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Poetry.

THE OLD PRINTER.

BY C. W. MCLELLAN.

A Printer stood at this case one night,
In his office dark and drear,
And his weary sight was as dim as the light
Of the mouldy lamp hung near;
The wintry winds were howling without,
And the snow falling thick and fast,
But the Printer, I trow, shook his locks of snow,
And leaped at the shrieking blast!

He watched the hands of the clock creep round,
Keeping time with its snail-like tick,
As he gathered the type with a weary click,
In his old rust-eaten stick.

His hairs were as white as the falling snow,
And elderly day by day,
He heeled them with grief like the autumn leaf,
One by one passing away.

Time had cut with his plow furrows deep in his brow,
His cheek was fevered and thin,
And his long Roman nose could almost repose
Its head on his gray bearded chin.

And with fingers long as the hours stole on,
Keeping time with the clock's dull tick,
He gathered the type with a weary click,
In his old rust-eaten stick.

A Select Story.

MY FIRST LOVE.

By Charles Carlton.

A TALL, slender figure, with brown hair falling over the shoulders, and a pale, resolute face, clad in a long flowing dressing gown, and holding a light pipe above its head, and looking steadily down at me, as I ascended the stairs, this was what I saw on the night of the 18th of September, 1848.

I stopped short and looked at the figure, as it was looking at me. I had not been drinking, I was not walking in my sleep, and, more than all, I knew the face and form, but what in the name of common sense, was a young lady doing in the passage of an old inn at that hour, alone, and in such a dress? She blushed scarlet as I drew near, and wrapped her dressing gown more closely around her; but the next moment she was as pale as before, and spoke to me eagerly and hurriedly, but in a very low voice.

"Sir, are you the landlord of this inn?"
"I am not, madam."

"Do you know where he is?"
"Down stairs in the coffee-room, I think. But what is the matter? Are you ill? Has anything gone wrong?"

She stamped her foot slightly with impatience, and looked me full in the face. Her eyes shone blue and soft, in general—but now they were blazing.

"Don't stop to ask questions, sir! Bring him here at once; and come back with him yourself. Bring pistols, if you have them; do you hear? And run for your life—for your life!" she added, leaning over the banisters, and speaking in the same low, hurried tone.

I was away in an instant, though I knew no more of my errand than the man in the moon. But I should like to see the man who would not have done the same. Apart from the fact that she was claiming my aid and protection, there was something in the ring of the voice, low as it was, and the flash of the eye, that warned me she was not to be trifled with. She would have made a good general, had she been a man; and I wager my head, not a soldier would have dared to retreat, had she spoken as she did to me that night. But before I finish my story, I must begin it. I am but a blundering fellow. My wife always says, if a mistake can be made, I am sure to make it, and I believe I was going to tell you about the landlord's coming, before I said what he had come for. Now, then, I will commence the thing right.

The inn, which is still standing, and may be seen any day by the curious traveller, is a clumsy ill-lighted house, situated in the heart of the city, yet keeping all its oddities which were just in the fashion some two or three hundred years ago. It is built around a court yard, shut in by gates, across which galleries are thrown, from one door to the other, with the paved yard below. It has

balustrades and stair cases containing sufficient oak to build half a modern house with; and deep window seats, and queer-shaped, gloomy rooms, and odd little closets, and landing-places, and passages, carpets, chairs, and pictures that Mrs. Neath might have kept house with, in the ark; to say nothing of the curious old china on the sideboards, and the wine-glasses and decanters to match. It makes one feel "respectable," merely to live there for a time; and I, who had been a wild enough college lad, found myself sobering down day by day, as I pored over my manuscripts, or dined quietly by myself, under the eye of Charles the waiter, off my slice of mutton and baked potatoes, my pint of porter, and my apple tart. Quite like a family man I felt, at times—though my wife and children were with my ship, that was to come home some day, and bring me an immense fortune. I did not know how long the voyage might take, not knowing even from what port the vessel was to start; and so I lived and worked at my manuscript, and waited.

I was not by any means the only dweller in the inn. People were coming and going all the time, but I scarcely ever saw them, or heard their names. The sitting-room next mine, on the second floor, would be tenanted one month, by a couple with an indefinite number of children; and the next, it may be, by an old gentleman who made no noise, and rarely spoke, except to tell his servant to bring him more wine; then would come a travelling artist, with his sketch-books and his great Newfoundland dog, and they would play at rough-and-tumble together, after he had done work, till the house shook, and the nervous lady above nearly went into fits; and he would be succeeded by a musician, who would play all day, and a part of the night, till the same lady declared she should be really for ever.

I was not at all, to my knowledge. For my part, I was always satisfied. When the children were there, and playing so noisily that I could not think, I used to lay down my pen, and wonder what their names were, and how they looked, and if they were playing the same games I played in my boyhood (so many years ago!) with my brothers and my cousins. The great dog used often to meet me in the passage and give me a friendly wag of the tail, if I patted his head, and after that, his bark was music in my ears. For I felt any one, who has a heart, to care for the acquaintance of a dog—a Newfoundland especially—and not love him. And the composer, who played all day the sweet creations of his soul—God knows what lovely tender fancies came to me now and then, as the melody wore itself in with what I was writing, almost before I knew it. I am a happy fellow naturally, and disposed to make the best of everything; but setting this entirely aside, I am sure I was a better and a kinder man for the neighbors I had.

