

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

Ecce sumptum est optimum. - Cic.

[12: 6d. PER ANN IN ADVANCE

No 15]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1857.

[Vol. 24

## European Intelligence.

Parliament was formally dissolved on the 21st, the day of the sailing of the steamer. The Queen did not attend in person, and the royal speech was delivered by the Chancellor, as follows:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,  
We are commanded by Her Majesty to inform you that in releasing you at this early period from your attendance in Parliament, it is her Majesty's intention immediately to dissolve the present Parliament, in order to ascertain, in the most constitutional manner, the sense of her people in the present state of public affairs.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,  
We are commanded by Her Majesty to thank you for the liberal provision which you have made for the exigencies of the public service during the period that will elapse before the new Parliament, which Her Majesty will direct immediately to be called, shall have been able to give its immediate attention to these matters.

My Lords and Gentlemen,  
We are commanded by Her Majesty to express the satisfaction which she feels at your having been able to reduce materially during the present session the burthens of her people.

Her Majesty commands us to assure you that it is her fervent prayer that the several constituents of the United Kingdom, upon whom will devolve the exercise of these high functions which by the Constitution belong to them, may be guided by an All-wise Providence in the selection of representatives, whose wisdom and patriotism will aid Her Majesty in her constant endeavours to maintain the honor and dignity of her Crown, and to promote the welfare and happiness of her people.

In the House of Lords, on the 16th, Earl Derby made an able review of the policy of the Palmerston administration, in the course of which he expressed his apprehensions that if the British financial system is not thoroughly revised, there will be a deficiency of £5,000,000 in 1860. This prospective deficit has been already estimated by Mr. Disraeli at nine, and by Mr. Gladstone at eight millions, and the moral of the remarks of all three statesmen is, that the public expenditure of the country must be reduced. The question of "reform" will enter largely into the elections.

The next week was to witness all the turmoil of a general election, and opinions were divided as to the result, as the field was cut up into many parties. Lord John Russell had acquired new strength in London. The Irish liberal party is understood to have agreed on their programme for the hustings as follows:—

1. Tenant right as recently modified.
2. The disendowment of all religious sects and the abolition of the Irish Church as a state establishment.
3. Religious freedom and equality, including the repeal of the ecclesiastical titles act.
4. Opposition to any Ministry which will not comply with the foregoing demands.
5. Enlargement of the county franchise, on the basis of Locke King's motion.
6. The abolition of the property qualification.
7. The reduction of the qualification for voters in towns to £5.

It is now said that the final sitting of the Paris conference on the Turkish affairs (which will be chiefly devoted to the question of the Principality) will be held in June. The third meeting of the Neuchâtel conference at Paris will take place shortly, instructions of a more favorable cast having been received from Berlin.

Austria is on the point of breaking off diplomatic relations with Sardinia, and the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies has voted, by 103 to 14, the considerable sum of 5,000,000 francs to put the fortifications of Alexandria into an immediate state of defence. It is understood that a full reconciliation is likely to be effected by King Ferdinand of Naples with both England and France.

It is decided that France shall send a land and sea force to the China station. The Emperor of China has ordered that hostilities against the British shall be confined to Canton. Governor Yeh seems favorable to American interests, and has had some communications with Minister Parker.

The London Morning Chronicle says:—Government have received information that the Emperor of China has desired the authorities at the four ports to preserve amicable relations with the British, and to continue the trade without interruption. It is plain from this that no notion of war can be entertained by the government at Pekin, and that Commissioner Yeh will find himself without authority, and his mob allies of Canton without protection.

The British have a difficulty with Japan, and two British war steamers have forced the

fortified port of Nagasaki, the Japanese making no resistance.

It has already been mentioned that Mehmet Bey (the Polish Colonel Bangya) with 300 men equipped by English sympathisers, had landed in Circassia from the war steamer Kangaroo, to aid the Circassians. M. Bouteneff, the Russian Minister at Constantinople, has demanded explanations from Great Britain on the subject.

The Persian Ambassador, Ferouk Khan and suite, had arrived at London, and feasted with the Lord Mayor on the 20th.

