

Telegraphic News.

Ottawa, Dec. 13.

His Excellency the Governor General has made the following appointments of Senators for Manitoba: Hon. M. A. Girard, the Provincial Secretary, and John Sutherland of Killdonan.

Mr. Pope has submitted his immigration scheme to the Government and there was a lengthy debate over it in the Cabinet, but his policy has not been made public. It is expected there will be a change of agents.

The Minister of Marine and Fisheries is urging the Government to adopt a system of storm signals for the safety of mariners. It is expected that he will succeed on account of severe losses of shipping this season.

Senators for British Columbia: Hon. R. W. W. Carroll, M. P.; F. C. Cornwall, Esq., and W. J. McDonald, Mayor of Victoria.

London Dec. 16, 6 p. m.

Sandringham, Dec. 16, 5 p. m.—Today the prince has been more tranquil than any time since the fever declared itself. He is progressing in all particulars satisfactorily. No further bulletins will be issued tonight.

Toronto, Dec. 15.

In the House this afternoon Wood, Treasurer of Ontario, stated that the House was not satisfied with the present ministry and had resigned his seat. In this declaration he was found to add the Premier did not agree. After a warm discussion the House passed a motion of want of confidence in the Government by one majority.

New York, 16th.

A special despatch from Quebec reports excitement in the Assembly caused by charges of bribery and corruption against agents of the Ministry. The Speaker caused the galleries to be cleared by police, and an out door meeting was held which declared for annexation to the United States.

[The American agent for Press despatches must suppose New Brunswickers easily gulled to believe such a statement.]

Tweed has been arrested for swindling and has been committed to jail.

Gold 109 1/2.

London Dec. 18th.

A morning bulletin from Sandringham announces that the Prince of Wales slept well last night, and his condition in all respects is satisfactory. Prayers were again offered in all the churches yesterday for his complete restoration.

The Queen leaves Windsor for Osborne tomorrow, where she will stay during the holidays.

Owing to threatened disturbances the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has issued a proclamation forbidding all assemblies or processions in Londonderry.

MURDER IN NEWFOUNDLAND.—A coroner's inquest at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, has brought to light facts which will in all probability reveal a horrible murder. About a month ago a Mrs. Geelan was found dead on the roadside near her husband's house, and her brother, a pauper named Sayers, was missing at the same time. The inquest on the body of the woman resulted in the finding "death from natural causes." A little more than a week ago the body of Sayers, terribly mutilated, was found concealed in a manure heap behind the house of Geelan the woman's husband. At last accounts the police were in charge of the premises, and Geelan and a servant girl named Hamilton were under arrest. A maul with blood on it has been found secreted on the premises and the coroner's inquest which was private is said to have developed startling facts pointing against the person arrested.

A Princely Gift.—The Grand Duke Alexis through Admiral Posselt, has forwarded to William H. Aspinwall the sum of five thousand dollars, for distribution among the poor of New York, "wishing them to feel that a visit which has afforded so much pleasure to him has been the occasion of some slight relief to them."

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.—This favorite family paper takes its 100,000 readers by surprise in the issue for January, 1872, just received. It is enlarged to same size N. Y. Ledger, and appears in an entire new dress elegant new heading, border, type, etc. It contains one half more reading than formerly, and is greatly improved in every respect. This number contains four splendid stories: Poetry, Wit and Wisdom, Sketches, Knownledge in a nut shell, Money Maker's Mirror, Children's Department, Health Department, Farm and Farmer Cook's Corner, Ladies' Boudoir, Penn and Scissors, Chip Basket, and the Rogue's Corner, a special feature of this excellent paper. One thousand splendid quills and fountains were named and exposed during 1871. 75 cents per annum, Hunter & Co., Hinesdale, N. H.

The work of districting the Province in view of the new School Law has now commenced in earnest, involving an immense amount of labor and anxiety. The Inspectors are hard at work with the Chief Superintendent, and it is expected that all will be in readiness to inaugurate the new system on the first day of the new year.

At a meeting of the Quebec Board of Trade held last week the Chairman stated that it costs more to lay Pictou coal down (in Quebec) than Scotch, or English.

The United States army now numbers only 30,000 men all told yet it cost forty millions of dollars last year and the estimate for this year is thirty two millions.

NEW PAPER.—Our contemporaries have got the start of us in introducing the early issue of a new evening paper, to be edited by Mr.

