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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1859.

[Vol 26.]

A Spanish Story.

THE LAST OF THE QUESADAS.

It may be that the domestic life of Spain is, in the aggregate, as civilized and commonplace as that of Great Britain; but certain it is that incidents therein are not infrequently brought to light which more resemble creations of the Radcliffe school of novelists, than the sober realities of the actual world. Of this kind is the recent story of Garcilas de Quesada, a young Catalan gentleman, which, in its material parts has been judicially verified before the Spanish tribunals.

Garcilas de Quesada was, it seems, the sole surviving representative of a long line of ancestors, whose historic glories reached as far back as the days of Pelayo, and the first efforts to rescue Spain from the Moslem yoke, originating under that renowned leader, in the Montanas de Asturias, of which birthplace of Spanish independence the founders of the Quesada family were natives. Unfortunately, the heritage bequeathed the last of the race by eleven hundred years of glory, consisted of little more than the intense family pride engendered by those historic centuries, and an ancient castle, near Cordona in Catalonia, which time and violence had reduced to pretty much the condition of its owner—that a gloomy, repellent ruin. The naturally arrogant disposition of the young man was fostered and inflamed by the teachings of his mother, who died a few months after he attained his majority; and it was said to have been early determined between them, that unless the young Garcilas could espouse wealth in his own rank the superb line of the Quesadas should end with him, whilst yet unmingled with plebeian life. This preposterous arrogance gave birth, after a time, to an immitigable hatred of one particular person; chiefly, in the first instance, because of the afflicting illustration which the position of that person afforded of the wiser course pursued by his family, the De Velascos, who, in the matter of patrician pretence, might have held their heads as high as the De Quesadas.

Jos de Velasco, on succeeding to his inheritance, having found himself, like many other Spanish hidalgos, and even grandees, of modern times, without the means of supporting his hereditary rank, at once resolutely brushed aside the cobweb prejudices that would have barred his path to fortune through the avenue of trade, and engaged, with remarkable energy, in the salt manufacture carried on in that part of Spain. Success rewarded his exertions, and his visible sig is deepened, by contrast, the gloomy aspect of decay and ruin presented by the former mansion of the Quesadas. The ancestral mansion, once in as dilapidated a condition as the hereditary De Quesada "castle," was thoroughly restored, furnished and decorated, the menial establishment, which had dwindled to two or three ill-paid, ill-servants, was recruited up to a handsome complement; Senor Velasco's children,—he had dropped the *Don* and the *De*—were carefully educated; and when his son, Alonzo, returned home in 1847 from the university of Toledo, he was pronounced by general consent, to be the handsomest, best-dressed, best mounted, and altogether the most generous and accomplished caballero of the neighborhood for many miles around. For this young man, Garcilas de Quesada, conceived from the first a violent dislike, which the passing years bringing increased sunshine and splendor to the Velascos, and only clouds and gloom for him, exasperated to the deadliest hate. It was also said, that de Quesada had been for a time shaken in his resolve of perpetual celibacy, except under the before-named conditions, by the charms, personal and pecuniary, of Teresa Velasco, and that he attributed the repulse that had met his consoling advances towards a *mesalliance*, as he deemed it, with a family whose head had degraded its escutcheon by stooping to the status of a salt-contractor—to the opposition of the young lady's brother; his personal pride causing him no doubt, to ignore the possibility of Teresa Velasco's declining the honor of his hand by her own choice. Some heedless expressions reported to have been made use of by Alonzo relative to the mortician dignity and poverty-stricken pride of his sister's rejected suitor, confirmed this impression, and led, moreover, to a duel with swords, in which Garcilas de Quesada was worsted, and owed his life to the torbearance of his triumphant adversary.

For about three years after this, no further intercourse took place between the young men. Garcilas de Quesada during that period being rarely seen out of his crumbling castle, where he dwelt in illa seclusion, his sole attendant one Gil Polo, who was born wedded, widowed and hoped to die and be

buried within the now much circumscribed precincts of the domain. At length, in the early part of 1850, when in his thirtieth year—a circumstance occurred which drew him forth once more into the thinly scattered society of the neighborhood.

This was a confident rumor of the approaching marriage of Alonzo Velasco with Isabella Riosgos, a lady he had met with in Madrid, and to whom, as being neither distinguished for wealth nor birth, the elder Velasco and his wife had strongly objected, till subdued into acquiescence by the passionate solicitations of their son, who loved the beautiful Andalusian with a fervor remarkable even in the love-disposing clime of Spain. It was, as the sequel proved, the knowledge of this fact which determined and hastened De Quesada's reappearance in the tiny world which circled his solitude. He was kindly received by the Velascos, who had never borne him serious ill-will; and had it been otherwise, his changed appearance, indicating not only of feeble health, but in the gray sprinkled hair and stooping form, of premature old age, must, in generous minds, have converted any adverse feeling into kindness and compassion for one so early and untimely wrecked in the voyage of life. Isabella Riosgos had arrived at Cordona, on a visit to a relative, before the parental obstacle opposed to her union with Alonzo Velasco had been removed, and there it was settled she should remain till the magic power of the wedding-ceremonial entitled her to a permanent home in the comparatively splendid abode of the Velascos. Garcilas de Quesada met her there frequently in the interim; and although he could not avoid being struck with her singular loveliness, he paid her as afterwards remembered, but scant attention except when Alonzo was present, and then, as it seemed, merely by way of complimentary admiration of the enchanted lover's choice and taste. He and Alonzo Velasco soon became exceedingly intimate—so much so, that De Quesada contented himself as the bride's father at the marriage, which it was arranged should take place on the 12th of May, 1850.

