

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

IN VARIIS SUMENTUM EST OPTIMUM.—Ct.

[\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.]

Vol 23

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1864.

No. 22

## Poetry.

### PAR AWAY.

"The land that is very far off."—Isiah 33, 17.

Upon the shore  
Of evermore  
We sport like children at their play,  
And gather shells  
Where sinks and swells  
The mighty sea from far away.

Upon that beach,  
Nor voice nor speech  
Doth things intelligible say;  
But whisper our souls  
A whisp'ring roll  
That comes to us from far away.

Into our ears  
The voice of years  
Comes deeper, deeper, day by day;  
We stop to hear,  
As it draws near,  
Its awfulness from far away.

At what it tells  
We drop the shells  
We were so full of yesterday;  
And pick no more  
Upon that shore  
But dream of brighter far away.

And o'er that tide  
Far out and wide  
The yearnings of our souls do stray;  
We long to go,  
We do not know  
Where it may be but far away.

The mighty deep  
Doth slowly creep  
Up on the shore where we did play;  
The very sand  
Where we did stand  
A moment since, swept far away.

Our playmates all  
Beyond our call  
Are passing hence as we too may;  
Unto that shore  
Of evermore,  
Beyond the boundless far away.

We'll trust the wave,  
And him to save  
Beneath whose feet as marble lay  
The rolling deep,  
For he can keep  
Our souls in that dim far away.

—Fraser's Magazine.

## Miscellany.

### THE DETECTIVE IN AMERICA.

Being off duty for a time, and the evening close and sultry, I was just settling myself in the open window of my lodgings, to smoke a quiet pipe, when another member of the force came to tell me that I was wanted by the superintendent. I went at once as required.

"Banks," said the superintendent to me, when I was in his room, and the door shut, "I have got a clue at last towards finding that man Jennings."

"Indeed, sir, I am glad to hear you say so," answered I, and I spoke the truth. Uncommonly glad I was, for our profession, like the rest, has its pride about it, and we had been a good deal twitted in the newspapers for not having succeeded during seven months of fruitless search, in securing that particular criminal. A shy bird was that Jennings. His doubts and twists had baffled some of the deepest heads in the police, and although we had often come upon his hiding place just after he had left it, we never could lay hands on him. He was not a common offender. Well educated, and born in a very respectable station of life, he might have done well, and made an honest fortune, if he could have but kept straight. He was clever, and a first rate accountant, and got the post of cashier to the Bank while still quite a young man. I need hardly repeat his story—how he forged and altered figures in pass books, and played ducks and drakes with the floating balance of his employers. It is a common narrative. He went off at last, just when detection grew certain, and carried with him nineteen thousand pounds, besides valuable papers and securities for a large amount. Every exertion was made, no expense was spared, and many times we seemed sure of him as he prowled up and down the country in various disguises, but at last the scent grew colder and colder, and we feared Jennings had given us the slip for good and all. Five months had elapsed since he had been seen or heard of, and we had given up the job as hopeless, when the superintendent sent for me, and gave me the above information.

"Yes," said my superior, rubbing his hands together as was his way when he was thoughtful, we have got a clue to him at last. But he is a long way off—out of our reach, perhaps. He is in America.

This did not surprise me in the least.

The number of rogues that I have had, professionally, to hunt down, and who were on their way to America, or starting to go to America, would astonish you. Why when we hear of a runaway criminal, the first thing that comes into our heads is Liverpool and the line of packets.

"Banks," went on the superintendent, "I intend to send you after him. But I doubt very much whether you will be able to track him out, much less to bring him and the property back to England with you."

"I've very little to fear about the matter, if I can but come up with him. I answered cheerfully enough; for you see, during the seven years I had been in my present department of the force, I had been on similar errands three times—twice to America, and once to France—and had been successful on all occasions. Not that I am a bit more expert than my comrades, nor perhaps equal to some that I could name, but that an offender can generally be traced out, if a man will give his whole heart to the work.

"Yes," said the superintendent. "but I need not tell you that this Jennings is a slippery customer, and too wide awake to fall into the errors of ordinary scoundrels. You won't find him drinking at the bar of a Bowery tavern, nor yet lodging at a water side hotel in New York. You took your first man in New York that way, did you not, Banks?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"And your second at Philadelphia, where you had an easy bargain of him. But this is a different matter. Jennings has gone South Banks."

