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FROM PAPERS BY THE EUROPA.

TRIAL OF MR. O'DONOHUE.

After a jury had been sworn and the formalities adopted as in the other cases, the Attorney General briefly stated the case. Towards the conclusion of his speech he observed that there being no evidence of any declaration by the prisoner of his motives and intentions in joining the rebels, it might be argued by his counsel that his object was not revolutionary. He (the Attorney General) contended that he, having joined the ranks of the rebel army, was equally guilty with the leaders, and must be supposed to have had the same objects in view, and to have adopted their plans.

Prisoner.—It is right, my lord, to say that I don't wish to escape upon the poor miserable pretext which the Attorney-General would put into my mouth.

Chief Justice Blackburn.—You had better leave your case in the hands of your counsel.

Mr. Meagher.—It is right to say, my lord, that it was not intended to put the defence of my client upon that ground.

Prisoner.—I will not escape upon such a miserable pretext.

Chief Justice.—You have very able counsel, and I would advise you to leave your case with them.

Prisoner.—I say I will not be made the miserable creature of, described by the Attorney General, the better to give him an opportunity of swagging.

Attorney General.—My lord—

Chief Justice.—You had better not mind the prisoner.

Mr. Meagher advised his client to remain silent.

The court then adjourned.

Fatal Accident within sight of the Queen.

On the 9th instant, the Fairy, royal yacht, had arrived near the Spit buoy, from Osborne, on her course to Portsmouth, having on board the Queen, Prince Albert, and the royal children, when her Majesty's trip was rendered peculiarly painful from a very deplorable accident which happened in sight of the royal yacht. A shore boat, with seven persons on board, had, in a sudden squall, unfortunately upset, when five women and two men were engulfed in a rough sea, with every prospect of certain death. The Gypsy, custom house cutter, however, observed the accident, and a boat put off to the spot; and, after much beating about, on account of heavy sea and wind, picked up Locke, a waterman, and saved his life. The accident having been perceived on board the royal yacht, she was, by her Majesty's command, instantly stopped, her barge lowered and promptly steered to the scene of the disaster. Two individuals were taken on board, and immediately conveyed to Portsmouth, where medical assistance was afforded and one woman named Moore recovered, but the other could not be resuscitated. Out of the seven therefore, only three were brought ashore. A steamer was instantly ordered to assist in recovering the remainder. A messenger from her Majesty called at the house where the parties lay, to ascertain if any of them had been restored to life; and soon afterwards the lieutenant-governor and his staff rode down to the same house, and made particular inquiries at the request of her Majesty. Her Majesty remained on the pier in the Clarence Victualling yard until the return of Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence with the melancholy account, when her Majesty proceeded to Windsor Castle.

The late George Stephenson.—The Liverpool board of the London and North Western Railway, on the 6th ult., officially recorded, in reference to the lamented death of this great man, the strong sentiments which they entertained of admiration for his talents and esteem for his character. His death they regarded as a national loss; and when, two years ago, the directors entrusted to Mr. Gibson the duty and privilege of producing a statue that might do honor to their friend,

then living amongst them, they did not anticipate that on the completion of that work of art the great original would be no more; that they should be constrained to accept the marble effigy of the engineer in lieu of the living presence of the man. The earnest sympathy of the directors was expressed towards the son of the deceased.

UNCO TIMES.

What's a' the steer, Kimmer?

Guides us, but the times are awfu'!

Wha's that's gae, wrang, I trow!

Folks are speaking words unlawfu'!

Deeds are done that yith might law!

Frenchmen, mad, are killing ither—

Never speering what's the cause;—

Europe's green gyte thegither,

Diugin kings an' daffin' laws!

Our ain kintra—wha wad think it?

England, Scotland—freedom's ark—

Some wad try, though they wad blink it.

Britons set to work a wark

Wi' the build o' sires and brithers—

Mithers greet and sister's moan!

Tell me—for my reason swithers—

Maun this strife be carried on!

Ireland—land of many a blessing—

Why to us and her a curse!

Love for liberty professing,

Why is she of slaves the nurse?

Something's wrang—and something surely

Will at length come out o' this;—

Let the nations dig fu'dourly,—

Knowledge yet will bring its bliss!

August 1, 1848. G. D.

General Narvaez and the American Minister.

