

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

ET VARIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[12.6d. PER ANN. IN ADVAN.]

No 37.]

SAINT ANDREWS N. B. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1862.

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CATCHING A BURGLAR. A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

While employed in London, in my vocation of a police detective, the department to which I belonged received notices, from time to time, of very singular and extensive robberies having been perpetrated at the regular depots of different towns and villages within a few miles of the city, and though considerable efforts were made to ferret out the thieves, yet up to the time I am now speaking of no arrests had been made leading to any satisfactory results. As these robberies continued to increase in number without any clue being found to the thieves, the matter at length began to assume a serious importance, and I was directed to give it my whole attention, and use any means I might think proper to detect and bring the villains to justice.

Accordingly I visited the different depots where the robberies had taken place, and ascertained the important facts that in no case had a single lock, bolt, door, or shutter been broken, and that the missing goods invariably consisted of the most valuable articles and a uniform bulk, which was proof conclusive to my mind that these burglaries were either the work of one hand, or committed under one general direction. It might have been supposed that the robbers or robbers entered the premises with false keys, only for the further fact that in three instances, a clerk slept in each warehouse, and each was willing to make oath that every door and shutter was secured by inside bolts on that special night. Had one place only been robbed several times, I should have suspected some one connected with the establishment; but a close sifting of facts convinced me it was the work of some outside thief or thieves, whose ingenuity I was disposed to compliment at the expense of their honesty.

Well I set my wits to work, and gave the matter my most serious consideration for two weeks, without apparent success, being nearer the truth at the end of that time than I was before, but with the mortification of hearing that two more of the same kind of robberies had been perpetrated meanwhile. The last one had occurred at the village of S—, within 12 miles of London; and it was while puzzling my brains over this, and wondering if ever I should be so fortunate as to unravel the mystery, that a faint glimmer of light seemed to break in upon my darkness, giving me corresponding hope and joy. While standing at a railway station a few days before, I now remember to have seen a large, curiously shaped chest, directed to some person at S—, to be kept till called for; but why I should now have connected this with the subsequent robbery, can only be explained on the principle that the mind sometimes, after dwelling long and seriously upon a perplexing subject, will, by an inherent law, instinctively reach out and grasp an association that the ordinary course of reason might never arrive at. At all events, I did begin to connect that chest not only with the last burglary, but all which had preceded it; and a few careful enquiries which I now hastened to make, strengthened me in my suspicion of having gained the proper clue to the mystery.

Without making any one my confident, or giving any one a hint of my suspicions, I despatched private messages to all the depot masters, within a circuit of twenty miles requesting them to be on the watch for a chest of the description named, and when discovered, not to detain it; nor speak about it to a living soul, but telegraph me immediately.

Three days after this as I was sitting in the private room of a hotel where I had established my temporary headquarters, I received a dispatch to the effect that such a box as I have described was then on its way from the town of E— to C—, the destination of the suspicious chest, was only about five miles distant from where I was, and by setting off at once I might be the first to arrive at the depot. I lost no time in procuring a quick conveyance, and in exactly forty minutes from receiving the dispatch I was closeted with the stationmaster of C—, making private arrangements for the disposition of the object of my suspicion, which I expected by the next train, then nearly due.

I had scarcely got everything settled to my desire, when the train came puffing up to the platform, and lo and behold, to my great delight, the identical chest was landed among several boxes, bales and parcels. It bore the marks:

James Simpson, Esq., Railway Station C—. To be stored till called for.

Nothing tending to excite suspicion was visible on any of the men who had the handling of the goods, but the stationmaster privately directed them to place the chest in a

small room, where the most valuable articles were usually stored, and see that the apartment was carefully locked.

Meantime, it being then late in the day, I went to a neighboring hotel, got my supper, put my pistols in order, and prepared myself for watching through the night. Procuring a basket of provisions, a bottle of brandy, a dark lantern, and being previously supplied with handcuffs and some other necessary articles, I called on the stationmaster about dusk, and he and I repaired to the room where the chest was stored. As I had already let him into my secret, we understood each other perfectly, and our conversation of course was intended for any who might be listening, under cover of which I could fix upon my hiding place without being suspected.