Dr. Vogel, the African explorer, had been assassinated on his way from Kuka, to the Nile.

## THE STOLEN NOTE.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest, high minded and exemplary man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober he did well.

He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift acquired money sufficient to buy the house, in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before, for three thousand dollars, paying one thousand down, and securing the balance by a mortgage to the seller.

The mortgage-note was almost due at the time circumstances made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up the money; there seemed no possibility of an accident.

I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some little collecting, and drawn up some legal documents for him.

One day his daughter Anne came into my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived. "Perhaps not, Miss Wallace," I said, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a brighter aspect. "What has happened?"

"My father," she replied, "had the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live—but it is all gone now."

"Has he lost it?"

"I don't know; I suppose so. Last week he drew out the two thousand dollars from the bank, and lent it to Mr. Bryce for two days."

"Who is Mr. Bryce?"

"He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler, who boarded with us, and who is Mr. Bryce's clerk."

"Does Mr. Bryce refuse to pay it?"

"He says he has paid it."

"Well, what is the trouble, then?"

"Father says he has not paid it."

"Indeed! But the note will prove that he has not paid it. Of course you have that note?"

"No; Mr. Bryce has it."

"Then of course he has paid it."

"I suppose he has, or he could not have had the note."

"What does your father say?"

"He is positive that he never received the money. The mortgage, he says must be paid to-morrow."

"Very singular! Was your father—"

"I hesitated to use the unpleasant words which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl."

"Mr. Bryce says my father was not just right when he paid him, though, not very bad."

"I will see your father."

"He is coming here in a few moments; I thought I would see you and tell you the facts before he came."

"I do not see how Bryce could have obtained the note, unless he paid the money. Where did your father keep it?"

"He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary in the front room."

"Who were in the room when you put it in the secretary?"

"Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my father and myself."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as of the debauch from which he was just recovering.

"She has told you about it, I suppose," said he in a very low tone.

"She has."

"I pitied him, poor fellow for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo to appreciate it."

"What do you think about it?" asked he, very gloomily. "I know he never paid me. I was not much in liquor at that time. I remember very well of going home as regular,

ly as I ever did in my life. I could tell how I passed the time."

"What passed between you on that day?"

"Well, I merely stepped into his office—it was only day-before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have the money ready for me by to-morrow. He took me into his back office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready the next day."

He then left me and went into the front office, when I heard him send George out to the bank to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then."

"What does the clerk say about it?"

"He says Mr. Bryce remarked, when he sent him, that he was going to pay me the money."

"Just so."

"And when George came in, he went to the front office again, and took the money. Then he came to me again, but did not offer to pay me the money."

"Had you the note with you?"

"No; now I remember, he said he supposed I had not the note with me, or he would pay it. He told me to come in the next day, and he would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note it could not be found. Anne and I have hunted the house all over."

"You told Bryce so?"

"I did; he laughed and showed me the note with his signature crossed over with ink and a hole punched through it."

"It is plain, Mr. Wallace, that he paid you the money, as he alleges, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and intends to cheat you out of the amount."

"He never paid me," replied he, firmly. "Then, he has fraudulently obtained the note. What sort of a person is this Chandler, who boards with you?"

"A fine young man. Bless you, he would not do anything of the kind."

"I am sure he would not," repeated Anne, earnestly.

"How else could Bryce obtain the note but through him?" What time does he come in at night?"

"Always at tea time. He never goes out in the evening," answered Wallace.

"But, father, he did not come home till ten o'clock, the night before you went to Bryce's. He had to stay in the office to post the books, or something of that kind."

"How did he get in?"

"He has a night key."

"I must see Chandler," I said.

"No harm in seeing him," added Mr. Wallace. "I will go for him."

In a few moments he returned with the young man. Chandler, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and professed himself ready to do anything to forward my views.

"When did you return to the house on Tuesday night?" I asked him, with the intention of sounding him a little.

"About twelve."

"Twelve!" said Anne, "it was not more than ten; I heard you."

"The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler positively.

