

The St. Andrews Standard.

UBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

VARII LUMEN EST OPTIMUM. - C. C.

[12: 64. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE

N 37.

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14 1859.

[Vol 26.

An Interesting Story.

THE THIRTEENTH CHIME.

BY ANGUS B. BEACH.

Gazing through the machinery, she mounted among its framework, and grasping the hammer, with both hands, she strained every nerve and muscle of her white arm, and, and slowly raising the ponderous weight, let it fall on the bell, and lo! with a clang which rung through her very brain—the THIRTEENTH CHIME fell upon the sleeping city. Breathlessly was the priest preparing to seize her when the iron peal for a moment arrested his hand. He looked up—there stood the gigantic creature amid the throbbing mechanism—her white hands convulsively clasping the iron, and her face distorted with terror and fatigue. The moonlight showed him all this, and showed him, moreover, the hammer again moving under the maiden's grasp. The danger of his position immediately dashed across him—he knew there were many within the chapel and cells attached to the cathedral, sleepless watchers of the hours—and he feared that the unusual number of chimes would attract immediate attention. Muttering a deep curse, he turned, and Mabel heard him hurrying down the staircase. Cautiously she followed, and on reaching the bottom, heard his voice commanding with a brother man:

"I am certain, said the latter, that the clock struck thirteen."

"So I deemed, Brother Peter," replied the low tones of the monk; and I have come forth to inquire how it could be so."

Confusedly keeping in the shadow, Mabel glided past the monks; she saw the door open, and saw her towards it. As she ran Father Francis caught a glimpse of her retreating form, and made a wild gesture of rage and disappointment. The next moment Mabel was in the open air, and was soon locked and bolted in her own room. Sinking on the floor she cried bitterly, and then rising she said—

"I have no friends here—with the first blast of morning I will procure a palfray, and flee forth to Windsor. Mark must know all."

A bright breezy morning had succeeded the fair, calm night, and the sun was yet low in the horizon, when Mabel Lorne, mounted upon a spirited palfray, left behind her the western outskirts of London, and pushed merrily on through the green fields and hedges in the direction of Windsor, scarcely disquieted as she had been by the events of the past night, the second influence of the fresh air of morning, and the merry sunlight, the rapid motion through a fair country, and above all, the thought of meeting her lover, made Mabel's cheek bloom and her eyes sparkle. She crossed the gleaming neck of the bounding animal which carried her, and the palfray answered the touch of his mistress by a loud and joyful neigh, and pressed merrily and speedily onward; and away they went amid leafy hedge-rows sparkling with dew drops, and fields of rich, rustling corn; and by clumps of gnarled old trees, and jungles of sprouting saplings; and antique, red brick-built old manor-houses; and material halls embosomed in ancestral trees; and the peaceful walls of quaint manor-houses. And the smoke was beginning to rise from men's dwellings, in long spiral columns into the clear morning air; and laboring people were already afield, and now and then the fainter, caught a glimpse of the broad river, with green trees bending over its waters, and sedges upon its banks, and swans floating upon its bosom. Everything looked calm, and bright, and happy. Mabel's eye wandered over the grand panorama of hill, and dale, and brake and copse, stretching out in all their green loveliness before her; and as the massive towers of Windsor Castle rose over the rich expanse her heart was so full and yet so light that she felt as if she could raise her voice and sing as merrily as the birds among the branches.

She would not, however, have so much enjoyed her ride if she known who was pressing in hot haste after her. Father Francis, very much discomfited by the bad success of his attempt, and not being altogether easy about the consequences, had watched the maiden more closely than she was aware of, and on her setting out for Windsor—he had ascertained her destination through a groom—determined, although he hardly knew for what purpose, to follow the fugitive. Suddenly collecting, therefore, some ecclesiastical business to be settled with the prior of a monastery near Datchet, the priest provided himself with a paching mule—an animal generally used by the churchmen of the period, and the better breeds of which were not in vogue in powers of speed and endurance to the horse—and was speedily ambulating along the great westward road, expecting to meet the fair fugitive.