The bridal-day was distant only about a week, when thunder fell from the brilliant unclouded sky. The Velasco family, the Lady Isabella Riosgos, Garcilas de Quesada, who had joined them about half an hour previously, Dr. Zorilla of Cordona, and others, were enjoying themselves *afresco* in front of the family mansion, with song and dance, when Alonzo's horse galloped up to the gate, covered with foam, panting with exertion and riders! The alarm and commotion were instantly great. Alonzo, who had set out early in the morning to transact some business near the Albufera de Valencia, had been expected to return several hours before, and it was now, of course, apprehended that some terrible accident had befallen him. But a few minutes had elapsed ere Senor Velasco, Garcilas de Quesada, Dr. Zorilla, and several other gentlemen, rode off in anxious quest of the missing horseman; but the morning dawned upon their fruitless search, no tidings whatever having been obtained of the unfortunate cavalier, except that he had left the salt works in time to have reached his home at least two hours before his horse arrived there. Quesada's house or castle was about a league distant from the residence of the Velascos, and not far out of the track the searching party had been vainly exploring; and he proposed that they should rest there awhile before resuming their inquiries. The invitation was accepted the more readily by the grief-bowed father and his friend Dr. Zorilla, that neither could divest himself of a haunting suspicion that Alonzo had met with foul play at the hands of De Quesada.

Nothing, however, was observed in that gentleman's dreary abode, nor in the stolid, careless aspect and demeanor of its only other inhabitant, Gil Polo, to strengthen that suspicion. De Quesada himself appeared to be much and naturally affected by the distressing catastrophe; and before long, it was generally concluded that the young Velasco, though an excellent rider, must have been thrown from his horse, and hurled down one of the narrow and unfathomable fissures of the Sierra over which he was passing. For, after all, argued the Velascos with their more intimate friends, and notably with Dr. Zorilla, what adequate motive could there be to prompt a man, himself apparently on the verge of the grave, to the commission of so foul a crime? There was no question now of the hand of Teresa Velasco, who had been long since married, and settled in a distant part of Spain; De Quesada was not in love, it was quite clear, with Isabella Riosgos; and it was surely hardly credible that the slight quarrel which had occurred three years previously, could still rankle with such deadly power in his breast as to urge him to avenge the fancied wrong of insult he had sustained by murder!

This reasoning was scarcely satisfactory, especially to Dr. Zorilla, who thought he could read De Quesada's mind and disposi-

tion much more accurately than the others; but days, weeks, months passed away without throwing the faintest light upon the matter, till near the middle of October, when a strange freak of De Quesada's, viewed in connection with subsequent information, revived, and in some degree gave form and color, to the strong though undefined suspicions of the Velasco family—with whom, by the way, Isabella Riosgos had, since the mysterious disappearance of her affianced lover, constantly resided. Garcilas de Quesada, who had shrunk back to his former gloomy seclusion, all at once startled his neighbors by issuing numerous invitations to a grand gala, to be held at his residence on the 17th of October, in celebration of the inviter's thirtieth birthday. The Velascos excused themselves; but the invitation was accepted by a considerable number of persons, who reported that the festival had been a joyous one—had gone off with much eclat, and must have cost the giver at least a half-year's revenue. This unaccountable extravagance on the part of an impoverished and dying man would perhaps only have lived in gossip of a few brief days, but for the receipt of a letter from an acquaintance at Madrid, enclosing a paragraph, dated about a fortnight before, and cut out of the *Heroldo* newspaper of that city, which set forth in stately terms, that they for some time contemplated marriage between Don Garcilas de Quesada and the beautiful Senora Isabella Riosgos, which, it had been decided, he celebrated on the 17th of October! The lady's correspondent added, that several paragraphs, to which she had given no credence had previously appeared in the same paper, hinting, not at all obscurely, to persons acquainted with the parties, at the probability of the event at least positively announced. The writer was desirous of ascertaining if the statement enclosed—a very surprising one to her—was correct; and if so, she of course congratulated her charming friend on the alliance she had contracted, all the more cordially, if the paper was also right in stating, that Don Garcilas had lately succeeded in a large property, and had quite recovered his health.

A tumult of wild conjecture, doubt and apprehension arose in the minds of those to whom the letter was read; and one suggestion, half hinted by lady Isabella, and grounded upon the coincidence of the day of marriage named by the *Heroldo* with that of the gala day given by De Quesada, struck them all as at once so likely and terrible, that Senor Velasco's first impulse was to set forth immediately and procure judicial assistance, to break into and ransack the suspected residence. A few moments of calm reflection, however, sufficed to show him that he had no tangible grounds, or at least, none that the law would hold valid, for preferring such accusation against De Quesada, whose shield of nobility, rusted and worn-saten at its hinges, still presented in Spain a strong defense against any but the weightiest charges and the clearest proofs.

