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Evans sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

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Anecdote of Vidocq, the ancient Chief of Police, in France.

A rich Paris merchant came to him one day, and told him that he discovered a deficiency of twenty thousand in his safe. Vidocq asked, how old is your accountant? Twenty-five, replied the gentleman; but I am as sure of him as of myself, and he is a loser also. Are you married? Yes. What is the age of your wife? Is she handsome? Is she honest? Oh, my wife; why she is virtuous, honor itself; she is devoted, and the incarnation of conjugal love, etc.—But that is not the question. Your accountant is twenty-five. Is your wife handsome? Well, yes, she is handsome, but—But, has nothing to do with it; you want your money, and you have confidence in me? Certainly, I've come on that account. Very well, go home and prepare to go in the country, and introduce me into your house.

They depart; Vidocq is secreted in an adjoining room to the lady. Breakfast is put on the table, when a young man enters. The lady says to him, "He's gone away, but he suspects something; we are lost I fear." The rival of Carpentier commenced a long discourse of love, fidelity, &c., finishing with these words: "There's only one course left for us; let us take what money remains, and quit the country immediately." Vidocq steps out into the room. A scene follows. "My dear friends, says he, "keep perfectly quiet, or I'll break both of your heads. You understand that. Well now answer my questions. Where is the money stolen?" "We have only \$20,000 left," the lady replied. "That's every cent, I'll swear to it." "Very well, give it to me." "Here it is." "Well, now, this is an affair to be forgotten; never mention it to your husband and he will never know anything about it. As to you, sir, give me your little hands."—He put his fingers in his ears. He conducted him to the door, and sent him off on a ship-board telling him to go and get hung somewhere else.

Vidocq returned to Paris, restored the money, saying your accountant was the thief but, he had spent ten thousand of it, with an actress. I have sent him off to America. From that time forward the merchants household was a model of order, faithfulness, and matrimonial propriety.—[*Courier des Etats Unis.*]

Oreide—A Substitute for Gold.

This is the name of a new metal which has recently made its appearance under a French patent, granted in March last in this country. It resembles gold in many respects, and may be used in a pure condition, or as a base for gold plating. Its cost is about eighty cents per pound, and yet its appearance is such that it would readily be taken for gold by most casual observers. It is not a pure metal, but a compound of several metals, related to such a degree that it does not easily oxidize or tarnish. These qualities make it a valuable acquisition to the metallic arts. When tested with nitric acid ebullition takes place, but no spot remains. This quality, though valuable for scientific purposes, makes it a dangerous metal for dishonest men. It can be used in counterfeiting gold so readily, that it will be exceedingly difficult to detect counterfeit from true coin. When placed side by side with gold it requires close scrutiny to decide which is gold and which oreide. In France a law has already been passed to prevent frauds, by compelling, under severe penalties for neglect, all manufacturers of "oreide" to stamp the word upon the articles produced. A manufactory has lately been started in Waterbury, Connecticut, capable of turning out any quantity of the new metal. It is said that a great deal of the late imported gold chased ware is nothing but oreide. It has already made its appearance in counterfeit coin out West.

A metal having so many of the characteristics of gold will soon find its way to the hands of dishonest men. The public need to be on their guard in the purchase of gold chased ware and gold dust. It is an easy matter to transport a metal to California which costs but eighty cents per pound; and it would be quite as easy for a dishonest man to mix the cheap material with the costly. It is likely, however, that science, while furnishing a combination of metals so useful, will also furnish a detector against its use as a counterfeit.—[*Boston Traveller.*]

A model Woman.

"Did you not say, Ellen, that Mr. B.—is poor?" "Yes, he has only his profession." "Will your uncle favor his suit?" "No; and I can expect nothing from him." "Then Ellen you will have to resign fashionable society?" "No matter, I shall see the more of Fred." "You must give up expensive dress." "O Fred admires simplicity."

You cannot keep a carriage.

"But we can have delightful walks." "You must take a small house and furnish it plainly." "Yes, for elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage." "You will have to cover your floor with cheap thin carpets." "O then I can hear his step the sooner."

A New Way to Collect an Old Debt.

We have known many expedients resorted to collect bills; but we think the following adopted by one Joe Harkins is an original one. We have a few credits on our books against doubtful customers, of long standing, and which we have so far failed to get in. We should like to make an arrangement with some Joe Harkins or other to collect the money—that is, provided he will pay it in after he has collected it, like an honest man.

Old squire Tobin was not only a slow walker, but also a slow payer. Blessed with abundant means, he was of course considered a *timely* good for any little debt; he contracted a habit of holding on to his money, until forced by extra importance to fork over.

