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From Reynolds's Miscellany.

A TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCE.

It is highly important to those who travel from London to Edinburgh in a day, and who cannot read or go to sleep in a railway carriage, to secure for themselves an agreeable travelling companion.

Having to take this journey very often, and labouring under the above disadvantages, the practice of looking out for eligible fellow-passengers, at King's Cross, or Euston Square, has made me pretty perfect in my judgment. The most cursory of glances suffices to convince me of who, in the nine A. M., in the case of four-fifths of its live stock, whose rank and situation I can often predicate without giving them the trouble of opening their lips.

Four-fifths of the human race—or, at all events, of so much of it as travels in the first-class by railway—can be ascertained by about half-a-dozen pigeon holes, and when you have seen a specimen of each description, you have seen all, the rest being but duplicates.

Club boys, army swell, man of business, country gentleman, parson, and individual with a grievance—very nice people all, without doubt, and may they live a thousand years at the least; but just conceive an "evening" journey in the same carriage with any one of them! Of the gentler sex I say nothing, save Bless their hearts, and may they never grow a day older! For as to being shut up for eleven hours with the same female, I am very sure that the honor would be altogether too much for me.

My sphere of choice then being thus narrowed to one-fifth of the human race, namely, who travel in first-class carriages, and my eye being, as I have said, unerring, I generally choose the carriage which is occupied by the most intelligent man in the train. I never indeed made a mistake that I can remember, but once, when, at the same instant in which I deposited myself in my carpet-bag in a carriage, the individual whose appearance had captivated me, walked straight out of it with his hands in his pockets.

On Tuesday, the 20th of July last, I had occasion to set out northward, as usual, from Euston Square. As I walked hastily by the side of the already occupied carriage, the unthinking guard would, in his impetuosity, have twice consigned me to the barren wilderness of company with a whole vile family, who had already commenced eating and smelling of sandwiches, and once I saw five Caledonians, only waiting for an Englishman that they might begin to dilate upon the perfections of their native land. I cast myself into the last through carriage in despair, and without so much as looking before me. It was probable that my luck would be better; it could hardly, as may be imagined, at all events be very much worse.

Besides myself, the carriage had but one other occupant: a young man of gentlemanly appearance, excellent principles, but his clothes looked suspiciously new, and he had somewhat of a glow. He was not reading the Times, as I frequently had done, but he was looking at the new arrival, as I noticed, he kept his eyes under the seat with his hands, and kept them looking out, under my right elbow, in turn. When I rose, he was again in turn in—yes!—in the advertisement sheet. The gentleman, then, had probably some good reason for concealing his talent for observation. His profession, whatever that might be, had been settled long ago, and the fishing-rod and guide-book which reposed over his head disclosed a young gentleman with money to spare, who was about to take a summer holiday among the trout streams of the north. One circumstance which occurred just after we started, persuaded me that he must needs be a lawyer, (and indeed as afterwards turned out his pursuits did somewhat partake of the nature of that calling,) so much did it smack of ready reasoning and practised address. Leaning out of the window as the train began to move, the wind carried away his glossy hat; whereupon, instead of sitting down forlornly, and muttering "Good gracious! or—Confound it!" the young man seized upon his hat-box, and launched that after the missing property.

"My hat-box," he explained, in answer to my stare of amazement, "has got my Edinburgh address in it, but my hat has not. The one is of little use without the other, and it is probable, since we have barely left the station, that they will both be found and forwarded to me by the next train."

Here was an original! Here was a rare exception to five-fifths of the human race who travel in first-class carriages! "But how do you know?" I urged, because I had nothing better to say, and was determined, at all risks, not to suffer the conversation to drop; "how do you know that somebody won't steal them?"

"I don't know," replied the other, with a contemptuous dryness, "but I do not think it probable; the articles would fetch so small

a price that the reward would be likely to be quite as remunerative as the swag itself, and of course, without the risk."

The swag! Did anybody who travels first-class ever hear such an expression? I was a good deal piqued, also, at the tone of annoyance in which he spoke, and replied tartly:

"I don't understand thieves' logic nor the language either."

"Ah! I do," responded my companion, carelessly. And he resumed his paper.

We had passed Rugby, and were flying through the dark dominions of King Coal, before either of us again broke silence.

"Come," cried my bareheaded acquaintance, suddenly, "there is no occasion for us to quarrel, only nothing puts me so out of temper as to see a man proud of his ignorance. Now, you are a keen, long-headed fellow enough, I see, but don't know anything."

"Perhaps not," I replied, annoyed at the unaccustomed position, of second fiddle, in which I found myself; "but I have really no ambition to learn thieves' logic."

"What a type of the respectable classes of this country you do afford!" mused the other coolly, "in this your excessive obstinacy and conceit. You have no ambition to learn, and yet, I declare, that you yourself are concerned either directly or indirectly, in putting down rogues. You help to elect a member of Parliament who votes on social subjects; you subscribe to benevolent associations for the moral rescue of criminals, and yet you—"

Here this irreverent individual absolutely burst out laughing. "What would you think of a doctor, who had prescribed for a patient the particular features of whose case he had really no ambition to inquire?"

