

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

Eravissumendum est optimum. -Cic.

[12] 94. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE

No 51

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1857.

[Vol. 24

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Oh such a merry Christmas as I shall have," murmured little Eva Leeds to herself, as she tied a small, but exquisitely fashioned glass bird-cage to the Christmas tree, whose every bough bent under its wealth of sparkling toys—toys of sizes, shapes, and colors. There were dolls, with soft blue eyes and the rosiest cheeks and lips; there were daintily carved boxes of pearl, and of ivory; there were little nests of cottages, with women in the foreground no larger than a baby's fore-finger, scattering corn to a flock of chickens; there was a great Santa Claus in the centre, with a large bag slung over his shoulder, and a most grotesquely benevolent expression of countenance;—there were horns of plenty, gaily decorated with blue ribbons; there were sugar churches, and glass palaces; but, my dear children, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to enumerate the many beautiful things with which every cedar bough of that Christmas tree was drooping, and I must leave the rest to your imaginations.

"How good grandpa is," continued the little girl, as she stepped back and surveyed admiringly the glittering objects before her "to let me have all my class-mates here tomorrow, and have this nice Christmas tree for them. Won't they stare though, when they see all these pretty things?"

"Ah, Miss Eva, you're a happy child," said Nan, the old black cook, who had lived with Eva's grandfather more than a score of years, as she came into the sitting room to light the gas, for the short December day was fading into night.

"I know I am, Nan. I wish all little children were just as happy."

"And to think how many on 'em will go to bed without any supper, and get up to-morrow morn' and not so much as a crust to eat."

"You don't mean so; you don't really mean what you say, Nan," cried Eva, turning round sharply; and there was a startled look on her bright face.

But the bell rang at that moment, and Nan hurried off without replying to Eva's question.

So the little girl walked up and down the room with her hands behind her, while the night-shadows dropped softly into the corners, and there was a new and strangely thoughtful expression on the fair face of Eva Leeds. She was thinking of her own bright, happy life, as free from care and sorrow as the merriest birds that ever sang a welcome to the summer from amid boughs white with the blossoms of May. She was fatherless, and motherless, this little Eva Leeds, whose life counted eleven Christmases, and she was the one child of her grandfather, a widower childless old man, who was stern and cold to everybody but his dear little grandchild, upon whom all the tenderness and affection of his nature seemed to concentrate.

It was touching just to see how his face would kindle, and his tones soften, when she came and laid her little plump cheek against his, or wound her arms about his neck.

I have said, Mr. Hughes, for this was the name of Eva's grandfather, was childless, but old Nan knew that when the lips of his eldest daughter ceased to call him "father," it was not because death had silenced them, but because he had sworn in his wrath that she should never speak to him, never enter his house again.

Mary Hughes had married clandestinely the son of her father's garconer, a worthy, intelligent young man; but he was poor, and his station in life was, of course, far below hers, and for this deed her father had taken a solemn vow never to forgive her. Little Eva knew something of this, for two years before, when her fair young mother lay on death-bed, she had overheard part of a conversation between her and her grandfather.

The old man's face was very white as he walked up and down the room, so excited that Eva had fairly shuddered to look at him. "Anything but that, Ellen," he said in a thick, hoarse voice. "Ask anything but that, and I will grant it. Remember my oath."

"But if they have children, father," murmured the faint voice of the woman, who was dying, but they did not guess it then. The old man went to the bedside. "Yes, Ellen, I promise you if she has children, and I ever know it, they shall not suffer." Then the nurse came and took Eva out of the room and she heard no more.

And the little girl's thoughts, as she walks so slowly up and down the room, go back to this hour, and she wonders for the first time in her life, if her mother's sister "Mary" had any children, and if they have such a kind grandfather, and are happy as she is.

Suddenly the little girl walks to the window, and looking out in the street she

sees two children standing in front of the house.

"They are very poor," she divines this at once by the boys' old straw hat, and threadbare coat, and the little girl's faded calico dress, and old pink hood.

The boy about Eva's age the girl must be several years younger, and she is crying, and he is seeking to comfort her, and evidently endeavoring to persuade her to go on, further.

Somehow Eva's heart (always a tender one) is strangely softened to-night, and she longs to do something for that sorrowful-looking little boy and girl. She is an impulsive child, too, and so, without stopping to consider the matter, she rushes down stairs, and out the front door.

They are lighting the lamps up the street, and the cold wind sends a shudder through Eva's frame, as she bounds to the pavement.

"What ails the little girl?" she asks of the boy, in her soft voice.

He looks up in startled surprise, but something he finds in Eva's face makes him answer: "My little sister is tired and cold; we have walked a long way, and she says she can't go any further."