"I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," added Anne, looking with astonishment at the group around her.

"We are getting at something," I remarked. "How did you get in, Mr. Chandler?"

"The young man smiled as he glanced at Anne."

"On arriving at the door," he replied, "I found that I had lost my night key. At that moment a watchman happening along, I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way."

"Good! Now who was it that was heard in the parlor at ten, unless it was Bryce or one of his accomplices. He must have taken the key from your pocket, Mr. Chandler, and stolen the note. At any rate, I will charge him with the crime—let what may happen. Perhaps he will confess when hard pushed."

Acting upon this thought, I wrote a lawyer's letter—demanding against you, &c.—which was immediately sent to Bryce. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them.

Bryce came.

"Well, sir, what have you against me?" he asked, rather stiffly.

"A claim on the part of John Wallace, for two thousand dollars," I replied, poking over my papers, and appearing supremely indifferent.

"Paid it," said he, as short as pie crust.

"Have you?" and I looked him in the eye sharply.

"The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain."

Nevertheless, if, within an hour, you do not pay me the two thousand dollars, and one hundred dollars for the trouble and

anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour you shall be lodged in jail to answer to a criminal charge."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean what I say. Pay or take the consequences."

"It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man, I should not have dared to make it."

"I have paid the note, I tell you," said he. "I have the note in my possession."

"Where did you get it?"

"I got it, of course, when I paid the note."

"When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace, on the night of Tuesday, February twenty, at ten o'clock, and took the note from the secretary?"

"You have no proof, stammered he, grasping a chair for support."

"That is my look out. I have no time to waste. Will you pay or go to jail?"

He saw that the evidence I had was too strong for his denial, and he immediately drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars; and after begging me not to mention the affair, he sneaked off.

I cashed the check, and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, how rejoiced was Anne and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take the one hundred dollars for my trouble; but I was magnanimous enough to take only twenty. Wallace kept his promise, and ever after was a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Anne having taken place shortly after the above narrated circumstances occurred.

## SOLD.

We yesterday heard of a practical joke perpetrated, which in the dullness of the times, if not for its intrinsic excellence, is worthy of being recorded. The parties to this transaction we shall designate as Ben and Tom.

It is proper, for a better understanding of the joke, to intimate that the former speculates to a modest degree in bivalves—and right good bivalves they are, too—and it is not necessary to say what the latter does, farther than that he is as the locomotive and pet train which he swears by, and is, withal, a great wag.

The story runs that Ben had taken in a three dollar counterfeit bill, and not relishing such dead capital, he conceived the idea of giving it to Tom, who was a rollicking fellow, and could make it go if anybody could. Accordingly, he approached the contemplated dispensing medium one day, when the following conversation ensued:—

"I say, Tom, here's a pretty good counterfeit three. If you will pass it, I'll divide."

"Let's see the plaster," said Tom; and after examining it carefully, put it in his vest pocket, remarking, "it's an equal division—a dollar and a half apiece."

"Yes," said Ben.

"All right," said Tom, and he sauntered off.

A few minutes afterwards he quietly stepped into the office of his friend Ben, purchased a can of oysters for one dollar and a half, and lays down the three dollar bill in payment for them. The clerk looked at the bill rather doubtfully, when his suspicions were immediately calmed by Tom, who told him there was "no use looking, for he had received that bill from Ben himself not ten minutes since."

Of course the clerk with the dollar and a half change, and with this deposit and the can of oysters, Tom left.

Shortly afterwards he met Ben, who asked him if he had passed the bill.

"Oh, yes," said Tom, here's your share, at the same time passing over the dollar and a half to Ben.

That night when Ben made up his cash account, he was surprised to find the same old counterfeit three in the drawer. Turning to his *locum tenens* he asked—

"Where did you get this cursed bill?"

"Didn't you know it was a counterfeit?"

"Why," said the other, "Tom gave it to me and I suspected it was fishy, he said he had just received it from you, and I therefore took it."

The whole thing had penetrated the wool of Ben, and with a peculiar grin he muttered "Sold," and charged the can of oysters to profit and loss account.

