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## The Lawyer and the Love-Letters.

Without this last sentence, there would have ensued an indignant avowal of unimpeachable honesty the clamour of which would have overwhelmed my diplomacy. But the intention of the last sentence had the effect which I calculated. Arriet passed instantly from the prisoner at the bar to the leading witness for the prosecution; she left the twin to suck Mrs. Noah undisturbed, but put her fingers to her lips, shut the door and began in a severe whisper. She at once accused "that play-acting man up stairs" of "the imaginary larceny. He had always a lot of jewelry and crinkum-crankums hung on to his watch-chain, and she dared say half was stolen. I did not contradict these rather-hasty inductions, but expressed unwillingness to make a public exposure, as I had only a few days to stay in the town; but at the same time bewailed my ring, hinting how high a value I set on it, and that I would gladly give double, even triple the value of the trinket to any one who would help restore it to me. The bait took immediately. Arriet herself suggested that we should avail ourselves of the suspected man's absence that very evening to search diligently in his rooms. A short debate followed as to whether the missis should be apprised of what we were going to do; it was decided that she should be kept in ignorance.

That day I wrote to my chief in Chancery. Like that things were progressing favourably. All day I waited anxiously. At last twilight set in, and the actor went out. Arriet and I had the house to ourselves. The lithographic artist and the corner were out, and my handily was gone to bed with the spasms. Fortunately as the clock struck seven, my ally tapped at my door, and in a voice compared with which that of the late Mrs. Siddons in the character of Lady Macbeth may have been hilarious, asked "if I was ready." During the long hours of the day, my mind had been busy making plans for a systematic search. It is satisfactory to reflect, that according to the best of my belief, not a point was missed. Many years subsequently, at the conclusion of a case where there had been a good deal of work of this kind, I described my examination of the two rooms to the celebrated detective officer, Sharps, and he confessed that two of three places were searched by the present writer which would not have entered his mind as places of concealment. My chief difficulty was to find an excuse for looking into parts of the room already searched by my companion; but this was absolutely necessary, for she of course was looking for a ring with hair and two emeralds, and a silver snuff box with horse's head and the initials L. P.; while I was thinking of nothing but letters in narrow envelopes with the C. post mark, each eight sheets long, directed in a slanting, weak looking hand to "Captain Effingham St. Aubyn."

We looked, of course, in all the drawers, in all the desks and trunks, in the pockets of all the garments ordinary and fancy. We also took up the carpets and examined the pillow-cases and sofa-cushions. I opened and perused every letter, note, envelope, bill or scrap of manuscript lying on the table, or stuck in the looking-glass. The insides of boots and slippers did not escape me. I undid and carefully searched the brown hollen bags containing the bell-ropes tassels; I unrolled all thickly folded corners of the yellow notes which protected the picture frames; with a cane I poked behind all drawers in the bed room and the book-case in the sitting-room. Arriet brought me a pair of steps, and I mounted them and examined the top of the bed. Neither the wick-pockets nor the dust filled vases on the chimney-piece escaped; it did not seem possible either that a packet might be crammed into the inside of the little ornamental clock and I put up and shook an umbrella a sword stick. The search altogether took two hours and a half, and at the end I was no richer than when I began. Miss Waveney's injudicious manuscripts were nowhere to be found. There were a few rather old paid bills ostentatiously displayed on a file; it occurred to me that the letters might be hidden between these—but no. Neither were they put into the pages of his Bell's British Theatre, and Jacy's Acting Edition—his only books—for I opened each volume carefully, and no papers fell out from between the leaves. I satisfied myself that he had not hidden the precious documents in his tobacco box, or sewn them into the worsted-work mats on which his dishes were laid. In short, I went out completely convinced that the letters were not in either of the two rooms. As it had served to turn my attention to the morning, I went to my own loss of a ring and snuff-box. Of course I had no wish to bring a false charge against the man; I therefore in the presence of Arriet made a sudden discovery

of both in the pocket of one of my old coats; then having stopped by a judiciously applied five shilling, sundry vociferations about giving poor servants as was worked off their legs more work in unjamming other people's rooms, I concluded my first day's active duty by writing *re infectis* in my diary, and confessing myself vanquished.

The conclusion was obvious; he carried the letters about his person. This was at least one point gained. Directly I had settled it, my thoughts recurred to the stratagem of the highwayman. At all events, on some pretext or another his pocket must be rifled, his person examined. It occurred to me that he might be taken up on a false charge, and searched at a police station, but then there would be an insuperable difficulty. The officers might find the packet, which I saw before my mind's-eye night and day, but it could only pass again into the owner's hands; I should never get hold of it. The bare idea of seeing it given up, and then restored to him was too painful. I abandoned the plan at once.

