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Evans sumendum est optimum. - Cic.

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A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

The subjoined narrative, published originally in Chambers' Journal, is said to have been translated from a foreign newspaper. It is necessary to remind the reader, that the Island of Mauritius, appertaining at this day to the English, was originally colonized by the French, and that the population yet consists in a great measure of persons of that nation, to whom, by a formal treaty between the powers concerned, their ancient laws and usages were preserved without any material alterations.

About twelve years ago, the Sior Clodomir Frenois, a rich merchant of the Island, was found dead and frightfully disfigured in his own habitation. His body was discovered lying on the floor, with the face and head mutilated by a pistol, and all doubts as to the cause of the catastrophe were dispelled by the discovery of the fatal weapon by the side of the corpse: as also a piece of paper in the handwriting of the deceased. This paper contained the following words:—

"I am ruined. A villain robbed me of twenty-five thousand livres sterling; dishonor must be my portion, and I cannot survive it. I leave to my wife the task of distributing among my creditors the means which remain to us; and I pray God my friends and my enemies may pardon my self-destruction. Yet another minute and I shall be in eternity."

CLODOMIR FRENOIS.

Great consternation was caused by this tragic event, which was the more unexpected, as the loss alluded to in the above note had never been made public. The deceased had been held in great esteem over the colony, as a man of strict honor and probity, and was universally lamented. Two months after the sad end, his widow entered a convent, leaving to a nephew of the late merchant, a physician, the charge of completing the distribution of the effects of Frenois among his creditors.

A minute examination of the papers of the defunct led to the discovery of the period when the unfortunate merchant had been robbed; and this period was found to correspond with the date of the disappearance of a man named John Moon, being in the employment of Frenois. Of this man, on whom suspicion not unnaturally fell, nothing could be learned on inquiry; but shortly after the division of the merchant's property, Moon re-appeared in the colony. When taken up and examined respecting the cause of the flight, he stated that he had been sent by his master to France to recover certain sums due to the merchant there, in which mission he had been unsuccessful. He further averred that if Clodomir Frenois in his existing correspondence had thrown any injurious suspicions upon him, the whole was but a pretext to account for the deficiencies of which the merchant himself was the cause and the author. This declaration, made by a man who seemed to fear no inquiry, and whose words circumstances remained to all appearance the same as they had ever been, had the effect of silencing if it did not satisfy the examiners; and the affair soon fell, in a great measure, out of the public recollection.

Things remained for several months in this condition, when one morning, Mr. Wm. Burnett, principal creditor of the late Clodomir Frenois, heard a knocking at his gate at a very early hour. He called up one of his servants, who went down and opened the door and immediately returned with the intelligence that a stranger, who seemed desirous of keeping his person concealed, wished to speak with Mr. Burnett in private. Mr. Burnett rose, threw on his dressing gown, and descended to the parlor. The back of the visitor was turned to Mr. Burnett as he entered. But when the stranger turned round and advanced to salute his host warmly and courteously, Mr. Burnett started back, and uttered a loud exclamation of surprise and alarm. Well he might; for before his eyes stood his friend and debtor, Clodomir Frenois, whom he thought he had beheld a mutilated corpse, and whom he himself had followed to the grave!

What passed at that interview between Mr. Burnett and the strange visitor, remained a secret. Mr. Burnett was observed to issue several times, pale and agitated from his dwelling, and to visit the magistrate charged with the criminal processes of the colony.

In the course of that day, while John Moon was regaling himself in his garden, he was arrested and taken to prison by the officers of Justice.

On the following day he was brought before the criminal court, accused with robbing the late Clodomir Frenois, the crime being conjoined with breach of trust and violence. Moon smiled at the charge with all the confidence of a man who had nothing to

fear. The Judge having demanded of him if he confessed the crime, the accused replied that the charge was altogether absurd; that clear testimony was necessary to fix such a crime upon him, that so far from there being such evidence producible, neither the widow of the deceased, nor any one person in his service, had ever heard the pretended robbery even once mentioned by Frenois during his life.

"Do you affirm your innocence?" repeated the judge, gravely, after hearing all the other had to say.