"A small box, you say, marked Captain Edward Atkins?" observed the depot master as he unlocked and threw open the door of the smaller storeroom.

"Yes, sir! and a very valuable box, too!" I replied.

"Then it should be in here," he rejoined, for here is where we store our most valuable articles, with the exception of packages of money and jewelry, which we always place in our iron safes. What value do you suppose we have in here, Capt. Atkins?"

"I have no idea."

"Why, thousands and thousands of dollars' worth, sir."

"But are you not afraid of being robbed?"

"Oh, no! for we have two private watchmen outside, who constantly move around the building, from sun to sun, and scarcely a mouse could cross their beats without being seen."

"And do you keep a watch inside as well as outside?"

"What need of that, since no one can get in out without being discovered?"

"Ah! very true!"

While conversing in this strain, we busied ourselves in overhauling the different boxes and bales, as if searching for one in particular, but were really fixing them in such a manner, as to give me a comfortable place of concealment, where, through one of two well contrived devices, I could keep watch of the mysterious chest. When all was arranged to my satisfaction we proceeded to have found the imaginary box; and then, as soon as I had secreted myself, the depot-master put out his light as if by accident, and exclaimed:

"There! I have blundered you into the darkness."

"No matter," returned I, "since the box is found I guess we can grope our way to the door."

"Come on then!" he rejoined. "Here! give me your hand. There—so—I can find the way."

He then made a noise in walking which sounded like the steps of two persons, and leaving me in my place of concealment, where, in order to carry out my plan, I had to remain perfectly quiet and motionless, and even to guard my breathing. This was no easy task for the first three hours, that followed; and having heard nothing myself meanwhile, I began to fancy I had made a mistake, and to debate with myself whether I should continue thus much longer or not. Happily I decided to remain silent another hour; and in less than half that time to my delight, I heard a noise that convinced me my suspicions were well founded. The noise was light, as of some one unlocking and lifting the lid of a box, and drawing a long breath of relief, and it was in the room.

Then followed the sounds of the rubbing of a match, and then the light itself, gleaming revealing to me in my hiding place, a small rascal fellow, sitting upright in the mysterious chest, the lid of which was now open.

Yes, here was the whole secret; just as I had conjectured. The chest, sent from place to place, to be stored till called for, always contained a thief, who came out in the night, in the storeroom where deposited selected the most valuable goods at his leisure—silks, laces, shawls, and so forth—put them in the chest, and then got in there and remained till the box was called for and removed by an accomplice. It was a bold and ingenious plan, and had so far succeeded as well as the villains could wish.

Every man feels a pride and pleasure in accomplishing a difficult undertaking, and I confess I felt a great delight in watching this little fellow from my place of concealment—watching him as a cat does a mouse that she fairly has in her power and does not believe he will ever again escape.

Having a kind of dark lantern, he now proceeded very liberally to inspect the contents, and then the goods. He was evidently an adept in his business, and knew just where to go for what he wanted, and in a very short time his selections were made.

I waited quietly and patiently till he had deposited a large pile of articles beside his

chest, preparatory to packing them, when, noiselessly slipping off my boots, I stole softly behind him, a pistol in one hand, and a pair of handcuffs in the other. For perhaps a minute I stood silently within reach of him, watching him with a sort of grim delight, and then, bending my head forward, I shouted in his very ear:

"You are a dead man if you stir!"

"These words, pronounced so suddenly, fairly paralyzed him, as I intended they should; and long before he had recovered from his astonishment and fear, I had him down, manacled, and every weapon removed from his person.

"There, my fine fellow," said I, "we have both been playing at a game, and you have lost and I have won."

"Are you an officer?" he inquired, as he began to recover his self-possession.

"Alfred Pritchard, at your service!"

"I have heard of you before," he replied, with recovered sang froid, "and a quite happy to be in the hands of so distinguished and honorable a gentleman."

"I thank you for the compliment, and beg to assure you our happiness is mutual!" laughed I.

The next day, when his accomplices came for the chest, I arrested him also. The affair made quite a stir, not only in the town of C—, but in London, and through the country generally; and while the cunning burglar got transportation for his part, I gained much credit and fame for mine.