"Well, come right into the house and get warm, and let her rest," answers Eva. "Then we can send somebody home with you."

"We haven't got any home now," says the boy, sadly.

"Not got any home?" Eva stands still a moment with surprise and pity, then taking hold of the little girl's hand, she leads her into the house, without speaking another word, and the little boy follows.

They go into the sitting room, in the centre of which stands the Christmas tree with all its load of gifts, and the bright gas-light giving to every object in the luxuriously furnished room a new brilliancy, and the children stare around them, bewildered and overwhelmed, and the little girl is evidently quite alarmed, for she shrinks up close to her brother, and hardly dares to take the low chair that Eva offers her.

At this moment Grandfather Hughes comes into the room. He cannot be far from his seventieth birthday, for his hair is very white, and his brow is deeply furrowed, but his tall figure is erect, and he has a stately air and presence.

"Well, daughter, how is the Christmas tree coming on?" he asks in a cheery voice, then he starts, and asks, "Eva, how came these children here?"

"Why, you see, grandpa, I asked them to come in and rest, and get warm, because they haven't any home."

"Well, my child, you should have sent them down into the kitchen."

And now the little girl lifts up her head, and looks at the old man. She has a pale, wistful face, with soft blue eyes, and sunny hair; and somehow it troubles the old man, and his mind goes back to the time when, just such a face as that sat on his knee, and sometimes nestled itself against his heart.

He stands still, looking at the child, until the tears come into her eyes, for she has a little toward heart.

"What is your name, little girl?" the voice of Grandfather Hughes is unusually gentle.

"Mary Ned."

The old man starts as though the words struck him. His face grows very pale, and he opens his lips two or three times to speak, and then pauses as though it cost him a painful effort to do this. At last he asks: "Where are your parents?"

"Willard can tell you," and the little girl turns to her brother.

He looks like his sister, but his hair and eyes are several shades darker, and he tells his story in a simple, straightforward way, which does not leave a doubt in your mind of its truth.

"Our father died four years ago, in Illinois. We lived there until mamma began to grow sick, and then about six weeks ago, we came to the city. Mamma took in sewing and supported us, but she grew worse all the time, and last week she died. Then they buried her; and Mrs. Watson, who lives in the chambers, kept us till to-day, but her husband drinks, and he swore we should not stay any longer. But just before mamma died, she called me to her, and told me there was a gentleman living on this street who was our grandfather, and I must go to him with little sister, and tell him 'Mary' was dead, and this was all she had to leave him. I've been all the afternoon trying to find the place but I can't."

"What was your grandfather's name, boy?" the old man leaned forward, and his breath panted through his lips as he asked the question.

"Joseph Hughes; have you ever heard of him, sir?"

The old man bowed his head a moment on his hands, and a sob shook his frame; the fountains, the long frozen fountains in his

heart leaped up, once more. "Mary, my little Mary! and his tones were full of tenderness and remorse, but alas, alas, they could not wake the dead. The old man rose up and drew the children to him."

"Yes, I will take you," he said. "You shall not want a home any longer; and I will be father and mother to you, my poor children, Mary's children. Eva, kiss your cousins." She understood it all, and came forward and kissed them both very tenderly, and then she whispered,

"Grandpa, they are your Christmas gifts, aren't they?"

"My Christmas gifts!" exclaimed the old man. "God be praised! my Christmas gifts!"

Riot on the Erie Railroad.

New York, 4th Dec., 1857.

A formidable disturbance has broken out among two hundred and odd laborers employed at the Piedmont terminus of the Erie Railroad. About a week since, the paymaster informed them that after Dec. 1st, their wages would be reduced from one dollar to seventy-five cents per day. This caused wide spread dissatisfaction among them, and a resolution was formed and conveyed to the paymaster that they would not work at reduced wages. The result was that they were all notified to quit, and 200 men were easily found in the city to take their place. Upon attempting to land however, they found the old force drawn up in hostile array to resist them; being put ashore, a scene of the wildest description ensued; clubs, stones, and all kinds of missiles were used. The invaders were pitched overboard, and finally compelled to abandon the attempt to land.

Upon returning to the city and stating the facts 25 metropolitan policemen were permitted to volunteer to go with the newly employed and put in possession of the premises. Cannon and small arms are said to be in waiting for at Piedmont. The party left upon one of the boats of the company late yesterday afternoon. At a later hour the company received information by telegraph that the steamer with her party arrived shortly after dark and found the place garri-soned by about 600 men under arms, and a brass cannon planted to prevent their landing.

A parley was held, but the old force resolutely refused to abdicate. They offer to go to work at old rates, but would resist to the death the attempt of any body of men sent to supersede them.