"I will avouch my innocence," replied Moon. A signal from the judge accompanied these words, and immediately a door opened and Clodomir Frenois, the supposed suicide, entered the court. He advanced to the bar, having his eye calmly, sternly fixed on the prisoner, his servant.

Being called upon to testify, he gave his statement as follows:—

"When I discovered the robbery committed by John Moon, he had fled from the Island, and I speedily saw that attempts to retake him would prove fruitless. I saw ruin and disgrace before me and came to the resolution of terminating my life. On the night this determination was formed, I was seated alone in my private chamber. I had written the letter which was found on my table, and loaded my pistol. The end of the pistol was at my head, when a knock on the outer door startled me. I concealed my weapon and went to the door. A man entered, whom I recognized to be the sexton of the parish in which I lived. He bore a sack on his shoulders and in it the body of a man newly buried, which was destined for my nephew, the physician, then living with me. The scarcity of bodies for dissection, as the court is aware, compels those who are anxious to acquire skill in the medical profession, to procure them by any possible secret means. The sexton was at first alarmed when he met me. 'Did my nephew request you to bring this body?' said he. 'No,' replied the man, 'but I know his anxiety to obtain one for dissection and took it upon me to offer him this body. For mercy sake,' continued the sexton, 'do not betray me, sir, or I shall lose my situation and my family's bread.'"

"While this man was speaking, a strange idea entered my mind. I stood for a few moments absorbed in thought, and gave to the resurrectionist the sum which he had expected. Telling him to keep his own counsel, and that all would be well, I sent him away and carried the body to my cabinet. The body was fortunately the same stature as myself and like me in complexion. I then dressed the body in a suit of my own clothes. This accomplished, I then took up the pistol, and fired it close at the head of the deceased, and at once caused such a disfigurement as rendered it impossible for the keenest eye to detect the substitution which had been made."

"Choosing the plainest habit I could get, I then dressed myself anew, shaved off the whiskers which I was accustomed to wear, and took other means to alter and disguise my appearance, in case of being subjected by any accident to the risk of any betrayal. Next morning saw me on board of a French vessel, on my way to a distant land—the native country of my ancestors. The expectations which had led me to the execution of this scheme were not disappointed. I knew John Moon was the man who robbed me, and who now stands at the bar of this court, and that he had formed connections in this island, which would in all probability bring him back to it as soon as the intelligence of my death gave him the promise of security. In this I have not been disappointed. I have been equally fortunate in other respects. While my unworthy servant remained here, in imaginary safety, I have been successful in discovering the quarter in which, not daring at first to betray the appearance of wealth, he had lodged the whole of the stolen money. I have brought sufficient proofs to convict him of the crime with which he stands charged. By the same means," continued Clodomir Frenois, "will I be enabled to restore my family to their place in society, and to redeem the credit of a name on which no blot was left by those who bore it before me, and which please God, I shall transmit unimpaired to my children and my children's children."

The prisoner seeing that a denial would be useless, confessed the whole, and was sent to prison for his crime.

The news of Clodomir Frenois' reappearance spread rapidly, and the high esteem in which his character was held, led to a universal rejoicing on the occasion. He was accompanied from the court to his home by a dense multitude, who welcomed him with prolonged shouts. It would be useless to attempt any description of the feelings of his wife, who was thus restored to the beloved being for whose sake she had quitted the world. She rejoined her husband.

POTERY.

Keep the Heart Light as You Can.

We have always enough to bear,
We have always something to do;
We have never to seek for care,
When we have the world to get through.
But what through adversity test
The courage and vigor of man?
They get through misfortune the best,
Who keep the heart light as they can.
Though there's always enough to bear,
There is always something to do;
We have never to seek for care
When we have the world to get through!

If we shake not the load from the mind,
Our energy's sure to be gone;
We must wrestle with care, or we'll find
Two loads less easy than one.
To sit in disconsolate mood
Is a poor and profitless plan;
The true heart is never subdued,
If we keep as light as we can.
Though there's always enough to bear,
There is always something to do;
We have never to seek for care
When we have the world to get through!