Livingston, late of this paper, and issued from the press of Mr. George W. Day.—[Tele.]

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.—William Somerville Robinson, David Main, Marshall J. C. Andrews, James P. Bixby, John Cassilis Henry Owens, Robert M. Cluskey, James Dow, Cyrus Cheney, and Robert King, Esq., to be Justices of the Peace for the County of Charlotte.

RENOVAL.

The "STANDARD OFFICE" has been removed to the large rooms over the Store of Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. J. I. Street, on Water Street. Entrance from Wm. Henry Street.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, DEC. 20, 1871.

We have to apologise to our readers for again publishing only half a sheet. We sent by mail and telegraph for a supply of paper and paid for it, and it only arrived in time to print the inside pages. Our position however, is not any worse than some of the large and wealthy cities in the Province, which were obliged to borrow, and wait for three or four weeks for paper which had been shipped by rail. Such disappointments occur occasionally in almost every business.

The Prince of Wales.

The news of the Prince's progress towards recovery is hailed with satisfaction on both sides of the Atlantic. It is pleasing to know that people of all shades of politics in Europe and America express the liveliest satisfaction, and trust now that the Prince has entered upon the first stages of recovery, the favorable accounts will be further confirmed by telegrams.

LECTURE.—On Wednesday Evening last, Rev. Mr. Partridge delivered the second of the course of lectures in the Sunday School Room—subject, Charles the 1st. This Evening Dr. B. Whyte, Esq., is to lecture upon "The Giant."

SUNDAY SCHOOL EDUCATION.

A contributor to our paper who takes a commendable interest in the new Free School Law, puts some questions which we leave others to answer. He asks "why should institutions avowedly sectarian, receive Government aid under the new School Act?" He then asserts "that in Nova Scotia where Free Schools have been in operation for a few years past, Windsor College, an Episcopal institution, receives \$1,400 from the Government, Acadia College, (Baptist) \$1,400, and that at Sackville in this Province, the Nova Scotia Government give the Sackville College (Methodist) \$1,400, and that two Roman Catholic Colleges receive \$2,800. Is this the way in which our new school law will be carried out in New Brunswick?" Such questions are more easily asked than answered. Government can only do what the people request and should its action be contrary to the wishes of the people as expressed through their representatives, they would have to yield up their seats of office. His remarks with reference to the Regulations issued by the Board of Education we believe to be correct, the new Act does not confer any power to the Board to take from any district its Superior School.

Our contemporary the "St. John Daily News" has done a neat and beautiful dress of type imported from England. The appearance of the "News" in its fashionable and handsome dress—reading matter and advertisements, places it in the first rank of typographical execution. Success will attend its proprietor's enterprise.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—We learn that yesterday morning two Engines with plough and four cars ran off the track on the Maine Central Line, near eight miles from Bangor, and were badly smashed.

Mr. Alex. Law, while cleaning the smoke stack of a locomotive in the Engine house last evening, fell across the rails, injuring himself severely.

The fall of snow on Monday and Tuesday, has made good sleighing.

LARGE SALE OF APPLES.—Mr. Morris sold at Auction on Saturday last, some two hundred barrels of Nova Scotia apples at fair prices.

STEWART'S MAGAZINE for October has been printed; the delay in publication arose from the long illness of its proprietor, who we are pleased to learn, is able to attend to business again. The October number is represented by the Press as an excellent one, and contains some interesting papers. After the issue of the January number the Magazine will be owned and conducted by Messrs Stockton and Barbridge, and the name is to be changed to the "New Brunswick Quarterly." Will Mr. Stewart forward the October number.

THE FAMILY HERALD.—A new literary journal, has been started by the "Family Herald Publishing Company" of Montreal. It is both a newspaper and family paper. It is divided into several departments—the agricultural and household departments are worth the subscription. The paper has been placed among our exchanges.

COMMON SCHOOL ACT.—We are in receipt of a copy of the Common Schools Act and Regulations of the Board of Education, printed by the Queen's Printer, Fredericton. The Regulations appear to have been framed with great care, and are calculated to meet all the possible requirements for the effective operations of the new Act.

We shall refer more at length to the regulations, which, from the urgency, glances we have given them, we believe will meet approval.

Oliver Cromwell.