"I am not a doctor!" I roared, out of all patience; "and I wish all the thieves in England were to be hung to-morrow."

"The country would be very sadly depopulated," replied the other impassively; "you and I would certainly never meet again."

"This is downright insult!" I exclaimed, indignantly; "I shall take care to change company at the next station."

"Nay sir, I meant no offence," responded my companion, gravely; "I referred only to myself as being doomed to be cut off in the flower of my days, if your wishes should be carried into effect. I have been a pickpocket from my cradle; and," added he after a pause, "I am thankful to say that I have not been altogether unsuccessful in my vocation."

I was startled for an instant by the man's seriousness, and instinctively—although he was at the other end of the apartment—looked for his wicked hands. They were lying in his lap before him, neatly gloved, one of them still holding the paper.

"Ah!" he said, smiling, and at once comprehending my glance, "these are nothing. They are merely my white gloves, my outside respectabilities, my externalities, like the commercial world. See here," he raised up to his full height, and the two leonine-looking aristocratic hands fell on the floor with a third. "These are my natural digits, he continued, producing another set of digits unloved and not particularly clean, "nobody can suspect a man of picking pockets, who always keeps his hands before him, and reads the city article in the Times."

"You were reading the advertisement sheet," I said, intensely interested, but still inclined for contradiction.

"Yes sir," he replied, "because I saw that pretence of that kind, to a person of your intelligence, would be futile. I always change my tactics with my company."

"But why," I urged, "not have picked my pocket, my good young man?"

"Because sir," he answered, "I am now bent on pleasure, and not on business, unless something very enticing should come in my way; open and unreserved conversation too, such as I felt I could indulge in with you, is to me in my situation (the poor fellow sighed) too rare a happiness to be easily foregone; besides," he added, reassuming his natural tone, "you do not carry your bank-notes in your pocket at all."

I felt myself glowing all over as red as a beet root or boiled lobster, but I managed to articulate, "Bank-notes! ah, that's a good joke. I very seldom have anything of that kind to carry, I'm sorry to say."

"Yes, but when you have?" interrogated the other, slyly.

"Well sir, when I have, what then?" I retorted with assumed carelessness.

"Why, what a very strange place, remarked he very slowly and very impressively; "your neck cloth seems to be for keeping them safe!"

"How the devil did you come to know that?" I cried in astonishment.

"What does it signify? What can be the value of thieves' logic?" he answered, derisively. "I am sure you can have no ambition to be informed."

"Pray tell," I entreated, "I humbly apologize. It is very true that I have a number

of Scotch notes in the place you mention, which my purse would not hold; but what on earth made you discover it?"

"It was very simple reasoning," he replied, "and scarcely needs explanation; sticklers are seldom worn now, and yet your neckerchief had something in it; you were anxious about that something, and put your fingers to it involuntarily a dozen times; it was not through solicitude for your neat appearance, for you never touched the bow of it; nor did the thing itself you, or tiele your neck, because, instead of scratching, you simply tapped it, as a man taps a fob to be assured—there, you're doing it now—of the safety of his watch."

"What a fool I am!" I exclaimed testily.

"Nay," said he, "it would be more civil to me to compliment me on my powers of observation."

"I do compliment you," I replied with candor. "I think you are an exceedingly clever fellow."

"Well," said he, "it is not for me to speak about that; I know a thing or two, doubtless that may be out of your respectable head, and I dare say I could put you up to the time of day in several matters."

"Put me up to it," I cried, with enthusiasm, and parting with my last ray of superciliousness; "I am as ignorant as a peacock. I feel, do, I entreat you, put me up to it."

Whereupon, I am bound to say that my companion communicated to me such an array of interesting facts regarding his calling as would have shamed a parliamentary blue-book, and beguiled the way for hours with conversation, or rather monologue, of the most exciting kind.

Lord Byron states that one of the pleasantest persons he ever met in his life was a pickpocket, and I hasten to endorse his lordship's opinion with my own. I felt all that satisfaction in listening to my nefarious acquaintance which belongs to an intercourse with an enemy during a temporary truce; the delight which a school boy feels in playing at cricket with his pedagogue, or the pleasure which is experienced when a bishop happens to join, for once, in the chorus of one's own comic song. So stable, so almost friendly an air pervaded his remarks, that the most perfect sense of security was engendered within me. I could scarcely imagine that my agreeable companion could have been in reality concerned in a fraudulent transaction, and far less in any deed of violence.

We had just left Preston, and he was concluding a highly interesting account of how bad money was circulated in the provinces, when a sudden thought struck me, to which, nevertheless, I scarcely liked to give utterance. I felt exceedingly desirous to know exactly how garrotting was effected, yet how was I to put such a question to so inoffensive and gentleman-like a scoundrel? At last I muttered resolution enough. Did he happen to have heard from any acquaintance who, through misfortune or otherwise, had fallen in the intellectual branches of his profession, how the garrote was effected?

I trembled for his answer, and half repeated of having said anything so rude as soon as the question had left my lips. He however did but blush slightly and becomingly, smile at the confidence of a master in his knowledge of its first principles, pulled up his false collar, with his real hands, and thus lived himself:

"Why, singularly enough, sir, the garrote is my particular line."

