

ST. SAXBY, OF SKELLINGTHORPE.

There was a queer, odd kind of character, who lived in the village of Skellingthorpe; he had no...

Saint Saxby, of Skellingthorpe, was christened Saint, without any addition to his surname; for his father, although he resolved that he should be called after the name of some saint...

"A local habitation and a name" if he knew not where they were going, he set down in his own mind where they should go; if he doubted what they were doing, he imagined what they would, ought, or might do; and as to the future!

Let us bring him before our readers in the parlor of the Blue Lion, brimful of what he had seen after a long look out.

"Fine day, neighbor! — saw Mrs. Hawkesley pass to-day with a large bundle—wonder what it was—she seemed to carry it very carefully.

"I know not where they were going, he set down in his own mind where they should go; if he doubted what they were doing, he imagined what they would, ought, or might do; and as to the future!

At length the magistrate, arrived, summoned the informer before him, heard all he had to say, and then bid him lead the way to where the murder had been committed.

The procession, which had been now joined by half the inhabitants of the village, reached the end of the lane—a halt was made—the exact spot carefully pointed out by St. Saxby—and two labourers were soon busily employed in uncovering the grave.

"Fifty hands in an instant were occupied in rifling the sack; and before the informer had time to speak or escape, he was first rolled in the mud, and then amongst the shavings, which stuck to him as if they were glued on, and as he ran off, they streamed out like ribbons!"

"This was worst of all—he could not endure it—he tried to stop up his ears with his fingers, but all was in vain. The butcher was on one side of him, the joiner on the other, each with their interrogations:—"

"Were they to be gibbeted on the spot? Would he not come to see them executed?"

Never before did any one swear like Saint Saxby; all the oaths in "Flistram Shandy" were but jokes compared to what he launched out. He offered to fight, they only laughed the louder; he talked about the law, and they roared outright; he took up stones, and they retailed with mud; they tantalized him with the great reward he would receive for his discovery, the promotion he would be sure to obtain. He showed his teeth, as if he would fain have bitten his tormentors; and right thankful was he to reach his home with sound bones!

Never before had such shouting and buzzing, mingled with peals of loud laughter, rung through the village of Skellingthorpe. It seemed, as the landlord of the Blue Lion said, "as if the devil hissen had broken loose!"

Even Mrs. Saxby, who had been peace-maker a thousand times, was compelled to keep within doors; and, worst of all, papers were printed and cried about the neighborhood, containing the "Wonderful Discovery and Full Particulars of the late Horrid Murder, Committed on the Body of a Sack of Shavings, with a Copy of Verses, written by Saint Saxby, of Skellingthorpe;" and many a random shot of rustic wit was showered around on this occasion.

After that memorable day, Saint Saxby was never again seen in the village. His wife, who was much respected, staid behind, and disposed of their little freehold to Farmer Fletcher; but in what quarter of the world they afterwards resided, we have not hitherto been able to learn. Rumour indeed does say that he assisted in the management of a small country paper in the next county, and the publisher was served with three notices of trials for libels within a month, which is not at all unlikely if our friend was once entrusted to pen a paragraph!

Still there is not half the fun going on in Skellingthorpe as in Saint Saxby's days. His very abuse served to amuse many, and discoveries which he was ever making were generally fraught with matter of merriment; and though a few, who merited the abuse he was wont to shower upon them, were almost ready to dance with joy, yet there were others who sorely mourned the loss of Saint Saxby in Skellingthorpe.

"I thing about six feet will do for him," said one of the men; and they proceeded to dig in turns; when one was weary the other took up the spade. He heard it crush through the gravel, and out through the damp clay, and his heart sank within him at every stroke, as he thought how soon that cold ball would contain the remains of a murdered man!

And now he began to recall many of his own sins; he regretted the number of lies he had told, the many fair names he had slandered; and the old rascal tried to pray, but could not; for he was afraid lest one of his intended murderers should jump over some gap in the hedge, and bury him deep in the grave they were then digging; so he resolved he would pray when he got home, and never for the remainder of his life speak ill of any one—if he could help it. Then his heart misgave him, and he attempted to get up and run away, but had not the power.

By this time the moon had risen, and he was enabled to distinguish, through an opening in the leafless hedge, the countenances of the men who meditated the murder.

Horror of horrors! there could be no mistaking them! they were his own neighbors—the butcher...

and the joiner of the village! As he beheld them, all his thoughts of prayer vanished—as he said to himself—

"You villains! I shall see you both hanged! I knew it would come to you at last, for all the bad turns you have done me, at one time and another. Thank heaven, you are going to commit murder at last! and a great blessing and comfort it'll be to me to appear as a witness against you! They will not laugh at me this time. Oh dear! dear! I hear some one coming! I hear some one coming! how dreadful! I should die if I were to see them do it!"

And the frightened wretch threw himself flat, his whole length, beneath the hedge, with his face to the ground, for the footsteps of the doomed man drew nearer and nearer.

Then he heard heavy blows struck, as if upon a soft dead substance—a few groans—and all was over, for the spade was soon again at its busy work; and by such time as the grave was completed, he had reached his own home in safety.

He had never run so fast but once in his life, and that was when the old women in the village of Skellingthorpe had pelted him with rotten eggs. Saint Saxby jumped into bed without undressing, covered over head and ears with the blankets and it was only by bites that his wife was enabled to draw from him an account of what he had witnessed.