Next morning very much at a loss, I strolled out. Englishmen generally, having nothing else to do take a walk and on this memorable morning I followed the example of my countrymen. It would have puzzled me to explain why, but after rambling about for several hours through various uninteresting streets, I found myself staring in at the office of a local paper. There was a bill in the window, containing a list of the principal topics reported in the weeks number—near the bottom of the catalogue of political and local events, my eye fell on some thing which interested me: Death of an Actor on the Stage. I instantly thought of Mr. Effingham St. Aubyn, and I am ashamed to say had an insane impulse to rush home and abstract the packet from his senseless corpse. Collecting myself, however, I purchased the paper and turned to the paragraph My fellow-lodger's name was not in it. Had Mr. Plantagenet Fitzmaurice, whom I remember to have seen in the dreary part of Falkland, was the unfortunate man. He had been, it seemed, always a sufferer from heart complaint, and the excitement of a theatrical success in some new melodrama had been the proximate cause of his death. I read the account with but little concern, I am afraid, and then a great idea suddenly dawned upon me. When first articulated in the green and early days of clerkhood, I had been rather addicted to private theatricals. I determined to fill Mr. Plantagenet Fitzmaurice's place.

Having previously reduced my costume to the requisite combination of slovenliness and rakishness, I presented myself to Mr. Massinger Rougemont—a stout man with a curly wig and Mosaic profile—manager of the theatre. I stated my wish to procure an engagement. A glance told me he was rather nonplussed by Mr. Fitzmaurice's death and would bite readily. He consulted his wife, the singing chambermaid of the company, also with a Mosaic profile, who demurred about my "inexperish," but ended with striking hands. Appearing in the character of a stage-struck amateur, it was natural to be easy about terms, also natural to make but one stipulation—viz: that I should be permitted to make my debut in a certain fiery melodrama of my own choosing. The request was granted, for the piece is one which is in the repertoire of every company however small, and which is very eily "put on" at short notice.

I worked desperately at my part in the first two acts in the interval before rehearsal; though far from perfect I was pronounced "competent," and the piece was advertised. I rushed home, told Arriet I might be obliged to go away suddenly that night, and therefore would pay my bill; did so, and sat down with the little straw-coloured play-book before me. How I scored and double scored my words with a pencil—how I repeated my sentences, and the last word of the previous speaker each twenty times—how I walked to and from practicing scowls *quæ afflicta anima donat* before the cracked looking glass need not be written down here.

The curtain rose. The first scene passed without anything remarkable occurring. The close of the second act was the point which I anxiously expected; at last it came. Mr. Effingham St. Aubyn, perhaps the greatest of the numerous blood-stained villains included in the cast, had obtained possession of the heroine, and was bearing her to that vague but terrible locality this fort-e-ras before the Rhine. An attached domestic defends his mistress, but is overpowered, and falls mortally wounded (R). Wicked Count utters a flourish, that is, trisyllabic laugh; then the tables are suddenly turned; two doors at the back fly open; there is a prodigious bang on the drums; waked count is startled, and lets go his hold (I beg the reader's pardon relaxed his grasp of the heroine who seizes the opportunity to escape (L); I enter at the head of our supers in buff-coat

hastily (C). In the original drama here follows a terrific combat, but as I cannot fence, the wicked count is immediately disarmed. I generously fling away my rapier and a struggle ensues. A close observer might have detected that during the course of it my hands tore open rather heedlessly my antagonist's cotton-velvet doublet—also that it lasted rather longer than most stage-struggles; but in the end the count is vanquished. He continues for some moments dead, while other business goes on. The moment he falls however, I rush out histrionically "to assure mine Ermingarde that she shall have henceforward no fetters but the arms of Rupert"—practically to slip through the green-room, out at the stage door, into a cab which I have arranged to have waiting for me.

How that melodrama ended I never knew; the next morning found me in Chancery Lane. Without speaking I placed Miss Waveney's letters in my chief's hands. Mr. Effingham St. Aubyn continues, I believe, to adorn the company of Mr. Massinger Rougemont. He put in one appearance at the office of Deedes, Flye, Bond and Deedes, but was rather speedily shown the door. Made-life Waveney married Captain Lasslet, and before the end of the year I obtained a junior partnership.

## The Cruise of the Polly Ann.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

In overhauling one of my old trunks the other day, I found the following journal of a voyage on the staunch canal boat, Polly Ann, which happened to the subscriber when I was a young man (in the bright Lexington of youth, when that ain't no sich word as false) on the Wabash Canal.

(Monday, 2 P. M.) Got under way—Hosses not remarkable frisky at first. Had to bill fires under 'em before they'd start. Started at last very sudden, cavin' the bote for to lurch, vilenly, and knock me off my pins. (Saler frase.) Several passengers on board. Parat threu delightful scenery. Honist farmers to work sowin' corn & other projuce in the fields. Sublime scenery. Large red headed gal reclining on the banks of the Canal, bathin her feet.