Felting a Death.

No sooner did the principal of life insurance begin to find favor than ingenious knaves found here a field for their operations. The first known fraud occurred in 1830. In that year, in an obscure part of London, lived a tall, middle-aged man with a semi-military bearing, with a young woman about twenty reputed to be his daughter. They lived respectably though poorly, and being very quiet, made few acquaintances, and no friends. Suddenly one night the woman was taken ill. A physician was called, though it was a slight attack, and left a prescription. But almost immediately afterwards the patient grew rapidly worse, and before the doctor could be recalled, died in great agony. He came, felt her pulse, placed his hand on her head, shook his head intimated that all was over. She was buried in due form; the sorrowing father presently claimed and received a considerable sum which had been insured on the life of his daughter, and disappeared.

Not very long thereafter an old gentleman and his daughter took possession of a respectable house in the neighborhood of Queen Square, where they soon attracted attention by receiving much company, keeping a generous table, and opening parlors to some high play at which it was afterwards remembered, that though the old man did not engage, no one ever won the hand of the young woman. But she was taken suddenly ill, spasms of the heart soon convulsed her frame; several physicians were hastily sent for, while the man hung over his daughter in apparent agony of spirit. One physician only arrived in time to see her imitate the appearance of death; the others, satisfied that life had fled, gave their certificates and pocketed their fees. The coffin was again put into the ground, and again the bereaved father received many thousand pounds from the various underwriters, merchants and companies with whom he insured the life of the departed.

Again—this time a few years later—these two able actors appear on the same stage. This time the scene was at Liverpool; the man a ship owner of reputed wealth; with whom lived his niece, an unmarried lady, owning considerable landed property in her own right. This was the reported industriously spread and generally believed on the Change, where he came to be much respected by those who dealt with him. His house was open and his niece dispensed his hospitalities in a most graceful manner. Presently it was rumored that unsuccessful ventures had occurred to which he frankly owned, mentioning gradually that his affairs demanded some ready money which he would be obliged to borrow. To do so and secure his niece property, it became necessary that he should inquire her life for about two thousand pounds. As this was not a singular transaction, he found no difficulty in getting underwriters. To save his credit he asked that the matter be kept secret; and under cover of this secret he succeeded in effecting insurance with no less than six different merchants and companies in London and elsewhere. Once more the game was in his hands. In a few days the lady was taken ill. The physician summoned, found her in convulsions, administered a specific was recalled during the night but came too late, as death had apparently set in, and in the morning, at Liverpool knew that the merchant's niece died suddenly.

This time, no haste was made with the funeral. The lady almost lay in state for several days and was visited by numbers; the physician certified that she died of a disease he could hardly name; the grave covered the coffin, and sorrowing uncle went about his business; he seemed to suffer much, careless about his affairs; and in no haste at all to claim the insurance, most of which stood for months after it became due. He had selected his men with care and knew that they would pay. Finally conceiving a dislike for a place where he had suffered so much, he removed for a change of air and was heard from no more. Some time after his final disappearance, suspicions were aroused, and on comparing notes and descriptions, the life insurance were forced to the conclusion that they had been victimized by the shrewdest and most audacious of villains. He was never heard from afterwards, and no doubt properly enjoyed, in some distant country, the fruits of his successful swindle. It is difficult to account for the repeated success of so bold a fraud; and it is generally thought that the young woman possessed the power simulating death, of which we read remarkable cases in the records of various times.

Too much for the Parson.

"Come, Charles, my son," said Deacon Alsworth, "take one of these turkeys and carry it up to Minister Moody, for Thanksgiving."

"No, father, I don't do that again, I tell you."

"What do I hear now, Charles? These five-and-twenty years I have sent the minister a turkey, and Joe has carried them, and Jerry, and you without ever raising before."

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, father, he never thanks me for bringing it to him. Besides he took me to task, a while ago, because I started out of meeting too soon."

"Well, son, you know it is the custom for the minister to go out before any congregation starts; this is done as a mark of respect."

"Respect or not, he's nothing but a man; and as for creeping to him I won't do it."

"Well, let it all pass, and carry him the turkey; and if he don't thank you, I will."