General Narvaez, has it seems, managed to get into a quarrel with General Saunders, the American minister. On the 30th September the Minister's lady and two daughters had just seated themselves in their carriage, which was standing before the embassy door, when a party of civic guards approached, and prevented the coachman from starting. Their leader then inquired which of the embassy servants was Fernando. The individual in question, who was no other than the footman then putting up the step, on hearing his own name from the mouth of a policeman, who stood with a warrant in his hand, made a precipitate retreat within the portal of the embassy. Meantime the ladies in considerable alarm, alighted. The general was not at home; but it was soon explained to his family that, about two years back, Fernando had been drawn to serve in the army, but had then procured a substitute; which substitute having just been shot in Catalonia, Fernando became liable to serve in his place. The civic guard remained baulked of his prey in the portal of the embassy, till the general came in. Meanwhile the ladies proceeded on foot through a shower of taillie place of their engagement. When the general entered, he observed with considerable surprise a large crowd of common people about his door, with the three cornered hats of the tall gendarmes in the midst. The chief policeman attempted to explain his mission, and show his warrant, whereupon the general observed that he was not in the habit of receiving messages from the Government in that form, refused to look at his warrant, and expressed his intention of extending the fullest protection which the American flag could afford to his servant, and upon intimation of the part of the policeman that the latter would be put to the disagreeable necessity of entering the house, in order to seize the servant, admonished him of the responsibility which he, his employers, and the Spanish Government would incur by violating the domicile of the Minister of the United States. General Saunders has addressed a most energetic note to the Spanish Government, demanding immediate satisfaction for this gross outrage, and unless he re-

ceives it, and also the execution of Fernando from military service, he will immediately retire from Madrid. This escapade of the police may possibly cost Spain the island of Cuba.

Halifax, Oct. 24.

An attempt was made on Sunday morning to break open the bank of Nova Scotia; but after having succeeded in cutting a large square in the door, and otherwise damaging it, the burglars gave up the undertaking in despair. No discovery has yet been made; but it is hoped that the reward offered in our paper this morning, will be the means of leading to the detection of some of the miscreants.—[Colonist.]

ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—On Sabbath evening last, a man named George McLaughlin stabbed another of the name of George Young, of the schtr. Water-itch, laying at Connor's Wharf, with a knife in the breast, and severely wounded him, but it is thought will not prove fatal. McLaughlin was taken up and placed in the Lock-up-house, where, on Monday morning it was found that during the night he had broken up the brick floor and largely in the ground underneath, with the intention, it is thought, of escaping by one of the sewers. He was then taken to the common jail for safe keeping, and further investigation.—[Ib.]

How Mr. SMITHSON GOT A WIFE.—Mr. Smithson (an improvement on the celebrated name of Smith) wished to take Miss Brownly (another improvement) to the opera. He had been on terms with the family about five years, but never spoke of love; on the contrary, he had frequently declared his intention to lead a bachelor life. One morning he put his hand to the bell handle and was admitted.

"Oh, Jams," exclaimed Miss Jane, "where have you kept yourself so long?"

This took Smithson a little aback, for he had spent the preceding evening with the family. Before he could answer, however, Jane's brothers and sisters, eight or ten in number, had gathered about him. Summoning all his courage he said:

"I have come to ask you—"

"Not here, James—not now—oh!"

"That is," stammered Smithson, "if you're not engaged—"

"Oh! oh, water—quick," shrieked Jane.

What's that," inquired her father—"who says she's engaged!"

"I did not mean—" said Smithson in confusion.

"Of course not," continued Mr. Brownly.

"You could not suppose such a thing when you've always been her favourite!"

Then advancing and taking poor Smithson's hand, he said:

"Take her, my boy, she's a good girl and loves you to distraction. May you both be as happy as the days are long!"

Thereupon mother and children crowded upon Smithson and wished him joy, and company coming in at the moment the affair was told them as a profound secret. So Smithson got a wife without popping the question, and almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

The Hero of a Hundred Statues.—Another statue of the Duke of Wellington is to be put up in the Tower, and in fact, London is becoming a sort of livery-stable, where the Hero of Waterloo and his horse are being constantly put up. The Duke's head will soon be as familiar an object in the metropolis as the top of the Monument or the dome of St. Paul's. The plume of his helmet has already begun to take its place among the established London weathercocks; and, as to his nose, there is scarcely a bridge on this side of Westminster that is half so conspicuous. There is hardly a street where the Duke of Wellington may not be seen looking in at the top windows, or inhaling the smoke from the chimneys, or preparing to take a gentle trot over the tiles.