Miltons Prose works, by Birch, folio edition, Vol. II, page 341, says:—Oliver Cromwell sprung from a noble and illustrious family; the name was formerly famous in the state when well governed by Kings, more famous, at the same time, for outlandish religion, than either first restored or established among us.

The reader need not be told that this was the famous Thomas Cromwell, of the Reformation, (Earl of Essex) the son of Walter Cromwell, of Putney, who rose to power on the wreck of Wolsey's fortunes, and fell suddenly down by disregarding Wolsey's fate. Doubtless, he was not free from error, but his memory claims a larger share of our respect than is generally due to such men.

The pedigree of this family, from whom Oliver Cromwell directly sprung, commences, according to the industrious and satisfactory researches of Mr. Noble, with Glottian, Lord of Powis, who about the middle of the eleventh century married Morvith, the daughter and heiress of Edwin ap Iudwell, Lord of Cardigan. William ap Yevan the representative of the family in the fifteenth century was first in the service of Yapur, Duke of Bedford, Henry 8th's uncle, and afterward in that of Henry himself. Morgan Williams, or rather Morgan ap Williams, (he gave up the latter name in obedience to Henry 8th's policy of mingling together as much as possible the English and Welsh names and families) who married Anne's sister, was William ap Yevan's son. I am not quite willing to join Mr. Carlyle in his contempt for Noble, who really has deserved the gratitude of posterity for his laborious researches.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY for January comes to us in a new dress. It is printed on thicker paper, and is in every respect superior to its many predecessors. The selections are evidently made with great care and it is really wonderful how few poor pieces appear among the hundred that are given. Volume IX, commences with the January number. Price, 30 cents; or \$3 per year. The publisher offers six back numbers for \$1, and we advise all our musical readers to take advantage of the offer.—Published by J. L. PETERS, 599 Broadway, New York.

CUTTING GLASS AND STONE BY SAND BLAST.—At a meeting of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, held on the 10th of March, an interesting paper was presented by Mr. James Hamilton, upon Tighman's process for etching upon glass and cutting stone by a blast of sand. For this purpose the glass or stone is simply covered with paper, cut or perforated in the desired pattern, and then exposed in a very delicate and well-defined manner, the elasticity of the paper apparently preventing the action of the sand on the covered parts. We have not room for the details of the process by which the sand is directed against the glass; but there seems no doubt that the method promises an important revolution in decorative and constructive art. In eight seconds a pane of common window-glass can be ground or roughened, while ordinary sunk letters in marble an inch and a half long, can be cut in less than a minute.

Attention was called by Dr. Kneeland to the agency of a similar principle in nature, and reference made to the observations of Mr. Blake upon the action of the drifting sand on the granite at San Bernardino, Pass, in California. According to Professor Wyman, glass windows on Cape Cod sometimes have holes worn in them by the drifting sands blown by the winds. Similar agencies exist in Australia on a large scale, and specimens of hard rock cut into fantastic shapes are not unfrequently found in mineralogical collections.—[Harper's Magazine for December.]

CAPITAL IDEA.—The "Lounge" of the "Illustrated Times" says:—"By the way, touching water proofs, I think I can give travellers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn India-rubber water-proofs, but I will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scotch tweed can be made completely impervious to rain, and more over, I have learned how to make it so; and for the benefit of my readers, I will here give the recipe.—In a bucket of soft water put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals until it becomes clear; then pour it off into another bucket, and fill the garment therein, and let it be in for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party—a lady and gentleman—have worn garments thus treated in the wildest storm of wind and rain without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short, they are really water-proof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of rain and wind such as you rarely see in the South; and when he slipped off his overcoat, his under clothes were as dry as when he put them on. This, I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is in every way better than what we know as water-proofs."

CARLYLE ON DARWIN.—A fresh and good thing of Carlyle's.

Traveling north during the past summer in a car, comfortably, with aristocratic traveling companions, conversation turned upon Darwin and his theory. The ladies argued the "spine" and "teeth" in a womanly manner, looking to Mr. Carlyle for approval. He gave every "fair lady" the same kindly nod and smile, no doubt remembering Josh Billings's saying, "Woman's influence is powerful—especially when she wants any thing." One of the party, after she had "given out," said,

"What do you think, Mr. Carlyle?"

His cool reply was,

"Ladies, you have left nothing to be said."

"Oh yes; but what is your opinion? you have not given us that."

Carlyle was too far north to be said. His pithy reply was,

"For myself, I am disposed to take words of the Psalmist, 'Man was made a little lower than the angels.'"