There's nothing that sorrow can yield,
Excepting a harvest of pain;
Far better to seek fortunes field,
And till it and plough it again.
The weight that Exeter can move,
The gloom that Decision may span,
The manhood within us but prove;
Then keep the heart light as you can.
There's always enough to bear,
There is always something to do;
We have never to seek for care
When we have the world to get through.

A HUSBAND'S CONFESSION.

I never undertook but once to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever grew. Just after we were married, and all was going on nice and cozy, she got me in the habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it, you know, but then she—why it was done just in this way:—She finished breakfast before me one morning, and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and set it just where I couldn't help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold regularly, enough, and churned till the butter came. She didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it, that I felt well paid. Well, when the churning day came along, she did the same thing, and I followed along and fetched the butter. Again and again it was done just so, and I was regularly in for it every time. Not a word said, you know, of course. Well by-and-by, this began to be rather irksome. I wanted she should just ask me, but she never did, and I couldn't say anything about it to save my life, and so on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time, unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up and, standing a few minutes, just to give her time to call me, but not a word said she, and so, with a palpitating heart, I moved on. I went down town, up town, and all over the town, and my foot was as restless as Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong—I did not exactly feel how—but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all the forenoon. It seemed as if dinner-time would never come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon have my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner-time came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but some kind of a storm I expected. Will you believe me? she never greeted me with a sweeter smile, never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn, just where I had left it! Not a word was said. I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that meal seemed as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved and shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn, and went at it in the old way—splash; drip, rattle, splash, drip, rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter was never so long in coming. I supposed the cream, standing so long, had got warm, so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate butter—the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at that from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time, "Come, Tom, my dear, you have rattled that butter till I quite long enough if it is only for fun you are doing it!" I knew how it was in a flash. She had brot

the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the butter in for me to exercise with. I never set up for myself in household matters after that.

MISERS.

In 1790 died at Paris, literally of want, the well-known banker—Osterwald. A few days prior to death, he resisted the importunities of his attendant to purchase some meat for the purpose of making a little soup for him. "True, I should like the soup," he said, "but I have no appetite for the meat; what is to become of that? it will be a sad waste." This poor wretch died possessed of £125,000 sterling.

Another desperate case was that of Elwes, whose diet and dress were alike of the most revolting kind, and whose property was estimated at £800,000. Daniel Dancer's miserly propensities were indulged to such a degree, that on one occasion, when, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, he ventured to give a shilling to a Jew for an old hat—better as new—to the astonishment of his friend, the next day he actually retailed it for eight pence. He performed his ablutions at a neighboring pool, drying himself in the sun, to save the extravagant indulgence of a towel; yet this poor mendicant had property to the extent of upwards of £3,000 per annum.

The well known Nat Bently (alias Dirty Dick), of London, was the victim of not only a craving for gold, but also for old iron. Another deplorable case might be cited, that of Thomas Pitt of Warwickshire. It is reported that some weeks prior to the sickness which terminated his despicable career, he went to several undertakers in quest of a cheap coffin.

Another instance is that of the notorious Thomas Cook. On his physician intimating the possibility of his not existing more than five or six days, he protested against the useless expense of sending him medicine, and charged the doctor never to show his face to him again. His property was estimated at £120,000.

Sir Wm. Smith, of Bedfordshire, was immensely rich, but most parsimonious and miserly in his habits. At 70 years of age he was entirely deprived of his sight, unable to gloat over his hoarded heaps of gold. He was persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist, to be couched; who was, by the agreement, to have 60 guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write without the aid of spectacles during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored, than the Baronet began to regret that his agreement had been for so large a sum. His thoughts were now how to cheat the oculist. He pretended that he had only a glimmering and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. Taylor was deceived by these misrepresentations and agreed to compound the bargain, and accepted 20 guineas instead of 60 guineas. At the time Taylor attended him he had a large estate, an immense sum of money in the stocks, £6,000 in the house.