One day the room was taken, after it had been standing empty for a week, and I heard the voices of an old man, his wife, and the fresh, clear tones of a young girl. I often judge people by their voices before I see them, and I pictured the lady to myself quite correctly. There was a ring in her words, a buoyant, lark-like tone, that gave me the idea of a happy spirit and perfect health. Now and then the voice deepened and softened, and I knew that her face had lost its smile, and that she was looking grave—perhaps sad. So I knew that she had suffered, and as day after day went on, and the voice grew familiar, I judged that she had suffered deeply. There was something behind that natural gaiety, known only to herself and God, it may be, and yet it threw a gloom over her whole life, and would always do so. And I thought I should like to see her, and judge if my surmises were correct.

I asked the landlord about the party. He looked at the book, and read the names—"Rev. Edward Williams and lady, Mrs. Arnold."

They came here three weeks ago by the packet, and are going to Paris next month. Very nice people they seem, but they have queer ways.

I went up to my room, and wondered if "Mrs. Arnold" was a widow, or if her husband was still living. If so, I felt sure I was inclined to strangle or shoot him, without any delay. It is very ridiculous—yet, also, quite sincere—the feeling one man has towards another who (as he thinks) has robbed him of something which might have benefited his own life. I am sure many a married woman would laugh heartily if she but knew the fancies that pass through the brain of one of her bachelor friends, who admires her, as he sees her with a child in her arms, or her sweet face looking over her husband's shoulder (stupid man!) as he pores over a dry newspaper, quite unconscious of her presence.

While I sat thinking thus of Mr. Arnold, Mrs. Arnold, in the next room, began to sing. There was a gold piano in No. 42, and I had often heard her playing before.

But this evening she only seemed recalling snatches of sweet, sad songs, and I felt sure she was alone. Her touch upon the keys was soft and dreamy; sometimes she was playing only with one hand, and then would come a long pause, though I had not heard her leave her seat. I would have given worlds to have been beside her, in that hour of twilight. But it faded; and the cold wall of my room was still between us. I heard her singing "Then you'll remember me," very softly, and then the music ceased. If I had sat by myself any more I am sure I should have been mad enough to go into the next room; so, taking up my hat and gloves, I went out for a walk. The door of No. 42 stood half-way open, and from my end of the passage I could see into the room plainly, for the boy had just lit the gas, and drawn the curtains. She was standing over the piano, dressed in deep mourning, though a wedding-ring on her heavy guard shone on her left hand. "Thank heaven! the fellow is dead!" I thought; and then the next moment I laughed at my absurdity.

She had the evening paper in her hand, yet though her head was bent, I could see her face quite well. In only one thing was she different from her counterpart in my brain—she was not beautiful, as I had fancied she must be. She was tall, and straight, and elegant in form; and her face was one of those which change and vary with every shade of feeling; but only redeemed from plainness by a pair of deep-set and beautifully shaped eyes, whose color, I found when she threw the paper aside, was that dark, lovely blue, one scarcely ever sees except in the sky of a summer night. Just the eyes I had dreamed of all my life—and yet, there was not the slightest chance that they would ever look at me, as they had doubtless looked at Mr. Arnold deceased, a thousand times. She was a girl—widow—yet there was something in her manner which betrayed the married woman—an ease and aplomb, which rarely or never shows itself in a young girl, especially if she has been reared carefully by a mother's hand.

I might have stood in the passage all night, criticizing her, had she not entered it herself, suddenly (for her movements were all quick as flashes of light), and taking me so by surprise, that I am sure she would have seen me staring in at her, had she not, luckily for me, caught her foot in the mat as she crossed the threshold. She stumbled, and would have fallen, but sprang to her assistance, and caught her arm, and felt her heart beating quickly against my arm. She panted with the sudden start it had given her, but stood up in a second, and just glancing at me as I stood beside her in the dark passage, said quietly, "Thank you, Charles. I might have hurt myself very much, if you had not saved me. And, by the way, I wish you would have that stupid thing taken away. My uncle fell over it last night, and I suppose it will be my aunt's turn next."

I went to the opera that evening. I usually spent my evenings there, or at the theatre. They played the "Bohemian girl" I remember, and the tenor sang Mrs. Arnold's song, "Then you'll remember me." And the lights and the music and crowd seemed to pass away, and leave me listening to her again, touching the piano softly, and half-singing, half humming the words—as if, if she trusted herself to utter them aloud, they would surely bring tears with them. I thought of her constantly. Kill the opera was over, and the house empty; I thought of her over my hot supper at Vary's; and I thought of her as I went home along the deserted streets. I looked up at her window to see the light shine there, as I entered the court yard. It was burning brightly enough, and I entered and sat down in the coffee room a few moments with the landlord, who was a great friend of mine in his way. I did not talk to him, nor he to me—we were neither of us talking men, and seldom had many words together. But he pored over the Times steadily, intent upon political news; and I held the Advertiser upside down before me, and felt with a thrill of grateful satisfaction, that I was no longer indifferent to the advice of Mr. Weller, senior—"Samuel! Samuel! beware of the vendors!" No—a widow had changed me in the twinkling of an eye, and I was in love, as hopelessly, as unreasonably and as foolishly as any sober man of thirty could well be!

