

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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*Ex variis sumendum est optimum.*—Cic.

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## THE BACHELOR'S BUTTON;

How a Single Gentleman got into difficulty, and how he got out of it.

### CHAPTER I.

Some years ago, when I was a single man and dreaming (as some single men do) of double bliss yet destined to arrive, I went to a concert at the Music Hall of Boston. Music is, poetically and proverbially, "the food of love," and in my sentimental state I consumed a good deal of it; not that I had any object in view. Mine was abstract love; I cultivated it, I increased my stock, so that I might have a good stock of the tender passion on hand whenever I saw an eligible opportunity of investing it. Well, to return to the concert; it was crowded to excess, and the rush, on leaving, to reach cabs and carriages was very great. I wore on that memorable night a blue coat with brass buttons, and I flattered myself there were worse looking men in the room. I tell you candidly, I admired myself, and next to myself, the other party I was struck with was a fine girl, with dark eyes and black hair, who sat with some young friends a few forms distant. I hoped she noticed me and my blue coat and brass buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract her attention to both; and being as my friends would say, in rather a *spooning* state, worked myself in to a towering passion—*of love*. But how was I to come at the object of my admiration, for I was as diffident as devoted—"as shy as I was vain," as an over-cautious friend once said? "Hail Columbia," which concluded the concert, surprised me, as unprepared on the first glance to "improve the occasion," and the company were shuffling out, while I stood mutely gazing after the object of my love at first sight. She and her party dodged for a while by the inner door of the concert room, and were then drawn out into the refreshing current, and lost to sight.

I followed quickly after, lest I should lose forever all opportunity of identifying my idol; but, alas! the lights in the outer corridor were few and so far between, that no glimpse of my star could I get. I pushed and elbowed through the crowd, with a view of getting to the outer door before my fair one's party had emerged, and thus gaining once more a sight of my sweetening.

"Hang it!" I muttered impatiently, as I felt a tug at my coat skirt, and was instantly conscious of one of my hind buttons having hitched to some lady's dress; my progress was suddenly arrested—"How provoking!" thought I, as I was brought to a stand, for I could not push on without losing a button or tearing a dress; "how provoking the modern fashions; a lady now has as many loops and as many tentacles about her apparel as a sea anemone. It was with some irritation I stopped to undo the button, but my hurry made the task more difficult, and instead of undoing, I only bungled and more twisted the loop around the button.

"Please to let me try," said the lady herself as I bumbled over the business; she unglued her hand—it was a sweet white hand; so I looked at her face. Stars and garters! but it was the very fair one, black hair and dark eyes, I was in pursuit of. As she stooped over the entangled button, a slight flush came over her cheek. Oh, it was delicious. I hoped she never would undo the loop; and, indeed she never would for her fingers twitched nervously, and my heart was beating audibly; I tried to help her; our fingers met.

"Please to make way there," shouted a gruff voice behind. We were blocking up the passage; was there ever such an unlucky spot for so lucky an entanglement. "You hinder the people from going out, Annie," exclaimed one of her companions, with some asperity; "plague upon the tiresome loop, break it!" and suiting the action to the word, the speaker leaned forward, caught the sleeve of her beautiful friend's dress in one hand, and my coat tail in the other, and giving a quick and decided tug, severed us. The crowd behind bore on, and we were separated; not however before I gave my "star" a look which I intended to speak volumes. I thought she did not seem unconscious of my meaning—our eyes met. I know, and this was the only consolation left me, for immediately afterwards I lost her and her party from view in the darkness outside.

### CHAPTER II.

This night I hardly closed my eyes, thinking of my bright particular star, and what means I should use to find her out. I knew little of the town which was a large one, and to expect to know the name of my fair one, by a mere description, was hopeless, for there doubtless must be a great many with dark eyes and black hair within the "bills of mortality" there as elsewhere.

