

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

Exarvsumendum est optimum. - Cic.

[12. 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE]

No 16.

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1858.

Vol. 25

THE FATAL NUPTIALS.

BRUNO, the grand old man of the cathedral of St. Andrews, was seated in the choir, where he presided over the service. He was quite plain, and appeared to have very recently placed there. The abbot M., who accompanied him, fixed his eyes with intense feeling upon it, and paused in profound silence. The story of the youth who lies here, he then said, is a tragic one; if you would like to hear it, though it will grieve me deeply to repeat it, I will relate it to you.

Having assured him that my curiosity and interest were much excited on the subject, the abbot related the following circumstances:

Francis, the only son of the Prince of Wales, having finished his education in the College of St. Andrews, was sent to England by his father, where he was placed under the protection of a Catholic lord in Lancashire; he soon became the idol of that illustrious peer, and the favourite of all who knew him. He was gay, but not dissipated; elegant, but not extravagant; polite, but not ostentatious; learned, but not pedantic; pious, but not fanatical; staunch to his own creed, but not bigoted; in a word, he possessed those qualifications which cannot fail to win the esteem, admiration, and love of the discerning, and good. Having attained his twentieth year, he was advised by his father to form a matrimonial alliance with some English family. Several ladies of the highest rank were his devoted admirers; one loved him. She was the daughter of Sir Walter, an earl, and as the lady, young, elegant, buoyant, and wealthy. Her name was Charlotte, the object of another's adoration. But she loved not him, who was seated upon her; nay, she could not bear the sight, or endure the name of Lord—. She could not consent to become the wife of one of the wealthiest, but most profligate noblemen—though young and accomplished in England. She was enamoured with Francis, and not unworthily. I should rather say—in every sense worthy, of his warmest reciprocities. A devoted Catholic, tenderly pious, and firmly attached to the hereditary faith of her ancestors, she was in every good work first in every charitable association. In her paternal oratory, she enjoyed more solace and bliss than others find in the gay scenes of pleasure. Before her crucifix, she bent with emotions of exalted piety; and, as the glimmering of the solitary lamp flickered around her, she recommended to Divine Providence her hopes, her destinies, her life.

It was a sister given by Sir Walter, that Charlotte first formed acquaintance of this pious and amiable young man. She was charmed by his simple yet splendid deportment—his modest yet courteous manners—his lofty and uncompromising integrity, and above all, his firm and avowed attachment to the ancient church. That very evening, Lord—was present, and devoted himself to her, who could not bear him! he was the very reverse of Francis; a gambler, a sportsman, a perfect rascal—and his hands were imbued in the blood of a young baronet, whom he had challenged to a duel. He was in the bloom of youth, athletic, accomplished, and just inherited an immense estate, which enabled him to indulge his passion for ostentation and glitter, to his heart's content.

His affections—he art—all—were fixed, riveted upon the lovely daughter of Sir Walter. He admired her for those very virtues of which he himself was utterly devoid. Such is the irresistible fascination of virtue even to the depraved heart! Though, in his official position, he voted against the Catholic emancipation, in his private, he professed himself the friend and admirer of the religion of Charlotte, a religion he thought, that numbered her among its followers—before whose altars she could kneel—in whose rites, practices, sacraments she could generally participate, was one to which he dared not object. Object?—was one, which he could not but bend to, with all the convictions of his soul. But it was not the religion of the state—not was it one to which a profligate young lord could conform his conduct.

The first time he saw Francis and Charlotte together, he was convinced that his own fate was sealed. He knew, he poignantly felt, that her partiality, her admiration, were for the Italian prince. Yes, this was manifest—who could not, she would not, conceal it. Francis was the youth with whom, she felt convinced, she could live in peace, love and virtue. He could accompany her to her chapel—kneel with her before the altar—advent with her into all her devotions. And Charlotte, too, was the living personification of the *beau idéal* of woman's character, which Francis had formed in his mind. At that the earl saw him, he felt for her—all that won her, won him.

—and they were betrothed, with the heartfelt concurrence and delight of Sir Walter.

