

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

IN VARIIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[12. 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE

No 30.]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1861.

Vol 28

Anecdotes of Circumstantial Evidence.

It is now thirty years ago, that, accidentally passing the Pack Horse, Turnham Green, my attention was attracted by a mob of persons of the lowest order, who were very loud in their execration against some person who was suspected of having murdered his brother; in corroboration of which, I was told that his bones were found near the premises where he formerly resided, upon view of which a jury was then sitting, after an adjournment from the day preceding. I found that two surgeons had been subpoenaed to inspect the remains, and I had no doubt that every information as to their character had been obtained; curiosity, therefore, induced me to make my way into a room, where I found that the coroner, and I believe a double jury, were sitting for the second day, and were engaged in an investigation which tended to show that a farmer and market-gardener at Sutton Court farm had, a few years before, a brother living with him, who was engaged in the farm, but whose conduct was dissolute and irregular, to a degree that often provoked the anger of the elder brother, and sometimes heget strife and violence between them; that the temper of the elder brother was as little under control, as the conduct of the younger; and, in fine, that they lived very uncomfortably together.

One winter's night, when the ground was covered with snow the younger brother absconded from the house (for they both lived together), by letting himself down from his chamber window; and when he was missed the ensuing morning, his footsteps were clearly tracked in the snow to a considerable distance, nor were there any foot-prints but his own: time passed on, and after a lapse of some few years no tidings were heard of his retreat, nor perhaps have there ever been since. Some alteration in the grounds surrounding the house by a subsequent tenant (for the elder brother had then left the farm) a skeleton was dug up, and the circumstance appeared so conclusive that a brother had murdered the other, that popular clamour was raised to the utmost, and a jury empanelled to investigate the case.

After listening attentively to the details, I ventured to request of the coroner to be allowed to examine the bones, which I found were contained in a hamper basket at the end of the room, and I felt myself flattered by his immediate compliance; for he desired the parish beadle, who was in attendance, to place them upon the table; and myself disposed them in their natural order, I found that they represented a person of short stature, and from the obliteration of the sutures of the skull, and the worn down state of the teeth, must have belonged to an aged person. But what was my surprise when I reconstructed the bones of the skeleton, and found the lower bones to be those of a female! I immediately communicated the fact to the jury, and requested that the two medical men who had before given their opinions, might be sent for; one of whom attended, and without a moments hesitation corroborated my report.

I need not add, that the proceedings were instantly at an end, and an innocent man received the *amende honorable*, in the shape of an apology, from all present in which the coroner joined. It has since been proved, beyond all doubt, that the spot where the bones were found, was formerly the site of a large gravel pit, in which herds of gipsies not only assembled, but occasionally buried their dead, and perhaps some skeletons are yet to be found in that vicinity.

At the distance of thirty years, the narrator of the occurrence may well look back upon it with pleasure, and congratulate himself upon having been "the happy instrument in the hands of Providence of rescuing a worthy and innocent man from the obloquy and perhaps the fate of a murderer."

Not so fortunate in its issue was the case which was subject to this, and which occurred in England previously to the reign of Charles II. The narrative is given in one of the early volumes of the "Gentleman's Magazine."

A gentleman died possessed of a very considerable fortune, which he left to his only child, a daughter, appointing his brother to be her guardian and executor of his will. The young lady was then about eighteen; and if she happened to die unmarried, or if married, without children, her fortune was left to her guardian and to his heirs. As the interest of the uncle was now incompatible with the life of the niece, several other relations hinted that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any occasion of slander against the uncle, in case of the young lady's death; whether they had any apprehensions of her being in danger; or whether they were only discontented with the father's disposition of his fortune, and therefore propagated rumors to the prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the uncle, however, took his niece to his house in Ep-

ping forest, and soon afterwards she disappeared.