Charles shouldered the fowl, and in a short time was at the minister's house. The minister was seated in the parlour, surrounded by a number of his friends, who had come to spend Thanksgiving with him.

The lad entered without knocking, and bringing the turkey from his shoulder heavily upon the table, said:

"Mr. Moody, there's a turkey for you. If you want it, you may have it; if you don't I will carry it back again."

"I shall be very glad of it, said the minister; but I think you might learn a little manners, Charles. Can't you do an errand better?"

"How would you have me to do it?" said Charles.

"Sit down in my chair, said the clergyman, and I will show you how."

Charles took the chair, while the divine took the turkey and left the room. He soon returned took off his hat made a very low bow, and said:

"Mr. Moody, here is a turkey which my father sends to you, and wishes you to accept as a present."

Charles rose from his seat and took the fowl, and said to the minister:

"It is a very fine one, and I am very grateful to your father for it. In this and many other instances he has contributed to my happiness. If you just carry it into the kitchen and return again I will send Mr. Moody to give you half a dollar."

The good old clergyman walked out of the room; his friends laughed at the joke, and made up a prize for the lad, who ever afterward received a reward for this service.

"ONE OF THE BROTHERS."—Surgeon: "What's the matter with you?"

"Would-be-Exempt—Weak back, sir—very weak back."

"Weak knees, you mean."

"Yes, sir, weak knees—very weak knees, can't march."

"Yes, I'll give you a certificate" (writes) "I have been in a very bad way."

"Upon honor I hereby certify that the bearer, ———, is weak in the knees, a great coward who shrinks from defending his country. Hope he will be put in the front ranks where he can't run away."

"Surgeon, Surgeon, Surgeon, Surgeon!"

"(Handing the surgeon a quarter, thank you sir: I know I was entitled to a certificate. This rebellion, so wicked and monstrous, must be put down. It has done my head good to see the energy of the President in ordering a draft."

(Here reads the certificate and faints.)

What is Dyspepsia?

With due attention to temperance, exercise and early hours, you may get dyspepsia at defiance. Neglect one of the precepts, and you lay yourself open to the approaches of the enemy—regret too, and it is hard-possible that you can escape. And above all things, keep this in mind, that no other disease or affection of the body is so stealthy or insidious as dyspepsia. If the first few instances of carelessness or transgression were to be visited with the pains and penalties that afflict the patient when the malady has become chronic, few men would be so insane, or so obstinately reckless, as to postpone the work of reformation. But the early symptoms are rarely of an alarming kind. The appetite is not sensibly affected, though the digestion is impaired, and the complaint seems limited to flatulency and heartburn. Such unpleasant sensations, however, can be easily removed. Essence of ginger and fluid magnesia seldom fail to give relief, and the patient flatters himself that there is no ground for apprehension. But the symptoms do not disappear. They recur with greater frequency; and the antidotes, though increased, are found to have lost their efficacy. The stomach has now become more seriously deranged. All kinds of food generate acid; and in this stage the patient usually has recourse to the carbonates of soda or potash, which in their turn give a temporary relief, though with without any way arresting the disorder. By this means dyspepsia, like an insidious serpent, has fairly folded the victim within its embrace, and is squeezing him at its leisure. Everything he eats disagrees with him, and seems to undergo some wondrous transformation. That which was served up at the table as leggis, soon converted, two hours afterward, into a ball knotted two—a mutton chop becomes a fiery crab reading the interior with his claws; and every rice pudding has the intolerable effrontery to become a hedgehog. After that comes nausea vomiting. You derive no benefit from the food you swallow. From twelve stone weight you divide down to ten. Your countenance becomes ghastly; your eyes hollow, and you tatter prematurely on your pin. The mere notion of exercise becomes distasteful. You feel as if you had no taste for anything. You are sensitive, moody, and irritable. You mind loses its elasticity and power; and when you sit down to compose, instead of manly matter, you produce nothing but the driest drivell—Blackwoods Magazine.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