My satisfaction at this avowal was, as may be imagined, complete. It was like the question about Hugonmont mooted among the omnibus passengers, being referred to the strange gentleman in the corner with a Roman nose, who turned out to be the Duke of Wellington.

How eloquent did my fraudulent friend become about this his favorite topic! What spirit he threw into his descriptions! What hair-breadth escapes from the police and other intrusive persons interrupting him in the pursuit of his vocation, he had at various times experienced! Left alone with his man he had rarely been unsuccessful. Once however, with a gymnastic gentleman—a barlechin in plain clothes, returning home from the theatre—who had thrown a somewhat caustic over his head; and once with a stout party from a city dinner, who had no need—positively none—to afford the operator a chance, and who bit my poor friend's arm in such a manner that it was useless for weeks afterwards.

"And you did these feats of yourself, and without any assistance?" I inquired with some incredulity.

"Quite alone, sir," replied he, "but in all cases, the garrottes were several inches shorter than myself; with a man of your size, it would be almost an impossibility, and he laughed good-humoredly.

I laughed very heartily at this notion, too. "Would he be so good as to show me, just to give me an example how the thing was done?"

"I throw my arm from the back of your neck, like this," said he, sulking the action to the word, but with the very greatest delicacy of touch. "You are sure I am not inconveniencing you?"

"Not at all," said I. "Go on."

"I then close the fore-arm tightly. Stop a little lower, please; thank you, and compress the windpipe with—"

Where was I? Why, was I lying on the floor of the carriage instead of sitting on the corner seat? Why was my neckcloth unfastened, and where were the bank-notes which it had contained? These questions, in company with many others, presented themselves to my mind, as the train glided into Carlisle station. Above all where was my agreeable companion? I knew by the unerring Bradshaw that the train stopped first where between Preston and—Yes, but it did stop, just for one minute, at the junction of the Windermere line, to drop passengers though not to take them up.

"Guard! guard!"

"Yes, sir; Carlisle, sir; A quarter of an hour allowed for refreshments."

"Don't talk to me of refreshments," I cried, hoarsely. "Did a man from this carriage get out at Oxenholme?"

"Yes sir, very gentlemanly young man, with fishing rod and a landing-net. A lake tourist. Asked whether there was a trout stream in that neighborhood."

I have not quite settled yet, in my own mind, whether the thing was planned from the very first, and the last but itself—which was not claimed—a portion of the disguised plot; or whether the intentions of my companion had been really honorable until I was fool enough to put a temptation in his way which he could not resist. It was like placing the Bloomer suit of armor in the chamber of Joan of Arc, and expecting that she would keep to ermine and the small bonnet in preference to that martial costume, to which she had been so long accustomed, and in which she looked so becoming. Previous to the outrage the man's conduct had been certainly quite irreproachable. He reasoned, too, perhaps, that since he had so fully "put me up to the time of day," I should have no further occasion for my gold repeater. At all events, my travelling acquaintance had taken that away with him.

A SHALLOW DOCTOR, AND AN IMPERTINENT VISIT.

A person rushed into the court-room, evidently intent on some matter of importance. A full halting occurred in the regular business of the day, the stranger had not to wait long ere the opportunity was afforded for un-bosoming himself.

First of all, he said his name was Jones—John Jones; then cooed out the fact that he had been reported dead. "Yes; your honor—dead! as you will perceive by casting your eyes over this sheet."

The gentleman handed the Herald, of recent date, to the magistrate, who read as follows, of course from the usual obituary notices; on the 10th inst., John Jones, Esq., aged 35. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from the deceased's late residence—Grocer street at 2 o'clock this (Friday) afternoon. The remains will be taken to Greenwood, for interment."

Returning the paper, the magistrate asked in what way could the above have regard to him.

The stranger seemed astonished at the question. "I live to do with me, sir! A good deal, I think—to myself as well, and to the public generally. My name is Jones, sir, John Jones as I said before. I live at—Greene street but am not dead, as that atrocious paragraph would signify. No, sir, I am alive, as you see. I am also on the eve of commencing business; (he said where but we shall not) I have the best stock on hand, Mr. —"

Here Mr. John Jones was cut short; the magistrate counselling him, if he so desired, to contradict the statement of his dissolution in the paper, which had been the medium of the false report.

The visitor would have prolonged the interview, had not the arrival of a prisoner and a few police officers cut him short.

It transpired, in the course of the day that the notice of the death of Mr. John Jones, in the Herald had been inserted by Mr. John Jones himself—whether as a mad freak or in connection with an expected spurge at the Police Court—we, not knowing, cannot say.

The Third Person vs. the First.

The other day, in one of the Paris restaurants, a party of literary men were discussing the merits of various epistolary styles.

One of them, Monsieur A., made a fierce attack on letters written in the third person, such as "Monsieur X. has the honor to inform —" and so on. Another of the party defended them, maintaining that they were more ceremonious, more polite.

"That's a good idea!" replied Monsieur A. "The foundation of all politeness, in letter-writing is to express clearly what you mean to say. Nothing can be more ambiguous than these confounded notes in the third person. I will just tell you what happened to myself. About the middle of May, I received from my friend D., the Chief of Division, a billet-doux which I will show you."

