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## POETRY.

### THE YANKEE-A PARODY.

BY SAM BOUTH.

It was a famous boarding house,  
While stopping in New York,  
That I met a tallish person,  
With a mighty sight of talk.  
His hair of brownish yellow,  
Hung in many a tangled skein  
Round a face that was suggestive  
Of a hatchet, 'twas so keen.  
His coat was blue, with swallow-tail,  
And seemed too short by half,  
And his trousers came a little more  
Than half way down the calf.  
His clothes were rather worn, except  
His dickey, which was new,  
And of such immense proportions  
That his head seemed sinking through.  
He commenced a conversation,  
In a sort of nasal drawl,  
While he squinted out the "juice"  
'Twas on the carpet and the wall.  
He asked me several questions,  
All commencing with "I guess,"  
And he "reckoned" I was English,  
By the fashion of my dress.  
He said of the Great Eastern,  
That we'd made a mighty fuss,  
When, compared with some Yankee boats,  
She wasn't worth a cuss.  
Then, talking of "blowdown away,"  
(The place where he was born,)  
He said they "licked creation,"  
In the way of raising corn.  
Then we spoke of war in Europe,  
Of the battles on the Po,  
But he said that it was nothing  
To the war in Mexico.  
That Napoleon was mighty cute,  
He did not doubt a bit,  
And Garibaldi was a Yankee,  
By the way in which he "bit."  
When I left this tallish person,  
He was squinting over a chair,  
At a flower in the carpet,  
With his feet high in the air;  
And he looked the very picture  
Of a fellow gone to seed,  
As he queried, just at parting,  
If I'd any of the "weed."

### LEGAL METAMORPHOSES.

BY THOMAS WATERS.

[Continued from last week.]

Levasseur looked as triumphant as Lucifer, as he clasped me on the shoulder, and said in a low exulting voice, "I saw that pretty trick, Williams, and can, if I like, transport you!"  
My consternation was naturally extreme, and Levasseur laughed immensely at the terror he excited. "Soyez tranquille," he said at last, at the same time ringing the bell: "I shall not hurt you." He ordered some wine, and after the waiter had fulfilled the order and left the room, said, "Those notes of Mr. Trelawney's will of course be stopped in the morning, but I think I once heard you say you knew of a market for such articles?"  
I hesitated, coyly unwilling further to commit myself. "Come, come," resumed Levasseur in a still low but menacing tone, "no nonsense. I have you now; you are in fact entirely in my power; but be candid and you are safe. Who is your friend?"  
"He is not in town now," I stammered.  
"Stuff—bumbag! I have myself some notes to change. There, now we understand each other. What does he give, and how does he dispose of them?"  
"He gives about a third generally, and gets rid of them abroad. They reach the Bank through bona fide and innocent holders, and in that case the Bank is, of course, bound to pay."  
"Is that the law also with respect to bills of exchange?"  
"Yes, to be sure it is."  
"And is amount of any consequence to your friend?"  
"None, I believe, whatever."  
"Well, then, you must introduce me to him."  
"No, that I can't," I hurriedly answered. "He won't deal with strangers."  
"You must, I tell you, or I will call an officer," I testified by this threat, I muttered that his name was Levi Samuel.  
"And where does Levi Samuel live?"  
"That," I replied, "I cannot tell; but I know how to communicate with him."  
Finally, it was settled by Levasseur that I should dine at Oak Cottage the next day, but one, and that I should arrange with Samuel to meet us there immediately afterwards. The notes and bills he had to dispose of,

was to inform Samuel, amounted to nearly twelve thousand pounds, and I was promised £500 for effecting the bargain.

"Five hundred pounds, remember, Williams," said Levasseur as we parted; "or, if you deceive me, transportation! You can prove nothing regarding me, whereas I could settle you off hand."

The superintendent and I had a long and rather anxious conference the next day. We agreed that, situate as Oak Cottage was, in an open space away from any other building, it would not be advisable that any officer except myself and the pretended Samuel should approach the place. We also agreed as to the probability of such clever rogues having so placed the notes or bills that they could be consumed or otherwise destroyed on the slightest alarm, and that the open arrest of Levasseur, and a search of Oak Cottage, would in all likelihood prove fruitless. In reply to a remark of the superintendent as to the somewhat dangerous game I was risking with powerful and desperate men, "even should Le Breton be there; and surely Jackson and I aided by the surprise and our pistols, will be too many for them." "Little more was said, the superintendent wished us luck, and I sought out and instructed Jackson.