My love fit grew more and more violent during the day; but tired out by my search, I returned to the hotel, and took out my dress coat from my portmanteau to feed my

flame even with the contemplation of the inniginate business button that had detained the "black-eyed divinity" so long. It was no little delight I now discovered what did not before catch my eye—a fragment of the silk loop of her dress still adhered to the button, twisted round the shank. I pressed it to my lips; it was lilac in color—and stooped to gently disentangle it from the bit of brass as gently as though it were a tress of my loved one's hair, when something clinked in my skirt pocket. I supposed I had left some money there, for in my perturbation and excitement I omitted to search the coat on taking it off the night before. I thrust my hand into the pocket. Gracious me! What did I behold—what did I take out—a gold chain bracelet!

You could have brained me with my lady's fan. I saw at a glance how matters stood—in the excitement and flurry of undoing the loop from my button, the lady had undone the clasp of her own bracelet, which had not unnaturally fallen into the coat skirt with which she was engaged, and doubtless, on missing it, instead of regarding me in a romantic light, she put it down that I was of the swell mob, and had purposely entangled in her dress in order to rob her of her jewelry.

Here was an anti-heroic position to find one's self, when I wished to be considered the most devoted of knights, to be remembered only as the most expert of pick-pockets! Was ever an honest lover in such a plight, and to make it worse I could not see how I was to escape from such a dilemma. I must go down to the grave remembered only in that dear one's mind as the nefarious purloiner of her bracelet. To find her out was impossible; but a bright idea struck me as my eye lighted on a newspaper lying on the coffee-room table. I rang the bell and inquired of the waiter when the local paper was published. "To-morrow morning," he answered. I sat down and wrote an advertisement it was in the following words:

"If the lady, whose dress got entangled in a gentleman's coat button, in leaving the concert last Wednesday, will call at or send to the Tremont Hotel, she will hear something to her advantage."

There, I thought, as I gave the advertisement to the boy, and five shillings to pay for insertion in the Traveller, there, if it will not give me a clue to escape from a very unpleasant dilemma, and at the same time to know who my enchanter is, the fates must be very unpropitious.

My plans being thus so far adopted, I ordered dinner, and waited patiently or rather impatiently, the appearance of the newspaper next morning. It was brought up to my room from the press, and then I read, in all the glory of large type, my interesting announcement. But, my stars! with what an advertisement was it followed in the very same column. I only wonder that my hair did not stand on end, as I read as follows:

REWARD.—Lost, or stolen, on the night of the Concert, at the Hall, a Gold Chain Bracelet. It is thought to have been taken from the lady's arm by a pick-pocket of gentlemanly appearance, who wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and kept near the lady on her leaving the hall.

Any one giving information as will lead to the recovery of the bracelet, or the capture of the thief, (if it was stolen), will receive the above reward, on applying to No. 7, Cambridge Place.

### CHAPTER III.

Here was a pretty plight—to be advertised in the public papers as a pick-pocket, when my only crime was like Othello's, that of

"Loving, not wisely, but too well."

My determination, however, was quickly adopted. I went up stairs, put on the very identical delinquent blue coat, so accurately described, and taking the paper in my hand, proceeded to 7 Cambridge Place.

I knocked at the door, and asked the servant who answered, the name of the family. Having heard it, I said, "Is Miss Raymond in?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the servant woman: "Who shall I say wants her?"

"Tell her," I replied, "that the pick-pocket, with a gentlemanly address, and blue coat, with brass buttons, who stole her bracelet, is here and wishes to return it to her."

The woman stared at me as though I were mad, but on repeating my request to her, she went in and delivered my message.

Soon there came out, not my fair one, but a stalwart brother.

"That," I said, handing him the bracelet, "is Miss Raymond's property; and though, as you perceive, I wear a blue coat, with brass buttons, and am flattered to think my manners are not ungentlemanly, I am bound in candor to say I am not a pick-pocket."

"Then, sir, you shall have the reward," said the brother, taking out his purse.