Taking the note from his pocket, Monsieur A. read as follows:

"Monsieur D., Chief of Division at the War Office, hastens to inform his friend, M. A., that he has just been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

"You can fancy my delight at reading this note," continued Monsieur A. "I was the happiest man in the world. I ran to an engraver's and ordered him to make the flattering addition to my cards, 'Monsieur A., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.' I ran to a jeweller's and bought a cross of the purest gold. I ran to a silk mercer's and bought a piece of the richest red *moire* ribbon for my button-hole. I ran to the houses of all my friends for the pleasure of receiving their congratulations. At last, I ran to my friend D., as soon as I caught a sight of him. I threw myself into his arms. 'Ah, my dear fellow,' I exclaimed, 'you have no idea what pleasure you have given me! How shall I ever thank you sufficiently?'"

"You are an excellent fellow, my worthy A. To 'very' praise them with my happiness. 'Thank you for that expression, the decoration is mine, and the happiness is yours.' 'How is that? Have you received the Order?' 'Certainly; have I not?' 'No, my good friend; 'tis I who am now made Chevalier.' 'You?' 'Yes. You deserve the honor more than I do; but, nevertheless, it has been conferred upon me. 'But you wrote me word that I had received the cross.' I took his letter out of my pocket, and showed it to him. 'Alas! I now understand clearly what meaning I ought to assign to the ambiguous phrase, 'The deuce take you and your note.' I said to D., 'Instead of your affected and formal announcement in the third person, why could you not write to me simply and plainly. My dear friend, I have the pleasure of informing you that I now am a *chevalier*!'"

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European Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE "PERSEA."

New York Dec. 13.

The *Persea* arrived yesterday afternoon. No tidings of the Indian Empire.

Three new side wheel steamers to be put on the Go-way line next summer.

The Great Eastern is expected to be ready for a trial trip next July.

Intelligence reached Halifax of the loss of eight Quebec homeward bound ships, including ships *Peccorelli*, *Barbana*, and *Kanakin*, *barques*, *Lady Campbell*, *Petrol*, and *Claude*, and *brig Wilkinson*. Little of no loss of life except in the case of the *Claude*.

Lord Napier goes as minister to Berlin.

Five miles of the shore and of the Atlantic Cable are spliced.

Consols closed 98½.

Breadstuffs in limited request at previous quotations. Tea firmer; common Congou 107½. Markets generally present little change.

THE MORTARA CASE.—The following is the account given by the mother of the Jewish child Mortara (aged six years and some months), when after repeated solicitations she was permitted to see him on the 11th of Oct.:

"This morning I and my husband went to the Oratorum, and they told us that the rector and my dear child had just arrived; we mounted the flight of steps and very soon after that we had our darling Elegg in our arms. As for me I kissed him over and over again, weeping and sobbing; whilst he answered my kisses and embraces with his whole soul; greatly excited and smiling tears, the little fellow struggled between his fear of those who have him in their power and his impulsive love for us, but this at last triumphed. He cried out quite loud and he wanted to go home with his parents, to his brothers and sisters. I told him to remember that he was born a Jew as we were one. He answered—'Yes, dear mamma, I shall always take care to say the Siemen every day.' I added, that we had come to Rome to see him again and that we should not leave the city without him, as which I appeared glad and happy. All this took place in the presence of the rector and of his brother and sisters."

(From the Provincialist.)
It will be seen by late extracts from the English papers that a great agitation is going on for further parliamentary reform, in which Mr. Bright is taking an active part, holding meetings and making speeches, a large one was held at Birmingham, one of the great schools for reform at which he delivered a very lengthy harangue, Mr. Bright is a good speaker, and a very plausible one, and has had long parliamentary practice.

He understands the state of party and no doubt sees that this is a time to put forth his views, when there is a contention going on among the leading statesmen for power and supremacy, some of whom would be ready enough to give in to the views of the reformers, in order to gain the party and by their means secure their own temporary advantage, without regarding what would be the consequences to the Nation, the same Mr. Bright jointly with Cobden, was one of the great agitators for the first reform Bill, the results of which have been injurious to the British Empire, inasmuch as it was the proximate cause of free trade, the abolition of the corn laws, and abandonment of British colonial interests in favor of foreigners, particularly Americans.

The first reform bill went too far, and if another is added, it must lead to complete Democracy. This however is what Mr. Bright sums to favor, in this speech alluded to, he bestowed the highest laudations on the American form of government, and asserted that they were the only people who enjoyed true liberty; any one who has lived in the United States and has had experience of their manners and customs must know how utterly fallacious that is. If the Americans enjoy one degree of liberty more than Englishmen, it is that of setting the law at defiance, which is powerless in many places to protect life and property.

A writer in the *Illustrated London News*, has commented with some severity, but not a whit more than the occasion warranted on that part of Mr. Bright's speech in an article which we subjoin:—

AMERICA BRIGHTENED.