There goes the old squire, said Brown the merchant. "I've had a bill of five dollars and fifty cents against him for eight months, and if I have asked him for it once, I have done so twenty times; but he has either not got it with him, or he will call to-morrow; or, if not in good humor, he will swear like a trooper at my impudence in dunning him at unseasonable times."

Now there was one Joe Harkins, a wagging sort of a fellow, who heard the complaint of merchant Brown, and resolved upon some fun.

Come now, Brown, said Joe, "what will you bet I can't get the money from the old squire before he gets home?"

A new hat, said Brown.

Enough said, said Joe.

While Brown was hunting the bill, Joe disguised himself in a striped blanket and a slouched hat. Thus equipped, and with the bill in his hand, he took after the squire.

Hello, is your name Squire Tobin?"

Yes, answered the Squire, with a snarl. "What's that to you?"

I have a little bill, sir—collecting for merchant Brown, sir.

Merchant Brown can go to thunder, sir, said the Squire. "I've no money for him, you must call again."

Joe bowed politely, slipped round the alley, just in time to head the old fellow at the next corner.

Oh, sir, said Joe, stopping suddenly, is your name Tobin?"

Here is a little bill, sir, from merchant Brown.

Zounds! sir, replied the Squire, "didn't I meet you just now around the corner?"

Meet me? replied the Joe, "guess it was B., another of Brown's collectors."

Then I suppose merchant Brown has two red striped collectors dogging my steps. I won't pay it, sir, to-day—begone!"

The old Squire, as he said this, brought down his stick hard upon the pavement, and toddled on.

Joe, nothing daunted, took advantage of another alley, and by a rapid movement, in a few minutes placed himself once more in front of the Squire. The old man's bile was making him mutter and growl, as he walked along, now and then giving point to his anger by very emphatic knocks of his cane upon the sidewalk. When within about twenty feet of each other the old squire espied his striped friend once more in front. Squire Tobin stopped, and raising his cane, exclaimed:

You infernal insolent puppy, what do you mean?"

Joe, affecting great astonishment, checked up within a safe distance, and then replied: "Mean, sir? You surprise me, sir, I don't know you."

Ain't you merchant Brown's collector, that dunned me five minutes ago?"

Me, sir, replied Joe; "I am one of merchant Brown's collectors, to be sure; but I don't know you, sir."

My name is Tobin, sir, rejoined the irritated Squire, and you look like that fellow that stopped me twice before."

Impossible, sir! replied Joe, "it must have been some other of merchant Brown's collectors. You see, sir, there are forty of us, all wrapped in striped blankets—and by the bye, Mr. Tobin, I think I have a small bill against you."

Forty red striped collectors, and each one after me, ejaculated the Squire. "Damn me, I must put a stop to this; they will all overtake me, before I get home." Saying which, he pulled out his wallet, and quietly settled merchant Brown's bill of \$5.50.

Joe thanked the Squire, and moved off; but as the Squire had another square to travel before reaching home, Joe could not resist

the inclination to head him just once more. He accordingly made another circuit, and came in collision with the angry old man, ere he was noticed.

Zounds! Zounds! stranger, vociferated the Squire. "What?"

Here he caught sight of the red striped blanket, as Joe, disengaging himself from the old man, took to his heels. Squire Tobin's cudgel was fiercely hurled after Joe, accompanied with a hearty curse upon merchant Brown, and his forty collectors in red striped blankets.

It is unnecessary to say, that Joe Harkins was seen topped off the next day with a brain splinter new hat.

A New Bedford Joke.

A beautiful young lady, from another part of Massachusetts, was making a visit at a friend's, in the pretty town of New Bedford, famous then as now for whalers, rich merchants, sperm-catchers, and winter strained oil. One day, this fair visitor was delighting one of the young dealers in these articles by allowing him to show her all over his well stocked establishment, and by taking a very deep interest in all that she saw there.—She was particularly pleased with the picturesque style in which the clear, white, polished candles were packed in their boxes. In a tone of raillery, the young merchant said to his visitor, "Take one of the boxes you admire so much, home with you."

Are you in earnest?" asked the fair belle.

Of course, was the reply; "if you will take one of them home, with your own hands, you shall have it."

That's a bargain, said she; "I'll call in half an hour for my candles."

The box she selected weighed some fifty pounds.

Punctually at the time appointed, and it was midday, when every body was astir in the pleasant town of New Bedford, the young tradesman was told by his clerk, that there was a lady at the door waiting to take home the candles she had selected. "She is in a carriage, of course," said he. "No, sir," was the reply, "she is walking and alone."

He went down to the front door of his establishment, and there stood his fair customer, with one of those straw carriages that nurses take babies to ride in, and all ready to fulfil her bargain. "Come," said she, "hurry up my candles!"