"No," I replied, "for strange as it may appear, though I am no pick-pocket, I stole the lady's bracelet."

The man looked puzzled, but when I told the truth, and pointed to my advertisement in the paper, as a proof that I did not want to walk off with the property, he laughed heartily at the whole story, and not the least at his description of the gentlemanly pick-pocket.

"Well," he said, "you had better walk in and have tea with us, and my sister will be able to say whether she can speak to your identity, after which it will be time enough to canvass the propriety of sending for a constable."

You may be assured that I accepted the invitation. Need I go further with my story. The young lady (to use the words of the advertisement) captured the pick-pocket. The bachelor's button no longer adorns my blue coat, and I now have framed and glazed over the fire-place, the advertisement in which I have been publicly described by my wife, as "a pick-pocket with a gentlemanly address."

When I change her with the libel, she always does what she has just this moment done, pay damage for the slander in any amount of kisses, declaring though not a pick-pocket, I was a thief, and stole her heart and pocketed her bracelet.

So ends the story of "A Bachelor's Button."

## PARKHURST'S SAW MILL.

Hearing that one of Parkhurst's saw mills has been purchased for Australia, some few weeks ago, we had the curiosity when at Brunswick last week, to go down on to Shad Island, and examine it for ourselves. We cannot omit expressing our admiration of it. We witnessed it at work, and saw it cut timber, joist, plank, slats, laths, clapboards, and shingles, of any length and thickness, sash blind stuff, treenails, and in fact all kinds of dimension stuff, either square, beveling, or angling, that can be sawed with a circular saw.

Straight lumber used by carpenters, sash, blind and door-makers, mill-wrights, cabinet makers, and the manufacturers of cars, carriages, and agricultural implements, can be sawed with this machine from the round log, without removing any part of the machines, or making additions to it.

It can be built of any size, stand in a mill and be driven by water, or be put on trucks with a steam engine, and moved from place through the forest or elsewhere.

With this machine 5 and 6 inch clapboards are sawed from any kind of lumber that is seven inches in diameter, or larger, with a uniform thickness on the thin and thick edges, without regard to the width.

For persons wishing to operate to a limited extent only, it is the most useful machine we have ever seen.

This Mr. Parkhurst is quietly at work in building these mills, for which a demand has already sprung up throughout the country. It seems to us to be as great a fortune to the inventor as was Woodworth's planing machine.—[State of Maine.]

## Born to Good Luck.

The St. Louis Leader tells the following story:

"Not over a dozen years ago, a merchant of this city, well known and highly respected, failed in business, and after settling up his affairs, gave to his principal creditor a deed of trust on certain real estate, to secure the payment of \$12,000. At the time the property was barely valued at that, so the creditor put the deed in his safe, and there, so far as he was concerned, the matter ended. The merchant, broken down, disappointed, poor, but yet enterprising, went South, visited California, Mexico, and South America, speculated, made half a dozen fortunes, and lost them again. A few weeks since he returned to the city, sick, travel-worn, needy and disheartened. By chance he met his own lawyer, high in his profession and who is deservedly respected. After the first greeting, the lawyer remarked, 'I am glad to see you back, and as you seem to be in want of funds, the sale will be just in time.'"

The merchant looked hard at his friend, and finally said, 'Sale! what sale? I've got nothing to sell.'"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow, you are richer than you imagine. Don't you remember the deed of trust I drew up for you some twelve years ago?"

"I do, what of it?"

"Well, at that time the property would not have realized the sum, so it was let lie, but it is now in the market, and I expect to close a contract for its sale this week."

"You amaze me; what price do you expect to get?"

"I've asked \$86,000, and shall get it too. Your debt and interest will amount to 21,000 or thereabouts, so you will have \$65,000 to go upon."

The sensations of the party may be more easily imagined than described, as the penny-a-liners have it, but one thing is certain, Mr. A. went home a happier man than he had been for ten years at least.