But he was disappointed—Mabel's palfray, carried her well, and when she drew rein at one of the postern gates of the Castle, the priest was still a good mile behind.

A yeoman of the guard was standing sentinel at the little nail-studded wicket, leaning upon his partizan, and whistling melodiously. To him she addressed herself—

"You have a comrade named Mark Huntley?"

"Fair sir, I would speak with him."

The soldier looked at her with some interest, stopped his whistling, and said hastily—

"Are you Mabel Lorne, fair mistress?"

"That is my name," said Mabel, blushing.

"Then, by St. George, I am sorry for thee, returned he of the partizan. Mark Huntley was a good fellow and true and—

"Was! shrieked Mabel—was! He is not dead?"

"Almost as good, replied the sentinel; his captain hath accused him of sleeping on his watch—and that thou knowest is death—death without redemption."

Mabel sunk upon the ground. The burly yeoman cursed his own bluntness in blurring out at once the bad news. But she soon had another mate, he muttered, as he stooped over and endeavored to receive her; "by my sword hilt, she is fair enough for the bride of a belted earl, let alone a poor yeoman."

Bringing him to me—bring him to me for pity's sake, faltered Mabel.

"Nay, that may hardly be, pretty one, said the soldier. He is under watch and ward; and by St. George, I think it will be some time when he will be brought before the King."

"Let me at least see him, exclaimed Mabel, perchance, soldier, there is some maiden loves thee as I do him, and who will one day plead in her bending knees for one lost look at the man for whom her heart is breaking."

"I will see what can be done, said the honest yeoman."

He was as good as his word, for, summoning some of his comrades with whom Mark Huntley had been a general favorite, he spoke apart to them; and a few minutes, Mabel found herself smuggled into a lofty arched hall, with a deep gothic moulded window and furnished with ponderous oaken settles. Her friends the yeomen kept her in the midst of their group, enjoining upon her the necessity of preserving a silence. Hardly had she looked around her, and noted a large unoccupied chair, covered with crimson cloth, upon the dais at the upper end of the hall, when a priest, closely cowed, glided in and took his station in a corner of the place. She saw not his face, but she felt that the priest was Father Francis. All at once the groups of officers and knights, who were sauntering, gossiping, and laughing through the hall, became silent, and placed themselves round the unoccupied chair. There was a moment's pause, and a portly man with a broad stern face, decorated with a peaked board, walked into the hall. His countenance was richly adorned and at his belt he carried a short pikestaff.

"This was King Henry VIII."

Turning himself carefully into the chair prepared for him, he said, in a deep, stern voice—

"Bring forth the prisoner, and let his accuser likewise appear."

There was a short bustle—a heavy door creaked upon its hinges, and Mabel's heart swelled within her, and her limbs trembled, as she saw Mark Huntley, bound led before the king. But a second look partly reassured her. His cheek was pale; but there was in the firmness of his step, and the proud glance of his eyes, the mighty strength of conscious innocence. Opposite him stood Captain Wyckhamme—his eye bloodshot, and his hand trembling, and many who carefully scanned the countenances of the two, turned to each other, and whispered the accused looked more guilty than the accuser.

"Captain Wyckhamme, said Henry, this man was found asleep upon his post?"

"I deeply grieve to say it, my liege, answered Captain Wyckhamme, bowing low, but such is the fact. On going my rounds last night, shortly after midnight, I surprised him in a most profound sleep, and for this I vouch."

"Prisoner, what sayest thou to the charge?" demanded Henry.

"That it is a foul lie, and that he who makes it knows it is a lie!" exclaimed Mark Huntley with firmness.

"How, varlet! ejaculated the king, wouldst thou put thy word against the oath of a gentleman and thine officer?"

"Yes, said the prisoner, marry, that would I—I say he speaks falsely and I have proof."

"Proof? replied the king; my life—we will hear proof, but it must be such to bear down the word of an approved loyal gentleman like Captain Wyckhamme. What is this proof thou bringest?"