The envy of Lord—was roused. He retired to his home with a bosom inflamed with the deadliest passions. "She is another's!" he exclaimed in a frantic tone. "What! this is so! can it be! She has preferred a petty foreign prince—the daughter of an English baronet has rejected an English lord! There is but one resource—honour demands it: the pride of my birth, my heart's happiness demands it!"

The day was appointed for the nuptials. Oh! that day, which was looked for with such joyful anticipations by all that knew them, proved to be a most fatal day! Early in the morning a note was handed to Francis by the Earl—summoning him to the field before noon.

"You will return my compliments to Lord—," was the reply of Francis, and "let him know that my conscience forbids me to accept of his challenge. But, independently of the prohibition which my religion holds forth, I am at a loss to know what provocation I have given. Tell him, for me, my lord, that I would not fight at any rate—but especially with one who has never offended me, and whom I never have intentionally offended."

"I am instructed to say to you that you refuse this challenge at your peril," answered the Earl.

"Rather than accept it, I would make any sacrifice," was his magnanimous reply.

"Then, sir, defend yourself."

The intelligence of the manner in which the earl was received by Francis, roused up his wrath to a degree of frenzy bordering on insanity. "The coward!" he cried, stamping furiously on the floor. "I'll make him feel. If there be efficacy in this blade he'll know it ere the sun sets!" "Coward!" repeated the abbot: "a nobler spirit never animated a body than that of Francis. Coward!—his life would have been the last of concern had his country required his services. In a just and conscientious cause, he would have immolated his being. At the shrine of patriotism he would have devoted himself, a noble sacrifice—but duty, religion, God, forbade him to accept the challenge."

As the day advanced, Lord—'s frenzy waxed fiercer and more desperate. He could not rest—he did not eat; but, seizing his sword, he walked like one mad about the forest; sometimes screaming out, as he tore his hair from his head, "Charlotte!" the coward!—the Italian!" Francis was perfectly composed. Charlotte knew nothing of the occurrence. She had been all the day preparing to receive the sacrament of marriage. She had been with her confessor; and the time she could spare, was spent in her dear little oratory, recommending Francis and herself to heaven.

On returning from a chapel, situated in the suburbs of the town, Francis was met by Lord—, who rapidly rode up to him, drew his sword, and plunged into his heart. "You are a dead man!" he exclaimed; "Coward, she shall not be yours! If she will not be mine, never shall she call you hers—die, die!"

Francis instantly fell from his horse, which stood, stained with his blood, conscious, as it were of the deed, looking steadily on his dying master. Lord—leaped from his stirrups, and again pierced and repierced the dying youth. "Oh, my God!" cried Francis, "forgive him—take under thy protection my—my—Charlotte!" His voice failed; and, struggling to utter her name, he died. The hours for the nuptials had arrived. The clergyman, Sir Walter's chaplain, was in readiness. Never looked that hall so brilliant, or so elegant. His ancestors in gorgeous tapestry smiled about him. The large golden chandeliers threw their rich light around; and flowers of every hue and fragrance strewn the tables. The bride! oh, how beautiful, calm and sweet, her expression! A gentle smile played on her lips, and her low, sweet eyes swam in a sparkling stream of sentiment and devotion. She was silent. Her heart was fixed on him who came not!

At home, and still he came not! another, and Sir Walter began to evince considerable uneasiness. Charlotte was in tears—not indeed of mourning, but of anxious anticipation. Alas, little dreamed they of the tragedy which had been enacted! A third hour elapsed. Charlotte assumed a fixed and wondering look. She grew pale and wan; her whole frame shivered, and she could not utter a syllable. On her father's face there was manifest alarm; yet he summoned up all the philosophy of his soul, and writhed under the agony of suppressed emotions.

At length, the tramping of a horse was heard, in full gallop, approaching the court of the mansion. Every spirit was revived;

every heart became light and cheerful; every eye beamed with congratulation. Sir Walter hastened to the gate to meet the groom. Charlotte adjusted her long transparent veil, which streamed to the ground—He is here, she exclaimed; Francis! Ah me, how false the hope! Poor girl, never wilt thou see him again! Yes, thou wilt meet him in that world; that heaven, where separation is unknown. He will be there in paradise!