I will confess that, on setting out the next day to keep my appointment, I felt considerable anxiety. Levasseur might have discovered my vocation, and set this trap for my destruction. Yet that was hardly possible. At all events, whatever the danger, it was necessary to face it; and having cleaned and loaded my pistols with unusual care, and bade my wife a more than usually earnest farewell, which, by the way, rather startled her, I set off, determined, as we used to say in Yorkshire, "to win the horse or lose the saddle."

I arrived in good time at Oak Cottage, and found my host in the highest possible spirits. Dinner was ready, he said, but it would be necessary to wait a few minutes for the two friends he expected.

"Two friends!" I exclaimed, really startled. "You told me last evening there was to be only one, a Monsieur le Breton."

"True," rejoined Levasseur carelessly; "but I had forgotten that another party, as much interested as ourselves would like to be present, and invite himself, if I did not. But there will be enough for us all, never fear," he added with a coarse laugh, "especially as Madame Levasseur does not dine with us."

At this moment a loud knock was heard. "Here they are!" exclaimed Levasseur, and hastened out to meet them. I peeped through the blind, and to my great alarm saw that Le Breton was accompanied by the clerk Dubarle! My first impulse was to seize my pistols and rush out of the house; but calmer thoughts soon succeeded, and the improbability that a plan had been laid to entrap me recurred forcibly. Still, should the clerk recognize me? The situation was undoubtedly a critical one; but I was in for it, and must therefore brave the matter out in the best way I could.

Presently a conversation, carried on in a loud, menacing tone in the next room between Levasseur and the new comers, arrested my attention, and I softly approached the door to listen. Le Breton, I soon found, was but half a villain, and was extremely anxious that the property should not be disposed of till at least another effort had been made at negotiation. The others, now that a market for the notes and securities had been obtained, were determined to avail themselves of it, and immediately leave the country. The almost agonized intreaties of Le Breton that they would not utterly ruin the house he had betrayed, were treated with scornful contempt, and he was at length silenced by their brutal menaces. Le Breton, I further learned, was a cousin of Madame Levasseur, whose husband had first pillaged him at play, and then suggested the crime which had been committed, as the sole means of concealing the defalcations of which he, Levasseur, had been the occasion and promoter.

After a brief delay, all three entered the dining-room, and a slight but significant start which the clerk Dubarle gave, as Levasseur, with mock ceremony, introduced me, made my heart, as folk say, leap into my mouth. His half-formed suspicions were soon, however, to be dissipated for the seemed by the humorous account Levasseur gave him of the robbery of Mr. Trelawney, and we sat down to a very handsome dinner.

A more uncomfortable one, albeit, I never tasted at. The furtive looks of Dubarle, who had been only partially reassured, grew more and more inquisitive and earnest. Fortunately Levasseur was in rollicking spirits and humor, and did not heed the uneasy glances of the young man; and as for Le Breton, he took little notice of anybody. At last this terrible dinner was over, and

the wine was pushed briskly round. I drank much more freely than usual, partly with a view to calm my nerves, and partly to avoid remark. It was nearly the time for the Jew's appearance, when Dubarle, after a scrutinizing and somewhat imperious look at my face, said abruptly, "I think, Monsieur Williams, I have seen you somewhere before?"

"Very likely," I replied with as much indifference as I could assume. "Many persons have seen me before—some of them once or twice too often."

"True!" exclaimed Levasseur with a shout. "Trelawney, for instance!"

"I should like to see, Monsieur, with his wig off!" said the clerk with increasing insolence.

"Nonsense, Dubarle; you are a fool," exclaimed Levasseur, "and I will not have my good friend Williams insulted."

Dubarle did not persist, but it was plain enough that some dim remembrance of my features continued to haunt and perplex him. At length, the relief was unspoken, a knock at the outer door announced Jackson, Levi Samuel, I mean. We all jumped up, and ran to the window. It was the Jew sure enough, and admirably he had dressed and now looked the part. Levasseur went out, and in a minute or two returned introducing him. Jackson could not suppress a start as he caught sight of the tall, mouse-tatched addition to the expected company; and although he turned it off very well, it drove the Jewish dialect in which he had been practising completely out of his thoughts and speech, as he said, "You have more company than my friend Williams led me to expect."

"A friend—one friend extra, Mr. Samuel," said Levasseur; "that is all. Come, sit down, and let me help you to a glass of wine. You are an English Jew I perceive?"

"Yes."

A silence of a minute or two succeeded, and then Levasseur said, "You are of course prepared for business?"

"Yes—that is, if you are reasonable."

"Reasonable! the most reasonable men in the world," rejoined Levasseur with a loud laugh. "But pray where is the gold you mean to pay us with?"