"This, my liege, said Huntley, my sword, which I kept the middle watch on the Eastern tower. The air was still and calm, except that now and then a gentle breeze came from the direction of London. As I mused I thought I heard a low faint very faint clang, as of a bell. I listened, and heard it again and again—the light breeze bore it still fresher upon mine ear—it was the great bell of St. Paul's striking midnight and as I am a true man, the clock rung thirteen chimes."

A woman's scream, loud and thrilling rung through the hall, and Mabel bursting from the yeomen by whom she was surrounded, sprang forward, and throwing herself at Henry's feet shrieked rather than spoke—

"It is true—it is true—these hands did it—these hands rung the thirteenth chime. He is innocent—justice, my liege, I demand justice."

"God's life sweetheart, this is a strange matter, replied Henry; but rise—thou shalt have justice—thy king promises it."

"It was a plot, a base plot for his death and my dishonor, exclaimed Mabel; but God hath overthrown it. Look at his accuser, sire—look! he changes color, he trembles—he is the guilty one—not Mark."

Henry arose and bent his keen eye upon Captain Wyckhamme. But how earnest thou to ring the thirteenth chime! he asked.

"I will tell thee, said Mabel eagerly. I was lured at midnight into the cathedral; violence was offered me at the shrine of the Virgin; I fled into the belfry, and there caused the thirteenth chime to sound for the purpose of raising an alarm. I did it to save myself—lo! it hath saved my lover."

"Who pursued thee thither? asked the king."

"A priest, replied Mabel, and he is here."

Henry looked quickly around; his eye fell upon the sombre figure of the monk, and he exclaimed—

"Let the priest stand forward."

The robed figure advanced, and then remained motionless.

"Throw back thy cowl, said the king."

The priest moved not, but an officious yeoman twitched it aside, and discovered the features of Father Francis.

"Is he, exclaimed Mabel."

Henry then looked from the churchman to his captain of the guards. The face of the former was of a deadly, pallid hue, and his lips were convulsively compressed, but he manifested no further emotion. It was different with Captain Wyckhamme. Physical courage he had plenty of, but of moral bravery he had none. The king looked fixedly at him—his limbs trembled, he caught hold of the oaken table for support, and gasped as if for breath. There was an awful pause.

"Mercy—mercy! faltered Wyckhamme; I will confess."

"Traitor and coward! shouted Father Francis, we are lost."

"Seize that priest, said the king, with a voice like a trumpet."

Father Francis made a quick motion of one of his hands towards his face, and then dashing aside with a convulsive effort the brassy arms laid upon him he exclaimed—

"Away I am beyond your reach."

His pale lip curled into a smile of triumph, and his face became livid and changed its expression—the eye glared, foam appeared at the mouth—and the monk, while wearing that grim smile of defiance and contempt, fell heavily forward on the floor.

When they raised Father Francis he was dead. The monk knew the secret of many strong poisons.

"Then thy accusation was false I said the king."

"Pardon, sire, it was; but the priest—the priest set me on—pardon, faltered the miserable Wyckhamme, who had sunk in a quivering heap upon the ground."

"Take him away, said Henry, to death!—Huntley shall assume his rank; and now—he took Mabel's hand and placed in that of her lover, my faithful sentinel receive thy bride."

FROM CALIFORNIA.

St. Louis, Sept. 2.—The overland mail with San Francisco dates of the 12th ult., has arrived.

W. P. Wilkins a District Attorney of Sutters Co., and a candidate for the Legislature, was shot on the 9th of August, by Judge May of Yuba county, whose daughter Wilkins had seduced.

Some of the latest addressed the largest meeting ever assembled at Sacramento on the 9th, making a full exposure of the bargain and sale arrangements at the last Senatorial election.

The convention in Carson valley, had framed a constitution for a Provisional Government, which declared Carson Valley independent of Utah, and gives the name of Nevada to the Territory.

Victoria dates a to August 6.

