

# The St. Andrew Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E Paris sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

[12. Cts. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE]

No 47]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1858.

[Vol 25.]

## LOVE IN THE CLOUDS. A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

"And this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a coward like him!" So shouted honest Master Joss, the sacristan of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the "Adam and Eve" inn, and looked after the angry retreating figure of Master Otkar, the head mason.

As he spoke, an honest young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the sacristan's words were directed at him. For it was the old, old story—Gabriel and Annie had played together and loved each other before; and when, a few months before, they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to suffer besides an honest heart and a pair of industrious hands, while Master Otkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, so early against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept away from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, manfully endeavoring to root out his love while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other pernicious plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished, nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbour hailed him:

"Great news, my boy! glorious news!—Our Leopold has been chosen emperor at Frankfurt. Long live the House of Austria! He is to make his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the 'Adam and Eve,' and we will drink his health and hear all about it."

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

He had already seen how the unexpected appearance and more unexpected words of Master Joss met him on his entrance. In the height of his indignation, the sacristan did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

"I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to woo and win my daughter to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—ay, and think her well rid of that cowardly mason."

From time immemorial, it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the emperor had made a triumphal entry, for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest tower, and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joss was old, stiff, and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight rope. It was therefore needful for him to provide a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and stand on a slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

What then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on broaching the matter that afternoon to Master Otkar, he was met by a flat and not over-courteous refusal! The old man made a hasty retreat; words ran high, and the parting volley, levelled at the retreating mason we have already reported.

"Would you, dear master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner for you as long as you please from the top of St. Stephen's tower."

"You, Gabriel?" said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he went to do in former days. "My poor boy! you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never has had any practice in climbing."

"Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!" exclaimed the youth, reddening. "My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why, it was you who made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me, on the word of any honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our Emperor, whom may heaven long preserve! wave gloriously on the old pinnacle."

"I will, my brave lad; I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours!" said the sacristan, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

"One thing I have to ask you," said the young man, "that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She'd never consent;

she'd say I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want it to be most firm and collected."

"No fear of her knowing it for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt two or three miles in the country."

"And why did you send her from home Master Joss?"

"Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because, to tell the truth, I was a hard-hearted old fool, I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy Arnold, your old friend and school fellow, Gabriel, has been for years in foreign parts, and we don't know what has become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please. There's my hand on it."

There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of Vienna than the gardener, although he well knew he was attempting a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to result in his death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done he resigned himself to dream all night of tumbling down terrific heights, and all day of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile Otkar swallowed his chagrin as he best might, and kept aloof from Master Joss; but he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young Emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before evening; and at the appointed hour the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and, giving him the banner of the house of Austria, gorgeously embroidered, said:

"Now, my boy, up in God's name! Follow Lawrence; he'll guide you safely to the top of the spire, and afterwards assist you in coming down."

Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Mere child's play—the young gardener flew them up with a joyous step. Then came two hundred wooden stairs over the clock-tower and belfry; then five steep ladders up the narrow pinnacle. Courage! A few more bold steps—half an hour of peril—then triumph, reward, the priest's blessing, and the joyful "Yes!" before the altar. Ah, how heavy was the baner to drag upwards—how dark the strait, stony shaft! Hold, there is the trap-door, Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through.

"That's it!" cried Lawrence; "you'll see the iron steps and the clamps to hold on by outside—only keep your head steady—When 'tis your turn to come down, hail us, and we'll throw you a rope ladder with hooks. Farewell!" As he said these words, Gabriel had passed through the trap-door, and with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, felt himself hanging over a tremendous precipice, while the cold evening breeze ruffled his hair. He had still burdened as he was with the baner, to steady himself on a part of the spire sculptured in the similitude of a rose, and then, after two or three daring steps still higher, to bestride the very pinnacle, and wave his gay gold flag.