The family were still anxiously pondering the most advisable course of action, when Dr. Zorilla was announced. Before the newcomer, who appeared much excited, could open his mouth, the letter which had created such a panic was thrust into his hand, and his opinion thereon eagerly requested. Dr. Zorilla's agitation visibly increased as he read; and he had no sooner finished his hasty perusal of the important missive and enclosure, than he exclaimed: "This but confirms my apprehensions; and I have to inform you, that whatever guilty knowledge Garcilas de Quesada may possess relative to your son's death or captivity, will in a few days be buried with him in the grave. He burst a blood-vessel in the lungs, on the night of the grand gala, continuing his disorder, breaking in upon the clamor of surprise which arose from his auditors; but I was not called in till this morning, when I at once informed him that nothing short of a miracle could prolong his life beyond twenty-four hours. His pallid features," added Senor Zorilla, "flushed hotly, with a sort of fierce dismay as I spoke; and after a few moments of dumb bewilderment, he said, in a faint, struggling voice: 'If that be so, I must bear my doom as I best may. In the meantime, do you, doctor send me the strengthening cordial you spoke of as quickly as possible, and return yourself as early in the evening as you can.' I obeyed him in both particulars; and when I again saw him, I found that he was sinking even more rapidly than I had anticipated. It seemed to me," added Dr. Zorilla, speaking with slow and significant emphasis—"it seemed to me, judging by his strangely excited manner and a few incoherent words he muttered, that he had in the brief interval since I left him, finally accomplished some great purpose—perhaps if I said great crime: I should be nearer the truth."

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed Senor Velasco, "what terrible moaning is shrouded in your words?" "He is now entirely alone," continued Dr. Zorilla, with the same significance and solemnity of tone and manner, "having, which is not the least curious part of the affair, just sent off Gil Polo to execute a trifling commission at a distance of some twenty leagues; and he has requested me to bring him, without delay, a monk in priest's orders from the convent of Los Apostoles, to whom, under the secret and impenetrable seal of confession, he will doubtless reveal, for his soul's health, what we are all so anxious to be informed of. I need hardly go so far as Los Apostoles," added the physician, with slow, emphatic emphasis, "for what with the moribund's fading sight, the gloom of the death-chamber at this hour of the evening, and myself being the only attendant, the Senor Velasco himself might officiate as confessor without fear of detection."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Senor Velasco, crossing himself, and sternly regarding the tempter, who, having served in the French army during the war of independence, was suspected to be something of a heretic, or *esprit fort*—Heaven forbid that I should commit such sacrilege! But it occurs to me that Gil Polo, who, I suspect, will not be seen in this neighborhood again, ought to be secured."

Dr. Zorilla readily approved of the suggestion, and remarked that it would be as well to bring him at once into the presence of his master; "for be sure, Senor Velasco," added the physician, "that if you ever obtain a clue to the fate of your son, you will do so this night."

The conference immediately broke up; Senor Velasco, followed by his wife and daughters, hurrying off to arrange for the instant pursuit of Gil Polo; Isabella Riosgos accompanied the physician. "You, lady, I perceive by the flashing of your eye just now," said Dr. Zorilla in a low voice as they passed along the corridor, "do not, although a very devout Catholic, deem it sacrilege to further the justice of God?"

"I do not," replied Isabella Riosgos, "especially as it is possible that I may discover that—that—that I hardly dare breathe the hope that trembles at my heart."

"That you may discover," said the physician, "if you have firmness enough to stifle all emotion that may betray you till you have heard De Quesada's confession to the end—that Alonzo yet lives, and how he may be restored to the world and you! That is quite a possible result—mind, I say possible only, for I have strong misgivings. Still, if you are the brave girl you appeared to be a few minutes since, you will not shrink from the venture."

"I will not shrink," responded Isabella Riosgos; "and adamant shall not be firmer than I, till all is revealed. But pray," she added quickly, "step into the courtyard and request Senor Velasco to bring me a true priest with him to the castle. We shall have either failed or succeeded by that time, and De Quesada's soul must not fit unshrined to the judgment."

Dr. Zorilla smiled, but performed his bidding; and they were soon on their way to the presence of the dying man, the physician silently determining for his part to try what effect a threat of the garrotte, coupled with a knowledge of who had been confessing his master, might have upon Gil Polo.

For the pale, uncertain starlight which served to define the shadows of the cumbersome furniture of the apartment in which Garcilas de Quesada was breathing out his last of life, and the white face of the dying man himself, Dr. Zorilla and his companion would have had no other guidance than the faint voice of the sufferer to his bedside. "The glare of a lamp," said the doctor in a sufficiently loud voice, "would pain the eyes of my patient, and your mission, reverend father, does not require one." He then left the room, and descended the stone stairs with a sounding step, as if to assure the patient that he was alone with the confessor.

The dying man did not speak, and the impatient listener repeated the first words of the confiteor, as a suggestive invitation to commence. "True—true," muttered De Quesada, "the purpose for which you are here, reverend father, admits of no delay."

"Confiteor Deo omnipotenti"—Ah, it is long since I repeated those words. "Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beatus"—Memory is failing me as well as sight. "Do you, Father, say the words, I will repeat them after you."

This was done, and the confession went brokenly on. After relating much that the reader is already aware of, relative to the insane hatred he bore Alonzo Velasco, he said that his burning thirst for vengeance during the three years he feared it unattainable had, he now felt, dried up the fountains of his life. "Mine was not," he continued, "a hatred that merely compassing his death would satisfy. I wanted to inflict a dire vengeance than that; and his unbounded love of the beautiful Isabella Riosgos at last afforded me the means— You start with horror, reverend father, at this avowal, and it is nothing compared with what remains to be told. Yet Holy Church can, we know, at the last moment, if the confession is unreserved—the penitence— Ah, what means that noise?"

