

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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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 enclitic.

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 dody 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 reveler—who either paced along with tipsy gravity, or made the long avenues which still buzzed in his ears—

The stately mass of old Paul's rose majestically above all lumbering toments, 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 rude 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. Montagu 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 as soon as dey waded to de shore, dey did not see any goodly, 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.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

SEIZURE OF AN ISLAND IN PUERTO RICO BY GEN. HARNEY.—From the California correspondent of the New York Herald we extract the following, relating to the seizure of an island:

We learn from the headquarters of the Oregon and Washington Military Department that Gen. Harney has ordered a detachment of United States troops to take possession of the island of San Juan and establish there a military post. The right of ownership to this and other islands is in dispute between the English and American governments. Gen. Harney, it is to be presumed, acts under instructions from the administration, and as British interests have within a year acquired much importance in that quarter, it is not unlikely that trouble will grow out of the affair.

The treaty of 1846 proved that the line separating the British and American territories should commence at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, in latitude 49 degrees, to which point it had previously been brought from the East, thence run westward with the Gulf of Georgia thence southward with the main channel to the straits of Fuca, and through the middle of these straits to the ocean. Now it so happens that between the point where the line leaves the straits of Fuca, there is the Archipelago de Haro, through which several large channels run, the two main ones being the Rosario Strait and the Canale de Haro. The former is the one most used by vessels going from coast to coast of Fraser River, but the latter is the wider, though obstructed by some small islets. Both are wide channels, deep enough for the largest ships. Between them lie a dozen islands, the chief of which is San Juan, Lopez and Orcas islands and altogether they include about 200 square miles of land, or 128,000 acres, much of it good soil, covered with fine grass. The British assert that the Rosario Strait is the "main channel" meant by the treaty, and the Americans say the Canale de Haro is meant; and the settlement of that dispute will determine who is to be the owner of the islands. Some British subjects already occupy San Juan Island as a sheep pasture.

There are about four hundred English soldiers scattered over British Columbia, and three men-of-war—the Pyrites, Tribune and Satellite—at Victoria. With this force very little could be done, even if Gen. Douglas felt disposed to resort to extremities. The people in Washington Territory would, no doubt, be pleased at an opportunity which would enable them to enter the service of the United States; so there would, in case of necessity, be no lack of men.

EVENTFUL CLOSE OF AN EVENTFUL CAREER.—A celebrated Presbyterian clergyman was swept over the falls of Niagara a few days ago, and drowned. The Cleveland Herald gives the following account of his life:

Mr. McClung was a man of mark in his native State; his mother a sister of Chief Justice Marshall, he himself connected with many of the best families in Kentucky, and for years a prominent lawyer and politician. About thirty years since, young McClung, then just from the Theological Seminary of Princeton was licensed by the Presbytery of Transylvania to preach the Gospel. But before twelve months had passed, he came before his Presbytery requesting to have his license withdrawn, chiefly on the ground of skeptical difficulties respecting the Scriptures. His request was granted. Then he studied law, and as a lawyer and politician was one of the leading men in the State for fifteen or twenty years—as those familiar with the Bar and politics in Kentucky will remember—the peer and friend of the Marshalls, Franks, Brockenridges, Crittendens, &c. In the midst of this career, about ten years ago, he came before his Presbytery, confessed his sins, renounced his skepticism, and asked to have his license to preach the Gospel restored to him.

Presbytery heard him, examined him, and being satisfied of his piety and sincerity, restored it to him. With the zeal and earnestness of one of the old Apostles, he began his ministry. In Louisville no church could contain the crowds that flocked to hear him, and so warm and devoted were his admirers that they wished to build him a church. To this he would not consent. In Cincinnati the same results followed. At this time the First Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis gave him a call. He accepted it, and was for several years its popular and successful pastor. Then his health utterly failing, he resigned his charge and removed to Mt. Pleasant. Having recovered it in part, two years since he accepted a call to the First Church in Mayville, Kentucky. But, though the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak. Two years more of devoted work for his Master exhausted the little strength he had. His last dark, wild struggles with the furious waters of Niagara, not unfitly characterize the dark and wild struggles of much of his strange eventful life.

FIRE IN CANADA.—Toronto, C.W. Aug. 6.—The most disastrous fire which has occurred at Toronto for several years, commenced at 12 o'clock last night on the northeast corner of Victoria and Gould streets. Victoria Terrace, a row of six fine buildings, owned by Sheriff Jarvis, was destroyed, several other buildings are also destroyed. Dr. Taylor and Rev. Mr. Darling are among those who are burnt out. A large amount of furniture was destroyed, and a

very valuable library badly injured. The loss is fully estimated at from \$35,000 to \$40,000, which is partly insured.

