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POETRY. THE SNOW.

Silently down, gracefully down,
Over the forest and over the town,
Robing the earth in a pure white gown,
Waiting to and fro;
Drifting, circling, eddying round,
Comes the feathery snow.

Gently it falls, quietly falls,
Covering huts and covering halls,
Building its miniature cities and walls,
Over the earth below;
Spreading in sheets, and rolling in balls—
Dancing, frolicking snow.

Cold and bleak, 'frozen and bleak,
Flying about in a merry freak,
Twirling around the mountain peak
Down to the valley below;
Losing itself in the rippling creek,
Fickle and fleeting snow.

Over the ground, the frozen ground,
The crystal flakes chase each other round,
Forming a valley or building a mound,
When the north winds blow,
With its icy breath and moaning sound,
Drifting the virgin snow.

Clinging to trees, to ever green trees,
Forming fantastic images,
Scattered on the merry breeze
Rushing onward do go;
Losing itself in the icy seas,
Fair and fragile snow.

Sweeping away, melting away,
When the sun with golden ray
Into the arbor creeps to play,
Where the violets grow;
Melting, wasting, hiding away,
Faint and beautiful snow.

(From "Recollections of a Policeman.")

THE REVENGE.

BY THOMAS WATERS.

[Concluded.]

"Armstrong—Rowden!" repeated the woman with anxious simplicity; "I never heard either of these names. What sort of a person is he?"

I described him minutely; but Madame Jaubert appeared to entertain little or no hope of discovering his whereabouts; and ultimately went away in a very disconsolate mood, after, however, arranging to meet me the next evening.

I met her as agreed. She could obtain, she said, no intelligence of reliable worth; and she pressed me for further particulars. Was Armstrong a drinking, a gaming or a play-going man? I told her all I knew of his habits, and a gleam of hope glanced across her face as one or two indications were mentioned. I was to see her again on the morrow. It came; she was as far off as ever; and I advised her to waste no more time in the pursuit; but to at once endeavour to regain a position of respectability by the exercise of industry in the trade or business in which she was reputedly well-skilled. Madame Jaubert laughed scornfully; and a gleam, it seemed to me, of her never entirely subdued insanity shot out from her deep-set, flashing eyes. It was finally settled that I should meet her once more at the same place at about eight o'clock the next evening.

I arrived somewhat late at the appointed rendezvous, and found Madame Jaubert in a state of manifest excitement and impatience. She had, she was pretty sure, discovered Armstrong, and knew that he was at that moment in a house, in Greek Street, Soho.

"Greek Street, Soho! Is he alone?"
"Yes; with the exception of a woman who is minding the premises, and of whom he is an acquaintance under another name. You will be able to secure him without the least risk or difficulty, but not an instant must be lost."

Madame Jaubert perceived my half-hesitation. "Surely," she exclaimed, "you are not afraid of one man! It's useless affecting to suspect me after what has occurred."

"True," I replied, "Lead on."

The house at which we stopped in Greek Street appeared to be an empty one, from the printed bills in the window announcing it to be let or sold. Madame Jaubert knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, which was presently opened by a woman. "Is Mr. Brown still within?" Madame Jaubert asked in a low voice.

"Yes; what do you want with him?"
"I have brought a gentleman who will most likely be a purchaser of some of the goods he has to dispose of."

"Walk in then, if you please," was the answer. We did so; and found ourselves, as the door closed, in pitch darkness. "This way," said the woman, "you shall have a light in half a minute."

"Let me guide you," said Madame Jaubert, as I groped onwards by the wall, and

at the same time seizing my right hand. Instantly as she did so, I heard a rustle just behind me—two quick and violent blows descended on the back of my head, there was a flash before my eyes, a suppressed shout of exultation rang in my ears, and I fell insensible to the ground.