The lady's quicker ear had caught the sound distinctly; it was her father's voice in contention with some one—Gil Polo probably. It ceased almost instantly; and De Quesada proceeded, but with a hurried incoherence which showed that partial delirium already affected his brain. "Yes—yes, as I told you, I invited Alonzo Velasco to leave the room and rest here. He little suspected the potency of the pleasant wine he drank, nor how, when he awoke hours after, it had come to pass that he had exchanged the bridal chamber for a stone dungeon—that he was bound in stronger fetters than his lady's arms."

"Does he yet live?" burst from Isabella's lips in a tone which startled the dull ear of the dying man, and he strove to raise himself in bed, but failed to. "Live—live!" he muttered, falling helplessly back upon the pillow; "yes, to be sure—at least he did a few hours ago. I would tell you, but it grows colder—darker—cold!" The voice ceased, and Isabella eagerly applied a cordial Dr. Zorilla had furnished her with to the lips of the expiring wretch. It revived him and after a few moments, he faintly resumed: "You could hardly believe, reverend father, that the newspapers Gil Polo took him to read should have plunged him into such agonies of rage. The *Heroldo*, I had contrived, should say that I was about to marry the beautiful Isabella. He seemed at times to have gone permanently distracted—mad; I, unobserved, looking on delightedly while. Ha, ha! that, if you like was revenge!—What was I saying? I recollect. He began to doubt the truth of the newspaper paragraphs—to hope, almost believe, they were inventions; and then it was I played the master-stroke. The newspaper announced our marriage—our marriage?—Isabella Riosgos' and mine; and I took care that the rejoicing revelry should convince him that it announced the truth. Father, his fury was sublime in its wild extravagance, especially, oh especially when, at the chime of midnight the loud music played the bridal air you wet of appropriate to the departure of the wedding guests. He leaped, danced, raged, and I too, leaped, danced, and raged, with sympathetic delirium, till my senses utterly failed me, and I reeled and fell down a flight of steps, bursting a blood-vessel, which at once destroyed the feeble hope I had till that moment entertained of prolonged life."

"Wretch! fiend!" shouted Isabella Riosgos, unable to control her emotions, which was of the less consequence as De Quesada relapsed immediately after he ceased speaking into partial insensibility. "Yet answer—does he live? or are you in deed as well as in thought a murderer?" Quesada faintly answered, "A murderer! why yes, if the poison I poured into his water-to-day can kill—"

The lady's convulsive scream was echoed by the loud voices of several persons hastily ascending the stair. Presently, the door was flung violently open, and gave to view a spectacle so startling as to cause De Quesada to spring up in his couch with renewed life. "Alive!" he gasped—"alive!" his fascinated glare rested upon the attenuated, corpse-like features of Alonzo Velasco, visible in the light of the torches held aloft by his father and Dr. Zorilla.

"Yes, alive!" fiercely responded Zorilla; "the pretended poison this fellow, Gil Polo, procured you, was, luckily for his neck, as innocent as water; and—"

"Silence!" interrupted the priest brought by Senor Velasco, as he stepped forward and elevated a wooden crucifix before De Quesada; "an immortal soul is passing. Look upon this emblem of the Eternal's mercy," he added, addressing the expiring sinner, "and breathe—think of but one prayer to God." A gleam of intelligence seemed to flash from De Quesada's darkening eyes, and a half smile parted his lips: the next moment he had fallen back upon the pillow—dead!

The midnight ruffians of New York have recently adopted a new plan of assault upon victims. The Tribune says that the ruffian pulls off one of his boots, the soles and heels of which are full of nails, and standing alongside a stoop or fence, or leaning upon the shoulder of an accomplice waits the approach of his victim. The unsuspecting citizen comes along, and perhaps gives a passing glance at the man, who pretends to have injured his foot: he has hardly passed however, before the ruffian springs forward and deals him a severe blow over the head with his boot, knocking him senseless upon the pavement. The robbery is then committed, and the unfortunate man left on the walk. Should a policeman chance to come along before a robbery has been committed, the ruffian pretends to be lame from a sprained ankle, and limps along the walk in his stocking foot.

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European Intelligence.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the "Arabia."

HALIFAX, April 20, 1859. Arabia arrived 10 a. m. this morning. Saxonia left Southampton on 5th and Fulton on 6th for New York, the following were the main points of their news:— English Cabinet decided to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country rather than resign.

Proposed subsidy to Galway line was debated in house, and its expediency called in question, as well as injustice done to Liverpool, New York, and Philadelphia Company by the irregularity in making the contract.

Continental affairs had undergone no change. Military movements continued. Australian mail from Melbourne 15th Feb. was telegraphed. Imports were extremely dull. Production of gold increasing. Sedition trials at Belfast resulted in discharge and discharge of jury.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Commons on the 6th Palmerston defended himself from imputations cast on him by Ministers and criticized Lord Derby's course. Sir J. Pakington replied, and reiterated the assertion that Palmerston had made a direct threat that if the Crown exercised its right to dissolve Parliament the House might refuse the Supplies. Other speeches were made on the subject.

On the 9th in the House of Lords the Indian Seven Millions Loan Bill was passed to the second reading. In the course of his remarks on it Lord Derby said that next week a vote of thanks would be proposed to the Governor General and Commander in Chief, and other officials in India; and that a form of thanksgiving for the restoration of peace would be presented.