If John Bright desires to complete his education he should travel to the United States. If travel be inconvenient or impossible he should study out the working of American institutions a little more carefully than he appears to have done before he eulogized America for political virtues which it has never displayed and before he condemns the Constitution under which Englishmen enjoy more liberty than any nation in the world for defects which it does not possess and for results which his prejudices distort into unreal forms. Brother Jonathan would give him a noble reception and he would return to England and the city of guns, a wiser man and a much more efficient member of the Legislature than he is at present.

John Bright loves America not only because of universal suffrage, but because there are no "Lords" in that bright land. He says nothing about the Bishops and Archbishops, both Protestant and Roman Catholics, who abound in every State, but because such bishops are not peers or entitled to be called "my lord" he probably considers them such a weak dilution of the evil thing as to be tolerable, if not palatable. Besides are they not the results of the popular will; and of the voice of the country, where every man has his vote, and can the result of universal suffrage ever be wrong, supposing that they lead even to bishops and archbishops, and towards the annexation of Mexico and Cuba. In a country much nearer home where universal suffrage is held to be a sacred principle and where an eminent public writer has been prosecuted for daring to call it in question, the results are a relentless military despotism and the total absence of even the shadow of popular liberty. Mr. Bright is prudently silent with regard to the working of his great principle in that European country, but with regard to the United States he has no reserve.

He knows of but one institution in America of which the Americans need be ashamed, and that is negro slavery. But then he takes care to inform us that slavery was established under the monarchy, though unfortunately it lives and flourishes under the Republic. Would honest John Bright appeal to universal suffrage to put an end to this disgrace and affliction, or what does he think would be the consequences if he did, and is it fair of him not to remind

us that the monarchy set the example to the Republic, which the Republic has obstinately refused to follow, perhaps he does not know that if he were in Charleston or New Orleans, and were to say things half as hard against negro slavery, as he says against English Lords and Bishops, he would run the risk of a tar and feathering, or otherwise experience the tender mercies of that great American Judge against whose decisions there is no appeal, whose court is in the highway and bye way and whose name is Lynch.

Mr. Bright omitting all further reference to black men, says that, speaking generally of the United States of America, there is the widest franchise, an exact equal allotment of members to the electors, and throughout most of the States the protection of the ballot, and what follows, Mr. B. answers that, the results which he entirely attributes to these purely political causes are law, order, the security of property, and a population in the enjoyment of physical comforts and abundance, such as are not known to the great body of the people in this country and which have never been known in any country in any age of the world before.

Here is a bundle of fallacies and of seeming facts, that are either no facts at all, or that are attributed to causes which have had nothing to do in producing them.

To the first place law and order do not prevail so completely in America as in England, and property is by no means so secure. In England Mr. Bright or any other person is not compelled for the security of his person, in going to the House of Commons to arm himself with a Bowie knife, or a Revolver, and may sit on his customary bench, either on the opposition or ministerial side, without the slightest fear that a member of either house of Parliament, will come stealthily behind him with a bludgeon, and attempt to beat him to death. In England, wealthy citizens men of repute and station, do not combine with the common ruffians of the street, to pull down a legally established Lazaretto, and turn out the sick patients to die upon the grass. In America every white man thinks himself a sovereign power a law maker, who in certain cases, such as that of the Quarantine establishment on Staten Island, is privileged to be a law breaker. In England, every one from the Queen upon the throne, to the most miserable mendicant in the street is the subject of the law. Every one knows that if he break the law it will be at his peril, and that public opinion, so far from countenancing him, as it does in the bark world, and in the cities of America, will denounce him and call for his punishment. On the second point, all men will agree with Mr. Bright, that the population of the United States are physically the most comfortable people in the world, and most people will be able to tell him "the reason why." It is not universal suffrage,—It is not the due and mathematical apportionment of members to electors,—It is not the ballot,—It is not any political system whatever, but it is the immense breadth of fertile country, capable were all its resources developed, of feeding abundantly, not merely the 27 or 30 millions who now possess it, but 20 or 30 times the number.

As we thoroughly believe in the personal and political honesty of Mr. Bright, we must attribute to ignorance alone his non mention of facts which are patent to the rest of the world, and which make many excellent and able men hesitate in accepting universal suffrage, electoral districts, and other panaceas of ultra reformers, as adequate for the preservation and extension of the liberties of this Country. It is not our purpose to say any thing against the principle of the reforms which so captivate the mind of Mr. Bright; but as Reformers we simply ask him to consider, before he again speaks on the greatness of America, and draws conclusions unfavorable to his own country, whether universal suffrage in the United States does not maintain slavery, whether it does not urge the nation into war for selfish objects. Whether it did not procure at the cost of war and bloodshed, the annexation of Texas and of California. Whether it does not demand Cuba, and whether it has not hinted that once in possession of Cuba, it will ask for, or take Jamaica, Barbadoes, and the rest of the West Indian Group? We ask him whether the Government of America elected by