"I am ready to follow him, sir," said I.—So, after some more necessary talk, the superintendent gave me the information that had come to the ears of the government, and my instructions, and money to defray expenses, besides telling me where and how to draw for more, and handing me a warrant to apprehend the body of Caleb Jennings, properly signed by the secretary of state. One more help was afforded me—a photographic portrait of the runaway, which had been procured with difficulty, and only a very little while before, from the artist who had taken his likeness, and who had kept a copy, as usual. Perhaps if we had had that photograph to have assisted us half a year back, we might have circumvented him, for we heard afterwards, that he had twice seen and spoken with our officers, who took him for somebody else.

"Well, good-luck to you, Banks," said the superintendent at parting; "and if you wanted, which I don't believe, any further inducement to do your best in forwarding this important capture, I am in a position to supply it. The commissioner especially selected you for this duty; adding that in the event of success, you might expect your immediate promotion to be inspector. Now good-bye, and don't fail to bring Jennings back with you."

So I went. I did not disguise from myself as I steamed pleasantly over to New York, that a difficult business lay before me. My two former trips across the Atlantic, although they had only given me a sight of two or three important Northern cities, had taught me that America had differed from England by long chalk; and that there was still less likeness between North and South than between the Old Country and the New. I cannot pretend to much book-knowledge, although I improve my mind when I have a chance; but I had talked Americans a good deal, and read many of their newspapers, and kept eyes and ears open; but I knew pretty well, that, down South, the law was less respected than elsewhere, that duels and street rows, and stabbings, and gougings, and shootings, were only too plenty, and human life valued at a very low figure; and that shows the cunning of Jennings in taking his precious self and his ill-gotten cash down South, instead of staying, as all the uneducated scamps did, among the whiskey shops and fourth rate boarding houses of the reports. He knew, Jennings did, how much tougher would be the work of any offender to ferrit him out, and bring him back, if he were to put thousands of miles of rail and river, and unhealthy climate, and lawless places, betwixt him and the usual landing place of passengers from England. Besides, in the Slave States, where people's tempers are hot and peppery, the odds were fifty to one that a Britisher would never be suffered to make a capture. It would be represented as an insult to the States, and I should be likely to get a leaden pill administered to me by some native boon companion of the forger. I did not lose heart when I thought over all this, but I determined I would be cautious, and not burn my fingers if I could help it. I went from New York to Norfolk in Virginia, not that it was believed the man was there, because he had been heard of in Nashville, Tennessee, at a later date, but because it was best to track him regularly, and take up every scrap of information against a rainy day. This is indeed a maxim of my

profession, never to neglect trifles. Nothing is a trifle to those who have patience and wit to use it. I have known an old button, a torn envelope, a worn out slipper, serve to bring a rogue to justice when all else has failed.

From Norfolk, having picked up what little I could, I went on into Tennessee, to Nashville town. Well, Jennings had been there. Not under his own name; he was not such a greenhorn as that. At Norfolk he had been Mr. Smith; and at Nashville he called himself Captain Williams. These changes of name would have thrown me clear of the scene, but for the portrait. I showed the photograph to a negro waiter at one of the principal hotels, and says he: "Dat Massa Cap. Williams." The black remembered William, or rather Jennings, because he had won a lot of dollars at billiards, and checked Pompey a five dollar piece out of his winnings. But though I heard of his destination, and made out that he had gone west to Riddle Rock, in Arkansas State, I was six days in Little Rock before I could hear the last word of news about him; and as I do not want to make myself a cleverer person than I am, nor a more knowing one, I freely own that I found myself thoroughly out of my estimate of the difficulties of my search. You see, I had heard the Yankees were very inquisitive, never at rest till they had scoured out a stranger's business; and quite true, so they are; but they forget almost as quick as they learn, seeing they have no real interest in the matter, but just ask questions because it is their habit, and talk they must. So it came about, that when in an American city or village, I went high and low to trace out my shy customer, the work was like hunting for a needle in a haystack.

Often and often did I sigh to be in one of those nice little market-towns at home in England, where the dogs sleep all day on the pavement, and the tradesmen look at one another over the half-doors of their shops. Those are the places in which to inquire about a man in hiding. A stranger can't go into them without setting fifty tongues gossiping; housemaids cleaning doorsteps, old ladies, boys and men lounging at corners, all remarking the strange face. But in America, with all the curiosity of the people, so many thousand queer persons come and go, that they pass out of sight and out of memory at once; and especially is this the case, in the West and South, and a pretty source of trouble it proved to me.

So I staid in Little Rock, and then, after all, it was the stoker of a steamboat from whom I gleaned fresh news.—This man had come up from the river-side to see his sweetheart, and he reported Jennings to be living under his own name at Memphis in the Columbian Hotel. I suppose the rascal thought, after taking so many aliases, his own name was as safe as another for a bit. However, quick as I was in hurrying to Memphis, I found that Mr. Jennings was gone; indeed, the landlord had forgotten his personal appearance, and could only say that he was tallish and dark, which he was; but as for his being the original of the portrait, that he couldn't say, nor could the waiters, though the bar-keeper was ready to swear to it.