On the 8th in the House of Lords, Lord Malmesbury said that he hoped to be able to make a statement to the House before its prorogation which would show that the Government had done all they possibly could to preserve the peace of Europe.

No date was fixed for the dissolution of Parliament. The candidates were flooding the country with addresses to their constituencies. Lord Palmerston in his address, asserts that the simple question at issue is the merits of the Government Reform Bill. He deprecates the action of Ministers in dissolving Parliament at this critical juncture in European affairs.

At Queen Victoria's levee, Senator Clingman, of North Carolina, was presented by Mr. Dallas.

The Belfast second trial of the members of the Phoenix Society resulted like the first in acquittal, and in the discharge of the jury. The prisoners are held over till the next Assizes, on renewing their bail.

The annual meeting of the Great Western Canada Railroad Company has been held in London. The Directors report declaring a dividend of 3 per cent. per annum, was adopted.

The Stock Market was quiet and steady on the 6th and 7th, but on the 8th it was weaker and lower.

The Times's City article says:—The funds opened at comparatively steady prices, but closed heavily and lower, under dull accounts from Paris.

The following list of new Baronets is published:—Mr. Miles and John Need, members of Parliament; and John H. Greville Smyth, and Philip P. Luncombe.

VERY LATEST.—Liverpool, April 9th, 11. 15.—Consols at one o'clock, at London, 95 1/4.

Lord Malmesbury's remarks are construed into an admission that there is no hope for peace.

FRANCE.—The movement of troops and war materials in France continues on a large scale. The Herald's Paris correspondent states that about 25,000 men are on their way to reinforce the Army of Lyons.

The Paris correspondent of the Times writes that the question of peace or war is still left to conjecture.

AUSTRIA.—An analysis has been published of Count Buol's reply to Russia's proposal to the Congress. He declares the whole difficulty is to be found in the policy of Piedmont, and regards the Congress as a means of putting an end to the danger which she threatens Europe. Should her question be mooted they ought to be stated beforehand. The clash of arms should not accompany negotiations. If Piedmont will disarm, Austria will do likewise. Until preliminaries are settled Austria may relax, but will not suspend operations. Her troops will continue to march towards Italy.

LATEST.—The Vienna correspondent of the Times telegraphed:—Vienna Friday evening. The long expected crisis is at hand. A corps of fifty thousand men goes from this city to Italy to-morrow, and on the following day another corps of sixty thousand men is to be assembled here as a reserve corps. Seventy thousand will be placed in Bohemia and Moravia. The reserve of the army in Italy, and of the corps about to leave their city have been called in.

ITALY.—The correspondence of the Times at Rome, says, the general opinion there is that the congress will simply delay war, but cannot prevent it because it will not effectually settle the Italian question. It is confidently stated, that neither the Papal Government nor the King of Naples will send representatives to Congress. The Independent Belge says the King of Naples is rapidly

by sinking, other accounts represent him as better, but not out of danger. The latest telegram says that five of his physicians declared him incurable.

The Papal Government was preparing an official note relative to the proposed Congress to be addressed to the Great Powers. The Portugal Government has authorized the free admission of Indian Corn.

INDIA.

The Bombay mail of March the 12th reached England on the 6th. The news was anticipated by telegraph. Tania Topee and other leading rebels were hiding under false names.

MARKETS.

Cotton one eighth lower. Breadstuffs unchanged. Provisions improved; other markets not materially changed.

STARTLING NEWS.—We learn that a letter has been received by a firm in this city from Havana, dated 30th ult., stating that a despatch had been received from Cardenas, giving information that several sugar plantations had been destroyed by fire, and that twenty or twenty-five were then burning.—Portland Advertiser.]

The Irish Vice Royalty.

The Dublin correspondent of the Liverpool Journal, says that Queen Victoria is in favor of making the Prince of Wales her representative in Ireland, and that it is highly probable his Royal Highness will be the Viceroy before the close of 1860. It is upwards of four centuries since a royal Prince filled the office of Lord Lieutenant. It is understood that the Queen, accompanied by the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales, will visit Ireland during the coming summer, will hold a Court at Dublin Castle, and will be present at a grand review of troops at the Carragh Camp. It is also stated that Lord Carlisle will soon hold the office of Lord Lieutenant, from which he will retire whenever the place is wanted for the young Prince of Wales.

The Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, APRIL 27, 1859.

The news from England by the steamship Arabia, a synopsis of which we give in our columns to-day, is interesting. The war feeling notwithstanding previous reports is gaining ascendancy—the English Cabinet had decided upon dissolving Parliament, preferring that course rather than to resign, although defeated; they desire to appeal to the Country at the present crisis, believing that the interests would be endangered by a change of administration. Continental affairs were unchanged.