I must now proceed to state that Mrs. Arnold's room was on the second floor, just above No. 42. To it she went quietly on that eventful evening, at the hour of ten past, at the time when I was sitting in my box at the opera, thinking of her—Something made her wakeful. She sat down at her toilet table, and talked awhile to the housekeeper, who had come up with clean pillow-cases, and asked many questions about the house and the family. How they branched the topic, I do not know—but after a time, they began to think, and to speak about matrimony, strange phlegmon, called matrimonial rapture. The Clerk Lang ghost was brought upon the carpet, and various other stories

told, till Mrs. Arnold grew nervous, and laughingly declared she would hear no more. Then the housekeeper bade her good night, and she locked her door, and began to prepare for bed.

The room was large, rather dark, and full of corners and recesses. The light of the two wax candles on the toilet table only served to make those corners visible in their shadowy gloom. The bed was high, and hung about with dark crimson curtains; the furniture of the room was dark, too, and the cushions of the chairs and the covers of the tables red. It is a color which needs much light to set it off to advantage; it looked dismal enough to her just then. At one end of the room a door led into a large closet, which was unfurnished, and looked out into the court-yard; but this door opened out into Mrs. Arnold's room, and looked on that side. Sometimes linen was kept there; and the housekeeper had evidently been there that evening, for the key was in the lock, and the door was a little ajar. Mrs. Arnold would have preferred it shut, but she was too timid to cross the room just then.

She undressed slowly, singing in a low voice, the song I had heard her sing that evening. As she bent down to unlace her boot, she happened to cast her eyes towards the closet, she had a vision like an eagle, and to her surprise and terror, she saw it move distinctly—only the lower part of the door, for she had presence of mind enough not to start, and the bed concealed the upper part, as she was stooping. The legend of that woman who saw the great boot of a man under her bed, yet had the courage to stay in the room all the evening, going on with her ordinary household duties within reach of the assassin's knife, till her husband came, and she was safe, flashed across her mind, and taught her how to act. She yawned luxuriously, interrupted her singing one moment, and then went on with a steady voice. After she had prepared for bed, she folded her dressing gown around her, and brushed her hair before the glass. In that mirror she could see the door move now and then, as if her visitor was getting impatient; and once it creaked. She started naturally, and threw her slipper against the wall, as if to frighten away the mice, and then resumed her occupation. When that was over, she went to her jewel-case, which stood upon the toilet-table, and turned its bright contents out in a heap before her. She held a spray of diamonds against her hair, as if to try its effect; she clasped and unclasped her bracelets, and toyed with her rings. Meanwhile, the door creaked again, and letting an unmet diamond fall to the ground, and stooping to pick it up, she saw, with rapid glance that a burly, ill-looking man was peering at her from behind the curtains of the bed—He started back, thinking himself discovered; and in that moment of horrible anxiety—that moment which, for aught she knew, might be her last—what did she do? She could hear his breathing distinctly, sharpened as all her senses were, and almost felt the cold steel in her heart, and so she made herself a mocking curtsy in the glass, and held the diamond spray above her forehead.

"Duchess of Nemours!" said she, softly. "And why not? I should look well with a coronet. I wish my husband was dead!" She leaned her head upon her hand, and seemed to think. A subdued rustling told her that the robber was retreating. The door swung softly together—she saw it in the glass—and her resolution was taken.

Two diamond rings and a diamond spray she said, counting the gems aloud, as she put them back in the case. "A ruby and an amethyst bracelet, a ruby ring, and a garnet—But where is the garnet necklace, by-the-way? How stupid of me to mislay it! And my husband's gift too! I wonder if I have put it in my trunk."

The trunk stood very near the door of the closet. She went and unlocked it, and tumbled its contents out upon the floor, bending over it with her light, while that man was within two feet of her! I wonder how she had the nerve to do it. Indeed, she said afterwards she knew he was bending down too, and looking over her shoulder at the trickets as she turned them over with a steady hand, and that her greatest difficulty was to keep from breaking out into hysterical laughter, and so betraying that she knew of his presence.

The bracelet was not there. She pushed the things aside impatiently, shut down the trunk, and placed the candle on the bed—then she stood up, with her finger on her lip, and her head bent down.

"Where can the necklace be?" She turned as if to go to the chest of drawers, past the closet, that stood in the corner of the room; made one step past it; when, suddenly, and pushing both hands upon the door, locked and double-locked it in a second. She heard a terrible oath inside as the robber threw himself against it, too late and, snatching up her candle, sped out for help. She found me as I have described, while I was coming up the staircase, and she stood at the top of it.

In three moments after she had spoken to me, I came back with the landlord, the waiter, Charles, the head ostler, and "boots." They were all strong men; and the landlord had his pistols. Boots, I remember, carried the poker, and snatched up a great carving-knife from the sideboard. What did that woman do, when she saw our procession, but burst out a laughing!

"You come as if you were going to join the army at Flanders," she said, after she had related her dangerous adventure. "I have locked the man up safely, and you will frighten him to death with your savage looks."

I colored up to the roots of my hair, and gave my carving-knife to Charles, and sneaked behind the rest. I believe, at that moment I hated her.

It was a great sight to see her marching before us, with her light in her hand. Most women would have fainted at being seen in *disabille*, by five men; but she, with the frank bravery of an American lassie, let the circumstances explain the dress, and marched us quietly into the room. There was her lock upon the toilet table, and there were the jewels glittering in their case—the contents of her trunk as she had left them on the floor, and the closet locked and silent. She put the key into the landlord's hand.