CANADA.—A Toronto paper says that the circulars addressed to Municipal authorities by the Minister of Agriculture have been answered by many showing a want of 10,000 male and 4000 female farm servants, and 5000 boys and girls, irrespective of many hundred mechanics.

Four million acres of land have been surveyed in Upper Canada, and will be offered for sale immediately at low prices, and on easy terms to settlers.

CHICAGO, April 2.—A heavy gale yesterday

wrecked six vessels along the shore, and fifteen lives were lost.

A MISSIONARY SENTENCE.—One of the city missionaries of Boston, Rev. Peter Mason, was invited, with his family, a few days since, to spend the afternoon at the house of a friend, and on returning, he found his home in the possession of a crowd of people, at the head of whom was Judge Russell, of the Police Court. The Judge explained the mission demonstration to be an account of the conduct of the missionary, and proceeded to pass the following sentence:—

Father Mason.—You have been accused of divers grave offences. It is charged that having the fear of God and the love of man before your eyes, moved by the instigation of humanity, you have habitually sought and relieved the destitute, the sick and the afflicted; that you have preached the gospel to the poor; that you have comforted those in prison. It is said that you have believed that even the men and women who have been convicted of being "drunk by the voluntary use of intoxicating liquors," might yet have hearts to feel and souls to save. You are further charged with diminishing the number of inmates at the gaol (and the gaol copespires to cook your offence); with reducing the fees of constables, and the business of the Court. You bring the laws into contempt, by preventing the crimes which those laws are intended to punish. You are known to be an old offender and you have declared that you will not depart from these ways as long as you live.

Now possess the sentence of the Court—and as a famous judge said on sending a convict to the State Prison for life—I wish I could give you a heavier sentence, (giving him a purse of \$138 in gold). And you, Mrs. Mason, as you have shared your husband's afflictions, as only a woman could, it is right that you should share his joys (giving her a purse of £50). Our gift is accompanied not only with the kind wishes and warm regards of these friends but with prayers of many who have been relieved in distress, or saved from vice. I have passed sentence on your husband, and I do not doubt that both of you continuing your charitable labors in the will bear the final sentence:—

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

A woman is always at the bottom of trouble. You remember the story of the Shah of Persia. When he was told that a workman had fallen from a ladder, he called out,—

"Who is she? who is she?"

Please your Majesty is a he.

Nonsense! said the Shah, there's never an accident without a woman; who is she?"

The Shah was right, the man had fallen from his ladder because he was looking at a woman in a window. Many a man does this in other countries besides Persia.

NEW-YORK, April 5.—THE NICARAGUA BATTLES.—The Herald has some private letters from General Henningsen, dated at Rivas March 19, which confirms in every essential fact the reports brought by Texas of recent victories of Walker over the Costa Rican troops.—Henningsen states that the battle lasted ten hours; that only 50 of his own, while 400 of the allies, were killed; and that the enemy were utterly defeated.

PITTSBURG, April 4.—A letter received here from a responsible source, dated Fort Dodge, Iowa, March 23, says that a settlement of twenty families, at the head waters of the Des Moines River, had been attacked by Indians, and that it was supposed that all were murdered. Only two houses were visited by the persons bringing the news, in which fourteen dead bodies were found.—Some had been shot, and others inhumanly clubbed to death. It is presumed that the whole number composing the settlement were killed or that they are now in captivity. A meeting of citizens was called on the 23d ult., and a company of 50 to 100 men had organized to march to take vengeance on the Indians and rescue any persons that might be found with them.

MEXICO.—By an arrival at New Orleans we have news from Vera Cruz to the 24th ult. The Government had suspended payments at the Custom houses at Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico. The new constitution was promulgated on the 11th. Gen. Huarte was in prison at Guadalajara, and would be tried by court martial. A letter from Washington states that the Spanish Minister has received despatches from his Government by the last steamer that the expedition on the part of Spain against Mexico will not proceed to its destination, as it is believed that the demands of Spain against Mexico will be complied with to a reasonable extent. This arrangement is owing it is said, to the interposition of France and England.