"May God be merciful to me!" sighed the poor lad, as glancing downwards on the busy streets, lying so far beneath, the whole extent of his danger flashed upon him. He felt so lonely, so utterly forsaken in that desert of the open air, and the cruel wind strove with him, and struggled to wrest the banner from his hand. "Annie, Annie, 'tis for thee!" he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name nerved him to endurance. He wound his left arm firmly around the iron bar which supported the golden stars, surmounted by a crescent, that served as a weather-cock, and with the right waved the flag, which flapped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—grew dark above his head, and the lights and bonfires glanced upwards from the great city below. But the cries of rejoicing came faintly on his ear, until one long-continued shout, mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of Leopold.

"Huzza! huzza! long live the Emperor!" shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the deepening twilight and the dizzy height rendered him unseen and unheard by the busy crowd below.

The deep voice of the cathedral clock tolled the hour.

"Now my task is ended," said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and shivering in the chilly breeze. "Now I have only to get down and give the signal."

More bravely and slowly than he had

ascended, he began his descent. Only one still held on with his numbed arm, and with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

"Ha!" said he, "doesn't it look now as if that heathenish Turk of a crescent were nodding and wished me an evil 'good-night'?"

Be quiet, Mohammed!

A few courageous steps landed him once more amid the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed the only coigne of vantage for his feet to rest on.

He furled his banner tightly together, and shouted: "Hollo, Lawrence! Albert! here I throw me up the ladder and hooks."

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel reiterate the call.

Not a word, not a stir below.

"Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep?" cried the poor fellow aloud; and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir one hairbreadth to the right or to the left. A painful sensation of tightness came across his chest and his soul grew bitter within him.

"They have left me here of set purpose," he muttered through his clenched teeth. "The torches below will shine on my crushed body."

Then, after a moment:

"No, no; the sacristan could not find it in his heart; men born of women could not do it. They will come; they must come."

But when they did not come, and the pitiless darkness thickened around him, so that he could not see his hand, his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

"God!" he cried, "the Emperor will not suffer such barbarity. Noble Leopold, help One word from you would save me."

But the cold night wind, blowing ominously around the tower, seemed to answer:

"Here I alone am emperor; and this is my domain!"

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

"Haven't I managed it well?" asked one.

"Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the old sacristan!"

O no; the old man is too busy with his son who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?"

"By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself, and fetch the gardener down. The trap-door is fast, and no one within call. But I think Master Otkar and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem."

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meantime, a dark shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear: "Renounce thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety."

"May God preserve me from such sin," cried the poor lad, shuddering.

"Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you."

"Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spirit?"

"Or just say that you'll make me a present of your first-born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as if you were floating on down."

"Avaunt, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!" cried Gabriel, manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

"Am I really here?" he asked himself, as he awoke; "or is it all a frightful dream I have had while laying in my bed?"

A cold shudder passed through his frame followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

"Fool this is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw yourself down."

"Must I then die?" murmured Gabriel while the cold sweat started from his brow.

"Must I die while life is so pleasant? O Annie, Annie pray for me; the world is so pleasant, and life is so sweet."

Then it seemed as if soft wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

"Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted."

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel

still held on with his numbed arm, and with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome sun-burnt youth, his long-lost son Arnold, who had sat by his side the long night, recounting the adventure which had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said:

"I am longing to see Annie, father. I dare say she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?"

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

"Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him."

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened towards the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

"Where is Gabriel?" cried the sacristan.

"I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door."

"But who helped him down?"

"Why you yourself, of course," replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. "Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it."

"Oh, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all," groaned the old man.

"Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come, for the love of God; look up, look up to the spire."

Arnold rushed towards the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great distances over the sea, very distinctly discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering in the spire.

"Tis he. It must be he still living, 'O God!' cried Master Joss, "where are my keys? O that we may not be too late."

The keys were found in the old man's pocket; and all three, rushing through the cathedral-gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert knowing the trick of the trap-door went through first.

"Call out to him, lad!" exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.

"I hear nothing stirring," said Albert, "nor can I see anything from this. I'll climb over the rose."

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he reappeared at the trap-door.

"There certainly is a figure standing on the rose, but 'tis't Gabriel—'tis a ghost!"