Reader, what we have here related is simple fact, and more, the occurrence is not yet a week old.

NEW BRUNSWICK VESSELS.—We copy from the Circular of Messrs. Robert A. Munn & Co., Ship Brokers, Liverpool, the following statement of vessels sold since 13th Feb.

Jane Cochrane, 223 tons, built at Moncton in 1856, sold for £1,005.

Falkland, 979 tons, built in New Brunswick in 1856, no price mentioned.

Andromache, 1194 tons, built at Richibucto in 1856, sold for £11,000.

Lady Milton, 902 tons, built at St. Andrews in 1856, no price mentioned.

AN INGENUOUS CAT.—A certain family in Kingston own a very ingenious cat. The feline gentleman is a pretty old stager, and has had the benefit of both years and experience to perfect him in his knowing tricks. Lifting latches and turning knobs of doors are amongst his commonest performances; but lately he has gone beyond this. On one of the late cold nights, when even cats got indignant at the weather, master "Bill" being out, a loud military rap, several times repeated, was heard at the heavy iron knocker. "Visitors of course!" thought the girls—"perhaps Soddgers!" The latter idea—the lateness of the night, and the peculiar character of the rap, made them somewhat backward in going to the door. The rap being continued, the door was at length opened, and master Pass was at length observed holding on with his fore paws to the projecting sill of a small window above the door, his hind feet against the rafter—an occasional kick being all that was necessary to produce a very passable single rap.—[Kingston Whig.]

## EXTRAORDINARY CANINE INSTINCT.

The most remarkable instance of instinct or sagacity in a dog, that we remember to have heard of, occurred in the town of Fairhaven a few days since; it was this. Two children between the ages of five and seven years, were playing in the middle of the street in Fairhaven, when an unloaded wagon, without a driver, drawn by a runaway horse, was seen approaching at a furious rate. A large dog, a cross of the Newfoundland and mastiff breeds, who was lying near, saw the approaching peril, and going to the rescue of the unconscious innocents, "took up by their clothes in his teeth, first one of the children and deposited the little thing out of danger on the sidewalk, and then returned and took the other, and also placed it safely on the walk." As the wagon was passing, the dog made a spring at the horse and tried to seize him by the nose, but failed to stop him. We have these curious facts from a gentleman whose veracity is unquestionable. Who shall say that the brute creation is devoid of rational intelligence after this?—[New Bedford Mercury.]

A MISER.—The late Moses Shepard of Baltimore, is thus spoken of by a correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post:

"The circumstances revealed by the death of this extraordinary man, are as extraordinary as any of the incidents of his life. His morbid parsimony not only adhered to him up to his latest breath, but is perpetuated by his will. He was worth over half a million of dollars, the bulk of which he dedicated to the establishment of an insane asylum, and left not a single cent to the poor old woman who kept house for him on starvation board and wages for many years. He left but a miserable pittance to his man servant, and only \$500 to his nephews, who were his nearest relatives, and poor. Only two or three weeks before his death he called his old housekeeper to his bedside to say that as milk had risen to eight cents a quart, they must take but a pint for the future. He left a number of poor relations, whom a small bequest would have comforted. He gave away considerable money, however, yet never under the impulse of personal feeling, but as he economized, according to a system. He has at times bestowed small sums towards the Colonization cause, which, for many years, has been the constant theme of his conversation. He seems, however, to have very recently lost confidence in the utility of that movement, for I understand that he has left the society nothing of consequence. Mr. LaFroche, the President of the society, was one of his most familiar friends. He never indulged himself with more than two glasses a day, and one of those consisted usually of brandy and milk. His letters, of which I have several, were written upon the coarsest and cheapest kind of

paper. The sheet was always cut off close under the signature, so that none of it should be wasted. I do not remember to have ever received a whole sheet from him since the first of our correspondence."