"Help the gentleman out!" she said lazily. I think she was the bravest woman I have ever seen, and I could not help looking at her with admiration and respect. She took a great shawl from a chair, and wrapped it around her form, shivering slightly, and then stood a little aside and waited.

We heard him breathing heavily, as the key turned in the lock, and the moment the door was open, he made a savage rush out, knocking the landlord and Charles down, as if they had been two boys. But boots and I caught him; and the hostler snatched a leather strap from Mrs. Arnold's trunk, and we had him bound in a moment. She sat in her easy chair, looking on quietly, as if she had been at a play, and when his eyes met hers, she smiled.

"You see I was too much for you," she said quietly. He growled out, "you are a clever woman, by jingo! I didn't think there was a woman as could bring Bill Nevins to this."

"Thank you, my friend; I never had a greater compliment paid me." We led him from the room, and the landlord thanked to her. "Of course you will wish to go to Mrs. Williams's room," said he, "or I can give you one near the housekeeper's?"

"No; I think I'll stay here," she said, in her short, quiet, decided way. "I suppose you have not lost any of your friends behind you, my man?" she added, turning to the prisoner.

The fellow grinned and pulled at his forelock, saying, "no my lady; I was all alone." "That will do then. Good night, gentlemen! Accept my thanks now, and I will offer them more suitably when I am not quite so sleepy."

She bowed us out of the room, and locked the door behind us. Every one was led in her praise but me. But I was glib. And when the housebreaker had been consigned to the tender mercies of the police, and the hotel was silent, and I alone in my room, I scarcely knew what to think. Such courage almost frightened me; and yet I remembered how pale she looked and that she leaned against the mantelpiece at first, as if to support herself; so I forgave her bravery, and thought only of the beauty of her eyes and the sweetness of her voice, and sank away to sleep at last, with the firm resolution that another day should not pass over my head before I had told her how I had learned to love her.

But the next day brought its own events, and what was worse, its own personages, with it. A carriage stopped before the door as I entered from my morning walk; a tall, bearded man with an honest, handsome face, darted into the house, and up the stairs, three at a time. There was a cry of surprise on the second landing—a murmur and a sudden mingling of voices that raised my curiosity to the highest pitch. I ran up to my own room, and passing the half open door of No. 42, there was my divinity in the arms of the stranger (confound him!) calling him "George," and kissing him in a way that made me long to poison him. Down stairs I went three at a time, and collared the landlord in the hall.

"Who is that man?"
"Just come? In 42?" he gasped, half choked and quite surprised.
"Yes!"

"Captain Arnold—Mrs. Arnold's husband. Just come from a voyage to India. I say, sir, no more midnight adventures now I suppose? You never will have a chance to play the part of a guardian angel again—eh, sir? think so, sir?"

My hand dropped from his collar, and consigning him and Captain Arnold to perdition I went out and kept away till they had gone.

The Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, JAN. 12, 1859.

The Legislature it is reported, will again meet for the dispatch of business, when it is probable there will be extensions with respect to Railway and other matters, which have engaged the attention of our contemporaries, and been commented upon by them. It is an easy matter at any time to find fault with, and misrepresent the doings of a Government or public men—and to set forth their acts in the worst light, and distort facts—more for the purpose of building up party and gratifying a depraved taste, than any desire of benefiting or correcting social evils. Such has been, and it is probable will be, the course of partisan journals, which cannot admit that anything good can emanate from certain men; we trust, however, that the time is not far distant when vituperation, abuse, and misrepresentation will be frowned down, and that honest criticism, a plain statement of facts, and dealing with measures not men, will take their place. The truth is no secret, whether in the interest of the former or present Government or the Rulers themselves, can satisfy every one; and there are so many political quacks now-a-days with their cure-alls and panaceas, that men of comprehensive views, and elevated political tendencies, whose interests are identified with the welfare and progress of the Province—are cast in the shade, become disgusted, and cannot be induced to lend their assistance to bring about a more healthy administration of public affairs. We have no wish to be misunderstood in our remarks, they will apply equally to all parties. The Country requires honest, independent, fearless men, who are intimately acquainted with its requirements, for Legislators; and who will, regardless of friends or self, perform their public duties faithfully, to the best of their ability, and to the advantage of the country. These are our views, and we give them for what they are worth, please or displease whom they may—regardless of political party.

STORM.—After five weeks of fine clear weather, the atmosphere became exceedingly cold and cloudy on the 4th inst., and snow commenced to fall about 12 o'clock, accompanied by a strong south-west gale, which lasted until Wednesday morning—drifting the snow to such an extent as to block up the roads, and render travel impossible. The mails were delayed in consequence nearly twenty-four hours; the roads, however, became passable by Thursday afternoon, but on Friday it commenced raining, and continued until Saturday morning, when the wind veered round to the North West, the weather cleared up and became cold, making the going very slippery.

YESTERDAY, 8 a. m., the thermometer stood at 31 deg. below zero—the coldest we have had this winter. This has been an extremely cold winter so far.