The Report of the Grand Jury appears in our columns to-day, and other County documents will appear as soon as furnished. The "Report" does not enter so fully into public matter as the people desire; there are many subjects which come properly under the jurisdiction of the Grand Inquest, which are not even alluded to, and where remarks are made upon the non-returns of Parish Officers, there are neither comments, nor suggestions to their worthiness as to the present nor future directions of Parish officers who are entrusted with the collection of or expenditure of public monies. In other Counties we notice that there are frequently two or three presentments from the Grand Inquest while in Session, embracing a variety of subjects, and giving in detail, remarks upon the matters which come under their notice as all County matters should do. It is the duty of Grand Jurors to ascertain whether the recommendations of their predecessors in office have been carried out, and if not, to enquire the reason why. The Justices appear desirous to give the matters referred to by the Grand Jury, that consideration to which they are entitled, and to have their suggestions carried out, and for this purpose they devote several days of patient investigation; and the information elicited by the discussions, is often useful. We can well remember a few years ago, of spending a fortnight on a Grand Jury, in sifting and investigating County affairs, which resulted beneficially to the interest of the people; but a copy of the proceedings we regret to say, together with the reports of other Grand Jurors, were purloined by some interested persons, who took the Grand Jury Record book and either destroyed it, or mislaid it purposely. This matter has never been thoroughly investigated or the guilty person might have been discovered and punished. The fact is, there were so many persons whose mal-practices had been exposed, that it would almost be a miracle were the Record book ever to turn up. The Clerk of the Peace should be handed the Book, upon the Jury being discharged, and then there would be no fear of its being mislaid.

It is affirmed that in the last ten years 4,000,000 of immigrants have reached the shores of the United States, each bringing an average \$100 in gold making an aggregate of \$400,000,000 of currency.

The report of the Sickles trial still occupies a large portion of many of the American papers; but the details are of such an immoral character that we only about to them as reason why we have not copied them. There appears a general impression that Sickles will be acquitted.

At a meeting of the Stockholders, of all Saints Church, held on Easter Monday, 25th April 1859, the following were elected Church Wardens, and Vestrymen, for the ensuing year.

J. H. Whitlock, G. D. Street, Churchwardens; James W. Street, H. H. Hatch, W. Whitlock, T. Jones, S. T. Gove, R. D. James, T. Berry, J. W. Chandler, Jacob Haddock, N. Treadwell, and C. A. Thompson, Vestrymen.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY GRAND JURY REPORT.

GRAND JURY ROOM, APRIL SESSIONS 1859.

JOHN D. WILSON, Foreman. CHARLES F. TODD, Secretary. ROBERT KERR, ED. J. SPRINGGATE, HUGH MCADAMS, JAS. MCCREARY, JOHN LOCHARY, DAN. DAILEY, NATHAN TREADWELL, JOS. H. MAXWELL, A. H. THOMPSON, ARTHUR FLAGG, BENJAMIN GRANT, WM. MCLEOD, WHEEL LAWRENCE, GEO. GILEY, PETER CAMERON, THOS. WREN, ROBERT STAFFORD, JAS. MAXWELL, WM. TOWERS.

The Grand Jury having attended to their duties, beg leave to make the following PRESENTMENT:

The Grand Jury having examined the County Treasurer's Report, find it correct and very satisfactory, agreeing fully with vouchers and returns from the different Collectors.

ST. ANDREWS.

The accounts from the Overseers of the Poor in this parish are correct, showing however a considerable increase over previous years. The returns from the Collector of Rates show a deficiency of £64 9s. 3d., collected, but not paid over, a mistake of £27 in adding up footings of accounts is included in the above. The accounts from the Fire Wardens and Commissioners of the Highways, both for Town and Parish, are correct and fully satisfactory.

ST. STEPHENS.

On examination of these accounts they were found correct, and attended, more fully than usual, with vouchers. The Grand Jury would recommend the Report of the Auditors in the above Parish as very satisfactory and that those reports be published in the St. Croix Herald.

ST. JAMES.

There are no accounts from the Commissioners of the Highways in this Parish, the remaining reports are satisfactory, all of them having been laid before the Jury.

ST. DAVIDS.

The accounts from this Parish are all in with the exception of one of the Commissioners of the Highways, and they correspond with the vouchers attending them and are satisfactory. The Grand Jury would recommend that ten per cent. only should be allowed for assessing and collecting taxes in this Parish.

ST. GEORGE.

The returns from this Parish are only partially laid before us; they prove correct on examination, being attended fully with vouchers; the accounts not handed in are from two of the Commissioners of the Highways, and one of the Overseers of the Poor.

ST. PATRICK AND DUMBERTON.

These accounts as far as received, are correct. The Commissioners of Highways from Dumbarton report, shows a balance of £6 0 3. in his hands not fully attended with vouchers.

WEST ISLES AND CAMPOBELLO, AND GRAND MANAN.

The accounts from these different Parishes are all in and more fully represented than usual; they prove correct and correspond with the vouchers. The amount on hand in Campobello Parish, is £34 17 2d., and amount called for is £35. The amount asked for the Poor in West Isles is £32 10s.

PENFIELD.

Accounts from this Parish are rendered in part, and as far as they could be examined, proved satisfactory.

LEPREAUX.

No accounts from this Parish.

The Grand Jury can only see the name of one licensed Auctioneer who pays the amount taxed by the Sessions; and whereas from information received by the Grand Jury, there are other persons auctioneering, they would call the attention of the Court to these facts. They could recommend that the sum of £250 be assessed for County rates.—The Grand Jury not having any papers in their hands to show how much, if anything, is due on the erection and painting of the Coat of Arms now on the Portico of the Court House, cannot therefore report on the payment of any balance due thereon; at the same time, they would signify their approval of the erection of the same, as a very proper and tasteful ornament for our Court House. Papers having been received since recording the above, showing a balance due on erecting and painting of the Coat of Arms of £11 17 6. The Grand Jury would recom-

mend the payment of the same. The Grand Jury would recommend that your Worship have the above report published.

All of which is respectfully submitted. JOHN D. WILSON, Foreman. CHARLES F. TODD, Secretary.