De you know whose horse it was, the rapid tramping of which were just now heard approaching? Was it the gay steed of Francis? Alas, all present imagined it was Charlotte smiling with the smiles all around her; the priest began to vest himself in his robes for the ceremony. But it was not Francis—but a messenger bearing a letter sealed in deep black!

Sir Walter, ere that letter was presented, recoiled as it were with an electric shock, and for a moment was insensible. "What is the matter?" he then shrieked; "where is he? What has—?" he fell against a column, and was silent.

The messenger, either unacquainted with Sir Walter, or regardless of his anguish, and the consequences of presenting the letter before the company, abruptly rushed into the hall. As the door opened, Charlotte leapt on her feet. The messenger exhibited the letter—the black seal was conspicuous, she saw it, reeled—groaned—screamed and fainted.

Sir Walter, after recovering from his excitement, entered the hall, and found his daughter prostrate on the floor—insensible, pallid, and cold. She was borne away, amidst the tears and confusion of the bystanders. "He is murdered!" uttered the rough messenger, and forthwith departed.

"Murdered!" shrieked Sir Walter, "murdered!" and he looked upon the letter. It was short, "He who was to have been the bridegroom this night, is a corpse. If you would know the particulars, inquire of Lord—. The priest who was to perform the marriage, may officiate at his funeral."

This, in effect was the case. The bridal stole was laid aside for that of deepest mourning—the drapery of joy was exchanged for the weeds of death. The garland of roses yielded, on a sudden, to the wreath of cypress—desolation and woe usurped the place of rejoicing and bliss.

Charlotte spoke but once—awaking, as it were from a deep sleep, she inquired "whether Francis had come?" but another word she never uttered. From that moment she swooned away, and continued insensible until her death. Francis was interred in the beginning of the week—ere the following Sunday, Charlotte was no more.

"The remains of this noble youth," continued the abbot, "by the special desire of his father, were removed to this tomb—and here he rests in peace—Francis in the Place."

ENGLISH EXTRACTS.

THE GENOESA TRIALS.—The political trials at Genoa, arising out of the insurrectionary movement of last June, terminated on Saturday, 20th. Mazzini and six others were tried in their absence, and in contempt of Court sentenced to death; 29 were acquitted; nine sentenced to twenty years imprisonment with hard labor; one to thirteen years; seven to twelve years; ten to ten years; and one to seven years' imprisonment.

The news from Palestine is extraordinary—an unseemly squabble between the British Consul there and the Bishop of Jerusalem. The civil officer has arrested the ecclesiastical functionary, and the proceeding, so remarkable and uncalled-for, is attributed to personal spite.

CAPTURE OF DELHI.—PRIZE MONEY. At the India House, on Wednesday the 20th the Chairman of the Court of Directors explained that all the property, that had belonged to the mutineers and rebels, should be distributed amongst the captors; this would include the personality of the King of Delhi. The Court of Directors, with the sanction of the Government, had also granted another six months' bounty in compensation for that which could not be justly regarded as prize. There will be a medal struck and given to the men who served in the army at Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore—not three medals, but one medal for all the services. Cisero, also, would be granted for all service in the field.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL.—A Lisbon letter relates the following, exemplification of the dereliction of the young King of Portugal in one of his visits to the military:—Approaching a bed on which was lying the trumpeter of a cavalry regiment, he stooped down, and throwing his arms round the almost inanimate body of the patient, cried out with a firm but kindly voice:—

"Cheer up, friend, cheer up! you are not going to die yet. Take courage! I am sure I shall one of these days hear the sound of your trumpet under the windows of my

palace!" The sick man seemed to rouse up at the sound of the young King's voice, his eyes opened, and a faint colour rose to his cheek. He pressed his sovereign's hand in token of gratitude and from that moment revived to existence, and he is now not only out of danger, but recovering rapidly. "Guizot," in repeating this anecdote, says: "We believe we can state that the Emperor of the French has been so struck by the courage and devotedness displayed by the King of Portugal during the whole of the visitation of the yellow fever, that his Majesty has charged Count Walewski, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to transmit to the King, through Baron de Pavia, Portuguese Minister, the expression of his sincere admiration."