Towards morning he slept, and he soon after daylight arose, feeling himself the most important personage that had ever set foot in the village street of Skellingthorpe! He began at the beginning by causing the butcher and the joiner to be apprehended; and a willing guard was placed over them in the parlor of the Blue Lion. Sudden transition! They were prisoners in the very spot where they had held so many merry makings; and even their own cronies stood sentry over them—one mounting guard with the tongs, another with the poker, a third with the freshovel, a fourth with the long broom.

The culprits hung down their heads, with a guilty look; nevertheless they filled their pipes and smoked them—called for a quart of ale in a feeble voice, drank it up, and had another and another!

The news quickly spread, and a crowd soon assembled outside the inn door, for no one was permitted to enter the room where the prisoners were confined. They indemnified themselves, however, by peeping through the windows at the queer group it contained. Some jeered—some groaned, and dolefully shook their heads—some cried, "who would have thought it!" whilst others laughed outright, as they were always wont to do where Saint Saxby was concerned.

At length the magistrate, arrived, summoned the informer before him, heard all he had to say, and then bid him lead the way to where the murder had been committed. Our hero strode proudly along, only replying to the various taunting remarks with which he was assailed on all sides, by a contemptuous silence. The constable who accompanied the magistrate most uncharitably observed to the neighbor walking by his side, that "he didn't think the coward had courage enough to commit a murder himself; but if some poor fellow had been found dead by the roadside, he shouldn't at all wonder if Saint Saxby had buried him there, that he might obtain credit for the discovery!"

The procession, which had been now joined by half the inhabitants of the village, reached the end of the lane—a halt was made—the exact spot carefully pointed out by St. Saxby—and two labourers were soon busily employed in uncovering the grave. Breathless was the silence that ensued, and even the scoffers themselves were startled when actually a large sack was gradually laid bare before their sight! Six men at once jumped into the ditch to render their assistance in lifting the body from its hiding place—but it proved that one man only was needed for the task: he laid hold of one end of the sack, and with his single arm flung it on the bank. Through one or two holes from which the contents protruded, it was clear to all as the sun at noonday that they had disinterred a Bag of Shavings!

Fifty hands in an instant were occupied in rifling the sack; and before the informer had time to speak or escape, he was first rolled in the mud, and then amongst the shavings, which stuck to him as if they were glued on, and as he ran off, they streamed out like ribbons!"

The children ran after him and hooted—every cur in the village was out barking—and he was met by the horrid murderers themselves and their gofers, at the end of the lane, who joined in the loud whoop and halloo.

This was worst of all—he could not endure it—he tried to stop up his ears with his fingers, but all was in vain. The butcher was on one side of him, the joiner on the other, each with their interrogations:—"

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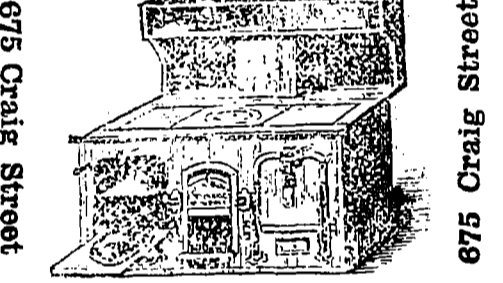
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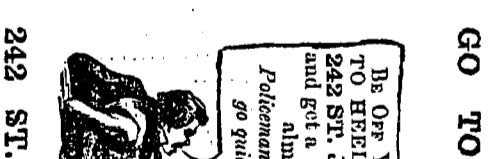
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CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. INSOLVENT ACT of 1869. In re NISTE VIGEO, Insolvent, and LOUIS JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee.

The undersigned will make application for his Discharge on the Seventeenth day of March next, according to the said Act.

NISTE VIGEO, By PREFONTAINE & POUTRE, His Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, 22nd January, 1876. 26-5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. CANADA, SUPERIOR COURT for the District of MONTREAL.

In the matter of MISTRESS SCHOLASTIQUE DESMARAIS, of the City of Montreal, public Trader, wife duly separated as to property of FRANCOIS XAVIER LEDOUX, carriage-maker, of the same place, and especially authorized by her said husband, An Insolvent.

The undersigned has filed in the office of this court a deed of composition and discharge executed by her creditors, and on Monday, the sixth day of March next, she will apply to the said Court for the confirmation of the discharge thereby effected. SCHOLASTIQUE DESMARAIS, Per TRUDEL, TAILLON & VANASSE, Her Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, 31st January, 1875. 25-4.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. SUPERIOR COURT.

DAME MARIE LOUISE AUBERTIN, of the parish of "La Pointe aux Trembles," in the District of Montreal, wife of DIDACE BEAUDRY, of the same place, former, duly authorized to enter en justice Plaintiff;

AND The said DIDACE BEAUDRY, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause the nineteenth day of January, instant. LACOSTE & DRUMMOND, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 19th January, 1876. 21-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. SUPERIOR COURT. DAME ODLIE DEPOCCA, of the city and District of Montreal, wife of PHILIAS PELLETIER, trader, of the same place, duly authorized a ester en justice, Plaintiff;

VS. The said PHILIAS PELLETIER.

An action in separation as to property has been issued in this cause. PREFONTAINE & POUTRE, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 22nd January, 1876. 24-5

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