The Murderer Eotter.

The terrible tragedy at Lee, and the confession of the murderer, have thrilled the community with horror.

A little past one o'clock we visited the prisoner in his cell. He was lying upon his cot reading the Bible. We gathered the following from his voluntary statements:—

Shall be 43 years old in May next; was born in Dexter; my father always lived on a farm; he had nine children; eight boys and one girl; I was the fourth child; my sister was married 20 years ago to Henry Dow, of Lee, where she now lives; my sister and three brothers are now living; one of the three went away nine years ago, and has not since been heard from, and may be dead. My father died in 1843, aged 55 years; he was always poor, and we had few advantages; we had little schooling, and there were few religious meetings in the neighborhood where we lived; we can all read and write a little, but not much. Lived in Dexter nine years; then moved to Palmyra, where we lived about six years; then father swapped farms with Daniel Fox, and moved to Plymouth; we did not live long in Plymouth, but moved to Etta, where we lived three years; moved from Etta to Calais, and from Calais to Galvin township, where we lived five years; from Galvin township to Lee, which was about nineteen years ago. About 18 years ago I married Catherine Blake, of Lee. An improper intimacy was formed between my brothers and my wife, and I left home and bought a farm still living with my wife. My brothers still continued to visit her. I have not lived with her now for 14 years. We had one child, a boy who is now 15 years old. She never treated the child well. She left it with my mother when it was ten months old, and ran away to the Provinces with my brother who had been married, but his wife had left him. She is now living in Oldtown with another brother. She has five or six children besides mine. I took my boy and left him with Rev. James Knights, a Free Will Baptist Preacher, who has always treated him like an own child, giving him good schooling and advantages. Since I left home, nearly all the difficulties I have had with them has been about my wife.—Bangor Whig.

A Loss of Three Thousand Lives.

Near Taganrog, on the Sea of Azoff, a catastrophe occurred, about the beginning of February last, which involved a loss of life unparalleled except by memorable earthquakes of volcanic eruptions. It appears that some three thousand inhabitants of Taganrog relying on the promises of fair weather made by the genial atmosphere and the cloudless sky, proceeded to the Azoff Sea to indulge in the sport of fishing beneath the ice—a favorite pastime of that region. The atmosphere continuing serene, the party were lulled into a feeling of security, and ventured further than usual upon the ice, in the hope of obtaining a good haul. Suddenly a breeze sprang up from the east, which growing boisterous by degrees, whirled the loose snow and fine particles of ice in all directions, and before long succeeded in detaching the ice from the shore. The large ice-field then broke into numerous pieces, which with their terrific and helpless human freight, drifted towards the open sea. No assistance could be rendered the unhappy beings by their frantic relatives and friends on shore, and within two hours not a sign of life was visible on the surface of the sea. On the following day a cake of ice drifted in shore upon which were five unfortunates—three of them died, and the other two numb an insensible. The two latter—a girl and an old man—were restored by means of the usual appliances; the girl, however, survived but a few hours; the man recovered, but lost the use of his tongue—a consequence, probably, of the fright caused by the scenes he had passed through. He prepared a written narrative of the occurrence of that fearful night on the Azoff. By this catastrophe at least three thousand persons found a watery grave.

This season will be distinguished by the formal entry of the Princess Alice into the beau monde. After her confirmation, which takes place this Easter, at Windsor the presence of the Princess may be looked for at the following Drawing Room. Her Royal Highness is already quite as tall as the Princess Royal, and bears a striking resemblance to the Queen. The Princess has won golden opinions from her tutors and governesses, and, indeed, it is difficult to exaggerate the high terms in which every one at all qualified to form an opinion speaks of the character and attainments of this most charming Princess.—Court Journal.

Liverpool, with 375,956 inhabitants, with the most important and varied interests to represent, with miles of docks, with £1,850,408 of annual value of property rated under schedule A, and no one knows how much under schedule B, and yet with two members! The share of Liverpool, according to population, is nine members, and, if there be any rule for multiplying men into money, the process will, certainly, not be prejudicial to the claims of this Queen of the seas. [Times.]

The British Navy. Mr. Reed, late of the Portsmouth Dockyard, in a recent survey of the state of the Navy represented its strength as follows:—

Line of battle ships	61
Blockships	9
Frigates	29
Corvettes	13
Smaller Corvettes	8
Mortar frigates	8
Floating batteries	4
Sloops	27
Gunvessels	26
Gunboats	163
Total	337

Every single vessel of the fleet thus constituted is of the very best kind as regards both propulsion and armament. All the ships alike, from the heaviest three decker to the smallest gunboat, are not only steamers, but screw steamers, and they mount guns which are, or at least, were, considered the most formidable they could carry.—So much for our Screw Steam Navy. After these vessels there follow no fewer than 75 steamers propelled by paddles—a machinery gone rather out of fashion, but which is, nevertheless, considered as possessing not only utility, but, possibly, even certain advantages. To complete the tale we have 201 sailing vessels of war, making an aggregate of 613 fighting ships, bearing 15,140 guns and carrying among them engines of nearly 700,000 horse-power.

