Then there came another, and I was aware that two men were standing along the floor, and then scratching of a match. It given promise of burning, and then went out, and an impatient voice exclaimed:

D—n the match. Give me another, Jim, this has gone out.

The next match did its duty, and communicated its blaze to the candle, and in a little time it was burning brightly. It revealed the faces of the two men to me as I gazed upon one of them, I was no longer in doubt as to where I had heard his voice before. It was the driver of the express wagon.

Do you know whether any one has been here to-day, Sam? asked the one who had no speech.

Yes, one sure; that chap I brought over from the depot 'other day was in here this forenoon.

He here! Then he must be a detective, as we thought he was, in the first place, said the other, in evident alarm.

No I don't think he is, returned my driver. I held my breath as the two villains passed along to the cellar door, which I had left standing open, and descended the stairs leaving the kitchen in darkness.

Silently I descended, and when I reached the bottom found myself in total darkness. The light had disappeared, and the hum of voices had ceased.

What had become of them? It seemed as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

Suddenly I heard a sound above my head, others of the gang were crossing the kitchen floor towards the entrance to the cellar, and in a moment more they would be coming down upon me.

Hastily I crept beneath the stairs, knocking over the basin of paint, with one hand and dashing its contents over my hands and face. Once under the stairs there was plenty of room and I drew myself up into as small a space as possible against the wall, and with my hand upon my revolver, waited for what the next minutes would bring forth.

Tramp, tramp, above my head, sounded the footsteps, and by them I was assured that three more had entered the cellar, and were groping their way about in the darkness. Suddenly a voice exclaimed impatiently:

Why don't the boys show that light? I shall break my neck over something that may be lying about here.

Give the signal and they will show it! said another.

A sharp, short whistle cut the air like a knife, and it had not died away before a door in the wall, which had escaped my notice on my previous visit, was thrown open, and a bright light flashed out, revealing a room of considerable dimensions beyond, in which were tables and benches ranged about. The light was too brilliant to proceed from a candle, for it lighted up the cellar without, revealing the forms of the three men distinctly, and had either of them chanced to have turned their heads they must have seen me crouching beneath the stairs. But as luck would have it they did not but passed at once into the further apartment closing the door behind, leaving me in darkness more profound than before.

Thrice was this repeated, and I had seen ten men enter the secret chamber. Then came a long interval, which convinced me, at last, that they had all arrived who would be there that night. I reflected upon what should be my next move.

To attempt to pry any further into their mysteries that night, I thought would avail me nothing and it might get me into difficulties. I had learned enough already to forever lay the ghost in the haunted house, and to bring a pack of villains to justice. That they were a gang of base coiners, or counterfeiters, I had not the least doubt, and I felt that it would be my duty to unearth them to the authorities.

I felt considerable interest in the discoveries I had made, and I knew that I should be the lion of Wicklow for the next seven days at least. People would say to one another:

There goes the man who hid the ghost, and I should also be an object of interest to the young ladies in the church the next Sabbath. At that moment I felt myself quite a hero, but it suddenly occurred to me that I should remember the old adage "not to crow until you are out of the woods." I had forgotten that.

I took came back to my immediate surroundings, and I was glad to find that I was not alone.

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