A Legacy for Mr. Spurgeon.—A few weeks since the rector of a fashionable parish was sent to pray to a lady of the name of W., who lived in elegant apartments near George street Hanover square. A few days afterwards Mr. W.'s solicitor called on the rector to inform him that the lady was dead, and had made a will in his favor. Mr. W. had left a considerable amount, appointing his canonical friend one of her executors. Upon the several parties proceeding, to Mr. Spurgeon to acquaint him with the agreeable fact the latter declared there must be a mistake as he never made the acquaintance of a lady of the name of W.; but nevertheless, he promised to inquire further into the matter. He did so, and found, to his utter astonishment, that the lady was first mentioned by Mr. Spurgeon. It is said afterwards went to the residence of the testatrix, and actually saw the lady in her coffin; he then recollected her as being a constant annoyance to him many years ago, in the Park street-chapel where she had a pew directly opposite to him. She never spoke to him, but was continually watching him, look where he would till at last he was under the necessity of speaking to some congregational friends to persuade her to vacate her pew. From that time to the present he has had lost sight of the lady.—Court Circular.

Melancholy Accident in St. John Harbour.—An accident occurred off the harbour on Saturday, of a most distressing nature, resulting in the loss of nine lives out of a party of eleven bound on a pleasure excursion. The company left Reed's Point about nine o'clock or shortly after, in the morning, and between ten and eleven, when about a mile and a quarter off Red Head, the boat upset, and those on board, except two, were drowned.

Those lost were the two Misses McGahy, daughters of Widow McGahy, of this City; Miss Wayne; two Misses Wilson, sisters of Capt. Petch's wife; Mr. James McLean, Wilson, their brother; William aged 13 years, and Charles, aged 9 years sons of Captain Petch, residing at Reed's Point; and Mr. Charles B. McDoner, (native of Dublin), a boarder in Captain Petch's house. Capt. P. we learn, is at present on a voyage to Liverpool.

The saved were Messrs. Hicks and McKain; they clung to the boat till discovered by some young men, who seeing their perilous situation, procured a small boat and went (six or seven in number) to their rescue. They were almost exhausted, and it was with the greatest difficulty they were restored to consciousness. One of the men lies in a low condition in Captain Petch's house.

Mr. Wilson father of the three persons mentioned above, resides in the country, and teaches school.

We deeply sympathize with the bereaved families in their sudden and agonizing distress.

Two boats with grappling apparatus, were at the place yesterday where the accident happened, and it was reported that one of the bodies had been recovered.—M. News.

THE GREAT GUN TEST.—A few days ago we saw the range accuracy of the new Armstrong gun tested in a way which demands a note. Cooling ourselves on the Essex coast, near the artillery practising ground, were asked to see the firing, and while this goes slowly and solemnly on, one of them spies a slight of gase far out to sea. "There, they light on you and bank." "Up go a dozen glasses." "Yes, there they flicker in the sun, gray and white, mere specks in the blue sea air. Lead the gun—lead it at the beach—put it stop—bang." Bang off there to the sands! A signal tells the tale. The shot has struck the sea—some life is taken from the rock—and this at six miles seven furlongs from the mouth of the gun. A shot as well aimed from Primrose Hill should hit the ball on Greenwich Observatory; or if fired from Richmond Park, should bring down a rider in Rotten row, here is a feat worth the attention of those Austrian engineers who have just come to London, to study our new artillery and learn how to defend Verona against the Frank.—London Athenaeum.

ACCIDENT.—A LIVING HEAD ON A DEAD BODY.—Mr. Archibald Campbell, a respectable farmer in the township of Canada East, while engaged in finishing a new dwelling on his premises, the scaffold gave way, and he precipitated foremost to the ground, and dislocated his neck but which very fortunately and mysteriously did not kill him. When his head was brought to its proper position the vertebrae of the neck returned to their place with a dull but distinct snap. The whole body is paralyzed and unable from the neck downwards. He is not capable of moving a muscle or experiencing the slightest pain. Fortunately the nerves supplying the muscles used in respiration were not paralyzed, and he can breathe and live. Had the injury of the spinal cord been a little higher, he would have died immediately. The sense of sight, hearing and smelling, &c., are normal, and his intellect is unimpaired. Mr. Campbell has been for a number of years the victim of a series of misfortunes. He formerly resided in the city of Montreal, and was in possession of a fine property. He bore the reputation of the best ship carpenter in this country, and superintended the construction of the best steamers Montreal, Quebec, and the old Highlander. He eventually lost his all, through the dishonesty of his partner in business, who left the country between two days. Disheartened and discouraged, he found his way to Upper Canada, and settled upon a farm in this township. No sooner did he find himself in a comfortable home again, when his only son, a young man of about twenty summers, became insane and was sent to the Asylum at Toronto. But the last misfortune was more intolerable than his predecessors. There he lies, a strange and remarkable specimen of a living head on a dead body, with a full consciousness of his miserable position. When last heard from, however, there was some indication of a return of sensation, and the power of motion, and it is just possible that he might partially recover.—Newburgh Index.