universal suffrage is not notoriously corrupt? Whether the whole staff of the Government, down to the lowest employees of the Post-office and the Custom-House, are not avowed partisans, and changed every four years, to make room for new partisans, who have sold their votes and their influence in order to obtain place? We ask him whether Washington during the session of Congress, is not the hotbed and focus of all political corruption? We ask him whether he ever heard of the extent to which "lobbying" is carried as an art and profession not alone in Washington, but in the minor Capitals and Legislatures of all the States of the Union? We ask whether he thinks it possible that any but a second or third rate man, can ever under the present system hope to become President of the United States, unless he be a victorious General who has annexed territories to the State at the expense of foreign nations? We ask him whether he ever heard of the tricks played with the ballot boxes? We ask him whether the actual expense, to say nothing of the annoyance, caused to the country by the constant recurrence of Presidential elections would not if fairly estimated, prove the machinery of the American Government, to be much more costly than that of Great Britain? And, finally whether many of the best, ablest and wisest men of America, do not systematically withdraw from political life in sheer disgust, and leave the so called prizes of the State, to men of less scrupulous honour? An Aristocracy may be an evil, but what are we to say of a Kakistocracy? When Mr. Bright is competent on full investigation to speak authoritatively on these points, the world will be glad to hear what he has to say.

At present he is so evidently uninformed, that his opinions carry no weight either in praise of American or dispraise of those institutions in his own country he is so anxious to reform. The real reformers of England desire to preserve not to destroy, such is doubtless the wish of Mr. Bright, and that he may be the better able to give it fulfillment, we again recommend him to go to the United States.

FIRE.

A conflagration took place on Friday night, the 10th, instant at the Upper Falls, Maguadavick river, A Barn the property of Daniel Gillmore Esq. which stood at a short distance from his dwelling house, but attached thereto by a shed was perceived to be on fire, about 8 P.M. Although every assistance was rendered, the building with its contents, consisting of about 30 tons of hay, and 800 bushels, various sorts of grain, two pigs, a quantity of poultry, Sleighs, sleds, Waggon, Horse harness, ploughs, harrows, and other valuable effects, was totally consumed, this is much to be regretted; Mr. Gillmore for a number of years, has given very extensive employment, both at the upper and lower Falls yet we trust that this loss though severe, will not retard him in the further prosecution of his business, We understand, there was no insurance on the property. The estimated loss is £500.

On Wednesday night previous, the dwelling house of Mr. McKay on the opposite side of the river, was also consumed.

WAR DECLARED BY SPAIN AGAINST MEXICO.—New York, Dec. 13th. The Philadelphia Press of this morning says the Spanish Minister called upon Gen. Cass yesterday afternoon, announced to him that Spain had declared war against Mexico.

European News.



Arrival of the Persia.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13th.—The steamship *Persia* arrived yesterday afternoon. She brings no tidings of the Indian Empire.

Three new side wheel steamers are to be put on the Galway line. The next steamer, the *Great Britain*, is expected to be ready for her trial trip next July.

Intelligence has reached Lloyd's of the loss of the eight Quebec homeward bound ships, including the ships *Peerless*, *Barbara*, and *Rankin*, and the bark *Lady Campbell*, *Petrol* and *Claude*, and brig *Wilkinson*. There has been little

or no loss of life, except in the case of the *Claude*.

Lord Napier goes as Minister to Berlin.

Five miles of the shore end of the Atlantic Cable have been applied.

Consols closed at 98 1/2.

Tens firmer; Common Congo 10 1/2.

Breadstuffs in limited request at previous quotations.

The Markets generally present little change.

FRANCE.

The trial of Count de Montalembert, and M. Doudil, editor of the *Correspondent*, commenced on the 24th. The speeches of Messrs. Berryer and Dufaure, for the accused, are said to have been magnificent beyond description. The former spoke for two hours and a half, and said that the prosecution was "unjust, unfounded, ill-advised, and he would add, rash." When he concluded, a tremendous shout of "bravo" burst from the lower end of the Court. The President ordered the police to turn out any one they could find who had cried out, but they could not put their fingers upon any one. The Judges deliberated one hour, and pronounced the following judgement:—Montalembert to be imprisoned six months, and pay a fine of 3000 francs; Doudil, one month imprisonment, and 1000 francs fine.

It is stated that Montalembert will appeal against the verdict. The result of the trial had called forth bitter articles from the English press and caused a slight depression in the funds at London and Paris.

M. Boulay de la Meurthe, formerly Vice President of the French Republic, died at Paris on the 24th.

It is reported that an Anglo-French fleet will leave on the 19th for the Gulf of Mexico. The French fleet will have on board a battery of artillery in order to oppose any enterprise of the filibusters against Central America.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 7.—Steamship Quaker City, has arrived with California dates of November 20.

Ship Lucas was totally wrecked, no date or place, fifteen lives lost. She was from Victoria to San Francisco.

The Isthmus steamer took down \$2,250,000 in treasure.

Eight ships had arrived from Atlantic ports.

The Quaker City brought 80 passengers.

Business continued to improve at San Francisco.

Ship Lucas, from Victoria for San Francisco, has been wrecked on Fabulous Island, and fifteen lives lost. Vessel a total loss.

The steamer Golden Age, which left San Francisco 20th for Panama, had \$2,250,000 in specie.

The steamship Hermann, from New York for San Francisco, was spoken within one day of port.

The mails for San Francisco via the Tehuantepec route reached their destination in eighteen days, including a detention of sixty hours at Acapulco.

The Isthmus was in good condition.