The island of San Juan, between Vancouver's Island and the main land, captured by our government as a part of Washington

territory, had been occupied by 60 U. S. troops by order of Gen. Harney.

Gov. Douglas had issued a protest, claiming the Island for the British Crown, and had also despatched some armed vessels and 200 sappers and miners there. The U. S. vessels Massachusetts, Jefferson Davis, Shubrick and Active, and the British vessels Tribune, Satellite and Plumper were either anchored off the Island or in its immediate vicinity.

It was unofficially announced and stated at Victoria that the matter would be compromised by the joint occupancy of the Island, until the British and United States governments could be advised of the existing state of affairs.

Gen. Harney was expected at San Juan on the 5th of August.

The Fraser River Mining-news is encouraging. \$75,000 in gold had reached Victoria within a fortnight.

Alvies from Oregon state that the Poloz Indians were harassing Lieut. Mullen's wagon on road expedition, destroying the mile post and burning the grass at all the camping grounds.

The Los Angeles Vineyard of the 15th gives an account of a battle between 30 troops under Major Armistead, and 400 Mohave Indians, on the 4th ult., in which about 60 Indians were killed.

From the Cheshire Examiner.

Lieut. Colonel Edmund Cornwall Legh, C. B.

The ravages of climate and of war are never more severely felt than when they cut short the career of men who have not yet attained the full distinction which their high character and their previous services appeared to promise. To the class of meritorious but unfortunate officers unquestionably belonged the late Lieut. Col. Edmund Cornwall Legh, whose sudden and untimely death from apoplexy is announced in the last arrivals from the East. Col. Legh died in command of the 97th Regiment, at Banda, in Central India.

He obtained his first commission, without purchase, when a gentleman cadet, from the Royal Military College, at Sandhurst, as Ensign in his Majesty's 97th Regiment, 5th July 1839. Promoted to Lieutenant 5th Sep. 1839; Captain 7th June, 1850. Promoted to the rank of Colonel in the Army for distinguished conduct in the field, 21 Nov. 1855. Took substantive rank of Lt. Col. 28th July, 1857, and was appointed second Lieut. Colonel of the 97th Regiment on the same day. He succeeded to the command of the 97th Regiment on the 14th March, 1858.

His services abroad have been as follows: 1841 to 1847, Ionian Isles; 1847 to 1848, Malta; 1848 to 1849, West Indies; 1850 to 1853, North America; 1854 to 1856, Greece and Crimea; 1857 to 1859, East Indies. He served as aid-de-camp to Major General Lockyer, K. H., C. B., from December, 1854 to August, 1855, when the Major General left the Crimea, being appointed to a command in Ceylon. Lieut. Col. Legh's active services in the field, were—1st, at the siege of Sebastopol, from 20th November, 1854, until his fall and subsequently until the evacuation of the Crimea in June, 1856. At the attack on the Great Redan, 8th September, 1855, he was second in command of the ladder party. After securely planting his ladders, he fought his way, ably assisted by his gallant comrades, until he found himself left with but four other officers, and three privates of different regiments in the salient angle of the Redan. Out of thirteen officers and 560 rank and file of his own regiment, who went into action on that day, 201 rank and file were killed and wounded, and five officers were killed, and six wounded. He and one other officer being those alone who escaped unhurt.

On this occasion he brought his regiment out of action, and was mentioned in the highest terms in the dispatches of the Commander-in-chief, and of Lieut. General Sir Wm. Codrington. He was promoted to Lieut. Col. in the Army for "distinguished conduct in the field." He received the cross of French Legion d'Honneur, the Crimean war medal and clasp, and the Turkish Medjidi medals. 2d. In the suppression of the mutiny in India from 1857 to 1859. In 1857 he joined the Jaunpore field force under Major General T. H. Franks, K. C. B., and commanded the regiment in the action and capture of the Fort Maseehpore, 20th January, 1858. He was mentioned in General Franks' dispatches as "having acquitted himself entirely to his satisfaction."