Sergeant Cockle, who was a rough, blustering fellow, once got from a witness, more than he gave. In a trial of a right of fishery he asked the witness, "Dost thou love fish?" "Aye, replied the witness with a grin, but I don't like cockle sauce with it." The roar of laughter which echoed through the court rather disturbed the learned sergeant. There is an anecdote related of sergeant Davy, a great lawyer of the last age. A gentleman once appeared in the court of Kings Bench to give bail in the sum of £3000. Sergeant Davy, wanting to display his wit, said to him sternly, "and pray, sir, how do you make out that you are worth £3000?" The gentleman stated the particulars of his property up to £2940. "That's all right," said the sergeant, "but you want £60 yet, to be worth £3000." "For that," replied the gentleman, "no way discovered. I have a note of hand of one, Messrs. Serjeant Davy, and I hope he will pay, the moment soon to settle it." The laughter that this reply excited, extended even to the bench; the very clerk looked up and said, "I don't think I shall be able to pay the bail." "Well, brother Davy, I think we may accept the bail," said the judge, "but you must accept it humbly, did not live at the very verge of the court." "Yes, I do," was the reply, "if you have your selection such a place for your residence?" "In the vain hope of escaping the pecuniary impotence of Dunlop," was the reply.

A FIRE PRISONER.—The circulation of a lying tale, said to be a capital story. The agents of two rival establishments were presenting their claims to an admiring crowd. One was Yankee and the other was English. The latter was told his story. A rooster had been shut up in one of his safe, and then it was exposed for three days to a most intense heat. When the door was opened, the rooster stalked out as if nothing had happened. "It was now the Yankee's turn," the rooster had also been shut up in his safe, and it was submitted to the trial of a tremendous heat for more than a week. The legs of the safe had been melted off, and the door heated so far as to require the use of cold water to get it open. When it was opened, the rooster was found frozen dead.

FROM THE STATES.

BANGOR, August 28. Jackson's entire force crossed the Rappahannock on Friday night.

Since Saturday nearly all the firing had ceased across the Rappahannock.

The return of Stuart's cavalry to Warren with the trophies from Pope's headquarters, was received with wild demonstrations.

Confederate raid on Manassas Station destroyed half a million Federal Quartermaster stores.

Federal troops at Cumberland Gap are in excellent spirits with provisions for 60 days, and able to hold position.

Major Lefferts with a portion of Illinois cavalry, totally routed Hick's guerrilla force around Bloomfield, Mo., killing 20 and wounding 60, capturing horses, &c.

Confederates hold Man assas and reported 20,000 strong.

Gen. Kearney, with 1st New Jersey Brigade reported engaged enemy at Bull Run Bridge, where desperate struggle ensued.

On taking possession of Manassas, Confederates captured seven loaded trains of provision, ammunition, &c.

Enemy also appeared within 12 miles of Washington.

Leeburg is reported occupied by enemy, and prevailing opinion is that a dash will be made on Maryland.

The enemy it is also reported dashed on Accoquan and Aquia Creeks.

Pope telegraphs to Halleck from Manassas Junction on Thursday night, that finding enemy turning his right towards Manassas, and forces ordered two days previously from Alexandria not having arrived, he broke camp at Warrenton, marched rapidly back in three columns.

Hooker's Division also encountered the enemy, killing and wounding 300, capturing camp, &c.

Jackson evacuated Manassas Junction a few hours before the arrival of Federal advance retreating by Centerville, and being met by McDowell and Sigel a severe fight took place, the enemy being driven back at all points, and a thousand prisoners taken, and further discomfiture expected to retreating enemy.

Fears of a raid into Maryland and upon Washington entirely dispelled.

Gen. Nelson, with eight thousand Confederate force from Rippon to twenty thousand near Richmond, Kentucky, on Saturday and two hundred killed and wounded.

Great alarm prevailed at Lexington. Governor summoned loyal citizens to defend the State.

From the St. Paul "Pioneer and Democrat," we obtain particulars of some of the murders committed by the Sioux Indians in Meeker County and at the agency on the Minnesota river.

On Sunday, the 17th inst., about one o'clock, seven or eight Indians came to the house of Mr. Robinson Jones in the town of Astor, thirty miles northwest of Forest City.