The following is the latest Foreign Office telegram:—

ALEXANDRIA, March 18.—The steamer Nubia arrived at Suva, from Calcutta, on the 17th inst., at 10.30, p.m. She brings no intelligence from India more recent than received from Bombay by last mail.

Her Majesty's ships Shannon, Chesapeake, Pearl, Pylades, at Calcutta.

Yeh, a prisoner on board the Infexible, was at Hong Kong on the 15th of February, on his way to Calcutta.

The blockade of Canton was raised on the 10th. The Russians and Americans have joined the English and French in their demand on the Chinese Government. The letters of the four Plenipotentiaries have gone up to Shanghai, and by the middle of March it will be known what line China takes.

PARISH OF LEPREAUX.

Mr. Editor.—You are doubtless aware that a Bill passed the legislature in 1857, dividing the Parish of Penfield, and creating therefrom a new one, called the Parish of Lepreaux. This was found to be absolutely necessary, owing to the large extent of country comprehended in the Parish of Penfield, and the consequent expense and trouble to Parish officers, and also to the people in travelling from one part of it to another to transact perhaps some trifling business, which, at the same time, had to be done. The first "Town Meeting" for election of Officers, &c. for the new Parish, was held on Tuesday 6th inst. in the large and commodious Temperance Hall at Lepreaux, at which there was a numerous attendance of the Rate-payers of the Parish. The meeting was called to order at 10 o'clock, and it was announced that R. Hanson, Esq. take the chair. Before proceeding to ballot for the officers, Mr. Hanson read the laws relating to Parishes and Parish officers, and in a pertinent and well-timed remarks impressed upon the people the necessity of all endeavoring to carry out the regulations laid down in the Statute Book for the local government of Parishes, and, although the youngest parish in the County, let it be a model for all the rest, and the more so as it was fast increasing in population and business: as a proof of the fact, there had been during the last year something like 20,000 tons shipping in the harbors of New River, Lepreaux, and Little Lepreaux, second to but one Parish in the County of Charlotte. The following are the Officers elected for the current year:—

Wm. McGowan, Jeremiah Quinlin, Wm. McGowan, 2d.—Overseers of the Poor. Charles McLeave, John Reynolds, Andrew McGowan—Commissioners of Highways. B. R. Lawrence, Geo. H. Smith, Robert Shaw—Assessors of Rates. John Mathews—Town Clerk. John Ellis—Collector of Rates. Peter Cassidy, Wm. Shaw, Wm. Holland—Overseers of the Fisheries. Geo. H. Smith, John Reynolds, B. R. Lawrence—Trustees of Schools. Peter Cassidy—Harbor Master. Oscar Hanson, John Reynolds—Inspectors of Fish.

Alfred A. Robinson, R. M. Whitney—Weighers of Hay and Straw. G. R. Hanson, B. R. Lawrence, James Ellis, Jr.—Measures of Wood, and Bark. Edwin Spencer, Geo. Christopher, son, Robert Hope, Asa Smith, Robert Shaw, Jr.—Surveyors of Lumber. Henry Kimble, Moses Prescott, Peter Cassidy, Wm. Shaw, Robert Stafford, Patrick Shay, Robert Hope, James Ellis, Jr., James Welsh—Surveyors of Roads. John Matthews, Robert Hope, James Hagerty, D. Gray—Constables.

Wm. Cassidy, Francis Gillespie, John Taylor—Fence Viewers. John M. Whitney, Jr., John McDermott, John Haley, Wm. Holland, Jr.—Pound Keepers. William Fears, Francis Gillespie, John Ellis, Wm. M. Whitney, 2d, James M. Whit-

ney, Wm. Hagerty, William Boggs, Oscar Hanson—Hogreeves. William Cassidy, Robert Hope—Ferry-men.

