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## THE STANDARD.

### ARRIVAL OF THE JASON AT NEW-FOUNDLAND.

The steamship Jason, of the New York and Galway line, which sailed from Galway August 20th, arrived at St. John's N. F. on the 29th.

The news is unimportant. Nothing from Zurich.

Napoleon has obliterated all past warnings to the newspapers.

The Great Eastern leaves the Thames for Portland, thence on a trial trip, and departs finally on the 19th, for Portland, Maine.

English politics were dull.

Mr. Cobden had been honored with a grand demonstration by his Rochdale constituents.

The Ministerial departments of France are charged with the immediate execution of the amnesty. Numerous military sentences had been commuted. The amnesty created great surprise, but gave great satisfaction.

Louis Blanc refuses to place himself under the French yoke.

It is rumored that the Empress Eugenie is envious.

The National Assembly of Tuscany have declared that the dynasty of Florence could not be recalled which has been accepted.

The Moderate National Assembly is also taking strong grounds for national liberty.

The health of the King of Prussia is somewhat improved. It is expected that he will linger on.

The construction of the fortifications at Osanberg, which was suspended on the proclamation of peace, has been vigorously renewed.

Cardinal Antonelli has retired from the Presidency of the Council at Rome.

### THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

We are in receipt of the August number, which is an admirable one, the contents are unusually interesting. They open with an article of much interest on the "Life of Erasmus," who is designated as the "Great Reformer before the Reformation," and whom the writer regards the chief promoter of polite and classical literature "this side of the Alps;" the declared enemy of the dominant scholasticism and superstitions of the middle ages; the parent of biblical criticism; his avowed object was to associate the cultivation of letters with a simpler curianity.

The next article is on "Life Assurance." It abounds with facts and anecdotes tending to show the frauds that have been practiced by Assurance Companies, and gives some good advice to those wishing to profit by institutions that, when honestly and intelligently conducted, are among the most valuable which an improving civilization affords.

"Popular Music of the Olden Times," a late work by Chappell, is admirably reviewed in the next article, in which the writer alleges that the present rage for music, is not a modern innovation, but simply a revival of musical taste, existing for centuries.

"The progress of Geology," surveys the entire field of Geological Science, and condenses into a small compass all the important facts which that science has, as yet established.

An article on "The Islands of the Pacific," appears to be written with a view to prepare the public mind for the establishment of a British Protectorate over the Fiji Islands, said to be asked for at the hands of their supreme chief.

"Burgon's Life of Tytler," gives a pleasing sketch of the great Scottish historian.

"Berkshire" appears to be a historical account of that old English county, and contains facts, anecdotes and reminiscences of its early history.

The last article is an able paper on the "Invasion of England," giving a gloomy picture of its preparations for defence against an attack by the French, which it anticipates at no distant day, and urging with great earnestness, such measures for repelling the foe as are still within the reach of the British government and people.

The British Reviews are republished by Messrs L. Scott & Co., New York, at 8s per annum, including Blackwood \$10.

## An Interesting Story.

### THE THIRTEENTH CHIME.

BY ANOUS B. BEACH.

It was in one of the earliest years of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and on a glorious summer's day, that two men sat in earnest conversation together in the oak-paneled parlor of a small house abutting upon St. Paul's Churchyard. The one was a soldier the other a priest. The former was habited as an officer of the yeomen of the guard—his morion, surmounted by a plume of feathers, lay before him on the table, and his rich scarlet and gold uniform shone gay and glistening in the sunshine. He was a young man, but vice and unbridled passion were stamped, like Cain's mark upon his face. His eyes were bloodshot; his mouth coarse and sensual, and his whole bearing fierce and swaggering. His priestly companion had thrown back his cowl, probably for coolness, and disclosed features, the expression of which, like that of the captain of the guards, was evil, but which, unlike his, was partly redeemed by a lofty intellectuality.

The priest's forehead was high and massive, and his eye deep-set and bright. As he glanced at his companion, his thin, pale lip curled insolently, and the scorn of his female was withering. But the soldier perceived it not, as he carelessly cast aside the silver stoup from which he had been imbibing plentiful draughts of sack, and remarked—

And so, Bully Friar! thou hast absolved all my sins—truly their name was legion—but that boots not now; they are rubbed away like rust from a sword blade.

Doubtless thou art pardoned. Have I not said it? returned the priest. And he spoke his lip curled more palpably than ever.

That swaggerer, pined by the cross-bow bolt at Thame? said he of the yeomen of the guard, beginning anew the muster-roll of his transgressions.