Great inquiry was made after her, and it appearing on the day she was missing she went out with her uncle, into the forest and that he returned without her, he was taken into custody. A few days afterwards he went through a long examination, in which he acknowledged that he went out with her, and pretended that she found means to follow him, as they were returning home; that he sought her in the forest as soon as he missed her, and that he knew not where she was or what had become of her. This account was thought improbable, and his apparent interest in the death of his ward, and perhaps the petulant zeal of other relations concurred to raise and strengthen suspicions against him, and he was detained in custody. Some new circumstances were every day rising against him. It was found that the young lady had been addressed by a neighbouring gentleman, who had, a few days before she was missing, set out on a journey to the north, and that she had declared she would marry him when he returned; that her uncle had frequently expressed his disapprobation of the match in very strong terms; that she had often wept and reproached him with unkindness and an abuse of his power. A woman was also produced who swore that on the day the lady was missing, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, she was coming through the forest, and heard a woman's voice expostulating with great eagerness; upon which she drew nearer the place, and before she saw any person, heard the same cry, "Don't kill me uncle; don't kill me!" upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the report of a fire-arm very near, she made all haste she could from the spot, but could not rest in her mind till she had told what had happened.

Such was the general impatience to punish a man who had murdered his niece to inherit her fortune, that upon this evidence he was condemned and executed.

About ten days after his execution, the young lady came home. It appeared however, that what all the witnesses had sworn was true, and the fact was found to be thus circumstanced:—

The young lady declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the gentleman that courted her, he had given out that he was going a journey to the north, but that he waited concealed at a little house near the skirts of the forest till the time appointed, which was the day she disappeared. That he had horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two servants also on horseback. As she was walking with her uncle he reproached her with persisting in her resolution to marry a man of whom he disapproved; and after much altercation she said with some heat, "I have set my heart upon it; if I do not marry him, it will be my death and don't kill me uncle; don't kill me, uncle!" that just as she had pronounced these words, she heard a fire-arm discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately afterwards saw a man come forward from among the trees with a wood-pigeon in his hand, that he had just shot. That coming near the place appointed for their rendezvous, she formed a pretence to let her uncle go on before her, and her suitor being waiting for her with a horse, she mounted and immediately rode off. That instead of going into the north, they retired to a house in which he had taken lodgings, near Windsor where they were married the same day, and in about week went a journey of pleasure to France, from whence, when they returned, they first heard of the misfortune which they had inadvertently brought upon her uncle.

So uncertain is human testimony, even when the witnesses are sincere, and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate inquiry and determination, with respect to crimes that are enormous in the highest degree, and committed with every possible aggravation!

A young Bostonian of the first water made his first appearance in polite society in Arkansas at a ball. He saw a most attractive young lady sitting by a window for some time without a partner. After much modest hesitation, and some anticipations of a possible refusal, he ventured to say to her, in best style, "Will you do me the honor to grace me with your hand for the next set?" The lady jumped up in a state of delight and made a reply which must have staggered the young exquisite: "Yes, sir, I'll be with you, and set and set, till I've about tuk root!"

SELDOM FOUND.—When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statement by his facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance, not laid down in Blair or Campbell.

POETRY.

Is it Any Body's Business?

Is it anybody's business if a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady if the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer that the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business if a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business when that gentleman does call?
Or when he leaves the lady? or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary that the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble the outside lookers-on?

Is it anybody's business but the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies, and doesn't let her know?

Is it anybody's business but the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort, where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person's on the sidewalk, whether great or small,
Is it anybody's business where that person means to call?

Or if you see a person, as he's calling any where,
Is it any of your business what his business may be there?

The substance of our query, simply stated, would be this:

Is it anybody's business what another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't, we would really like to know,
For we're certain, if it isn't there, are some who make it so.

If 'tis, we'll join the rabble, and act the noble part
Of tattlers and defamers who throng the public mart;

But if not, we'll set the teacher, until everybody learns
It were better in the future to mind his own concerns.

FOR THE SAVIOUR'S SAKE.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Not very long ago, a valued friend requested me to visit a young woman, lodging in an alley in Holborn, who was dying of the most painful of all diseases.

The small room was delicately clean and neat; and on the table stood a jar adorned with a few country flowers—the offering of an early friend. By the bedside stood a pale young woman, with a gentle and sympathetic countenance, smoothing the sufferer's pillow. It was scarcely whiter than her face; the mouth and chin of which were covered by a cambric handkerchief, to veil the ravages which her terrible disease had made.