A FIRE took place in Fredericton on Wednesday morning last, which destroyed ten or twelve buildings in the business part of the city, and a large amount of goods as well as houses were destroyed. The fire originated in a shed attached to a large building owned by Mr. Beck, of St. John, and occupied by John T. Smith, Esq. The following is a list of persons burnt out, which we copy from the *Head Quarters*:

Mr. Tattersall, Tailor; goods saved.
Mrs. Boyd, Milliner and Dress Maker; goods mostly saved.
John T. Smith, Esq., Grocer; goods mostly saved.
Mr. Thomas Hatheway; loss of provisions in store, about £2,000.
Mr. Lemont, "Variety Store"; loss considerable.
Mr. V. H. Nelson; goods all saved.
Fredericton Clothing Store; we believe goods near all saved.
Mr. Foster's Boot and Shoe Store; ditto.
Mr. Wm. Moore's Hardware Store; ditto.
Mr. Kethro's (Barber) Toy Shop, &c.; goods chiefly saved.
Mr. T. McCarty, Grocery and Provision Store; loss considerable.
Mr. Griever's large stock of liquors, &c., we believe, were all saved, and he met with a few slight losses in his other movable property.
We believe that most of the buildings destroyed were insured, but for what amount we cannot say.

We regret to learn that on Saturday night last a barn belonging to Mr. Perry, living on the Fredericton road, about forty miles from this city, was burned to the ground, together with a large quantity of hay, oats, &c., and three horses, belonging to James and Thomas Greene, proprietors of the Fredericton and St. John mail stage line.—*Globe*.

The Defences of England.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, at which Sir Charles Napier presided, a paper was read by Mr. Rees, on the Modifications which the Ships of the Royal Navy have undergone during the present century in respect of dimensions, form, means of propulsion, and powers of attack—when the gallant Admiral referred in energetic terms to the necessity of at all times maintaining a well-manned Channel fleet. He said:

The late Board of Admiralty paid off the fleet and sent the men to the right about, even including the continuous service men. He was happy to say that the present Board of Admiralty, though a Conservative one, had done more during the time they have been in office than he had ever seen done by any former Board. It was pretty well known that he was no Conservative himself, but still he wished to do justice to those in office, whether they were Whigs, Tories or Radicals. When the present Government came into office they cast about to get up a Channel fleet. It was true they had not yet come up to the number which he wished, but they had got six of the line. He should continue to urge the Government to get them up to ten of the line; and if they had that number of ships well manned with real seamen—not men picked up out of the streets—there would be no difficulty in the event of an emergency in increasing them to twenty. He would tell them how that could be done. They should take ten sail of the line, manned by 1000 men each. There should be only 100 marines instead of 200 embarked on each vessel, the rest being replaced by 100 seamen, and that would give 900 able seamen and officers on board each ship. The Admiralty were very properly induced to prepare ten sail of the line as a first reserve, and these were nearly ready. In the event of war one watch should be transferred from each ship of the Channel fleet above mentioned to the reserve, which would then give a fleet of 20 sail of the line manned by 750 men each; let their complement be filled up by 200 marines and 100 officers and boys, who were always to be had—this would give a fleet of twenty sail of the line manned by 750 men each; and with 250 more for each vessel called out from the coast volunteers, there would then be a fleet of 20 sail of the line better manned than was the fleet during the last war.

Sir C. Napier then referred to the great outlay upon land fortifications, and remarked:

Formerly, when we had almost the whole world against us, the wooden walls of old England were found sufficient for her defence, and this would be the case again. He therefore considered the money spent upon land fortifications was thrown away, except in so far as providing a few places with guns, under which vessels could run in for shelter. Let them have an efficient fleet, man it well, and it would be found the cheapest as well as the most effective defence of the country; and no nation, whatever might be the fleet she could send out, would ever then attempt to disturb the peace and happiness of England.

The Canadian Exploring Party.

It will be recollected, says the *Hamilton Times*, that a party of Canadian explorers, under Professor Hind, proceeded last summer to the Red River Country, by way of Lake Superior, with a view to acquiring information relative to the condition of the country. We learn from the *Milwaukee papers* that the party have arrived in that city on their return. The *Acres* says that they left Selkirk, a settlement of 8,000 inhabitants, on the Red and Assiniboine river, on the 26th of November, with a train of seventy dogs, for Crow Wing which point they reached after fifteen days' travel. At the time of the St. Paul excursion, the hunting party were supposed to have been killed by the Indians, but it seems such was not the case. They had, as trophies of the chase, a large lot of buffalo and other furs, the heads and horns of a magnificent buffalo bull that came near killing Lord Cavendish, several Indian curiosities, and one of the dogs used for drawing sledges, of the Esquimaux breed, with a hearty appetite, and the rugged health of a grizzly bear. They report the country as fine prairie, with a clear atmosphere, pleasant in summer, cold in winter, and very healthy. Selkirk is quite an important point settled by French and English half breeds, and hardly Scotch of the better educated class. The country will soon be opened, as the Canadian government are working hard to secure regular communication with all that vast tract of land, which is very valuable indeed. Three colonies, Red River, Vancouver and Superior, will be established in the spring.—*Quebec Morning Chronicle*.

FIRE IN INDIAN TOWN.—A fire broke out in a house in Indian Town about half-past four o'clock on the morning of the 7th. The Portland Engines were quickly on hand and the fire was soon extinguished. The house, which was considerably damaged, was owned by Mrs. J. Mallin, and we learn, insured.—*New*.