Think not of it, replied the priest.

And the murder done at the Bankside? Forgiven.

And the despoiling of the Abingdon mercer?

I have absolved.

And the vow broken to Sir Hildebrand Grey?

It will not count against thee.

And the carrying off the pretty Mistress Marjory?

Hath been atoned for.

And oaths, lies, imprecations innumerable? rejoined the captain. Not so much that I care about such petty matter; but when one is at confession, one may as well make a clean breast of it.

In the name of the church I absolve thee.

And now Captain Wyckhamme, thou must perform a service for me.

It is but reasonable. Thou art my helper in matters spiritual—I am thine in matters earthly. We serve each other, Father Francis.

The worthy Father Francis smiled. It is possible that he deemed the arrangement a better one for his military friend than himself.

Therefore say the word, continued Wyckhamme; and, lo! my boundless forgiver of transgressions, I am thine, for good or evil.

Father Francis bent his keen, black eye steadily upon his companion—gazing as if he would peer into his soul. At length he spoke, slowly and calmly—

Thou hast a yeoman in thy company of guards—one Mark Huntley.

Marry, yes. A fine, stalwart fellow; he draws a bow like Robin Hood; and I would ill like to abide the brunt of his partisan—What of him?

The priest started up—his eye flashed—his nostrils dilated. Catching Wyckhamme's arm with his brown, sinewy hand, and clutching it convulsively, he said hoarsely,—Ruin him!

Ruin him! repeated the officer of the guards, somewhat surprised at this unexpected outburst. Ruin him! Marry, man, he thinks you; he is the flower of my company.

I say, ruin him! cried the priest. Thou art his officer, and there a thousand ways.—Plot—plot—so that he may rot in a dungeon or swing from the gallows. He is a canker in my heart.

But wherefore art thou set against the yeoman, Father? asked Captain Wyckhamme.

He has crossed my path,—said the priest, moodily.

Crossed thy path—how? demanded the soldier.

Father Francis looked wistfully at his questioner, and muttered—In love.

Captain Wyckhamme struck the table with his fist, until his wax tapers danced again, and then starting to his feet, with a coarse roar of laughter, exclaimed—Ho, ho! hath it come to this? And so a neat ankle and buxom cheeks, and a gimp waist, were more

than a match for thy sanctity! And thy cell was solitary and cold—was it not, Priest.—Add a man, even though a monk, cannot be always praying, and so thou wouldst take to wooing for an interlude. Brave Sir Priest! Credit me, thou art a man of mettle—a bold friar—an honor to thine order. Nay, thou shalt be the founder of an order—a family I mean; and by my halidome, there will be a rare species of the devil in the breed. But I say, Father, who is she?—what is she?—Do her eyes sparkle! her cheeks glow?—her—

Silence, babler, said the priest, her name is too pure a thing for thee to take within thy lips; for thee to speak of her were blasphemy.

Ha! exclaimed Wyckhamme. Priest, I say unto thee, beware.

Hush! I love her, love her, with a depth of passion which things like thee cannot feel or comprehend. I have wrestled—fought with it—striven in the darkness and silence of my cell to crush it; but I cannot; she is my light—my air—my life—my God! I have said it—I have sworn it—she shall mine, although I give body and soul to purchase the treasure!

The captain looked surprised at this outbreak.

Wilt thou remove this man continued the priest after a pause, and speaking in a voice frightful calmness.

Hum—why—marry, I would do much to oblige thee; began the soldier, when his companion interrupted him.

We are in each other's secrets, he said.

The officer of the guard shrugged his shoulders.

And with men like us to be in each other's secret is to be in each other's power.

The officer of the guard shrugged his shoulders still higher.

Art thou resolved? inquired Father Francis quietly.

I am sure, was the reply. Mark Huntley will not live long to thwart thee.

Thy well, muttered the priest, "but the blow must be immediate.

It shall fall to-morrow, said Wyckhamme; leave the means to me. But I say, Father, how dost thou propose to get possession of the maiden, and when?

To-night, replied the monk, and his eye glistened; I am her father confessor.

Captain Wyckhamme smaked his lips.

A sweet duty, by my faith, to listen to the fluttering thoughts of youthful female hearts; I almost wish I were a monk.

Curses on thy licentious tongue! exclaimed the churchman in a voice of suppressed passion. Listen—I have imposed on her a midnight, solitary penance. At the dead hour of night she is to kneel before the shrine of the Virgin in the Cathedral. I shall be there.

And attempt to carry her off? She will scream.