After a few enquiries of the nurse, I spoke a little to the sufferer; and then, remembering that it must seem easy for one in comparative health to speak to her of the goodness of God, but how much harder it must be for one to believe it—lying there, hour after hour, in anguish, which suffered her scarcely to sleep by night or by day increasing during the thirteen months past, and leaving no hope of alleviation in the future but by death.—I thought it best to tell her all that was passing in my mind. And then, I added, "If you can believe that the blessed Saviour, who when he was on earth healed all manner of disease with a touch of a word, and who has the same healing power now, yet withholds it from you—does so from some infinitely wise and loving reason; it would do me good to know it. If he so, will you just lift your finger in assent?"

She raised her pale transparent hand, and waved it over her head, with an expression in her sunken eyes which almost glorified her face.

I could not help saying to her, when I could command my voice enough to speak, "I believe that one wave of your hand gives more honor to your Saviour, in sight of all the angels of heaven than whole years of any little services which He might permit me to render him, in comparative health and ease; because your faith is so much severely tried." It seemed a new and delightful thought to her, that patience having its perfect work, would glorify her Saviour. She had just meekly borne, because it was His will. The tears gathered in her eyes, and she made a sign for her slate, and wrote upon it, "This made me so happy. How wonderful and how kind if he will make glory for himself out of such a poor creature as me." Soon after, she added, "He has taught me to say of Him, My beloved is mine, and I am His. He has forgiven all my sins. He loves me freely. He fills me with peace and joy in believing."

When her companion came down stairs, I asked her if she tried to go out for a little fresh air sometimes, and had any one to re-

lieve her occasionally of the nursing by night.

She said, "I take a turn in the alley to get a little fresh air now and then; but I should not like to leave her for many minutes, nor sleeping much, while she is suffering."

"Is she your sister?" I inquired.

"No, ma'am, we are no relations; we were fellow servants together at a hotel in the West End. And once, when I was ill, she nursed me very kindly; so when this terrible illness came on her, I could not let her leave her place alone to go among strangers for she's an orphan, and so I left with her."

"And may I venture to ask how are you supported?"

"She had saved a good bit, which lasted some time, and now I have still some left of my own savings, whilst I was a housemaid."

"A housemaid! a QUEEN!" I thought to myself; and could have laid down my hand for her to walk over, and felt it honored.

That woman of royal heart sent me through London that day, feeling the whole world better because I had met with such an instance of disinterested, self-sacrificing love. One word revealed its inner secret. "We are good-as sisters," she said; we both know that one Saviour loves us, and we love Him, and want to love Him better."

It seems scarcely necessary to add, that when a few weeks later, the afflicted one entered into rest, in the full assurance of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, her faithful and devoted friend was not left friendless. Five houses were thrown open to receive her; but she preferred returning to her original situation, where she had been treated with uniform kindness and consideration.—[Midnight Chimes.

The Dignity of Labour.

I have faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should infuse into us only grateful sensations; that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength or skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race. Man owes his growth his energy, chiefly to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty which we call effort. Easy pleasant work does not make robust minds; does not give men such a consciousness of their powers; does not train to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will—that force without which all other acquisition avail nothing. Manual labour is a school, in which men are placed to get energy of purpose and character; a vastly more important endowment than all the learning of all other schools. They are placed, indeed, under hard masters, physical sufferings and wants, the powerful elements and the vicissitudes of all human things; but these stern teachers do a work which no compassionate indulgent friend could do for us: and true wisdom will bless Providence for their sharp ministry.

I have great faith in hard work. The material world does much for the mind by its beauty and order; but it does more for our minds by the pains it inflicts—by its obstinate resistance, which nothing but patient toil can overcome—by its vast forces, which nothing but unremitting skill and effort can turn to our use—by its perils which demand continual vigilance—and by its tendencies to decay. I believe that difficulties are more important to the human mind than what we call assistances. Work we all must, if we mean to bring out and perfect our nature. Even if we do not work with the hands, we must undergo equivalent toil in some other direction. No business or study which does not present obstacles tasking to the full the intellect and the will, is worthy of a man. In science, he who does not grapple with hard questions—who does not concentrate his whole intellect in vigorous attention—who does not aim to penetrate what at first repels him, will never attain to mental force. The uses of toil reach beyond the present world. The capacity of steady, earnest labour is I apprehend, one of our great preparations for another state of being. When I see the vast amount of toil required of men, I feel that it must have important connexions with their future existence; and that he who has met this discipline manfully, has laid one essential foundation of improvement of exertion, and happiness in the world to come. You will here see, that to me labour has real dignity. It is not merely the grand instrument by which the earth is overspread with fruitfulness and beauty, and the ocean, absurd, and matter wrought into innumerable forms for comfort and ornament; it has a far higher function, which is, to give force to the will, efficiency, courage, the capacity