The merchant saw he was caught in a trap of his own setting; so he put the best face upon the matter, and ordered the fifty pounds of number one sperm-catchers to be delivered to the lady, who having tucked up the box carefully with coverlid and blanket, as if it was a baby she was treating to an afternoon-swing, drew it triumphantly through the streets to the house where she was staying, not one of the numerous acquaintances she met on the way having the remotest idea that her burden was anything but hostess' baby.

What a pretty thing it was, said one of them, "in Miss—to take Mrs. Q's baby out to ride to-day!"

But the true story soon got out, and the laugh was decidedly against the gallant gentleman who dealt in sperm-catchers.—[*N. Orleans Picayune.*]

Profric.

There is now living in the village of St. Ann's in this County a man who a few days since had his thirty-second child baptized and Christened. He is now living with his second wife; his first wife bore him sixteen children, and his present companion in arms, not to be outdone, has presented the happy father with an equal number. Truly, the scripture injunction to "multiply and replenish the earth" is fully obeyed by at least one of Father Chiniquy's parishioners.—[*Kankakee Gazette.*]

Sad Accidents by Drowning.

On Sunday evening a promising child of two years of age, son of Mr. Henry Nichols, in Waterloo-street, was unfortunately drowned by falling into a water panchoon, sunk into the ground. The body was interred yesterday at 3 o'clock.

On Wednesday last, Joseph Morrison, a schoolmaster at Mace's Bay, was drowned while crossing the flats in a wagon from the St. Andrew's road to the settlement, the tide floating the body of the wagon from the fore-wheels, and precipitating the deceased and the driver, a man named John Mahoney, into the water, but the latter was saved by holding on to the reins.

On Tuesday last, William, eldest son of Mr. John Harris, of Sackville, was drowned at that place while bathing at the head of the Mill-stream. In attempting to swim across, it appears that he became exhausted, and sunk while in the act of turning back. The body was recovered the next day.—[*ibid.*]

To the above melancholy catalogue we have to add another melancholy affair. We are informed that a son of Wm. Wright, Esq., (Advocate General), of this city, was out shooting on Saturday in Norton, in the vicinity of his father's country residence,

and while going through the woods, with the gun half-cocked, the piece went off and the charge entered one of the young man's legs, causing so much damage that it was thought the limb would have to be amputated.—[*Morning News.*]

INTERESTING CAUSE OF SEIZURE.

The brig Flora, of Newcastle, Me., has been seized by the United States' Marshal, for bringing to New York a native Krooman from the coast of Africa, in violation of law, and the captain is, also, subject to arrest.—John Davis, that is the name of the native, is marked by the usual tattoo down the forehead and nose, and filed front teeth, which identify him as a subject of the British Government. So far as his rights of freedom, and claim for wages from the Flora are concerned, he may, it is alleged, throw himself upon the British Consulate; but the captain will have to look elsewhere to escape the violation of the law interdicting the shipping of foreigners abroad, or that other law, forbidding the slave trade since 1818. The object in bringing these natives to the United States, is said to be for the purpose of teaching them enough of the English language to enable them to act as interpreters for the slavers, for which purpose large prices are paid by the slave-traders. Hosts of slaves are sacrificed in the middle passage from random medical treatment, while a native could explain the nature of the disease each is suffering, and thus furnish data for correct doctoring.—[*N. York Times.*]

THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The ceremony of laying the Corner Stone and blessing the foundations of the new Catholic Church in this city was performed on Sunday afternoon under the direction of the very Rev. William O'Reilly, administrator of the Diocese of Hartford, assisted by the very Rev. James Hayes of Hartford, and Reverends James Reynolds, Mr. Aubier, Mr. Chagnoux, Luke Daly, J. C. Moore, Dr. Wallace, James Lynch, M. Bebe, Thos. Quinn and Mr. Hendrickson, of this city. The services were conducted with great solemnity, and attracted an immense crowd of spectators. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Quinn of Meriden from Hebrews 11, 6, without notes and in the open air. It was a very able discourse and delivered with a distinctness of enunciation and an impressiveness of manner, which are rarely equalled in pulpit oratory. There were at least three thousand persons present, and every word that was uttered must have been distinctly heard by all. As an out-door orator we have seldom seen his equal.

The discourse was sound, logical, and eminently conservative. Aside from the claim to infallibility in the church, we could have heartily subscribed to the whole of it. Quite handsome sum was contributed by the spectators towards the erection of the Church edifice.—[*Litchfield Democrat.*]

[The Rev. Mr. Quinn, whose discourse is spoken of in such eulogistic terms, is a native of St. Andrews, and son of Mr. Thos. Quinn. A young man, he distinguished himself at the Academy of this Town, and we understand he also came off with honors from the Roman Catholic College at Quebec. The Rev. gentleman's many friends here will rejoice in his success.—[*Ed. Standard.*]

OFF THE RAILS.