There are gags.

She will fly.

There are bonds and secret keepings, places the world wots not of, at my disposal—while Mark Huntley—

Is my past of the job. Priest, it is a well-laid scheme; I think it may prosper.

It must, answered the priest; but the sun hath passed the meridian; it is not time thou wert on thy way homeward!

Marry you say true, exclaimed the other, and I will plot my share in the matter as I ride.

"Do so," said the priest, "and farewell."

In five minutes, Captain Wyckhamme, attended by two yeomen of his troop, was spurting down Ludgate Hill, on his way westward, while Father Francis, enveloped in his cowl, paced slowly and thoughtfully back to the cathedral. The people made way for reverently, and bowed low; the father had the reputation of being rich in the odor of sanctity, and many counted themselves happy in his "Benedicite."

The hours passed away and it became night; fair, calm summer's night, in which the moon and stars strove to outshine each other.

A dead hush was upon London. The last of the crew of "prentices" who had been willing away the lengthened twilight by a noisy game of foot-ball in Cheaps, had been summoned within doors by his vigilant master, and the streets were left to the occasional home returning reveller—who either paced along with tipsy gravity, or made the old houses ring with snatches of the drinking songs which still buzzed in his ears—

The stately mass of old Paul's rose majestically above all lumbering totements, steeped in a flood of moonshine—its quaint carvings and sculptured pinnacles here standing out clear and palpable in the starry air, and here broken by broad masses of deep black shadow.

It was now the hour of midnight when the light figure of a woman, closely muffled in its draperies, glided cautiously and timidly

along the quiet pavement, and tripped up the steps towards one of the side-entrances to the cathedral. The door of a chapel from which admittance might be had into the main portion of the building, was open. As she crossed the threshold the damp chill of the air, so different from the genial atmosphere without made her pause. It was but for a moment, and then she entered the cathedral. It was an awfully solemn place. No work of man's hands could be more grand; its shawly vastness seemed not of earth—The eye could only dimly trace its repetition by the gorgeously colored light admitted by the painted glass, and imagination supplied the rest.

Here was the vast clustered pillars, the echoing aisles, the groined and arched magnificence of the roof, and over all silence like the silence of the dead; the intruder crossed her arms upon her bosom, for the place was chill—and the next moment Mabel Lorne knelt before the shrine of the Virgin. She had hardly passed a minute in devotion when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder; with a fluttering heart she started to her feet and beheld the face of Father Francis dimly seen close to hers.

Father? she exclaimed.

Daughter, returned the priest, in a voice trembling with passionate eagerness, for he thought he had his victim in clutch, thou must go with me; and at the same instant before she could make a motion to prevent him, he slipped a kerchief prepared for the purpose over the lower part of her face, and she was unable to utter a sound.

Come sweet one, come! said Father Francis in a low tremulous voice, as he attempted to seize her arm and waist. Surprise and despair, however, gave Mabel strength,—making a frantic effort, she freed herself from the rule grasp, and fled. Uttering a muttered imprecation, the priest pursued but his flowing robes hindered his progress.—With a ringing head, and almost insensible of what she did, Mabel flew over the pavement; she tried to make for the door, but her confusion was so great to enable her to discover it,—she heard the footsteps of the priest close to her, and fled unwitting whither she went.

Ha! now I have thee, panted the monk, as the fugitive appeared driven into a corner of the building and he made a plunge forward to grasp her. He was disappointed. A low-browed door stood open in the wall, leading to the spiral stone stair-case, and up it she flew like the wind.

As Mabel put her foot upon the first step—a loud clang ran through the cathedral—it was the first chime of twelve struck by the great clock.

Up—up—up—went pursuer and pursued. Fear gave unnatural swiftness to Mabel, and she rushed upwards—round and round the spiral staircase—as though her feet felt not the stone steps.

The priest was close behind—with clenched teeth and glaring eyes; maddened by passion and disappointment, he made desperate efforts to overtake his victim, and sometimes Mabel heard his loud panting close behind her. Up they went, higher the gyrations of the stairs seemed endless, and all the time the clock rang slowly out the iron chimes of midnight. The place was dark; and here and there bars of white moonlight shining through loopholes checked the gloom. Up! up! higher and faster—but Mabel felt that her limbs were failing her—she made one more effort—one frantic bound and lo! she saw above her, in a space on which the moonbeams fell the complicated works of the great clock. She had no breath to raise an alarm which could be heard by those below. She listened to the rapidly mounting footsteps of the priest, and her heart sank within her. Just then the great iron hammer, which struck the hours, rang the last stroke of twelve upon the bell. A thought darted like lightning through Mabel's brain,—she might make the iron tongue speak for her.