A miser of the name of Foscoe, who had amassed enormous wealth by the most sordid parsimony and discreditable extortion, applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual way of hiding his gold. With great care and secrecy he dug a deep cave in his cellar; to this receptacle for his treasure he descended by a ladder, and to the trap door he attached a spring lock, so that, on shutting, it would fasten of itself. By and by the miser disappeared; inquiries were made the house was searched, woods were explored, and the ponds were dragged, but no Foscoe could they find. Some time passed on; the house in which he had lived was sold, and workmen were busily employed in its repair. In the progress of their work they met with the door of the secret cave with the key in the lock outside. They threw back the door, and descended with a light. The first object upon which the lamp reflected was the ghastly body of Foscoe, the miser, and scattered around him were heavy bags of gold and ponderous chest of untold treasure; a candlestick lay beside him on the floor. This worshipper of Mammon had gone into his cave, to pay devours to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion.—*Salads for the Social.*

A Good Joke.

William Wells Brown, the colored orator, who is not so black as some white men, told a very good story at the Albington celebration on Saturday. On a steamboat on Cayuga Lake the other day he went to the breakfast table with the other passengers. Just as he took his seat, a dark colored white man called a waiter and asked if coloured persons were admitted to the table with white folks. The waiter did not know exactly what to say, so he called the captain, who, on entering the cabin, enquired who had called for

him. "I, sir," said Mr. Brown, pointing to the dark stranger; "I desire to know if it is your custom to allow colored people at the regular table?" The captain said no objection had ever been made before, and seeing the dark white man evidently annoyed in spirit, appealed to the generosity of the colored orator, to allow him to remain. Mr. Brown finally consented, and at this turn of affairs the white man, who was so black as to be passed for a negro, left the table in utter disgust and unable to speak his thoughts.—*Boston Traveller.*

How Rain is formed.

To understand the philosophy of this phenomenon, essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts, derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, hail or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in a perceptible vapor, or cease to be rated. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionally greater in warm than in cold air. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth, the colder we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains, in the hottest climates. Now, when continued evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapor—tho' it be invisible—if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and, like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, is such an arrangement for watering the earth. [Scientific American.]

Printing.

Mr. Knight one of the most intelligent scientific authorities in England, has given it as his opinion, in a published report, that on the whole, the average work of the French printers is superior to that of the English, as regards the evenness, clearness of the impressions. He says the use of improved cylindrical machines has much to do with this. But there is another cause of inferiority not so easily to be overcome. Our paper is inferior taking the general quality of printing paper. It is not made of so good material as the French, and although, considering the difficulty of obtaining good material, the manufacture has been greatly improved, yet an English sheet of paper has not that substance and surface, without which the most careful printing cannot be effective.

Parliamentary Wonder.

During beautiful weather, such as we have lately had, a question continually occurring to most minds is, how long is this likely to last? Just so in reading the Parliamentary debates which have hitherto, since the opening of the new Parliament, been mostly of so pleasant a length, one feels impelled to ask how long will the speeches of the House of Commons continue thus agreeably short? The longer they remain short the better; in the meanwhile their brevity may be considered as a hopeful symptom of considerate and merciful feeling on the part of the Legislature, likely to cause benevolent legislation.—*Punch.*

Origin of the Bonnet.

The first bonnet worn in England was brought from Italy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and its form was a compromise between the present round Italian hat and the French hood. The materials employed in constructing these head ornaments were—crimson satin, elaborately embroidered, cloth of gold, and similar rich materials. The Leghorn hat, with perpendicular crown, and a wide brim standing out far around the face, was the first legitimate bonnet worn, and this appeared long after Elizabeth's time. It was trimmed with artificial flowers, and immense bows of ribbon. Our present neat and exquisitely delicate and tasteful head covering is but a modification of this huge affair, which, not until very many years back, was so universally worn and admired.

LONGE LIE.—Mr. Twiss, a romancing traveller, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain, a mile and a half long. "Bless me!" said Garrick, "how broad was it?" "Ten yards," said Twiss, "this you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick to the company, "is not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as his eyes are long."

COMPLIMENTARY TO EDITORS.—A horse dealer, describing a used-up horse, said he looked "as if he had been editing a daily newspaper."