Turned in at 15 minutes past eleven. Toosday. Riz at 5 an went up on the poop deck. Took a grown person's dose of licker with a member of the Injanny legislature, which he urbenly insisted on allowin' me to pay for. Bote tearing thro' the briny waters at the rate of 2 Noces a hour, when the boy on the leadin' boss shoutid,

"Sale hoe!" "Whar away?" hollerid the captain, clear, in his glass (a empty black bottle, with the bottom knocked out) and bringin' it to his Eagle eye.

"Bout four rods to the starboard," screamed the boy.

"Jes so," screechid the captin. "Whar wessel's that air?" "The Kickin' Warrior of Terry Hawt, and be dammed to you!"

"I I Sir," hollerid our captain. "Reef your arft hoes, spice your main jib-boom, and hail your chambermaid! Whar's up in Terry Hawt?"

"You know Bill Spikes?" and the captain of the Warrior.

"Wall, reckon. He kin eat more fried pork nor any man of his left on the Wabash. He's ornament to his sex!"

"Wall," continued the captain of the Kickin' Warrior. "Wilyim got a little owing the other day, and he got prancin' around town at that white mare of hisin and being in a playful mood, he rid up in front of the Court us whar old Judge Perkins was a holdin' his Court, and let drive his rifle at him—"

"The bullet didn't hit the Judge at all; it ontly whizzed past his left ear, lodgin in the wall behind him; but whar d'ye suppose the old despot did? Why, he actonly fined Bill ten dollars for contempt of Court! Whar do you think of that?" asked the captin of the Warrior; as he parst a long black bottle over to our captin.

"The country is indeed in danger!" said our captin, raisin' the bottle to his lips. "The wessels parted."

Wednesday. Riz airly. Wind blowing N. E. W. Heavy sea on and ship rollin' wildly in konsents of pepper horns having been fastened to the foreered boss' tale. "Heave two!" rored the captin to the man at the rudder, as the Polly gave a brittle toss. I was sick and sorry I'd cum. "Heave two!" repeated the captin. I went below. "Heave two!" I hearin him holler again, and sticking my head out of the cabin window, I hevd.

The hosses becum dosile eventually, an I felt better. The sun bust out in all its splendor, disregardless of expense, and Bill Nager put on her best looks. We parst the beautiful village of Lamy, which looked sweet in deed, with its nea white cottages, Institutes of learnin, and other evjences of civilization.

includin a party of bald headed culleded men who was playin' 2 card monty on the stoop of the Red Eagle tavern. All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to break fast, but vittle had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," said the captin, shovin' a bottle tords my plate. "It's whiskey. A few quarts allers sets me right, when my stummick gits out of order. It an excellent tonic!" I declinid the seductive flood.

Thursday. Didn't rest well last night on account of an up-rore made by the captin, who stoop the Bote to go ashore and smag in the windows of a grocery. He was b'ot back in an hour, with his hed dun up in a red hankercher, his eyes being swelled up orful, and his nose very much out of jint. He was b'ot aboard on a shutter by his crew, and deposited on the cabin floor, the passengers all risin from their births, pushing the red curtains aside & lookin out to see whar the matter was. "Why do you allow your pashuns to run away with you in this unseemly style, my misgided friend?" said a sollam lookin man in a red flannel nite cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the Beasts of the field?"

"Wal, the fact is," sed the captin, risin himself on the shutter, "I've been a agin that grocery for time. But I made it lively for the boys. Deacon Bot yer life?" He larfed a short, wild larf and called for his jug. Sippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passengers, sed, "Bless you! bless you! and-fell asleep."

Eventually we reached our journey's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, but the fun here was foaled. This was hed steamboats was goin round bustin their bilers & wax figgers & livin beests wasn't scoffed at.

O dase of my boyhood, I'm dreamin on ye now!

(Poecry) A. W. FROM THE STATES.

Boston, Aug. 12. By order of the Secretary of War all slaves voluntarily entering the lines of Federal army are to be employed and taken care of; Loyal masters to be re-mbursed hereafter in such a way as Congress may decide.

It is announced on what is considered good authority that Garibaldi has volunteered his services to the President through the American Consul at Genoa, in to receive the rank of Major General. He is shortly expected to arrive.

A decisive battle is daily expected in Missouri. The rebels under Beauregard are represented as almost mutinous in their clamours for an advance on Washington.

Prince Napoleon left Washington yesterday for New York.

Illinois has raised 87,000 men for the army under Fremont.

No quotable change in Broadstuffs.