"A ghost! you dreaming dunderhead," shouted Arnold. "Let me up." And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out: "Come on, come on, as soon as you can. I have him thank God! But quick; time is precious."

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length, a half-unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the "Adam and Eve" laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

"Wipe the hoar-frost off my hair, and that yellow dust off my cheeks!"

In truth, his curled locks were white, his rosy cheeks yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hoar-frost was there to wipe away that one night of horror had added forty years to his age.

In the course of the day, numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure crowded to the inn and sought to see him, but none were admitted save the three who sat continually by his bedside—his weeping young sister, the brave Arnold, and Master Joss, the most unhappy of all; for his conscience ceased not to say in a voice that would be heard, "You alone are the cause of all this."

By way of a little self-comfort, the sacristan used to exclaim at intervals: "If I only had hold of that Lawrence! If I once had that Otkar by the throat! But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna."

"Ah!" said Gabriel towards evening. "It all over between me and Annie. She should shudder at the sight of an old wrinkled gray-haired fellow like me."

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while her bright eyes trembled with her poor gray locks; and Arnold's hand some face grew very sad as he thought: "The poor fellow is right; there are a few things that girls dislike more than gray hair and yellow wrinkles."

"I have one request to make of you all, my friends," said Gabriel, painfully raising

himself on his couch—"do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less, I think; then I'll go into the forest and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from pain."

"A fine way indeed to save Annie from pain!" cried a well-known voice, while a light figure rushed towards the bed, and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace. "My own true love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes than now. And pretend that you were dead! A likely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but my poor boy's adventure. And let yourself be eaten by wolves! No, no, Gabriel; you wouldn't treat your poor Annie so cruelly as that."

A regular hailstorm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow in the general melee Arnold's lips came into wonderfully close contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel's little sister. Certainly he was heard the next day to whisper into his friend's ear: "A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy; I think if you take my sister the least you can do is to give me yours."

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair to the end of his life remained as white as snow, his cheeks and eyes, ere the wedding-day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couples—the day when Gabriel's sore tried love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem, upon the rain-drops that refresh the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light, and upon all his works he has written, "No one liveth for himself."

The crew of a sailing-boat threw up all her ballast. She was consequently upset—destroyed by lightning.

What great phenomenon had a name most expressive of his profession as a researcher in heads? Combe.

They have got a fast operator in Arkansas, he cuts up clover and hay, and sells it for black tea.

WOMAN—The female of man in the order of nature, but sometimes the male in the order of society. There are old women in both sexes.

What a Newspaper does for Nothing.

The following article should be read and pondered well by every man who takes a paper with out paying for it—

"The result of my observation enables me to state, as a fact, that the publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any class of men in the United States who invest an equal amount of labor, capital and thought. They are expected to do more service for less pay, to stand more sponging and 'dead-heading,' to puff and defend more people without fee or hope of reward than any other class.

They credit wider and longer; get oftener cheated; suffer more pecuniary loss; are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence than any other calling in the community. People pay a printer's bill more reluctantly than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar upon a valuable newspaper, than ten on a needless, gew-gaw; yet everybody avails himself of the use of the editor's pen and printer's ink.

How many professional and political reputations, and fortunes have been made and sustained by the friendly, though unrequited, pen of the editor? How many embryo towns and cities have been bro't into notice, and puff'd into prosperity by the press? How many railroads now in successful operation, would have foundered but for the assistance of that 'lever that moves the world?' In short, what branch of industry or activity has not been promoted, stimulated and defended by the press?

And who has rend red it more than a miserable pittance for its mighty services? The hazards of fashion and the haunts of appetite and dissipation are thronged with an eager crowd, bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there needed are sold at enormous profits though intrinsically worthless, and paid for with scrupulous punctuality; while the counting room of the newspapers is the seat of jehing, cheapening, trade, orders and pennies. It is made a point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, but not of dishonor to repudiate a printer's bill."

Booth, the tragedian, had his nose broken. A lady once said to him, 'I like your acting, but I cannot get over your nose.' No word, replied, 'be, the 'Edge is, oar.'