HONOUR AND ST. ANDREWS RAILROAD.—The engineers are now surveying the route of the Honiton and St. Andrews Branch Railroad, and when work is again commenced it is almost certain that the road will be completed to Honiton at once. Should this be the case, we suggest to all concerned the eminent propriety of an extension of the Honiton Branch to some central point in the valley of the Aroostook, eventually to be continued to the valley of the St. John. Let this be done and the Aroostook Branch be built from Bangor to Honiton, and all the interests of the whole are secured. It would obviate the necessity of two roads from Honiton and vicinity northward, as one would be amply sufficient for all. Should the St. Andrews Road be continued from Woodstock up the St. John near the Boundary line, the interests of Maine would imperatively demand that another should be built from Honiton northward. The course we

suggest would also shorten the distance from St. Andrews to Quebec very materially.—M. Pioneer.

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large field, and all the means and appliances to boot.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—It becomes our painful duty to record the death by drowning, of a most amiable young man, George Stevenson, (oldest son of Mr. James Stevenson of this place) who has been for upwards of five years, one of the clerks in Messrs. Odell & Turner's Dry Goods Store. It appears that for some weeks he was in the habit of bathing, and being unable to swim, descended the outer end of the wharf by means of one of the spiles, which he held on to, and immersed himself in the water. Immediately after dinner on Friday last, about 3 o'clock, he went as customary, to bathe, and having undressed himself, laid his clothes beside the storehouse at the end of the wharf. Soon after it will be remembered a heavy squall of wind arose, accompanied with a copious shower, and it is supposed he lost his hold and fell to the bottom. About 6 o'clock, Mr. John Griffin, Foreman in Mr. Clinch's Printing Office, went down the wharf, and seeing the clothes lying near the store, looked for the person bathing, when melancholy to relate, he discovered the body lying on the bottom, covered by a depth of six or seven feet of water. He immediately gave the alarm—a boat was launched, and the body raised by means of oars. Every effort was used that medical skill could devise, to restore animation, but the vital spark had fled. By this sudden bereavement, a respectable family have been called upon to mourn the loss of a dutiful son, and affectionate brother—and his employees of an attentive and trustworthy clerk. His remains were interred on Sunday last, followed to the grave, by numerous relatives; the members of Phoenix Division, S. of T., and the Waltham Club, their regalia draped in mourning, and a large concourse of the inhabitants; demonstrating the respect in which the deceased was held in this community. His age was only nineteen. How solemn the warning to all!

"No ye also ready."

THE GREAT FALLS.—From Boston papers we learn that this mammoth Steamship will positively arrive in this County about the latter end of this month. The following is the number of her officers and crew:—480 seamen, 180 firemen, 130 stewards, 15 engineers, 20 officers 2 surgeons and a chaplain. Ten thousand tons of coal will be carried, and such are the mechanical appliances of the ship, that this immense quantity can be put on board in two days. An offer to charter the ship for the voyage to the United States has just been made by Mr. Lovell of the Galway line. If this is accepted at the next meeting of the directors, the arrangements as to the sailing of the vessel may be changed.

It is reported that large numbers from all parts of this Province will visit Portland on arrival of the Great Eastern; and we learn that negotiations are in progress for chartering a vessel from this place, and provisioning her, so that the passengers may remain on board during their visit. From all parts of the United States people intend visiting the Forest City, during the stay of this great Steamer.

The passenger and other traffic between this city and Boston by Steamer is at the present enormous. On Thursday last the Steamer which left this city was over-crowded, and additional passengers were received at Eastport. Among the passengers were Wm. Aggas, Esq., Secretary to New Brunswick Land Company, who expressed himself much pleased with his visit to the Company's lands, and carries with him a great deal of information which he will make use of in Immigration to this province. The talk among many of the United States passengers was that a railway between this city and Calais would bring shoals of Americans and Canadians to our province annually—that such a railway would develop a vast traffic.—Presbyterian.

SURPLUS PRODUCTIONS OF CANADA.—The Hamilton (C. W.) Spectator estimates, from data gathered by the Board of Trade, that Canada will have, at present prices, ten millions of dollars worth of wheat, oats, barley, rye, Indian corn, peas, and flour for export this season. In addition to this there will be fifteen millions of dollars worth of lumber, and fish worth a million and a quarter.

Mrs. Winslow's SORROWFUL STORY, used in season, never fails to cure all diseases with which children are affected during the process of teething.

For the nervous Affections, Convulsions, Fevers, Inflammation of the Bowels, &c., that attend this period of children, she recommends it as sure to produce the desired effect—giving rest to the mother and relief and health to the infant.

The man who drives a good bargain is desirous of trading it off for a good nag.

ST. ANDREWS.

Of the 6th inst., by the Rev. W. G. Kerfoot, M. A., Mr. Richard Lodge of Chamcook, in this Parish, to Miss Jane McMillin of Victoria, County of Queens.

On the 25th inst., Edward Walter, aged 18 months, youngest Son of Charles McKelvey-nolds.

On the 26th ult., at Carleton, St. John, James, infant son of Martin and Carrie E. Emerson aged 9 months.

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