Old I went, right up the river to Cincinnati, in pursuit of that Mr. Jennings. At Cincinnati, I lost him again, then saw his name accidentally in the books of a steamboat officer; went after him to Chicago, and then to Buffalo, and then to London, Canada West; and the end of my wild goose chase was, that just as I felt secure of victory, I came up with this Mr. Jennings, but he was not my Jennings. He turned out to be a corn dealer, an honest townsman of London, second cashier, and no more like him than I was. Here was a blow to my hopes. I was fairly at my wit's end. I had to draw for money too, and had nothing to show for what I had spent, but the fact of my having travelled over an immensity of land and water. I declare I could have cried with vexation, as I turned from the corn dealer's door. Nor was my sorrow, I do assure you, all selfish. Of course, I knew my reputation was at stake, and my promotion to an inspector's top; but that was not all; we detectives have a real pride and pleasure in being in a sense, the protectors and helpers of the honest part of the community, and I hate rogues to get off scot-free—it does so encourage other rogues.

At New Orleans, I found a letter from the superintendent, bidding me to keep a good heart, and never slacken my endeavors; for the joint-stock company that had been defrauded were most anxious, and resolute to spend anything to effect the arrest of their treacherous servant. It was not merely out of revenge, nor yet for the nineteen thousand pounds, though that is a vast sum of money; but there were papers among those he had gone off with that had been merely deposited with the bank, title-deeds of estates, vouchers, and what not, and no coat was too

great to get them back. The superintendent would send another officer to help me, if I chose. I didn't choose. After all the baffling and winding, thought I, I will run my fox to earth, if I grow gray in searching for him. If he's in America, I'll find him. Indeed I tried very hard to do so. I spent months in the chase, and to recount all my wanderings would be tedious. Here I got a clue, and I followed it for a time, and then it broke short off. At another place I would get a fancied inkling of my man's whereabouts, and find out somebody who was evidently in hiding, and get within arms' length of the person, and find him suspicious eyes blinking stranger. Bless you! Jennings was not the only rogue hiding in the South. And now New Orleans which had been deserted ever since summer had brought the yellow fever, began to be full to overflowing. I went there, now that the healthy cold wind—the norther, as they call it—had taken to blowing, and that people were crowding in for their winter's gaiety. I had a notion Jennings might be there; there were so many as bad as he, and worse, and I knew New Orleans attracted all the scamps of the county; but though I believe I went into every bar and billiard room, and cafe and gambling house in that profligate city, never a glimpse of Jennings could I get.—He had been a wild fellow in England—on the sly of course; for he was a finished hypocrite, as his masters had thought such a pious, modest, industrious young man didn't live as their model cashier. This was why I looked for him in the haunts of gay folks. But I did not see him, could not hear of him, and began to despair. I was at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, by mere accident I had been up to St. Louis in consequence of quite false information, and on my return from that idle errand, the boat had run aground two miles above Vicksburg. Nobody was the worse except for the delay, and we all had to sleep at that place as best as we might. Knowing the tastes of Jennings, I always went to flash first chop hotels, as the likeliest wherein to hear of him but on this day I found the chief establishments crowded and went to a decayed, second-rate hotel kept by a snuffy old French creole. It was evening, and though the Americans called it cool, I found it warm enough to make it pleasant to sit by an open window of the big dining saloon, where I could enjoy my brandy and cigar in peace.

Most luckily, there was a big screen of stamped and gilded Spanish leather which cut my slice of the room off from the rest, and shut me up as completely as if I had been in a box of one of our own old taverns in the city of London. I had got but half way through my glass of delicious iced beverage—and why they are not as common at home I do not know—when in came two young men, and sat down at a distant table and called for refreshments, which a black waiter brought them. I took a peep at them through a crack in the screen. I had never seen them before. But what they said, I guessed them to be overseers of plantations somewhere up the country; or one might have been an overseer, and the other a book keeper. Believing themselves to be alone, they began to talk very freely. They talked of New Orleans, and gambling, and duels and conquests over the fair sex, and the like profitable discourses, and then of negroes crops and cotton, till I nearly dropped asleep. And yet I listened. You see I made it my duty to listen, for, who knows! queer things do come out sometimes. At last one young fellow began to rally the other about his being "smitten" with Miss Linwood, the daughter of a planter, which the other laughingly denied. "Kate Linwood is pretty enough," said he; "but if little Kitty cares far anybody it's Hervey Vaughan."