—[Harper's Magazine for December.]

Herr Triebler, a mythologist though not, perhaps, a mythological German, has published a work on the history of the Spartan constitution, and it has announced the cheering fact that there never was such a law giver, or even such a man, as Lycurgus. From this work it appears that the wise old gentleman of whom we read in history was but an invention of one Ephorus, who, for all we know to the contrary, seeing that his work was lost, was an invention of Aristotle and Plutarch, who, it is yet supposed, were real men. By a critical and Strauss-like examination of these lost works, Herr Triebler (?) shows that Lycurgus means the "Creator of Light," that his father was named by mythologists Eumonos, or Mr. Goodwill, and that his son was called Eukomos, or Mr. Goodfellow, by the same worthy gentleman. Besides this, it is known that he had altars and sacrifices at Sparta, and that his ashes, which must have been extremely immaterial things, were "thrown into the sea, as the sun sinks into the ocean at night," and here we meet again an old friend, the "Solar myth," of whom we heard in Tolney and many other destructive gentlemen. Now, Archbishop Whateley showed plainly that, inasmuch as the word Napoleon was compounded of the two Greek words "napos" and "eleon," or "Lion of the Forest," no such person as the First Emperor ever existed. And suppose one were to apply the same mode of reasoning to Herr Triebler, what would there be to say but that he himself was trying to "get off a drive on us," since it is evident from his very name that he himself was derived from the good old German verb "triebren?" Philologists are going a trifle too far in their efforts when they would make us believe that, for the very nature of their name, they are but lovers of words.

Johnny Mingo and his Pigs.

Johnny had the gift of song, so almost universal among his race, and often made the air ring with the musically rendered hymn: "There is a land of pure delight," and "When I can read my title clear," and Annie dearly loved to hear him. Strange that the poor stammering, hiccuping, blundering tongue that tripped and halted over the simplest speech should glide over those musical notes without an error!

Then Johnny's pigs were objects of interest between them. As their intimacy ripened, Johnny grew confidential; he told her their names and their history, their traits of character; their individual virtues and vices were revealed to her; why this one was called "Greedy Boy," and that one "Sly Boots," and thus it came to pass that Annie's little curly head, crowned by a sun-bonnet in summer, and by a red and white knit cap, with worsted balls bobbing round her face, in winter (for shade hats and nubbies, and fancy rignettes were not then invented) might be seen almost any fair day surmounting the high peaked board fence, in earnest confabulation with old Johnny Mingo. And one memorable day Johnny lifted up the top of the sty and showed her what he called "about the innermost sight," he guessed she ever did see!

Oh, such dear, darling little pigs!—twins, triplets, quartettes—I don't know how many; nature is bountiful to mother pigs; and there they all lay side by side, like peas in a pod, white and shining and their cunning little tails all twisting and curling, and their dear mamma grunting in proud and happy content.

Little Annie was delighted (all children love young things; they are in sympathy with their own youth), and never she thought, was any thing half so pretty before! There was one especial pigling upon which her affections seemed to concentrate. "Oh, look at one! it is such a dear, darling of a little piggie. Oh, if she could only hold him a little while in her own hands!" And old Johnny grinning from ear to ear, took up the distinguished favorite, brought him to the fence, and first wiping his dear little feet upon the sleeve of his old jacket, reached over and put him into the extended arms of the delighted child.

That even "pigs are pretty, when they are young," has passed into a proverb; and "Annie sat down on the fresh grass and cuddled the little thing in her lap patted its plump round sides, examined his merry bright eyes, pretty pink snout and lightly twisted tail, smoothed his little pointed ears tenderly in her hand and fairly screamed with delight when piggie got one of her fingers in his inexperienced mouth and began to suck it.

But the dinner bell rang and Annie had to restore the borrowed treasure. He is a dear darling beauty of a pig! she said as she gave him back to Johnny in a rather exhausted condition from the close embraces of her fat arms and warm little hands: "and I think you are very good to let me hold him, and I like you real well." And Annie skipped away, lit the knowing how old Johnny's heart leaped with joy at her simple words.

From that time forward they were greater friends than ever. Many a gaudy tulip or gorgeous chrysanthemum, many a rosy apple or yellow duck quail, many a cabbage or squash, many a Thanksgiving pudding or Christmas pie was handed over the fence to old Johnny; and many a dainty sea shell, or bunch of tropical

fruit or foreign feathers did Johnny pick up among his strolling friends (cocks on stewards or cabin boys) for little Miss Annie. And still in and out through all their harmony blended the one key note the memory of that "dear little pig!"