It was some time, on partially recovering my senses, before I could realize either what had occurred, or the situation in which I found myself. Gradually, however, the incidents attending the artfully-prepared treachery of Madame Jaubert grew into distinctness, and I pretty well understood my present position. I was lying at the bottom of a cart, blindfold, gagged, handcuffed, and covered over by what, from their smell, seemed to be empty corn-sacks. The vehicle was moving at a pretty rapid rate, and judging from the roar and tumult without, through one of the busiest thoroughfares of London. It was Saturday evening; and I thought, from the character of the noises, and the tone of a clock just chiming ten, that we were in Tottenham Court Road. I endeavored to rise, but found, as I might have expected, that it was impossible to do so; my captors having secured me to the floor of the cart by strong cords. There was nothing for it, therefore, but patience and resignation; words easily pronounced, but difficult, under such circumstances, to realize in practice. My thoughts, doubtless in consequence of the blows I had received, soon became hurried and incoherent. A tumultuous throng of images swept confusedly past, of which the most constant and frequent were the faces of my wife and youngest child, whom I had kissed in his sleep just previous to leaving home. Madame Jaubert and James Martin were also there; and ever and anon the menacing countenances of Levasseur stooped over me with a hideous expression, and I felt as if clutched in the fiery grasp of a demon. I have no doubt that the voice which sounded in my ear at the moment I was felled to the ground must have suggested the idea of the Swiss—faintly and imperfectly as I caught it. This tumult of brain only gradually subsided as the discordant uproar of the streets—which no doubt added to the excitement I was suffering under by suggesting the exasperating nearness of abundant help which could not be appealed to—died gradually away into a silence only broken by the rumble of the cart-wheels; and the subdued talk of the driver and his companions, of whom there appeared to be two or three. At length the cart stopped, and I heard a door unlock and thrown open, and a few moments afterwards I was dragged from under the corn-sacks, carried up three flights of stairs, and dropped brutally upon the floor till a light could be procured. Directly one was brought, I was raised to my feet, placed upright against a wooden partition, and staples having been driven into the paneling, securely fastened in that position, with cords passed through them, and round my arms. This effected, an authoritative voice—the now distinct recognition of which thrilled me with dismay—ordered that I should be unblinded. It was done; and when my eyes became somewhat accustomed to the suddenly-dazzling light and glare, I saw Levasseur and the clerk Dubarle standing directly in front of me, their faces kindled into flame by fiendish triumph and delight. The report that they had been drowned was then a mistake, and they had incurred the peril of returning to this country for the purpose of avenging themselves upon me; and how could it be doubted that an opportunity, achieved at such fearful risk, would be effectually, remorselessly used?—A pang of mortal terror shot through me, and then I strove to awaken in my heart a stern endurance, and resolute contempt of death, with, I may now confess, very indifferent success. The woman Jaubert, was I also saw, present; and a man whom I afterwards ascertained to be Martin, was standing near the doorway, with his back towards me. These two, at a brief intimation from Levasseur, went down stairs; and then the fierce exultation of the escaped convicts—of Levasseur especially—broke forth with wolfish rage and ferocity. "Ha—ha—ha!" shouted the Swiss, at the same time striking me over the face with his open hand, "you find, then, that others can plot as well as you can—dog, traitor, scoundrel that you are! 'Au revoir—adieu!' is it eh? Well, here we are, and I wish you joy of the meeting. Ha—ha! How dismal the rascal looks, Dubarle!" (Again the coward struck me)—He is hardly grateful to me, it seems, for having kept my word. I always do, my fine fellow!" he added, with a savage chuckle; "and never neglect to pay my debts of honor. Yours, especially," he continued, drawing a pistol from his pocket, "shall be prompt payment, and with interest too, scoundrel!" He held the muzzle of the pistol to within a yard of my forehead, and placed his finger on the trigger. I instinctively closed my eyes and tasted in that moment the full

bitterness of death; but my hour was not yet come. Instead of the flash and report which would herald me into eternity, a taunting laugh from Levasseur at the terror he excited rang through the room.

"Come—come," said Dubarle, over whose face a gleam of commiseration, almost of repentance had once or twice passed; "you will alarm that fellow down stairs with your noise. We must, you know, wait till he is gone, and he appears to be in no hurry. In the meantime let us have a game of piquet for the first shot at the traitor's carcass."

"Excellent—capital!" shouted Levasseur with savage glee. "A game of piquet—the stake your life, Waters! A glorious game, and mind you see fair play. In the meantime here's your health, and better luck next time if you should live to see it." He swallowed a draught of wine which Dubarle, after helping himself, had poured out for him; and then approaching me, with the silver cup he had drained in his hand, said, "Look at the crest! Do you recognize it—fool, idiot that you are?"

I did so readily enough; it was a portion of the plunder carried off from Portman Square.

"Come," again interposed Dubarle, "let us have our game."

The play began, and—But I will dwell no longer on this terrible passage in my police experience. Frequently even now the incidents of that night revisit me in dreams, and I awake with a cry of terror. In addition to the mental torture I endured, I was suffering under an agonizing thirst, caused by the fever of my blood, and the pressure of the absorbing gag, which still remained in my mouth. It was wonderful I did not lose my senses. At last the game was over; the Swiss won, and sprang to his feet with the roar of a wild beast.

At this moment Madame Jaubert entered the apartment somewhat hastily. "This man below," she said, "is getting insolent. He has taken it into his stupid head that you mean to kill your prisoner, and he won't, he says, be involved in a murder, which would be sure to be found out. I told him he was talking absurdly; but he is still not satisfied, so you had better go down and speak to him yourself."

