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Poetry.

The Ship of doom.

"Now shall the dastard Viking
Cower, and meet his doom!
With this right arm I'll cleave him
Yea, till his heart's blood leave him—
No other foeman striking.
Till I have filled his tomb."

So swore the Prince, as gazing
Far in the cold, black night,
Waked from his troubled dreaming,
Waked to see upward streaming,
Luridly, redly blazing,
Flames from the castled height.

"Ride for the hill as never
Men rode before!" he cried.
Fiercely they went, but faster
Yet rode the fire's red Master,
Mocking their vain endeavor,
Till his mad fury died.

Then did the dastard Viking
Go, with his black work done,
Leaving in mingled slaughter,
Henchmen and wife and daughter,
All in his vengeance striking,
Sparing nor saving none.

Fast went the Prince, still faster,
Till he had gained the height—
Vainly the foeman hailing,
For over the wild sea sailing,
He who had wrought disaster
Fled with the fleeing night.

With swift but dim motions,
As swept by demon blast,
Down came the Prince, where lying
And eager to be flying
Over the smoking ocean.
His ship lay anchored fast.

"I'll follow him," he muttered,
"Where wilder tempests blow;
The lightning-flash shall light me
To where he needs must fight me."
Nor any more he uttered,
As sailed he westward ho.

Through nights of fierce commotion
When thunder loud was crashing,
And vivid lightning flashing,
Across the stormy ocean
The ship still chased her foe.

Sailed, sailed through nights when brightly
The magic moon did shine,
Her silver beams beguiling
The troubled waves to smiling
Till, by her wand touched lightly,
They followed at her sign.

On, on, when dark and dreary
The sullen clouds hung still,
When sea birds, croaking hollow,
Their leaders track would follow,
With beating wings, unwearied,
O'er lone sea vale and hill.

Still sailed the grim Avenger,
Nor ever landward turned;
But on through fears unnumbered,
While worlds awake and slumbered,
Mid calm or storm and danger,
Ever her headlight burned.

And storm-tossed cruizers, drifted
Down lonely tracks of sea,
Oft mark the ship pursuing;
And, while with terror viewing
Her ghostly spars uplifted,
Crowd on th' ill sails and lee.

How A WIFE READ HER HUSBAND'S MIND.—That was an interesting exhibition of mind-reading which took place in a certain family in this city. A gentleman and his wife had been reading, in the last issue of the *Post*, the narrative of Mr. Brown's wonderful feats in reading the thoughts of others, and the gentleman was firmly impressed with the notion that he could do these things himself and so told his wife, when she suggested that he should experiment with her. He accordingly told her to fix her mind intently on some subject, and he took her hand, made the passes between her forehead, and his own, and then, after, as he supposed, fully absorbing her thoughts, told her she was thinking of her sister in Spring Valley. "No," said she, "that's not it." "What were you thinking of, then?" he asked. "Why," she answered, "I was thinking all the while, what a fool you were making of yourself."

NECK AND NECK.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

There's Charlie Culane, now, as decent a man as you'll find in a day's ride, barring he would take a drop or two more'n was good for him, and he was fond of horse racing, rest his soul, for he was a brave rider, that he was; and as for fine saddles, and fine bridles, as every soddler in the country round knew, he was—they said it themselves—the very devil to place. Never a one but honest Mike Twomey could shunt him. And there's no wonder, if ye see, that Michael shunted him; for as Mike used to say himself, he could stitch a saddle better than the Lord Lieutenant, though the English—had he to them—had made him all the same as King over Ireland.

Well, the story's a long one but I'll cut it short—Charlie started one night for home from Tom's house, where he'd been to buy a new saddle bridle. It was a long road he'd got to travel and a rough one. It was a good twelve miles, no less. The rain came down as thick as could be. He rode along the banks of the Blackwater as you go from Ballyhooley to Carrick. Charlie fretted as he saw his new saddle reins getting drenched; but as for himself he was as merry as a harp. Faith, he had a full skin of his own, and niver a shilling to the parliament had the whiskey in him paid. It's little for the wet he cared, baring that he spoiled his new bridle and the rest. He buggered his cloak snugly around him, and away he rode singing, singing all the way as fine as any thrush in Wexford. It's a blithe heart he had, and the whiskey was in the best.