Yours, &c. G. H. S.

DOUBTFUL IDENTITY.—An individual, supposed to be Townsend, has been lately tried in Upper Canada, for the murder of a policeman, and acquitted. On the trial several witnesses swore that he was the murderer, Townsend, while as many as positively asserted that he was McHenry, and was not in Canada when the murder was committed. Immediately after his acquittal Townsend was arrested for the murder of a Mr. Nellis, and is again to be tried. "The genuine Townsend is a villain of the blackest dye; he having killed some half a dozen individuals at different times in Canada."

At Grand Falls, N. H., last week, ten or a dozen youngsters were fined \$1 and costs, for coasting in the public thoroughfares; and by way of retaliation, they prosecuted one of the officers for profanity, for which offence he was fined \$1 and costs.

Great Britain has acquired the title of *Leviathan* in the Red Sea, much to the wrath of the Russian newspapers.

EFFECTS OF THE PANIC.—The Chicago Press has an advertisement, forty columns long, of lands in that city delinquent for taxes.

Clois of Scheme for the Current Year.

Applications must be lodged at the Office of Agencies on or before 5th April, 1858.

Association of Scotland.

FOUNDED 1838.

Empowered by Royal Charter and Act of Parliament. Capital, £400,000 Sterling. Revenue, £125,000 do.

SCHEME FOR THE CURRENT YEAR. This year's list of Policy-Holders will remain open until Monday, 5th April next, 1858. All the included therein will rank as One Year's Losers. Standing later Entrants, and will consequently participate One Year Earlier at the Division of Profits. Intending Assurers should not lose this favorable opportunity of joining the Association. On that day the 19th Annual Balance and 14th Division of Profits will be made.

CONSTITUTION, & EXTENT OF BUSINESS, &c. The Association has twice received the formal approval and sanction of Government, after due inquiry into its constitution and affairs. It is one of the most extensive Life Assurance offices, having assured, during the last three years alone, upwards of Three Thousand Lives for more than £5 Million and a Half Pound sterling. The Policy-Holders receive none of the risks of Partnership, and the sum assured are guaranteed to be paid. The Annual Income is now upwards of £125,000; and the ample and rapidly increasing Funds are invested almost wholly on first-class Securities over Land. The Association does not make advances on Personal Security, with or without Assurance Policies; nor does it ever purchase or hold the Shares of other Public Companies, and so become responsible for liabilities beyond its own legitimate business.

ASSURANCE POLICIES MORE THAN USUALLY VALUABLE. The Policies now being issued are free from every restriction commonly imposed on Assured Lives, and confer unusual and important facilities and privileges, protecting the Policy-Holder against accidental forfeiture, &c.

DIVISIONS OF PROFITS. A share of profits of the business is allocated every year to each policy holder, of five years standing, and is applied in reducing his next premium. For every year the Premiums fall below this reduced rate less than two-thirds of the stipulated amount; that is, instead of £10, paid only of £20.00 has been required from the Policy-Holders, and instead of £20, a payment of only £10. Under the system the expense of Life Assurance is reduced to a comparatively small sum.

Until the Policy-Holder participates in the profits, the Policy is £1000 sterling or upwards, he may sell up half of the premium, for the first five or six years, the other half remaining unpaid at interest, as long as the policy holder pleases.

RESIDENT IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. The Association is specially empowered by its Act of Parliament for Life Assurance in British North America, and is enabled to give to Residents there all facilities in their transactions. The business is under charge of Boards of Directors at Montreal for Canada; at Halifax for Nova Scotia; and at St. John, for New Brunswick. Board of Directors for New Brunswick: Francis Fortin, William J. A. Street, Rev. W. Davidson, Wm. H. Adams, Esq., Alex. Adamson, Esq., Medical Officer, Dr. James Waltham, Esq., SA MRS. D. BERTON, Esq., BERNARD STEVENSON, Esq., Agents for St. Andrews.