I afterwards found, if may be as well to mention here, that Madame Jaubert and Martin had been induced to assist in entrapping me, in order that I might be out of the way when a friend of Levasseur's, who had been committed to Newgate on a serious charge, came to be tried, I being the chief witness against him; and they were both assured that I had nothing more serious to apprehend than a few days' detention.

In addition to a considerable money present, Levasseur had, moreover, promised Madame Jaubert to pay her expenses to Paris, and assist in placing her in business there.

Levasseur muttered a savage imprecation on hearing the woman's message, and then said, "Come with me, Dubarle; if we cannot convince the fellow, we can at least silence him! Marie Duquesne, you will remain here."

As soon as they were gone the woman eyed me with a compassionate expression, and approaching close to me, said in a low voice, "Do not be alarmed at their tricks and menaces. After Thursday you will be sure to be released."

I shook my head, and as distinctly as I could made a gesture with my fettered arms towards the table on which the wine was standing. She understood me.

"It," said she, "you will promise not to call out, I will relieve you of the gag."

I eagerly nodded compliance. The gag was removed, and she held a cup of wine to my fevered lips. It was a draught from the waters of paradise, and hope, energy, life were renewed within me as I drank.

"You are deceived," I said in a guarded voice, the instant my burning thirst was satisfied. "They intended to murder me, and you will be involved as an accomplice."

"Nonsense," she replied. "They have been frightening you; that's all."

"I again repeated you are deceived. Release me from these fetters and cords, give me but a chance of at least selling my life as dearly as I can, and the money you told me you stood in need of shall be yours."

"Hark!" she exclaimed, "they are coming."

"Bring down a couple of bottles of wine," said Levasseur from the bottom of the stairs. Madame Jaubert obeyed the order and in a few minutes returned.

I renewed my supplications to be released, and was of course extremely liberal of promises.

"It is vain talking," said the woman. "I do not believe they will harm you; but even if it were as you say, it is too late now to retrace my steps. You cannot escape. That fool below is already three parts intoxicated; they are both armed, and would hesitate at nothing, if they but suspected treachery."

It was vain to urge her. "She grow sullen and menacing, and was insisting that the gag should be replaced in my mouth, when a thought struck me."

"Levasseur called you Marie Duquesne just now; but surely your name is Jaubert, is it not?"

"Do not trouble yourself about my name," she replied; "that is my affair, not yours."

"Because if you are the Marie Duquesne who once kept a shop in Cranbourne Alley, and lost a child called Marie-Louise, I could tell you something."

A wild light broke from her dark eyes, and a suppressed scream from her lips. "I am that Marie Duquesne!" she said in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Then I have to inform you that the child so long supposed to be lost I discovered nearly three weeks ago."

The woman fairly leapt towards me, clasped me fiercely by the arms, and peering in my face with eyes on fire with insane excitement, hissed out, "You lie—you lie, you dog! You are striving to deceive me! She is in heaven; the angels told me so long since."

I do not know, by the way, whether the falsehood I was endeavoring to palm off upon the woman was strictly justifiable or not; but I am fain to believe that there are few moralists that would not, under the circumstances, have acted pretty much as I did.

"If your child was lost when going on an errand to Coventry Street, and her name is Marie-Louise Duquesne, I tell you she is found. How should I otherwise have become acquainted with these particulars?"

"True—true," she muttered; "how else should he know? Where is she?" added the woman in tones of agonized entreaty, as she sank down and clasped my knees. "Tell me—tell me, as you hope for life and mercy, where I may find my child?"

"Release me, give me a chance of escape, and to-morrow your child shall be in your arms. Refuse, and the secret dies with me."

She sprang quickly to her feet, unclasped the handcuffs, snatched a knife from the table, and cut the cords which bound me with eager haste. "Another draught of wine," she said, still in the same hurried, almost insane manner. "You have work to do, now whilst I secure the door, do you rub and chafe your stiffened joints." The door was soon fastened, and then she assisted me in restoring the circulation to my almost partially benumbed limbs. This was at last accomplished, and Marie Duquesne drew me towards a window, which she softly opened.

"It is useless," she whispered to attempt a struggle with the men below. You must descend by this," and she placed her hand upon a lead water-pipe, which reached from the roof to within a few feet of the ground.

"And you," I said, "how are you to escape?"

"I will tell you. Do you hasten on towards Hampstead, from which we are distant in a northerly direction about a mile. There is a house at about half the distance. Procure help, and return as quickly as possible. The door-fastenings will resist some time, even should your flight be discovered. You will not fail me."