He was trotting along the Kilmomer Hill, past the ruins of the old home of the Templars. Splash! splash! splash! went his horse over the wet and muddy road. Drip! drip! drip! fell the rain on the hat and mossy tombstones. "It's a nasty night this," said Charlie to himself, "it's in me own cabin I'd like to be this minute."

Splash! splash! splash! went his horse over the wet and muddy road. Drip! drip! drip! fell the rain on the hat and mossy tombstones. "Howly Virgin, save us!" shouted Charlie of sudden as he crossed himself and stared in fright at what he saw. "Is it awake, I am? or is it asleep?"

No wonder he doubted the evidence of his senses. For, following quickly after him came a horse's head! Its ears had been cropped and the color of its hair was white. Its big eyes stared out wildly at him. Its nostrils were dilated.

But where was the horse? Nowhere that he could see. Along it flew, faster and faster; it overtook him; it came almost at him; it began to pass him; his own horse saw it and snorted with terror. Charlie's horse ran faster out of sheer fright; but the horse's head beat it, and was soon out of sight.

Charlie had hardly got over his first fright, than he found himself breast and breast with a horse and rider. He looked around.

"I'm sold now forever!" he exclaimed in terror.

For the sight was enough to freeze his blood with horror. There at his side leaped a headless horse, and on it sat the ghost of a man at least eight feet high.

Charlie glanced at the rider, admired his red hunting frock, and then looked up to see his face.

"By the big bridge of Mallow," he exclaimed in terror, "it's no head at all he has!" "Look again, Charlie Culane!"

This advice was uttered in a hoarse tone. It seemed to come from the right armpit of the ghostly rider.

Charlie did look again. Sure enough the sound came from the spectre's armpit. For it carried its head like a parcel under its right arm!

Charlie said that it looked for all the world like a big cheese hung round with black padding! It had no more color into it than a hape of ashes. There was no flesh on it at all; at all; the skin was stretched over the bones as tight as a drum; and the eyes of it were wildlike and a rolling round and round; and its mouth, as for its mouth, it was as big as a decent sized pigsty.

He was a bould boy himself, but this was too much for him. For, if ye see the head of the horse, now that the cloud had lifted, was still there, six or eight yards from the neck; and as the horse leaped, the head leaped, but never an inch nearer did they come together—the two. And that head of the man it jogged up and down, that way and this, all the time!

The ground shook under the tread of the headless horse; the waters of the pools trembled as it passed them; but never a sound of its hoofs could you hear!

Splash! splash! splash! went the hoofs of

Charlie's horse through the wet and mud. Drip, drip, drip, fell the rain into the river and the pools.

Leap, leap, leap, went the head of the horse; leap, leap, leap, went the horse after its head; but never a sound from the headless horse, and never a word from the headless man!

A roar of thunder in the hill of Cecaune a Mona Finnea made the stillness of the spectre more fearful yet.

Charlie soon plucked up his courage again. He saw that the dreadful rider meant him no harm, and therefore he made up his mind to talk to him.

He glanced—not quite confident yet—at his ghastly comrade. He saw that the legs of the spectre dangled down at the side of the phantom horse.

"Why, then," said Charlie, said he, "it's mighty well yer honor, long life to ye, rides without the stirrups?"

"Humph!" This out of the head and from under the arm.

Charlie didn't think the answer altogether, but he tried his luck again.

"That's a mighty nate coat of yer honor's," he said, with a little cough—"barrin' it's a thrille too long in the waist for the cut now a days."

"Humph!" This out of the head, and from under the arm.

Charlie was dumfounded by this second rebuff. But it isn't modesty that a true fisher boy ever dies of; and a poor opinion of his own gift of gab never hurts a mother's son of them.

Charlie soon got over this repulse.