Four Little Girls Buried Alive.—An embarkment fell on Tuesday morning about eight o'clock, upon Spring street, Cleveland, Ohio, burying a house and four children that were playing near. The house, an Irishman's shanty, stood on the hillside, and was completely covered by the "slide." The children were in the yard, and the falling earth buried them with the house.

ALL G.O.R.—The Docks of the Great Western Railway are entirely clear of timber, the season having closed.

Western Railway are entirely clear of timber, the season having closed. The largest business has been done this year.—Hamilton Spectator.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following cards from John Marks, Esq., acknowledging the courtesy and attention shown him while in Prince Edward Island, and also by the Volunteers of St. John.

The subscriber, desirous of giving a public expression of his feelings of gratitude for the kindness, hospitality, and fair play extended towards him during his late visit at Prince Edward Island, would especially acknowledge his obligation in these respects to the Adjutant General, the Mayor of Charlottetown, and the Officers and Members of the Volunteer Companies generally, assuring them that among the most pleasing recollections of his life will be the remembrance of their kind, civil, and gentlemanly treatment of him.

To Col. the Hon. John Robertson, Lieut. Col. Thurgar, Major Robinson, Capt. Ray, Capt. Macshane, Lieut. Burpee, and other gentlemen of the Volunteer force of the City of St. John.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, Your ob'dt. grateful servant, JOHN MARKS.

ST. ANDREWS, SEP. 3, 1862.

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SAINT PATRICK Agricultural Society.

THE Annual Fair and Cattle Show of the St. Patrick Agricultural Society, will be held at the Farm of Mr. THOMAS CAMERON, on the 14th day of OCTOBER next.

when the following Premiums will be offered for competition. No entry will be received after the hour of 11 in the forenoon.

Table with columns: Articles, 1st prem., 2nd, 3rd. Lists various agricultural items like Best Mare and Foal, Best year old Colt, Best year old Heifer, etc.

DR. J. E. DENTAL and manufacturer of Artificial Teeth over J. C. F. Calais, Me.

PUBLIC S. Sherey Giren, that if Property, in the Pa been assessed as under unless the amount to be paid from this date, the same to law.

Valuable Water. The Subscriber offers 1/2, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, in ten, fronting on the Bay Railway Extension run and it is within a short distance of the Steam-boat Landing, and is a desirable site for a shipping business, or for a purchaser.

NOTICE. ALL persons having demands against the Estate of Hiram Thompson, late of St. David in the County of Charlotte, Farmer, are requested to present their accounts, duly attested to the undersigned within three months from date, and all persons indebted to the said Estate, will make immediate payment to LOREA THOMPSON, Administratrix.

CAUTION. WE hereby caution all persons from trespassing or cutting timber on a lot of land in the parish of Pemfield, known by the name of "The Court Farm." Any person so trespassing will be prosecuted according to law.

NOTICE. THE Undersigned Trustee for the estate of S. H. Whitlock offer for Sale Town Lot No. 7 adjoining the Methodist Mission House, also quarter of Lot No. 8 opposite the Catholic Chapel (chapel street) and a portion of said Lots will be sold at Public Auction Saturday, the 21st day of September next.

HAIRDRESSING and Shaving Saloon. THE Subscriber thankful for the patronage which he has received since commencing business, respectfully solicits that he may be found as his establishment in the City of St. Andrew, where he will be happy to wait upon all who may be so fortunate as to patronize him, having had considerable experience, he trusts by attention and a desire to please, to merit a continuance of patronage.

LETTERS REMAINING in the Post Office, St. Andrew, August 15, 1862. Butler James, Buek Mary E, Brown James, Clark John, McVital John, Noyce William, Russell Margaret, Sharkey William, Smith J, Stinson William, Wall George.

Ship News. New York, Aug 28.—Bra Bichlor R Waycutt—loading for Matanzas.

CHRA P. N. H. & Co. SUPERINTENDENT, St. Andrew's August.

ON Monday at 3 p. m., after from St. John, every Wednesday arrival of steamer from day at 9 a. m.

Returning will leave Tuesday at 11 30 a. m. in time to take Steamer and every Saturday at 4 mer. sailing day for St. J. THROUGH FAIRWAY TO Boston, Steamship "Portland," St. John, "Calais," Woodstock Station to S.

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