"What! that naval fellow—second lieutenant of the Vespucci frigate, ain't he?" yawned the other.

"Yes," said the overseer. "A good-looking chap enough, and no nonsense about him; but he'll find himself cut out when he returns from his cruise. Old Linwood swears his daughter shall take that new overseer of his, for better for worse, though the girl hates the skunk; and quite right too."

"Is that the fellow," asked the other, "that Linwood hired when Bill Brown cut the place?"

"The identical individual," was the answer.

"He's flush of the rhine, it seems, and has lent Old Linwood no end of dollars on mortgage. A precious ass he must be, for the Lesmoines plantation is worn out, and every nigger worth a cent has been sold at New Orleans. But perhaps the scamp did it to buy pretty Kate."

"What's his name. A Canadian, ain't he?"

"He says his name's Duff, and he hails from Canada; but to my mind, he has the cut of a Brifeler born—a dark, slim chap,

that shows, his teeth, when he smiles, in the funniest way possible, just like a dog grinning."

"By Jove," thought I, "that's my man!" Of the importance of my recent discovery, I had very little doubt. To be sure, it might turn out to be moonshine, like the story of the Canada corn dealer, who had led me such a dance through the Northwest; but I felt pretty sure that this Duff, this rich overseer, was no other than the runaway cashier. And very sharp of Jennings too, very sharp and clever; to adopt a regular calling, and a calling so popular in the South as that of overseer, was a stroke of which a great many poor roustages would have been incapable. But to get a hold on this insolvent employer, marry the daughter of the house and become a land-holder in due time, allied to a respectable family—that was about the most prudent thing he could have done. How could he guess I should ever be sitting in the hotel at Vicksburg, listening to the talk of those two lads! It was by mere accident the boat grounded; by mere accident that the other houses were full, and yet see how it checked all his excellent precautions!

When the young men were gone, I slipped out, and made inquiries, in a guarded way, about the Lesmoines plantation and Mr. Linwood. First, one couldn't tell me; then another thought the estate was down stream a hundred miles; next, I was roundly asked what I wanted to know for, and whether I was a tarnation thief of an Abolition spy, wanting to steal away niggers. But I pretended I was travelling for a Manchester house, and had some book-debts to look up. I heard, at length, that the Lesmoines property lay back a little distance from the river, hard by a town called Princeton, which is built on the bank of the stream, just at the angle where three States meet. Those three States are Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas. I darest it pleased Jennings all the better on that account, increasing as it did his chance of escape.

[conclusion in our next.]

JUNE IS THE TIME TO PRUNE FRUIT TREES.—I am aware at what a disadvantage I place myself when I attempt to controvert such authority, namely, Mr. Harry of Rochester, and Mr. Harris, editor of the Genesee Farmer, and would not put the case so strongly in opposition to common practice, had I not in every instance where I have induced any one to try pruning in June, succeeded in gaining their acknowledgment, that June is the time to prune fruit trees.

E. D. WRIGHT, in Genesee Farmer. Remarks.—We are glad to find some one occasionally, bold enough to denounce the ruthless practice of pruning fruit trees when the sap is in an active condition,—say from June 15 to the end of the month, or for a month after the leaves fall. There are physiological reasons for this which we have often referred to in these columns.—[N. E. Farmer.]

The drains of Paris are declared to be the most wonderful work of the kind ever executed. Hundreds of hollow tubes, each one a marvel of solidity and skill, run from every quarter of the town to one immense receptacle of the filth and waste water thus carried off. Before the mouth of this hideous reservoir is placed a grating through which the mass of infection pours night and day.—This grating is meant to prevent the passage of any object beyond a certain size, which might otherwise obstruct the tube. The police reports of the past year record the detection of more than ten thousand new born infants thrown at moment of birth into the drains, which had carried them to the horrid grating, there to leave them to be gathered as the most damning evidence of neglect and abandonment.

An easy method of computing interest at 6 per cent. has just been published: Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired, separate the right hand figure, and divide by six; the result is the true interest in cents of such sum for such number of days at six per cent.

BIRTH EXTRAORDINARY.—At 12 o'clock on Tuesday evening, Mrs. Kennaby, of No. 1, Vaughan Terrace, Shepherdess Walk, London, was safely delivered of four fine female infants, who together with their mother, are doing well. Mrs. Kennaby is in her 24th year.

The Round Table thinks a lady, at present prices, is a luxury too great for an ordinary man to contemplate; the figures attached plainly to her make-up and adornments would frighten any man who did not possess a printing press of his own that could turn out an unlimited number of green baunds. Let presents to a lady be characterized by taste—not remarkable for intrinsic value.