"Well," he said to himself, says he, "it's a sensible head, no less, if it is an ugly one; it's not fond of flattery, that's plain!"

So he tried a third time.

"To be sure," he said, "that's a brave horse yer honor rides!"

"I've may say that and yer nigh month!" This out of the head and from under the arm, with a growl.

"Devil take it," thought Charlie; "it's not civil at all. But I've made it spake for all that. And I'll make it again, I'll be bound."

May be, yer honor, resumed Charlie, "ye wouldn't be after racing him across the country?"

The head grinned with delight from Ear to Ear. It was a horrible sight to look at just then; but there was no doubt that it was pleased.

"Will you try me, Charlie?" This out of the head and from under the arm.

Faith, said Charlie, "an' that's what I'd do; only the night being so dark, I'm afraid of losing the old mare, and I've every half penny of a hundred pounds on her heels."

I forgot to say that Charlie was to race the next day, and had bet that sum on his mare against the best horse in the country. So no wonder he was afraid to lose her by racing at midnight over a rough and rocky road in a match with a headless horseman.

The spectre gave its word that the mare would be safe, if he would let her race with his phantom steed.

"Done then, and come on with you!" shouted Charlie, as he struck his spurs into the smoking flanks of his horse.

Away they went, helterskelter, hickety-split; over the fences, over the walls; splash, splash, dashing along; leaping the heiges, jumping the ditches, and bounding as if the Old Harry was after them!

"Charlie Culane! Charlie Culane, man!" shouted the head from under the arm. "Charlie Culane, man, stop for your life!"

Charlie had just got ahead of the spectral horse's neck; when the rider's head entreated him to halt.

The head of the horse was still a yard or two in advance.

"You may say that," said Charlie, as he stopped his horse, "but if it was neck to neck I'd beat you hollow. It's that head that troubles me."

He had got over his fear of his fearsome comrade in the excitement of the chase.

What the ghost now said—tell you were its last words on earth—I must tell you in the exact language of the Irish historian.

"Charlie Culane," says he, "you have a stout soul in you, and are every inch of you a good rider. I've tried you and I ought to know; and that's the sort of man for my money. A hundred years it is since my horse and I broke our necks at the bottom of Kilmomer Hill, and ever since I have been trying to get a man that dared to ride with me, and never before found one. Keep, as you have always done, at the tail of the hounds, never balk a ditch nor turn from a stone wall, and the Headless Horseman will never desert you nor the old mare."

When Charlie turned round to answer to

and behold there was the dead rider's head snugly put away like a handkerchief, in one of the big pockets of the scarlet frock. Lo! and behold up went the horse's head—away up in the air. As Charlie saw it disappear, he turned round, but the headless horseman and the headless horse were gone. He looked up—they were just vanishing as he gazed.

Charlie told his wife and all the neighbors this story. Would you believe it, they only laughed in his face for his pains?

"Ah, Charlie Culane," said one, "Charlie my boy, that's a mighty fine brand of whiskey Mike Twomey kapes—that it is. And it's that what you dreme you had a chase with the headless horseman?"

But Charlie to his dying hour maintained that his story was a true one. One thing is certain, he won the race next day and that's the end of it.

The Manteau of Cow Fish.

The manteau, says Mr. Frank Buckland, is one of the rarest and most interesting beasts that has been brought to England for many years past. His external appearance is very puzzling. At one moment he reminds us of a porpoise or herring hog. The home of the manteau is the shallow bays and quiet rivers of Central and South America. He is purely herbivorous, and lives upon the water plants which abound in those tropical regions. Mr. Bartlett, of the Zoological Gardens, London, has discovered that he is exceedingly fond of lettuce and vegetable manure, cut into slices. His limbs are flattened out into a fan, somewhat resembling a porpoise's tail. When he wishes to move forward he gets way on by moving his tail up and down; and as those who unpacked him from his travelling box know—he is able to use this lever-like tail with great force. The manteau is purely mammalian, and suckles its young at the breast.