Also, in the actions of Chandi and Amerpore, on the 19th of February, 1858. 3d. The battle of Saitapore, 23d of February, 1858. The action of Fort Dhoorata, 4th March, 1858, on the night of which day he joined the army under Sir H. R. H. forming part of the 4th division, during the siege, and at the final capture of Lucknow, where he led his gallant regiment to the final assault and capture of the Residency. On this occasion he again brought his regiment out of

action, and succeeded to the command of the 97th Regiment, to the duties of which he continued earnestly to devote himself until the day of his death. He was twice highly complimented in despatches dated the 9th and 19th March, 1858, respectively, and her Majesty was graciously pleased to confer upon him the honor and dignity of C. B.; also the Indian war medal and clasp. He expired at Banda on the 3d of June of an attack of apoplexy, after few hours' illness, brought on by the excessive and intense heat, deeply regretted both by his brother officers, and by the men, by whom he was universally beloved and respected.

Colonel Legh was the fourth son of the late George John Legh, of High Legh, Esq., and brother of Mr. Cornwall Legh, M. P. for the Northern Division of Cheshire. Proud as our Country may be of her gallant sons, she possessed not a nobler one than the lamented deceased, to whom, however, it was not permitted to return to his native country, or the country that would have rejoiced to have welcomed him, with all the honor he had so justly merited.

[Col. Legh served in this Province, in 1852 and 1853, and was married to a daughter of the Hon. Neville Parker, Master of the Rolls, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of this Province.]

THE STANDARD.

North British Review for August,

Opens with an article on the second volume of Guizot's Memoirs, which is declared to be one of the most important books published in France since the revolution of February. The object of the reviewer is to impress on the British public the necessity of a truer knowledge than they now possess of what passes in France. "Printers Patronised by Charles I." contains a fair amount of agreeable art gossip, and gives sufficient evidence that that monarch was an eccentric of art and cultivator of taste. "Syndical Church History" is a review of Curleton's Ecclesiastical History of John Bishop of Ely, being a picture of the sixteenth century in church and state drawn by a contemporary hand. "Wanderings of an Artist" calls attention to a book by Paul Kane, containing sketches and pictures illustrative of North American Indians and scenery. Another paper which, relating to this country, will gain attention here, is entitled "New England Provincial Life and History." Its drift may be gathered from closing paragraph: "The Englishmen of the age of George III. knew little of England and its people. We know still less. Both ages agree in willfully forgetting that, up to the Revolution, New England history is a page of our own. We will regard it as having sprung into babyhood in the reign of Charles I.; and the existence of old families, old grudges and old prejudices, in a settlement of a century or two old is looked upon by us as a ridiculous and incoherent fancy. We do not consider that the oldest tree if you can but transplant it, with all its roots and soil about it will bear with its old age and its majesty thousands of miles away."

In a long article on "Glaciers," in which an account is given of their formation, of the theories which have professed to explain their phenomena, and of the observations recently made in the structure and properties of ice, the preference is given to the theory of Professor Forbes, though it is at the same time avowed that the study of the crystalline and composite structure of glacier ice, "is but in its infancy, and must be pursued by new and accurate methods of investigation." "Patrick Fraser Tytler" is the subject of a delightful biographical sketch. Tytler's "Idylls of the King" are carefully reviewed, with copious extracts.

The reviewing articles are "Botany and the Scottish Botanists," "Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia," "Napoleonism and Italy," and "Recent Publications."

Price of the four Reviews, 8s a year; "Blackwood" and the four Reviews, 6s 10.

FATAL AFFRAY.—London Ex. Sept. 2.—

A fatal affray took place at the house of W. W. Wyckham and Capt. Jones, when a shot was fired and fatally killed.

COAL MIXERS' STRIKE.—Pittsburg, Sept. 2.—The coal miners, numbering 2000, turned out in procession to day, on a strike, contending for the payment of their wages according to weight instead of measurement.

A gentleman who did not trust to his memory, wrote in his memorandum book; "I must be married when I get to town."