Ten thousand letters had been sent from San Francisco by the overland mail.

Peen Johnston, tried at San Francisco for killing his antagonist in a duel, has been acquitted.

The U. S. frigate *Merrimac* sailed from Honolulu on the 23d of October.

A cargo of ice had arrived at Honolulu from Boston, in good order.

Thirty-seven Arctic whalers had also arrived at Honolulu, with 20,500 bbls oil.

Arrival of the Arabia.

The "Arabia," Capt. Stone, sailed from Liverpool on the 4th, at 9 A. M., and arrived at Halifax at 10 o'clock on the evening of Thursday the 16th.

Arabia reports strong westerly gales during entire passage "Karnak" left same day for New York.

"Indian" arrived at Liverpool at 8 A. M. on 2d; "New York" at Southampton on 2d; "Kangaroo" at Liverpool at 2 A. M. on 3d; "Circassian" arrived at Galway on the 3d; "Ariel" sailed from Southampton for New York on the 1st. She took out the following news:—Indian Empire reached Broad Haven, County Mayo, on the 26th, all well; fuel became exhausted, and a portion of the cargo and wood-work were consumed; short of provisions; ship laid to for a week when within a day or two steaming of Galway, owing to furious storms.

The Standard

ST. ANDREWS, DEC. 22, 1858.

As our paper will not be issued again before Christmas we embrace the opportunity of wishing our Readers, one and all, a merry Christmas and right good cheer.

Railway Excursions.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—From printed notices, it will be seen that an Excursion by Rail and Stage, to and from Woodstock is to take place on Saturday the 1st January, with the option of remaining in either place until Tuesday the 4th Jan., at single fares, for both journeys. The Tickets are at the low figure of 12s. 6d. We trust the people will avail themselves of this generous offer and that the Cars will be filled to overflowing. The time chosen offers a favourable opportunity for an interchange of those kindly feelings and happy greetings usual at this festive season.

FALLING OF THE GRAND FALLS SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—We were much surprised to learn on Saturday by a telegraph from Grand Falls, that the new Suspension Bridge erected by Mr. Tomlinson across the St. John River at that point and which had just been opened to the public had fallen, in consequence of the chains snapping. Two teams were lost, and two men seriously injured.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—The November number of this excellent Quarterly, (American edition), has been received from the publishers, Messrs. L. Scott & Co. of New York, who republish the five leading British Quarterlies, viz.—Blackwood, Edinburgh Review—London Quarterly, Westminster, and North British; these publications should receive countenance and support—they are not like others in the trade, who pirate whole books written by British authors—but occupy the honorable position of, we may say, co-partners with the British publishers, to whom they pay a large sum. Now is the time to subscribe for all or at least one of these Publications, which are conducted by the most brilliant talent in the Empire. The contents of the North British Review for November are:—

The Present State of France.
Translations from Sanskrit.
German Church Historians.
Oxford Aristotelianism.
Aquatic Zoology.—Sir John G. Dalyell.
Bacinal Colours.
Novels by the Authors of "John Halifax."
Decay of Modern Art.
The Atlantic Telegraph.
Recent Publications.

Married.

On the 19th, by Rev. John Ross, Mr. Simon Burns to Miss Eliza Lundy, both of St. Andrews.

20th DECEMBER, 1858.

Flour, Beef, Pork, &c.

Ex J. A. Dyer from New York, and from Philadelphia:
150 Bbls. Extra Ohio Round Hoop Flour, a superior article for family use.
100 Bbls. Philadelphia's superior do do
15 Bbls Extra State Flour.
25 Bbls Heavy Mess Pork.
10 Bbls Chicago Mess Pork.
100 Bags Corn Meal.

Also, On Hand:—
A good assortment of Groceries, &c, viz: Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Coffee, ground and unground, Soap, Candles, Tobacco, Lamp Oils including PARAFFINE, Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

With a large assortment of PAINTS, COOKING and CILINDER STOVES, and a variety of other articles.

W. WHITLOCK.

MABEE'S HOTEL

Washington Street,

TWO DOORS ABOVE THE CUSTOM HOUSE,

Eastport, Me.

PASSENGERS AND BAGGAGE TAKEN TO AND FROM THE STEAMER FREE OF CHARGE.

A. Y. PATERSON,

Clock and Watch Maker,

Jeweler, &c.

IN returning thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal share of patronage he has received since his removal to St. Andrews, he begs to state that he still continues to repair

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY &c.,

cheaper than any one else in the place, and hopes by a strict attention to business, to receive a continuance of their patronage.

Phototypes taken in the best style of the art.

Next door to Dr. McStay's Dispensary, Water Street, St. Andrews, N. B.

December 17th, 1858.

MEAL LOST.

LOST—On Tuesday night between St. Andrews and Mr. Russell's, Bay Shore.

SIX BAGS OF MEAL

The finder will be rewarded by leaving the same at the Standard Office.

Dec 22d, 1858.

NOTICE.

THE first of a course of Lectures to be delivered for the benefit of the St. Andrews Mechanics' Institute, will be delivered on Wednesday, (to-morrow) evening in the Town Hall, by the REV. JOHN ROSS, M. A., subject:—

NATURAL HISTORY.

Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock. Single tickets, 4d., two for 7 1/2d., to be had at the stores of G. F. Stuckney, Wm. Ingram, and Donald Clark.

BENJ. R. STEVENSON,

Secretary.

St. Andrews, Dec. 21, 1858.

MAIL-CONT

WILL be received at this DAY the 15th January the conveyances of Her

MAJESTY'S

FROM

SAINT GE

TO THE

WAY OFFICE, P

VisJLETANG, serving all the route, twice each way, com February next.

Tenders must be made on which can be obtained from an state the sum per annum for will be performed; and be ad master General.

The Mails are to be convey of speed of not less than four on such days and at such hour to time be appointed by the CHAS Pos

General Post Office, Frederickston, Dec. 10th, 1858

FANCY GOOD

THE unsold articles remainin CHURCH BAZAAR, consist FANCY GO

will be offered for SALE AT REDUCED

on

Sec. instant, at 7 P. M., in M Hays, adjoining the resid Berry.

7-A Refreshment Table the occasion. 42

St. Andrews, Dec. 15, 1858

EXTRA F

THE Subscriber offers for "TORE a superior lot received per Mr. A. J. Dyer, 100 Bbls. Superfine Flour, 200 "Extra Family do

J. R. BLY

St. Andrews, Dec. 14th, 1858

POLLO

QUINTALS of

Sale by

J.

St. Andrews, Nov. 30, '58

MOLASSES, FLOU

December 14

Ex "Plautus," from

7 Bbls. prime retailing N

50 Bbls. Extra round hood

14 do "Mess and

St. Andrews.

BRAND

December 14

U-T received direct from New York.

"Mart

16 Bbls. do

10 Qr. Casks do

St. Andrews.

NEW ST

THE Subscriber having

from St. John to St. A

sale, at his Store, near the following Articles.

At St. John

600 Bbls. Superfine Extr

FLOUR

55 Bbls. Mass Flour.

50 Bbls. Cienfuegos MOL

5 do. Bright SCOR.

6 Bbls. Crushed and Gr

20 Cests IRA.

25 Bbls. Tobacco,

10 do. Tobacco PIPES,

500 bags of SA. T.

St. Andrews, November 22

Valuable Proper

THE subscriber offers

LAND in the Parish

of the Mineral Springs,—in

the Lower Village of Murg

from St. John, the road run

and close by the springs, w

excellent stand for a hou

there being a great resort to

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waters, whose medicinal v

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Tillage Land, 50 acres are c

fit for crop in the spring. T

in Lots to suit, purchasers

payment made easy. For

the subscriber.

JAL

Dec. 1858. 3m.

In the matter of George M.

Debtor.

NOTICE is hereby given

tion of George M. P

St. Stephen, County of Char

stant to the directions of t

21st Victoria, Chapter 17,

fourth day of February nex

Andrews, at seven o'clock

time and place for a meet

the said George M. Porter,

answering into the state of a

the terms of a compromise

under the said Act.—Dated

senior, 1858.

W. HAYCOX, Cl

MAIL-CONTRACT.

SEALE TENDERS
WILL be received at this Office until SATURDAY the 15th January next, at noon, for the conveyance of Her

MAJESTY'S MAILED
FROM
SAINT GEORGE,
TO THE
WAY OFFICE, PENFIELD

Via JETANG, serving all Way Offices on the route, twice each way, commencing on the 1st February next.

Tenders must be made on the Printed Form, which can be obtained from any Postmaster; must state the sum per annum for which the service will be performed; and be addressed to the Postmaster General.

The Mails are to be conveyed at a uniform rate of speed of not less than four miles per hour, and on such days and at such hours as may from time to time be appointed by the Postmaster General.

General Post Office,
Fredericton, Dec. 10th, 1858. 5-49

FANCY GOODS SALE!

THE unsold articles remaining from the SCOTCH CLOTHING MANUFACTURING COMPANY, consisting chiefly of

FANCY GOODS,
will be offered for SALE

at REDUCED PRICES.

on the 25th of December, instant, at 7 P. M., in Mr. GLENN'S SCHOOL House, adjoining the residence of Mr. James Berry.

A Refreshment Table will be provided on the occasion.

St. Andrews, Dec. 13, 1858.

EXTRA FLOUR!

THE Subscriber offers for sale at the UNION STORE a superior lot of FLOUR, just received per schr. A. J. Dyer, from New York, viz:

100 Bbls. Superior Flour

200 " Extra Family do.

J. R. BRADFORD, Agent.

St. Andrews, Dec. 14th, 1858. 11-49

POLLOCK.

QUINTALS of good POLLOCK for sale by

J. W. STREET.

St. Andrews, Nov. 30, 1858.

MOLASSES, FLOUR & PORK.

December 14th, 1858.

Ex "Planet" from New York.

7 Hbls. prime retailing Molasses.

50 Bbls. Extra round hoop Flour.

14 do. " Mess and clear Pork.

J. W. STREET.

St. Andrews. 4-49

BRANDIES.

December 14, 1858.

JUST received direct from BORDEAUX via New York.

16 Hbls. Martell & Co's, best Pale

10 do. Cognac

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