Ah! the little pig had grown up long ago, and gone out into the world as pork and lard, as souse and bacon, but Annie did not know that. Johnny, with an instinctive delicacy of feeling that would have done honor to a gentleman, never told her that. "He had grown too big for the sty," he told her, "and so he had gone to sea."

He never told her that he went picnicking, with a pork cask for a state-room; and Annie—little unsuspecting Annie—always thought of her early favorite as roaming at large in some fair foreign land, eating sweet acorns and chestnuts in the leafy shade of some grand primeval forest. And why not? Strip from life all the sweet illusion that gloss its hard realities, and who would care to live?

At length there came a change to Johnny. Nancy was taken sick, and a sore time of it; for the evil spirit that had possessed her "nurse" greatly before it came out of her; and Miss Annie—now growing to be a sensible little lady—sent in soups and broths and tea all ostensibly for the comfort of Nancy, but in reality for regard to poor old Johnny, who had no rest day or night, with her. One day he came to the place of meeting, peering over the high fence with a broad laugh upon his dark face.

"Well, Johnny; and how is Nancy to-day?" asked Miss Annie.

"The Lord be praised, Miss Annie! Nancy she's gone, shore and sartin!"

"Gone?—gone where, Johnny?"

"Oh, I dunno where, Miss Annie; that are ain't my business. She's gone dead, as sure as you're alive," said the widower, with a loud ringing laugh. "Yer see, I telled her last night; I sez to 'er, 'Nancy, sez I, 'if yer don't die to-night, I shall, for sartin—for you see Miss Annie I was all tuckered out tending of her—and she did, Miss Annie; she done it just as sure as a gun; and the townsfolks says they'll come this evening and bury her; and I'm resigned Miss Annie. The Lord be praised!"

"But Johnny, you will be all alone now, won't you?" said Annie, not just knowing how to treat the case.

"Yer see, Miss Annie, thank you; the dogs is all killed, and the boys is all in the States-prison and now Nancy's took and the e's on y the pigs and me—thank the Lord!" And Johnny with degree of resignation that might have seemed forced and unnatural to those who did not know the circumstances, went round to give his pigs (his sole remaining family) an extra feed, probably under some latent feeling that it was a sort of thanksgiving day.

And it came to pass that at the next annual spring cleaning when Johnny came in to move the heavy furniture in the lower room, Miss Annie—now a young lady, who had just had a chamber fitted up anew for her by her father—invited her faithful and loving old follower up into her room to see a new picture she had just purchased. It was an oil painting and by a distinguished artist, but a strange subject for a young lady to have chosen but Annie did choose it. It was a pig sty with the maternal pig and her littl ones just as Annie remembered them in old Johnny's sty in her babyhood.

Great was Annie's pleasure in showing it, but still greater was old Johnny's pleasure in beholding it. Together they picked out the very individual little pig that Annie had held in her arms, and which Johnny said she had kissed. It seemed as if the old man could never leave it; and from that time the actual pig seemed lost in the ideal one and all the memories of his early lovelessness became enlarged and glorified.—[Harper's Magazine for December.]

Marriage Maxims.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing. A man is what his wife makes him. It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is needless.

Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. Besides, it may be that you will not meet again in life.

"How gently glides the married life away! When she who rules still seems but to obey. Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

Let one strive to yield oftentimes to the wishes of the other, which is the mutual cultivation of an absolute usefulness.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then prelude it with a kiss, and give it lovingly.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

Marry into a different blood and temperament.

NEEDED WELL WATERING.—A certain widow was one day in spring seen by the clerk of her parish crossing the church yard with a watering pot and a bundle.

"Ah, Mistress Macatavish," said the clerk, "what's yer busness, wile like gear as that y're carryin?"

"Ah, weel, Mr. Macatavish," replied the widow, "I'm just goin' to my godman's grave. I've got some layseeds in my bundle, the which I'm goin' to sow upon it; and the water in the can is just to gie 'em a spring like!"

"Seed's wina want the watering," rejoined the clerk; "they'd lap it finely o' themselves."

"That may well be," rejoined the widow; "but ye dinna ken that my godman, as he

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