We understand the passenger carriage got off the line on the return journey, about six o'clock on Monday evening. The carriage was filled with passengers, who were considerably alarmed, but fortunately no damage was done. The accident happened at the curve at Gilbert Island. We have before stated our opinion about carrying passengers before the road is ballasted, and it will not surprise us if a serious accident happens. The curve at Gilbert Island, will at any time be a dangerous one, and the danger is greater while the road is in its present unfinished state. We understand the Commissioners netted eleven pounds clear profit on Monday.—[*ibid.*]

Benefit of the Springs.

A lady brought a child to a physician to consult him about its precious health. Among other things she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful.

Certainly, madam, replied the doctor, as he eyed the child, and then took a large pinch of snuff. I haven't the least hesitation in recommending this—and the sooner you apply the remedy the better.

You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?"

Upon my word, madam, it's the best remedy I know of.

What springs would you recommend, doctor?"

Any will do, madam, where you can plenty of soap and water.

Married Politeness.

There is much of truth as well as that kind of philosophy which comes into every day requisition, helping to strengthen the ties of social affection, in the subjoined brief article:

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice.

And the husband answered "Yes my dear with pleasure."

It was quietly, but heartily said, the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural and very affectionate. We thought how pleasant that courteous reply how gratifying it must have been to the wife. Many husbands of ten years' experience are ready with their courtesies to the young ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to the wife, and do many rude things without considering them worth an apology. The stranger who they may have seen but yesterday is listened to with deference, and though the subject may be of the most unpleasant nature, with a ready smile: while the poor wife relates a domestic grievance is subdued, or listened to with ill-concealed impatience. O! how wrong this is—all wrong.

Does she urge some request? "O don't bother me!" cries her gracious lord and master. Does she ask for necessary funds for Susy's shoes and Willie's hat? "Seems to me you're always wanting money!" is the handsome retort. Is any little extra demanded by his masculine appetite, it is ordered not requested. "Look here, I want you to do so and so; just see that it is done; and off marches Mr. Boor, with a bow and a smile of gentlemanly polish and friendly sweetness for every actual acquaintance he may chance to recognize.

When we meet with such carelessness and coarseness, our thoughts revert to the kind voice and gentle manner of the friend who said, "Yes, my dear with pleasure." I beg your pardon, when by any little awkwardness he disconcerted her, as he would in the presence of the most fashionable stickler of etiquette.

This is because he is a thorough gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things entitled to precedence. He loves her best; why should he hesitate to show it, not in sickly maudlin attentions, but in preferring her pleasure, and honoring her in private as well as in public. He knows her worth, why should he, for a moment, hesitate to attest it. "And her husband he praised her," saith Holy Writ; nor by fulsome adulation, not pushing her charms into notice, in a manly way of her virtues. Though words may seem little things, and slight attentions almost valueless, yet depend upon it they keep the flame bright, especially if they are not mutual.—The children grow up in better moral atmosphere, and learn to respect their parents, as they respect one another. Many a boy takes advantage of the mother he loves, because he sees often the rudeness of a father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the same habits and the thoughts they engender, and in turn becomes the petty tyrant. "Only his mother; why should he thank her, father never does." Thus the home becomes the seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are kind words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearthstone fully prepared to render justice, benevolence to any one but those who have the justest claims.

Indian Affairs.

The Minnesota Pioneer of the 7th inst., gives the particulars of the shooting (by Mr. Flandreau, agent for the Sioux, assisted by United States soldiers from Fort Ridgely,) of a son of the Indian Chief, Ink-pa-du-ta, the noted leader of the band of cut throat savages whose depredations in that Territory have recently been recorded. The Pioneer says:

"He is the identical savage who dragged Mrs. Noble from the ledge of the Yankee Chief who purchased her, after having satisfied his hellish appetite, beat her to death with clubs. His punishment was well deserved. The two Indians who accompanied Ink-pa-du-ta's son, fled it is supposed to the old Chief's camp on Skunk Lake. It was eared by many persons at the Agency that he would seek to avenge his son's death by attacking the frontier settlements.

A great deal of dissatisfaction existed among the Indians, caused by the prompt retaliation of the Agent, in terminating the career of that murderer.

There was but a small force of soldiers at Ridgely, and this seemed to encourage the Indians in assuming a bold and haughty tone. Mr. Brown, however, met Maj. Sherman's battery of the flying artillery, twenty miles below Fort Ridgely, on Friday; they would reach the Agency on Sunday, and their presence would undoubtedly produce a change in the conduct of the Indians."