Several of the leading merchants and professional men of St. Stephen had a private meeting last week with Hon. Wm. Todd, Hon. James Brown, and Mr. McMillan, of the subject of a Branch Railroad to connect with the St. Andrews and Woodstock line. St. Stephen and Calais are thoroughly alive to the necessity of such a connection. The matter will come up in some shape, before the Legislature in the ensuing session.—*Colonial Presbyterian*.

We see by Proclamation in the *Royal Gazette* of Wednesday last, that the Legislature will meet for the dispatch of business on the Tenth day of February next.

The Episcopal Church situated in the Parish of St. Patrick in this County, was destroyed by fire on the night of Sunday the 20th, supposed to be the work of an incendiary.—*Provincialist*.

Two Fires.—A fire broke out on Monday night last, about 12 o'clock, in the building known as the old National School House, North side of King's Square, and at present occupied as a Grocery by Messrs. T. & P. McCollum—the front part of the store was completely burning, and the flames were seen from the street. The fire was caused by a candle in an unoccupied house, situated at the foot of Jeffrey's Hill, City Road, was totally destroyed by fire, supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

The bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway, at Wild River, near Gilead, was destroyed by fire on Thursday 30th ult. It is supposed to have caught fire from the sparks of the locomotive. The bridge was about 300 feet in length, and the loss is estimated at \$10,000.—*St. John's (Canada) News*.

Disastrous Fire at Halifax.

On Tuesday night last, about 9 o'clock, a fire broke out in the building occupied by Mr. Joseph Hagar, hatter, and spread with great fury to the surrounding buildings, five of which were destroyed. They were occupied by W. S. Symonds & Co., store and furnace dealers; John Gabriel, boot and shoe dealer; Jonas Hagar, hatter; A. D. Morse, boot and shoe dealer; and Thos. McDonnell, clothing store. Melancholy to state, Mr. Hagar and Mr. Joseph Grant perished in the flames. Mrs. Grant threw her child out of an upper window and then jumped out. Both were seriously hurt. Miss Ross and Miss Hagar were also injured by jumping from the second story of Hagar's house. It is said that the fire was occasioned by an accident to some combustibles used in Mr. Hagar's factory.—*Nbr.*

Suffering at Sea.

The Malakoff, Dart, which passed up Channel for Gloucester, has had a very heavy passage of 44 days, with gales the whole of the time. On the 25th of October, lat. 42° 41' N., lon. 52° 47' W., while a strong wind was raging, took the captain and crew of the side of the Watersprite, of Whitehaven, from Quebec for Tenby, which barque had been dismasted and waterlogged, and was capsized three days and three nights, and the crew had nothing to subsist on during the whole of that awful period, with the sea making breaches over them, but one cabin and one turret, which were divided into small parts at intervals. Their existence and escape are most miraculous. On the 31st Oct., the Malakoff took another ship's crew (13 in number) off the William Melville, of North Shields, which barque had become waterlogged on the 29th, and the crew had subsisted on about 15 lbs of damaged bread the whole of the eleven days, with no water; the captain (James Catburton) and one man washed overboard and lost previously.

Wholesale Slaughter in India.

A correspondent of the *Madras Athenaeum* condemns, in strong language, the merciless manner in which the native insurgents are butchered by the British troops, whenever they get an opportunity. He says of the storming of Salimpoor:

"After a great deal of street fighting the loss of the enemy was 700 killed, 500 drowned, all their guns taken, and a quantity of arms and ammunition, with two elephants captured. Our casualties were two Europeans killed, and about thirty in all wounded. I again say I do not hold to the indiscriminate slaughter of the sons of this prolific soil. At Salimpoor, I am told, that the men, on their knees, prayed with upraised hands, but they were not spared. Neither, as far as I have learned, have any number of prisoners been taken. I maintain that this wholesale killing is quite unbecoming of us as a civilized nation, and will yet, if we are not wise in time, involve us in trouble and disgrace. But with the inhabitants of Oude the case is a different one. All the large bodies in arms against us are nothing more than armed retainers, taking service under various names. There are sepoys and sepoys amongst them, but there is no man, no soldier, who could easily discriminate between the martial bearing of a sepoy trained, and a man who handles a matchlock. Were there any actual fighting, were the least somewhat more proportionable it would be a conclusion, at last to think they died fighting hard. But when we reflect these numbers who are slain have been disposed of by the rifle, or more commonly dag with the bayonet, it wears another aspect. This wholesale slaughter must be put an end to. It is now unworthy of the character of a nation. We have been glutted with blood."

Murders in New York.

New York, Jan. 21.—Yesterday morning a young man named Jeremiah Loomery was stabbed by a drunken companion named Patrick Lane. John Bruenhansen, engineer of steamer *Empire City*, who was beaten on Friday by George Carter, died on Saturday of his injuries. An Italian named Massimo Bassanti was stabbed on Wednesday by a fellow countryman, and died on Saturday.

Appalling Result of Somnambulism.

One of the most awful results of sleepwalking, of which we have heard for a long time, transpired at the Upper-Ferry Landing, during the night preceding yesterday. On Friday evening a farmer named John Bray, from Indiana, who was removing to some point on the Missouri river, with his wife, father-in-law, and four children, came on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, for in straitened circumstances, the family obtained permission to stop for the night in a small room on the ferry dock at the foot of the street. Between twelve and one o'clock, in the night Bray arose, in his sleep, and taking his youngest child, aged three years, in his arms, actually walked from the room and into the water! The piteous wail of the father for help, soon drew a number of persons to the melancholy scene from all the front places on the Levee. The frantic grief of the family partook of the incoherence and wildness of the maniac, and is described to be of the most heartrending description. Before ingenuity could resolve on any means of rescuing the drowning objects, both had sunk, to be seen no more alive.—*St. Louis Republican*.