"Be assured I will not." The descent was a difficult and somewhat perilous one, but it was safely accomplished, and I set off at the top of my speed towards Hampstead.

I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when the distant sound of a horse's feet, coming at a slow trot towards me, caught my ear. I paused to make sure I was not deceived, and as I did so, a wild scream from the direction I had left, followed by another and another, broke upon the stillness of the night. The soundreels had no doubt discovered my escape, and were about to wreak their vengeance upon the unfortunate creature in their power. The trot of the horse which I had heard was, simultaneously with the breaking out of those wild outcries, increased to a rapid gallop. "Hallo!" exclaimed the horseman as he came swiftly up. "Do you know where these scoundrels come from?" It was the horse-patrol who thus providently came up! I briefly stated that the life of a woman was at the mercy of two escaped convicts.

"Then for God's sake jump up behind me!" exclaimed the patrol. "We shall be there in a couple of minutes." I did so: the horse—a powerful animal, and not entirely unused to carry double—started off, as if it comprehended the necessity for speed, and in a very brief space of time we were at the door of the house from which I had so lately escaped. Marie Duquesne, with her body half out of the window, was still wildly screaming as we rushed into the room below. There was no one there, and we swiftly ascended the stairs, at the top of which we heard Levasseur and Dubarle thundering at the door, which they had unexpectedly found fastened, and hurling a storm of imprecations at the woman within, the noise of which enabled us to approach them pretty

nearly before heard or perceived. Martin saw us first, and his sudden exclamation alarmed the others. Dubarle and Martin made a desperate rush to pass us, by which I was momentarily thrown on one side against the wall; and very fortunately, as the bullet levelled at me from a pistol Levasseur held in his hand would probably have finished me. Martin escaped, which I was not very sorry for; but the patrol pinned Dubarle safely, and I gripped Levasseur with a strength and ferocity against which he was powerless as an infant. Our victory was complete; and two hours afterwards, the recaptured convicts were safely lodged in a station-house.

I caused Madame Duquesne to be as gently undressed the next morning as possible, with respect to her child; but the reaction and disappointment proved too much for her wavering intellect. She relapsed into positive insanity, and was placed in Bedlam, where she remained two years. At the end of that period she was pronounced convalescent. A sufficient sum of money was raised by myself and others, not only to send her to Paris but to enable her to set up as a milliner in a small but respectable way.

As lately as last May, when I saw her there, she was in health both of mind and body, and doing comfortably.

With the concurrence of the police authorities, very little was said publicly respecting my entrapment. It might perhaps have excited a monomania amongst liberated convicts—colored and exaggerated as every incident would have been for the amusement of the public—to attempt similar exploits. I was also anxious to conceal the peril I had encountered from my wife; and it was not till I had left the police force that she was informed of it. Levasseur and Dubarle were convicted of returning from transportation before the term for which they had been sentenced had expired, and were this time sent across the seas for life. The reporters of the morning papers, or rather the reporter for the "Times," "Herald," "Chronicle," "Post," and "Advertiser," gave precisely the same account, even to the misspelling of Levasseur's name, dismissing the brief trial in the following paragraph, under the head of "Old Bailey Sessions."—"Alphonse Dubarle (24), and Sebastian Levasseur (49), were identified as unlawfully-returned convicts, and sentenced to transportation for life. The prisoners it was understood, were connected with the late plate robbery in Portman Square; but as a conviction could not have increased their punishment, the indictment was not pressed."

Levasseur, I had almost forgotten to state, admitted that it was he who wounded me in Ryder's Court, Leicester Square.

—The distinguished Commodore Nutt has been astonishing the Dubuque people by his skill at skating. He was surrounded by a crowd, but didn't take advantage of his size to insult anybody.

Beware of idleness; the listless idleness that lounges and reads without the severity of study; the active idleness forever busy about matters neither very difficult nor very valuable.

Mr. Bannister, passing by a house which had been almost consumed by fire, inquired whose it was. Being told it was a hatter's, "Ah," said he, "then the loss will be felt."

An Irish paper, describing a late duel says, "That one of the combatants was at through the fleshy part of the thigh bone."

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

GAINING STRENGTH.—We believe we have "got hold" of an original anecdote that was never printed before. A student in one of our State colleges was charged by the Faculty with having had a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said:

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"
"Why, the fact is, Sir, my physician advised me to try a little ale each day, as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where this beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed! And have you derived any benefit from it?"

"Ah! yes, Sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two weeks since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

"Gentlemen," said a tavern-keeper to his guests at midnight, "I don't know whether you have talked enough or not; but as few myself I am going to shut up."