GOLD DIGGINGS IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The Halifax Chronicle of the 6th contains the following account of newly discovered Gold Diggings:—

"Great excitement has prevailed in the neighborhood of 'The Ovens,' Lunenburg, of late. A discovery that the sands of the beach together a number of persons, and news reached the city on Friday that serious difficulties had occurred, or were apprehended; and that certain persons had forcibly expelled others claiming priority of possession, &c. The Government adopted the promptest measures to rectify all disputes occurring, by obtaining from Admiral Minto the use of the steamer Nimble, which, with his usual civility, was immediately placed by his Excellency at the disposal of the Executive. The Hon Mr. Howe, the Attorney General the Receiver General, and the Hon. Mr. Locke, with the Commissioner of Crown Lands, left by this steamer early on Saturday morning for Lunenburg, and returned on Sunday evening. The difficulties had been greatly magnified, and were prepared and issued, and all parties were left harmoniously engaged in their new occupation.

"The beach washings are yielding very abundantly. One man, by three latest machinery, washed an ounce of gold a day, out of the sand on the sea side.

"Lots are laid off 33 x 39 feet. Mr. Conard, we understand, took up 80 lots, mostly in the rock, paying at the rate of £5 for each as a yearly rental. He returned home with the party on Sunday evening, bringing some beautiful specimens about the size of what is commonly called duck shot—only flattened, and all kinds of shapes, more resembling slugs than shot.

"Last evening Mr. Conard left again with one of his own steamers, fully equipped for operations. A picked set of men, a drugging machine, and every imaginable appliance, all on board left yesterday, the Lion, for the Washings. Mr. Conard personally in charge.

About 150 men are busy at these diggings and washings, and 200 lots have been already disposed of. From the lot of the land, it is supposed that the rich washings and deposits extend for fully a couple of miles along the coast.

"There seems to be no longer room for doubt of the value and richness of the gold deposits in Nova Scotia. The miners at Tangier, which is, perhaps, sixty or eighty miles distant from 'The Ovens,' are said to be doing well."

NON-SUITSING A CREDITOR.—There was a certain lawyer on the Cape a long time ago, a man to do in the world, and what was somewhat surprising in a limb of the law, averse to encouraging litigation.

One day a client came to him in a violent rage. "Look a here, squire," said he "what ere blasted shoemaker down to Prudgen Cove has gone and sued me for money I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?" "Oh! yes—I've got 'em on fustrate boots."

"Fair price?" "Oh yes."

"Then you owe him the money honestly?" "Course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?" "Why, 'cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I can."

"It will cost you something." "I don't keer a cuss for that! How much money do you want to begin with?"

"Oh, ten dollars will do." "Is that all?" "Well, here's X, so go ahead!" said the client; that's the pay in the beginning."

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against M.

"Why," said he, "I kept on sending to him till I got tired. I know'd he was able to pay—and I was 'termed to make him. That's the long and short of it."

"There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings—but I think you'd better take this five dollars, and call it square."

"Certain, Square, if you say so, and darned glad 'o get it," was the answer.

So the lawyer gave him one V, and kept the other. In a few days client came along and asked him how he got on with the case.

"Rapidly," cried the lawyer; "we've non-suited him, he'll never trouble you again."

"Jerusalem!" that's great!" cried the client—"I'd rather a gin fifty dollars than have him got the money for them boots!"

APPEAL.—The Boston Courier, a paper of long standing and conduct with great ability, makes an appeal to its friends for some "extraordinary aid" to save it for such public services as it may be able to render in future. The necessity for this appeal is caused by the consequent diminution of advertising business.

REDUCING THE RENTS.—The New York World says that landlords in that city are very readily granting a heavy reduction of rents. The seven thousand dollar stores are now quoted at five and six hundred. In very many instances landlords, have come forward voluntarily, where they have good tenants, and taken off twenty five per cent. of their legal dues until the return of better times.

SAD OCCURRENCE.—A sad accident occurred in Chatham on the morning of Monday last, by which a young lad of about nine years of age, a son of Mr. Tracy, residing in Chatham, lost his life. He was crossing some logs in one of the booms, when he slipped into the water and was drowned.—Chatham Times.

FUN.—Fun is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by every lawful means. People never put mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh when we can.

A Bold Plover.—Mr. Baldwin, the celebrated African traveller and sportsman, recently ran a terrible risk. He reached a river after a long and hot journey; it had been a sultry day and he could not resist the temptation of a dip in the cool water, and, with the impulse, plunged in; he got but scant, fortunately, without complaint. His was not a case that the river was swarming with alligators, as the natives considered it dangerous enough to put their heads into the water. A few days after Mr. Baldwin saw a Kafir in the act of taking water out of the river, which one of his masters sprang upon him, and sank to devour him.