Justice to the Sailor.

The Fall River Monitor, in alluding to the verdict in the Junior number case, says:

"Many a poor tar has been hung for mutiny and murder, but we have yet to learn of the first shipmaster who has been hung in this country for the last thirty years for the murder of a sailor. If Jack commits a crime, even under the grossest provocation, no mercy is extended to him in court, for the slightest offence he is made to undergo long imprisonment; but let him be kicked and beaten within an inch of his life, and his tyrants are let off with a fine of perhaps \$20 and a few days of confinement."

We go for exact justice both for master and sailor. It is high time that there was a reform both in the merchant and whaling service. Men utterly incompetent are too often put in command of vessels, who can neither govern themselves nor those over whom they are placed. Let our merchants employ men of character and probity instead of raving, swearing, rum-drinking commanders, that are too often found on board our ships, and our commercial marine would ere long be manned by respectable seamen.

The filibusters which sailed from Mobile in the *Susan*, were wrecked on the 16th, a coral reef, 60 miles from Balise, Honduras, on the 16th Dec. Those on board were saved but the vessel was a total loss. Gov. Seymour, Her Majesty's representative at Balise, tendered the British steamer *Basilik* to convey the passengers to any southern port of the United States. An American captain circulated prejudicial reports, but the Governor chose to regard them as shipwrecked citizens of a friendly nation, and offered every assistance.

The *Basilik* arrived in Mobile Bay on the 1st instant, with the passengers by the *Susan*, who report that they were treated most gentlemanly by the British officers. A subsequent despatch says that the filibusters had arrived at Mobile. On landing, a procession was formed, and the Nicaragua flag hoisted. Capt. Maury was called out and made a speech to the crowd. There was much excitement.

Awful Depravity.

The *New York Times* says that a most remarkable confession was made in that city on Wednesday by the boy Stapleton who was arrested, together with his uncle, James Leahy, on suspicion of setting fire to the store No. 279 Water street. The boy narrates with great precision all the incidents of the affair, how he was bribed by his uncle to do the deed, and how he went to work to accomplish his demonic purpose. A man named Lynch, who is implicated by the confession of the boy, has been arrested and held for examination.

A Hardened Villain.

Albert Myers was hung at Columbus, Ohio on the 17th, for the murder of Bartlett Neville. Both had been convicts in the Penitentiary. Myers exhibited the most hardened indifference to his fate, scoffing and swearing at the clergyman who endeavored to prepare his mind for death, and when upon the scaffold he buried apples and oranges at the crowd, and swore at them, and indulged in various blasphemous expressions. After prayer by a minister he seemed somewhat affected, but repulsed the minister when he spoke to him. His conduct excited general horror.

Terrible Accident.

Newchester, N. H., Jan. 1.—Two men named Samuel Curvill and C. F. Bunker, were instantly killed last evening, in Manchester Print Works. They were literally torn to pieces between the large wheel of the mill and a post. Bunker was showing Curvill how to make the night examinations of the wheels when the accident occurred.

FIRE.—On Friday night two story house belonging to J. S. Hall & Co., situated on the Main street, Miltown, was destroyed by fire.—*Herald*.

RECORD OF WRECK.—It appears that during the month of November the number of wrecks reported was 282; in the month of January the number was 154; in February 162; in March 179; in April 142; in May 128; in June 102; in July 101; in August 112; in September 105; and in October 199—making a total during the past 11 months of 1657.

European Intelligence.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICA.

The steamship *America*, Capt. Miller, which sailed from Liverpool on the 18th December, arrived at Halifax at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning. She brings European dates four days later than the *Fulton*, from Southampton. The A. experienced strong gales during the entire passage.

GREAT BRITAIN.—An extraordinary general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company was held in London on the 15th. Hon. Stuart Wortley presided. The report showed that the total receipts of the Company on Capital account had been £387,479, and the expenditure £364,046, leaving a balance on hand of £23,433 against which there are various outstanding liabilities. Free shares to the value of seventy-five thousand pounds had been issued to the projectors in the purchase of their original rights and privileges. The Chairman made a lengthy explanation of the condition of the Company.—The Cable had been under run a distance of eleven miles from Ireland, and found perfect. The Directors, from want of funds, are unable to carry on further operations; they had appealed to Government for a guarantee of 3 1/2 per cent on £555,000 of new capital with which to construct and lay a new cable, but no decisive answer had been received. He urged upon the proprietors harmonious and energetic action as the only way to ensure success, and moved the adoption of the Directors' Report, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Whitehouse, late electrician of the Company, called attention to the establishment of another Company formed for establishing telegraphic communication with America by the Southern route, and having half its capital subscribed. He had been instructed to state the conditions under which the fusions of the two companies might be effected.

Several shareholders said that such matters could not be entertained by the meeting, and the Chairman said that pending the negotiations with the Government, the proposition ought not to be discussed.