[Concluded next week.]

A RICH SCENE.—The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice between the Judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam:—

Judge—What's your native language?

Witness—I po no native; I's a Dootchman.

J—What's your mother-tongue?

W.—(O, fader says she pe-all-tongue.)

J.—(In an irritable tone.) What language did you first learn? What language did you speak at the cradle?

W.—I did not speak no language in the cradle at all; I only cried in Dutch.

Then there was a general laugh, in which the judge, jury and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.

Case of kidnapping: Catching a juvenile goat asleep.

### Moral Results of the Revival in Ireland.

The Rev. Mr. Hannay of Dundee, who has been recently on a tour in Ireland, gives the following view of the moral effects of the revival:—"The company with which I travelled drove from Coleraine to the Giant's Causeway. We carried tracts with us, and all along the road they were received with an eagerness and gratitude which surprised us—the ploughman leaving his team and crossing the field, the carrier leaping from his cart, and the housewife bustling from her cottage to pick up the tiny leaflets, charged as they knew them to be with the messages of mercy.

Nor was this all. Once and again as we drove past some wagon, the driver of which seemed to be asleep, we found that he was not asleep, but absorbed in the reading of the New Testament. By a stone-breaker on the way-side we saw a young girl with an open Bible, reading from the pages, or questioning as to its meaning—that stone-breaker professed a rejoicing faith in Christ. In a cottage door an aged dame sat with her Bible in her lap apparently reading, while a younger woman intently listened. In that short seven mile drive, we saw more evidence of a people awakened, thoughtful and anxious about their spiritual concerns, than in corresponding circumstances, and in a similar way, we ever saw in all our travelling together in our own country. And the change in the manner and morals of the people, taken as a whole, (I do not speak of professed converts,) we were everywhere assured is such that only the man who has lived through the change and witnessed it with his own eyes can without hesitation and questioning believe.

Family worship has become general. Profane swearing is not heard, (I heard but one profane word in Ireland,) and from some districts intemperance has entirely disappeared. I was told by the Rev. Mr. Park of Ballymore, an authority which he considered reliable and decisive, that in the district of excise of which Coleraine is the centre, comprehending a radius of perhaps ten or twelve miles, by no means densely peopled, the falling off in the duty paid on spirits for the month was no less than £400 sterling. Markets which a few weeks ago were scenes of reveling are now quiet and orderly. The 12th of July, a day of celebration on which party spirit was wont to run high, and on which not seldom blood was shed, was consecrated by prayer meetings, and spent with the decorum and solemnity of a Sabbath."

A SERIOUS WARNING.—The consideration remain as indisputable and serious as ever that whatever Louis Napoleon is resolved on he can do, though all France should say him nay; that he is restless in temper, hampered by position, dark and fiftal in fancy, secretive, impressive, and unaccountable.—He is sensitive to what Englishmen say and write of him—and Englishmen will never hold their tongues from caution and they are not always just and often moderate in their expressions condemnation and mistrust.

We are sure to give him umbrage every day,—and some day umbrage may exacerbate into rage. He is sure to do things which we must blame and ought to thwart and protest against,—and he may not always listen to our remonstrance with patience. He may repeat the experiment of the Charles et Georges; he may take offence about our armaments; he may be irritated about the Suez Canal; he may indulge in schemes against allies ours, to which we could no be indifferent or passive.

Already Mr. Monteu have been grand log because our dockyards are active and on statement are sounding the note of warning; the Journal des Debates has received orders to back these murmurs; and even the very decree which reduces the French navy to a peace footing may be made a ground of offence when it is found that we are not intending to reduce our own navy;—which was never been put on a war footing,—pari passu.

The conspiracy affair and the colonel's addresses may come over again. The day may dawn when some actual opposition to French desires, or some fancied affront to French susceptibility, may for a moment set that gunpowder people on fire, and when the Emperor may deem it safer to fall in with the popular frenzy than to thwart it or to calm it.—Economist.

A darkey having been to California thus speaks of his introduction to San Francisco:—"As soon as dey landed in de ribber, dar mouf begin to water to be on land—and us soon as dey waded to de shore, dy didn't see any good, but dey found such a big supply of audin' to eat, dat dar gums cracked like baked clay in a brickyard."

AN OVEN ISSUED OF SOCKS.—Two thick-nesses of cravat around your neck this hot weather.