of endurance, and of persevering devotion to far-reaching plans. Alas for the man who has not learned to work! He depends on others, with no capacity of making return for the support they give; and let him not fancy that he has a monopoly of enjoyment. Ease, first, owes its deliciousness to toil; and no toil is so burdensome as the rest of him who has nothing to quicken his powers.—Channing's "Lectures on the Elevation of the Working Classes."

TALKING CANARIES.—Several accounts of talking canaries have come before the public, but none of them very reliable until Mr. S. L. Sothby addressed the following communication to Mr. Gray, Vice President of the Zoological Society. Touching that marvellous little specimen of the feathered tribe, the talking canary, of which I had the pleasure a few days since of telling you, I now send you all the information I can obtain respecting it from the lady by whom it was brought up and educated at this our homestead. Its parents had previously and successfully reared many young ones; but three years ago they hatched only one out of four eggs, which they immediately neglected, by committing the rearing of a nest upon the top of it. Upon this discovery, the unfledged and forsaken bird, was taken away and placed in a nest by the fire, when after much attention it was restored and then brought up by hand. Thus treated, away from all other birds, it became familiarised with those only who fed it; consequently, its first singing notes were of a character totally different to those usual with the canary. Constantly being talked to, the bird, when about three months old, astonished its mistress by repeating the endearing terms used in talking to it, such as "Kissie, kissie," with its significant sounds. This went on, and from time to time the little bird repeated other words; and now, for hours together, except during the moulting season, astonished us by ringing the changes, according to its own fancy, and as plain as any human voice can articulate them, on the several words—"Dear sweet Titchie" (its name), "Kiss Minnie," "Kiss me then, dear Minnie," "Sweet, pretty little Titchie gee, gee, gee, Titchie, Titchie." The usual singing notes of the bird are more of the character of the nightingale, mingled occasionally with the dog-whistle used about the house. It sometimes whistles, very clearly, the first bar of "God save the Queen." It is hardly necessary to add that the bird is, of course, by nature remarkably tame; so much so that, during its season, it will perch down from its cage on my finger, shouting and talking in the most excited state. Our friend Mr. B. Waterhouse Hawkins, who has heard the bird, tells me that about twenty years ago a canary that spoke a few words was exhibited in Regent street, the only other instance, I believe, publicly known.—[Routledge's Natural History.

STABILITY OF THINGS IN ENGLAND.—In one of his lectures, Mr. Emerson tells a story to exemplify the stability of things in England. He says that William Wykeham, about 1060, endowed a house in the neighborhood of Winchester, to provide a measure of beer and a sufficiency of bread to every one who asked it, forever; and when Mr. Emerson was in England, he was curious to test that good man's credit; and he knocked at the door, preferred his request, and received his measure of beer and quantum of bread, though its owner had been dead 800 years.

A RAILROAD WAGER.—Wagge went to the depot of one of our railroads the other evening and finding the best car full, said in a loud tone:—

"Why this car isn't going."

Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Wagge took the best seat.—The cars soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation the wag was questioned:

"You said this car wasn't going."

"Well it wasn't going then but it is now."

The "sold" laughed a little, but Wagge came near getting a good thrashing.

Saleratus dissolved in water, in the proportion of one pound to fifteen quarts of water, is said, by the Halifax Sun to be a remedy for preserving rose and fruit bushes from the ravages of insects.

Barnum lays it down as a rule in his work on "The Art of Making Money," that the "proper time to advertise judiciously is when others don't."

An officer in the British army has presented the Governor of India with a mechanical eagle, which, upon being wound up flap, its wings unceasingly for 24 hours.

"Those that have no wit look upon it as another as an enemy; those that have, as a rival."