The steamer was hauled off out of cannon shot and anchored till morning.

ANOTHER FRIGID MYSTERY.—The City was again horrified on hearing that on Sunday last the body of a man was found near Little River; that his head was found lying some distance from the body, and that there were strong reasons to suspect that he had been murdered.

On Sunday afternoon the body was brought in by two men belonging in the neighborhood of Little River, named James Chisholm and James Henry, and George Stockford, the coroner's officer. The men before discovering the body, which some boys had discovered, had come in and reported the matter to the authorities. Great part of the flesh was gnawed off the face and head by some animal, probably dogs or foxes. The head, when found, lay with the face up. The body lay front downwards and was frozen hard. The right hand was almost entirely gnawed away. The left was as if in an attitude of defence. It is said that though a portion of the neck is gnawed and torn, yet part looks as if the head was cut off with a keen edged instrument.

Out doors it is said that the deceased was at one time in the employment of Mr. Ellen Hathaway, and disappeared about the time Mr. H. was reported to have lost his money. Of course a great many theories are deduced from these data. —Freeman.

Another Victim of the McKenzies Tragedy.

STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS.

Immediately after the body of the man found on the marsh at Little River had been identified before the coroner's jury, as being that of Henry Stewart, Capt. Scoullar, the indefatigable Superintendent of Police, went to work to discover where Stewart was last seen, the persons with whom he associated, and other matters which might lead him to ferret out the circumstances connected with his death. In all these he has been successful; his acquaintance with Breen was ascertained, and enough was brought to light to cause him to believe that Stewart was the strange man the murderers met on the road, about five miles from McKenzie's, on their return with the plunder. Both Breen and Slavin stated to the Captain of Police after their arrest, that a fourth man joined them on their return—that his appearance alarmed old Slavin, who thought

that Breen had accomplices for the purpose of murdering him, and taking away the stolen property, and that he struck at him with the axe, but that Breen afterwards pacified him by stating that he was well acquainted with Stewart, and that he was to be trusted.

On Monday last, Capt. Scoullar went out to the Penitentiary, and in presence of Mr. Quinton, the keeper, he put several questions to Patrick Slavin, who stated that on their way home, they met a man on the road as they turned off to go to his father's house. Breen was in advance. He carried a tin box which they took out of McKenzie's safe. It was so heavy that he could scarcely lift it with one hand. It was tied with a cloth. Breen had some conversation with the man, and old Slavin questioned him about the man, when Breen said he was all right; that he was acquainted with him.

The strange man whom he described, (and whose description corresponded with that of Stewart,) he said took the box and carried it towards town, while Breen, Slavin and the boy went on to Slavin's house.

The boy Patrick stated, that Breen said he had killed the man by cutting his throat with a knife from ear to ear. He afterwards stated, before the coroner's jury which went out to the Penitentiary yesterday, to hear his evidence, that the tin box contained gold, paper, and other property, but he appears not to be aware of the value of its contents.

The examination of Alexander Lindsay and the other witnesses threw no further light on the subject; but taking all things into consideration, there can be no doubt that Breen met Stewart at the appointed place, and that he coolly murdered him in order to obtain possession of the money and other articles of value, as well as to hide his own and Slavin's fearful crimes.

The coroner's jury retired last evening. —[Newbrunswick.

Ovation to Lady Havelock in London.

Lady Havelock was present at Her Majesty's Theatre on the occasion of the production of M. Jullien's "Indian Quadrille." The fifth and concluding part of this elaborate composition is a battle piece, illustrating a series of military incidents and achievements, the heroes of which are the General and his devoted warriors. "The Campbells are coming" is first heard from a distance, and then by a cleverly managed "crescendo," swells out into an overpowering "fortissimo" for the entire orchestra. When the crowning victory is obtained, the band—with the multitudinous drums and fifes of several regiments, perform in obstreperous harmony a bold vigorous air called "General Havelock's Triumphant March," while the chorus declaim some verses in honour of the hero. The whole terminates with "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen." The conclusion was hailed with uproarious applause and unanimous cries for a repetition of the national airs.

Instead of acceding at once, however—in accordance with his usual custom—to the patriotic demand, M. Jullien, as soon as he could attract attention, addressed the audience something to this effect: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—As we are honoured this evening by the presence of Lady Havelock, the wife of the distinguished General—that British lion who has nobly hunted down the Bengal tiger—I am sure you will be as delighted as I am to know that she is among us." Then, pointing to a box on the first tier, he said "There is Lady Havelock!" This announcement was received with such tremendous cheering that Lady Havelock, who had been quietly listening to the music, in little expectation of such an incident, rose from her seat, and, coming forward to the front of the box with her daughters, gracefully saluted the audience. The acclamations that followed were again interrupted by M. Jullien, who spoke in a loud voice, and evidently as excited as if he had been an Englishman born. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you shall join with me in three British cheers. I will give the word, and you shall respond, *ensemble*!" He did give the word, and his "Hip, hip, hurrah," was thrice echoed by such a "hurrah" from the united voices of the whole as made the walls "reverberate again."