The estimate of Sir Howard Douglas himself, in his recent treatise on Navy Warfare with steam, presents us with a complete list of the British steam navy, the armament and horse power of every vessel being appended to its name. The summary of this table runs as follows:—

82 steamers of 90 guns and upwards	82
32 " 50 to 90 guns	32
27 " 20 to 50 guns	27
127 " 20 and under	127
180 steam gunboats	180
40 steam tenders, storeships, and tugs.	40

In the second of these items ten of the vessels are 80 gun ships, one a 70, and nine 60's being the "blockships" in Mr. Reed's list.

Later from California.

NEW YORK, April 13. The steamship Star of the West arrived at half past five this afternoon, with the California Mails of March 20, and over \$1,400,000 in specie.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 18.—The weather has been fine throughout the fortnight now closing, yet we cannot report the transaction of a satisfactory trade. There have been so many goods hourly expected to arrive. Money has been more scarce and its greater request, and there has been a lack of that incentive to all, but in our market a good country demand. The jobbers' stocks had been laid in to an extent quite ample for the opening business, and while they have been relieved of but a small quantity of their supplies by their country custom, the growing stringency of the money market has made them cautious about incurring further obligations to a market that was, as it were, stocked with overabundant receipts. The transactions of the fortnight have not, therefore, been of a very healthy character. The most prominent operations have been in raw sugars and rice. Sugars have been taken freely by the trade and for refining purposes, at improved prices, but the activity in rice has been caused by the efforts to realize upon the late receipts that had been advanced upon at ports of shipment.

An American Vessel Captured by Indians.

The San Francisco papers published a letter from David K. Welden, late master of the brig Swiss Boy, giving an account of the capture of his vessel by the Indians of Vancouver's Island, and the temporary captivity of himself and crew among savages. It seems that the Swiss Boy sailed from Fort Orchard, Washington Territory, January 26, with a cargo of lumber for San Francisco. The next day, during a gale of wind, the vessel sprang a leak, and, as it increased rapidly, her head was turned to land. On the 30th Vancouver's Island was made, and the brig was run into Nilitan Sound. On the 31st the vessel was worked to within three hundred yards of the beach, where it was intended to lay her for repairs, when a party of 3000 armed Indians, part of whom were on board, and the rest in canoes alongside, took possession of the vessel, and after robbing the cabin of its contents, cut up the sails and rigging.

The captain and crew escaped to the shore in a boat, but were immediately taken prisoners and held for ten days, when they were allowed to depart under promise of the captain that he would return with a ship-load of presents for the Indians. During their captivity their lives were frequently threatened. Capt. Welden and his men arrived at Victoria Feb. 15, when the Governor offered to send the "Satellite" to recover the brig and her cargo, but as when last seen she was on fire, the offer was declined. Governor Douglas told Captain Welden that the brig had no right to go into any harbor in Vancouver Island, in distress, except a port of entry, as his vessel was under a foreign flag.

THE NEOPOLITAN EXILES.—A portion of the Neapolitan exiles landed at Bristol on Saturday. Their reception was of the most enthusiastic character. Mr. Langton, M. P., and other city dignitaries proceeded on board and gave them a hearty welcome. They passed through the streets amid the acclamations of countless thousands.

Propeller Blo

The American Propeller belonging to the North Company's New York Line, left Cleveland on Fri. Dunkirk, having on board flour, 50 bbls. of high-wheat, 300 bags of wheat, 11 and sundry barrels of egg and shelter during the big afternoon, between one and left Fairport and headed d When about a mile from it suddenly exploded tearing part of the propeller and rapidly. After drifting so the point of the accident, seventeen feet of water. men in her crew, six of into the air and fell down whom four were saved, the other two were killed. were injured in various back to Cleveland and plac tal.

A PIOUS VILLAIN.—O week a clergyman named son, was arrested in Glenw Iowa. When arrested he funeral sermon. Previous the officers searched his he the cellar, inks, presses, p chimes, and the entire a manufacture of bank bills. \$1,000 in counterfeit bills were 'O's on the Forest Cit g., and about \$300 in 5's c of Ohio. He said he was good night, flow from it. up.

The season's backward vegetation is hardly com England the spring has be late London paper says:— The nightingale was hee the 18th of February. Th fact. It has been repate as the declaration may be the pasturage of the kind ed to be great throughout the roses and the honey shoots almost as soon as l ped. All the spring flow welcomed, open-eyed, the the elm Lombardy poplar, burst their buds at the month, while the will overlying the stems as in A

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SEWING MACHINES IN E excitement prevails at Sta umpton, in England in co manufacture of boots and s ing in Stafford, attended and binders, it was stated had been thrown out of emp ampton, and 1000 in Staffo duction of machine-sewn t was formed to prevent the

Little is now doing in business in New York, and Commerce says that such this branch of industry has for many years. A few for process of construction, but steamboat or a sailing vessel occurrence.

PIRE.—At Dorchester, o the outbuilding attached Charles B. Godfrey, Eq., Troyed. The origin of the No insurance.—[Presbyteri

The Boston Courier says past, fortnight violent hur storms have swept over ern States, in some instan destruction of property.

Maried

At St. John, on the 19th William Harrison, Mr. Jan Miss Mary J. Dalton, third late Samuel Dalton, M. Portland, St. John, N. B.

Died.

At St. John, on Sunday short illness, in 75th year (Munro, a Brewer of long sta ish of Portland. Deceased his native land, Rossshire.

Provision when young, and ad as one of the early settle On the 17th inst. at hi Lomond, after a short ill Cocher, aged 69 years. On Monday afternoon, 1 Walker, relict of the late M in the 70th year of his age, say, Buteshire, Scotland.