"If we agree, I will fetch it in half an hour. I do not carry bags of sovereigns about with me into all companies," replied Jackson with much readiness.

"Well, that's right enough; and now how much discount do you charge?"

"I will tell you when I see the securities," Levasseur rose without another word, and left the apartment. He was gone about ten minutes, and on his return, deliberately counted out the stolen Bank of England notes and bills of Exchange. Jackson got up from his chair, peered close to them, and began noting down the amounts in his pocket-book. I also rose and pretended to be looking at a picture by the fire-place.

The moment was a nervous one as the signal had been agreed upon, and could not now be changed or deferred. The clerk Dubarle also hastily rose, and eyed Jackson with flaming but indecisive looks. The examination of the securities was at length terminated, and Jackson began counting the Bank of England notes aloud—"One—two—three—four—five." As the signal word passed his lips, he threw himself upon Le Breton, who sat next to him; and at the same moment I passed one of my feet between Dubarle's, and with a dexterous twist hurled him violently on the floor; in an instant my grasp was on the throat of Levasseur. He and Le Breton were soon hand-cuffed and resistance was out of the question. Young Dubarle was next easily secured. Levasseur, the instant he recovered the use of his faculties, which the completeness and suddenness of the attack had paralyzed, yelled like a madman with rage and anger, and but for us, would, I verily believe, have dashed his brains out against the walls of the room. The other two were calmer, and having at last thoroughly pinioned and secured them, and cautiously gathered up the recovered plunder, we left Oak Cottage in triumph, letting ourselves out, for the woman servant had gone off, doubtless to acquaint her mistress with the disastrous turn affairs had taken. No inquiry was made after either of them.

An hour afterwards the prisoners were securely locked up, and I hurried to acquaint M. Bellebon with the fortunate issue of our enterprise. His exultation it will be readily believed, was unbounded; and I left him busy with letters to the firm, and doubtless one to "cette chère et aimable Louise," announcing the joyful news.

The prisoners, after a brief trial, which many readers of this narrative may remember, were convicted of felonious conspiracy, and were all sentenced to ten years transportation. Le Breton's sentence, the judge told him, would have been for life, but for the contrition he had exhibited shortly before his apprehension.

As Levasseur passed me on leaving the

dock, he exclaimed in French, and in a desperately savage tone, "I will repay you for this when I return, and that infernal Trelawney too." I am too much accustomed to threats of this kind to be in any way moved by them, and I therefore contented myself by smiling, and a civil "Au revoir—adieu!"

A STORY OF A STEAM ENGINE.—A most interesting search is about to take place that will draw all lovers of invention to the tombs of the Beaufort family. It seems that the first Earl of Worcester, of the day of Henry the Eighth invented an engine, the model of which has never, up to the present moment, been discovered. Through the deepest researches, Mr. Woodcroft, obtained undeniable proof that the Earl of Worcester desired in his will that this model should be interred with him and actually in his coffin. Therefore Mr. Woodcroft's next step was to obtain permission to have the coffin opened; but, before that could be done, the whereabouts had to be discovered, and no one knew anything about it. It was not till the other day that, coming across an old manuscript, he found an allusion made to the coffin of Somerset, first Earl of Worcester, and that it was buried in a vault which had fallen in, and, as the writer observed, was never likely to be beheld by mortal eyes again. This manuscript is upwards of 150 years old; therefore it may be imagined that to find the spot where the Earl is buried was difficult enough; but that however, has been accomplished, and Mr. Woodcroft having obtained the Duke of Beaufort's permission to open the coffin, is only waiting for the necessary permission of the Bishop to do so. The Duchess has signified her desire to be present—[Court Journal.]

### THE LITTLE QUAKERESS.

An amusing matrimonial story is told of the olden times in New England. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other, as young people do. The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker the young man was respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey openly. She met him by moonlight, when she pretended never to see him, and she pined and wasted away. She was really in love—a state of sighs and tears, which women oftener reach in imagination than reality. Still the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose on Mary's cheek passed off. She let no concealment like a worm in the bud, prey on that damask cheek, however, but when the father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower and loved his daughter dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a widow's pride would not have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not however, stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breathing out.

Mary, rather than mope to death, she had better marry as soon as thee chooses, and when thee pleases. And then what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or until the father had time to alter his mind again. Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat, plain bonnet on her head, and walked directly to the house of her intended, as the street would carry her. She walked into the house without knocking, for knocking was not then fashionable—and she found the family just sitting down to dinner.

Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected and so unusual an apparition as the heiress of the widow's cottage, but she headed it not. John looked up inquiringly. She walked directly up to him and took both his hand into hers.

John, said she, father says I may have thee.

And John got up directly from the dinner table, and went to the parson's. In just twenty-five minutes they were man and wife.

There is a Gaelic proverb.—If the best man's faults were written on his forehead; it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

The conduct of a good policeman is the best to be described in the couplet of Pope's—  
"They know the right, and they approve it too,  
Condemn the wrongs, and yet the wrong pursue."

Well R-bert, how much did your pig weigh? It didn't weigh as much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn't.

Speaking of shaving said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, I should think a pair of handsome eyes the best inferior to have by. Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them, the wretch replied.

### THE REVENGE.

(The Sequel to "Legal Metamorphoses.")

BY THOMAS WATERS.

Levasseur and his confederates sailed for the penal settlements in the ill-fated convict ship, the "Amphytrion," the total wreck of which on the coast of France, and consequent drowning of the crew and prisoners, excited so painful a sensation in England. A feeling of regret for the untimely fate of Le Breton, whom I regarded rather as a weak dupe than a purposed rascal, passed over my mind as I read the announcement in the newspapers; but never events had, almost forgot the incidents connected with his name from my remembrance, when a terrible adventure vividly recalled them, and taught me how fierce and untameable are the instincts of hate and revenge in a certain class of minds.

A robbery of plate had been committed in Portman Square with singularity and boldness, which left no doubt that it had been effected by clever and practiced hands. The detective officers first employed having failed to discover the offenders, the threads of the imperfect and broken clue were placed in my hands to see if my somewhat renowned dexterity, or luck, as many of my brother officers preferred calling it, would enable me to piece them out to a satisfactory conclusion. By the description obtained of a man who had been seen lurking about the house a few days previous to the burglary, it had been concluded by my predecessor in the investigation that one Martin, a fellow with half a dozen aliases, and a well-known traveler on the road to the hulks, was concerned in the affair; and by their advice a reward of fifty pounds had been offered for his apprehension and conviction. I prosecuted the inquiry with my usual energy and watchfulness, without righting upon any new fact or intimation of importance. I could not discover that a single article of the missing property had been either pawned or offered for sale, and little doubt remained that the crucible had fatally diminished all chances of detection. The only hope was that an increased reward might induce one of the gang to betray his confederates; and as the property was of large value, this was done, and one hundred guineas were promised for the required information.

It had been to the printer's to order the placards announcing the increased recompense; and after indulging in a long gossip with the foreman of the establishment whom I knew well, was passing at about a quarter past ten o'clock through Ryder's Court, Newport Market, where a tall man met and passed me swiftly, holding a handkerchief to his face. There was nothing remarkable in that as the weather was bitterly cold and sleety; and I walked unheedingly on. I was just in the act of passing out of the court towards Leicester Square when swift steps sounded suddenly behind me. I instinctively turned, and as I did so, received a violent blow on the left shoulder—intended, I doubted not, for the nape of my neck—from the tall individual who had passed me a minute previously. As he still held the handkerchief to his face, I did not catch even a momentary glance at his features, and he ran off with surprising speed. The blow, sudden, jarring and inflicted with a sharp instrument—a strong knife or dagger—caused a sensation of stinging; and before I recovered from it all chance of successful pursuit was at an end. The wound, which was not at all serious, I had dressed at a chemist's shop in the Haymarket; and as proclaiming the attack would do nothing towards detecting the perpetrator of it, I said little about it to any one, and managed to conceal it entirely from my wife, to whom it would have suggested a thousand painful apprehensions whenever I happened to be unexpectedly detained from home. The brief glimpse I had of the barked assassin afforded no reasonable indication of his identity. To be sure he ran at an amazing and unusual pace, but this was a qualification possessed by so many of the light-fingered gentry of my professional acquaintance, that it could not justify even a random suspicion; and I determined to forget the unpleasant incident as soon as possible.

The third evening after this occurrence I was again passing along Leicester Square at a somewhat late hour, but this time with all my eyes about me. Snow, which the wind blew sharply in one's face, was falling fast, and the cold was intense. Except myself, and a tallish, snow-weathed figure—a woman apparently—not a living being was to be seen. This figure, which was standing still at the further side of the square, appeared to be awaiting me, and as I neared it, threw back the hood of a cloak, and to my great surprise disclosed the features of Madame Dubarle. This lady, some years before, had carried on, not very far from the spot on which she now stood, a respectable millinery business. She was a widow, with one child, a daughter of about seven years.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)