Rarely has a scene of greater enthusiasm been witnessed. Lady Havelock remained until the end of the performance and the great majority of the crowd kept her company. When the last piece was finished, the audience dispersed slowly, and the scene of "ovation" was changed from the theatre to the open street. A dense crowd blocked up the thoroughfare; and as Lady Havelock was recognized entering her carriage the cheering was renewed with the same vociferous heartiness.

There is in Richmond, Va., a family of

juvenile slaves, seven in number, who play on the saxhorn. Sixty thousand dollars have been offered for them, but they are to

be sent to Europe, where it is expected that their musical talent, from the fact of their being slaves, will create a sensation.

Four Days later from Europe.

INTERESTING FROM INDIA.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.

The steamer Europa arrived this morning, bringing later dates from India, which report the arrival out of fifteen troop ships, with six thousand men.

The mutineers have been defeated at Agra, with the loss of 43 guns captured, and one thousand of the rebels killed.

Gen. Havelock remained at Lucknow.

A large force of the enemy was in the vicinity.

The King of Delhi is to be tried by a Military commission. Two more of his sons have been shot.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Some additional failures are reported in England, but matters generally look more favorable. The demand for money was diminishing. Gold was flowing in steadily. Readstuffs held at 6d. advance.

Western canal flour 24s. 6d. to 25s.; corn and wheat a trifle more active. Provisions dull. Sugars 6d. to 1s. lower.

Tea—Prices barely maintained. Coffee dull.

Consols 91½ to 91¾.

California and Central America.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 12.—The steamship Empire City, from New York 21 inst., via Havana, is ashore at the Belize, but will probably be got off to-night. She connected at Havana with the steamship Star of the West, from Aspinwall with the California mails, and about two and a quarter millions in treasure for New York.

Walker, who it will be remembered took his departure from Mobile bay on the 13th ult. in the steamship Fashion, landed at Punta Arenas, in Nicaragua, on the 25th, with one hundred and fifty men. Not the slightest attempt was made to prevent the landing, and in fact the purpose of the expedition appeared to have not been even guessed.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Saratoga was lying in the harbor, and the Fashion passed under her stern at full speed with only ten men on deck. The whole party were landed on Scott's wharf. Walker had, it seems sent fifty men up the river by other entrances, before making his appearance at Punta Arenas. After landing the expedition, the Fashion took her departure for Aspinwall, where, at the departure of the Star of the West, she was taking in coal.

Commodore Paulding of the U. S. frigate Wabash, attempted to seize her at Aspinwall but on examination of her papers found them correct, and consequently could take no further steps against her.

The British and American naval forces had sailed from Aspinwall for San Juan, and would very probably take part in the scenes in that vicinity, or at least prevent the landing of any more filibusters. It was supposed that the difficulties between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, alluded to in previous accounts, would be settled without a resort to hostile measures.

The news by this arrival from California embraces no points of special interest. The public were much excited with regard to the sea-worthiness of the Pacific mail steamers.

A Banker cowed by a Lady.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Janesville, (Wisconsin,) Dec. 5, says:—On last Tuesday the good people of Janesville were furnished with a bit of excitement, growing out of the cowering of Mr. John P. Hoyt, a well known banker of this city, by Mrs. Clarinda A. Andrews, the proprietress of a millinery store. In the morning, as Hoyt was passing up West Milwaukee street to his office, Mrs. Andrews saw him from her store on the opposite side of the street, and seizing a stout cowhide which she had provided for the purpose, crossed the street, and the following conversation ensued: Mrs. A.—"Is your name Hoyt?" H.—(bowing politely)—"It is Madam." Mrs. A.—"You have acted the traitor to me and my husband;" and without further ado the lady proceeded to administer a severe flagellation, laying her whip over Hoyt's face and shoulders with an emphasis which was feelingly appreciated by the recipient. The proceeding of course collected quite a crowd, and the bystanders interfering, Hoyt escaped from the clutches of Madame A. A warrant was procured from the Police Court, and the lady brought before that tribunal, for assault and battery. The sapient dispenser of law at that court fined her \$50 and costs, which was promptly paid by the citizens.—The cause of the difficulty was alleged sharp practice with a mortgage, and bad faith on the part of Hoyt.