The manteau is allied to the dugong found in Australia. The dugong has a face ornamented with a big, hooked nose, and when I see the figure of Punch performing in the street, it puts me in mind of the dugong. The dugong and the manteau are without doubt the origin of the fable of the mermaid; either of them, especially the dugong, when coming to the surface of the water to breathe or look round, is very human. The manteau now in the gardens is 7 feet 2 inches long; a full grown beast is from 14 feet to 16 feet long. Unfortunately for this animal, the flesh is very good eating. It has the flavor of pork with the taste of veal, reminding one of that curious relish, "dressed cut with a herring knife." The skin of a manteau is like the skin of a prickly pear; he has stiff bristles inside his mouth; this is really a form of whalebone, as found in the whale's mouth. The animal seems to be a compromise between a pig or porpoise.

They were standing in front of her gate, having just returned from a dance. His right arm was occupied in holding her up, while his shoulder furnished a resting place for her little head. And they were watching the bright and glorious moon. It was the same old moon which had looked down on so many similar scenes, but somehow it had a different appearance to-night. It influenced the young man to such a degree that he said: "With what reluctance does bright Luna shed her rays upon all inanimate creation, weaving worlds, fantastic shadows among the leafless trees, and spreading a silver glory over all. Do you observe the magnificent effect, Mamie?" "Yes, indeed, Henry," she returned; "and did you see that Jon Clements at the dance? She had on, last winter's dress, made over; and she's worn that blue waist ever since I can remember. I never saw such a looking thing." Henry gasped.

A STUNNER.—When the "spelling match" was in full blast in a certain city in New Brunswick, last year a prominent ship broker left the hall where one had taken place, and stepped up to a certain hotel, before going home. There he met several friends, who "sat him up" drove several, and he reached home about midnight, with a confused brain and very demoralized pair of legs. Then he swore that somebody had stolen the key-hole, but his wife, with a fearful scowl on her face, admitted him.

"Drunk," she exclaimed.

"Drunk (hic) drunk. Thaz ozyun?"

"Brute!"

"B-o-o-t (hic) Givus ha der oze."

"Idiot!"

"Thaz harter (hic) but I can spell um."

Id—id—id—id—id. Now Givus a stunner (hic).
She picked up the poker of the stove and gave him a "stunner," and the spelling match adjourned sine die.

A WISIL.

May the blessing of God rest upon thee; may the Sun of Glory shine around thy head; may the gates of plenty, honor, and happiness, be always open to thee and thine; may no strife disturb thy days; may no sorrow distress thy nights; may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasure of imagination attend thy dream; and when length of years make thee tired gently close around the last scene of thy existence, may the Angels of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction, and finally, may the Saviour's blood wash thee from all impurities, and at last usher thee into a land of everlasting felicity.

In the East river, New York, on Tuesday, a sea gull went swooping down for a fish, which its keen eyes discerned swimming near the surface of the water, just in front of the ferry-boat "Mineola." The bird caught the fish in its talons and essayed to rise; but the prey was too heavy, and it could only flutter on the surface of the river. The gull, however, pertinaciously clung to his burden, and was dragged beneath the waves. Another struggle brought the bird above the water just in front of the bow of the boat, but it would not relinquish its hold, and the vessel swept over both, drowning the greedy gull and freeing the fish from its captivity.

"Broke, broke, broke. Neither greenback nor gold do I see. And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me! Oh, ill that the grocery man's boy has been told to dun for his pay, Or the milkman with sonorous 'Hi?' old man, can you settle today?—Let the stately ships go on to their haven under the hill. Don't I owe, owe, owe, on every hand, And have many a cent in the till? Broke, broke, broke, I'm a beggar in rags; ah me!—And three day's grace on my notes unpaid Will never come back to me!"

EXECUTORS NOTICE

ALL Persons having any claims against the estate of James W. Street, Esquire, late of Saint Andrews, merchant, are requested to present them duly attested within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

MATILDA STREET,
GEO. D. STREET, Executors.
S. D. BERTON,
St. Andrews, April 3, 1875. 3m

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