AWFUL CATASTROPHE BY FIRE.—A highly esteemed correspondent of Cornwallis, (Edward J. Ross, Esq.,) furnishes us with the subjoined particulars of the recent awful catastrophe, by conflagration, at that place:

On the morning of Thursday, the 6th inst. the house of Mr. Allan C. Barnaby, near the Steam Mill in Cornwallis, was totally consumed by fire and dreadful to relate four of his children perished in the flames. His family consisted of six children one of whom was providentially absent. The eldest, a girl in her fourteenth year, was sleeping with her mother, who was confined to her bed by illness, in a bed room on the first floor. Mr. Barnaby slept on the flight above, and the first intimation of danger he had was the screams of his wife. When he arose, the staircase was in flames, and he rushed down to the rescue of his wife, calling upon a servant man who slept in an adjoining room to open their bed room door and call the children; but he in the confusion of ideas naturally attendant upon such an awful moment, threw open a shutter in the gable and leaped a distance of twenty feet to the ground wounding himself severely. Mrs. Barnaby rushed to the staircase and succeeded in grasping two of her children, but alas! the raging element overpowered her,—she was forced to relinquish her grasp and fell senseless to the foot of the stairs, from whence she was rescued from the flames at the imminent peril of his life by her agonized husband, who had in the mean time by smashing in the bed room windows succeeded in rescuing his eldest daughter. The children lost are a daughter aged eight years, and three sons of the respective ages of ten years, two years, and three months. The whole family had a narrow escape from destruction, for the lateness of the hour—it being between two and four o'clock in the morning—prevented the possibility of aid being at hand. The survivors are dreadfully scorched.—Mrs. Barnaby's life being almost despaired of. It is not known how the fire originated.—[Herald Chronicle.]

AN EXCITING SCENE IN THE MISSOURI LEGISLATURE.—It must be "as much as one's life is worth" to sit in session during the deliberations of the Missouri legislative body. On the 24th ult. Mr. Albin, a member from Gentry, in a personal explanation, made some harsh strictures on Mr. Singleton, of Andrew, and what followed is described in the legislative report in the Missouri Inquirer:—

Here Mr. Singleton, of Andrew, rose from his seat and advanced to the side of his desk, towards the left centre aisle; when he had arrived at the front edge thereof, he, with his right hand, gripped for his ink bottle; a second clutch secured it. Drawing back, he threw it with much force towards said Mr. Albin. The bottle, scattering its contents all along on its route, struck the desk of Mr. A. in front of him, and bounced off, carrying with it a handkerchief just glancing over the face of Mr. Darnes, of Scott, whose seat is about in a line with the seat of Mr. Albin.

Upon this, and quicker than we can pen the act, Mr. Albin drew from his breast a seven inch Colt's revolver, which he pointed with unerring certainty, and which he held with a wonderful steadiness directly at Mr. S. Gentlemen surrounding either party rushed towards them, not, however, until Mr. Singleton had stooped down in the attempt, as it would appear, to raise a spittoon. Mr. Glover of St. Louis, who happened near, caught the arm of Mr. A., and at the same time with his left hand forced the pistol upwards to the ceiling.

By this time the Speaker collected himself and ordered the parties under arrest.—Mr. A. made some resistance by words, but on recommendation of his friends, he left the jail in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. S. was not for the present molested.

THE PRESS.—Mr. G. W. Day, the Printer of the Intelligencer, issues no less than seven papers per week from his office, and one monthly besides. These are the following:—The Religious Intelligencer (about 4700 copies) on Friday; the Christian Visitor (about 4100 copies) on Wednesday; the Catholic Presbyterian (about 1200 copies) on Thursday, formerly on Saturday; the Leader, morning edition, (about 3900 copies) on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; and a weekly edition on Friday; the Casket (about 6000 copies) monthly. The influence of these papers over the Province must be immense, and while they retain their existence, it will be pretty hard to go back to the old days of exclusiveness in Politics.