The Reform movement was progressing. John Bright had addressed another great meeting at Edinburgh, and one at Manchester. A Reformer's Union had been formed by the Reformer party.

An influential meeting of English ship-owners has been held in London to take in consideration the ruinous condition of British Navigation. Resolutions were adopted attributing the cause to the repeal of the navigation laws; and an Address to the Queen was adopted, praying that ships of non-reciprocity countries may be placed on as early as possible the same footing in British ports as British ships are placed in those countries.

In regard to the recent arrests in Ireland of members of the Phoenix Club, the *Cork Constitution* says:—The treason was carried much further than was suspected; there were daily and nightly drillings, pikes were manufactured; arms imported from America, and the use of them taught. Government was not a minute too early in interfering. A body of military and militia have been distributed through the Western portion of the County Cork to prevent insurrection.

The Belfast Mercury says there is little doubt that the Phoenix Club is entirely sedition and made up of the dregs of Young Irelandism. Seventeen persons have been arrested at Belfast in addition to those at Cork. Government was expected to issue a special commission for the immediate trial of prisoners.

Mr. Guernsey arrested by Government for stopping London despatches lately published in the "Daily News," has been tried and was acquitted. The "Protestant Alliance," having memorialized Lord Malmesbury to interfere with Rome in the case of the Jewish boy Mortara, Malmesbury replied that while the Government was indignant at the outrage, he did not think the interference of a Protestant power would do any good, after the failure of a Catholic power like France.

A prospectus has been issued in London the *Madras Irrigation and Canal Company*; capital fixed at £2,000,000, sterling, of which one million is to be first issued. The India Council have guaranteed 5 per cent. on that amount the object of the Company is to carry out an extensive system of irrigation, particularly in districts adapted to cotton.

Prospectus has also been issued of the *Canada Land Credit Company*, with a capital of £200,000, the object being to encourage the flow of capital to Canada, by making advances on mortgages of land. Ship *Orwell*, from Melbourne, with £317,000 gold, has arrived at London. The *West India Mail Steamers* also arrived with £161,000.

LATEST.

The Times of Saturday, City Article says:—Funds opened at lower prices on Friday, and soon exhibited a further tendency to depression, and finally closed one-eighth below the official quotations.

The weakness of the market was generally attributed to speculation realization. Capitalists at the same time being properly sensitized with regard to the effects to be apprehended from the absence of a disposition to keep the demands of India and the Colonies within reasonable limits. Money is in active demand, and the mini-

num rate in all quarters two and a half per cent.

At the Bank applications of discount are in excess. No good operations on Friday.

The Daily News City article showing a dropping tendency, noting the purchase of Consols by the Government, and continued investments by the Bank. The increased demand for mortgage discount market threatened the sale of new projects, and a drain of East excited discussion. Mean bank returns showed a further the enormous unemployed resource Bank. In some other department Stock Exchange heaviness likewise, but considering the depression and the rapidity of the recent rise in price exhibited good standing in leading Canadian Railway Stock a feature of the day.

FRANCE.—A Meeting was held on the 20th for regularly consue Canal Company. It was stated that bona fide subscription obtained for the full amount of capital. The Paris Correspondent says:—Montalembert has received from Count De Chambord a cession on his independent attitude showing the sympathy of the head of Dynasty. The Bourbe had been heavy, recently improved, and on the 20th closed at 73 to 75.

ITALY.—The Correspondent News says, it is not easy to get intelligence from Rome. Cardinal having declared war upon Forpionists, stopped their letters to ed to turn them out of the City. A letter from Turin states that the impression is general that crisis is at hand. It is from a that rumors of a warlike tendency. It is also believed that Piedmont is being the "Tulleries."

AUSTRIA.—The Vienna Correspondent says, notwithstanding the season of the year, men's furlough have received order to regiments in Venice and Lombardy has been issued that authorities desire to purchase cavalry and artillery; and no pelies were also being sent into Italy, so that if an attack should on Austria, she will not be at a disadvantage.

RUSSIA.—The Empress Dowager was suffering from a severe cold.

A powerful party is said to be informed among the nobility to Emperor's Emancipation scheme have projects diminishing the Emperor and increasing that ability.

CHINA.—The London Times in a long interesting details of the Shanghai by Lord Elgin and Commissions. The demeanor had been such as to confirm the Court of Peking is resolved the provisions of the treaty with faith. The progress of the tariff already promises an early and satisfactory termination.

There is every reason to be vexed question of the opium settled upon a basis which shall becoming the cause of difficulty. It is probable that the coined copper and re-export will be legalized upon equitable Mr. Reed, the American I working harmoniously with the missioner upon the tariff question.

COTTON.—Cotton continues to be wanted impeded by scanty supply. Provisions fluctuating, with tendency. Sugar flat—no change in price. Timber improved slightly—stocked—dull sale. Coffee advancing. Breadstuffs slow; downward Consols 97 1/2 to 97 3/4.

It is stated that within years the number of unknown have died in New York, has been hundred per annum. This is credible. How many tales of suffering are connected with the records.

THEIR LOSS OF LIFE.—Dec. 31.—Forty persons were drowned this morning, by the Columbus to Macon running in consequence of injury the rains.

RHEUMATISM.—The pains of chronic rheumatism prove torment for life of the system invaded. Medicines for seem to be of no avail, yet so an obstinate cases have yielded to powers of the PERUVIAN that it is confidently recommended.

