

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

VARII SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.]

Vol 32

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1864.

No. 26

## Poetry.

### BOOKS.

My days among the dead are passed;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old;  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.  
With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe;  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.  
My thoughts are with the dead;—with them  
I live in long past years;  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears;  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.  
My hopes are with the dead; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish with the dust.

[Southey.]

### CONTENT.

Unfit for greatness I her snarers defy,  
And look on riches with untainted eye;  
To others let the glittering baubles fall,  
Content shall place us far above them all.

[Churchill.]

## Miscellany.

### LOOKING LIKE A ROGUE.

#### A DETECTIVE'S ADVENTURE.

Late in the autumn of 1836, I was going home to Vermont for a short visit. Just as I stepped upon the wharf at Buffalo, a gentleman tapped me on the shoulder and said: "This way if you please."  
As I did not happen to please, but was turning to look after my baggage, he seized hold of me, and said, "Come along sir."  
I said, "Don't be rude my man; I am not on duty now, and cannot attend to your case, whatever it may be."  
But I can't to you, retorted he, so come along without any ado.  
Claim your baggage, train leaves in five minutes, shouted the porter.  
My trunk! a check for Burlington, I said.  
Check for the station-house, put in my pertineous, new made friend.  
What on earth do you mean? You will make me miss the train, said I.  
But not the station, he replied, dryly—so come along.  
Will you please to introduce yourself before we proceed with our acquaintance?  
I am deputy Crane, of Buffalo, he answered.

And I am deputy Wood of Chicago. But train's off. I will see you on my return to Buffalo.  
There was a little confusion. "All aboard!" shouted the conductor. And all aboard they got, excepting Deputy Wood and his trunk, which to my certain knowledge, were left standing in the depot—the one for a moment about as speechless as the other. Deputy Crane presently remarked that he had never before had the pleasure of meeting Deputy Wood of Chicago; but he thought his friend Smith, Jones & Co., might have been more fortunate, and if I would have the goodness to walk up to the City Hotel, where they boarded such as me for nothing, he would send for them. I knew there was some mistake; but I thought it would hinder me only one train, and as the adventure might be worth all it cost, I would go along without further explanation.

We were soon at the iron gate and grailings of the "City Hotel," as Crane facetiously termed it; and while he was gone for Smith, Jones & Co., I had time to reflect. "Great robbery in Buffalo. The store of Smith, Jones & Co., robbed of some thousand dollars worth of silks, besides notes and drafts for some thousands more. \$1,000 allowed for the detection of the thief," etc. This notice had been published so long before, that I should never have thought of it, again, had not the present episode refreshed my memory. But I had not long to meditate before Smith & Co., with half a dozen clerks, were on hand—all identifying me, from Smith down to the errand boy, as being the identical man who was lurking around the premises in a suspicious manner the day before the robbery.

Well my man, said Deputy Crane patting me on the shoulder, guilty or not guilty?

Hungry, I replied; and if you please we will go and get some breakfast.  
There is ice in that. But could you feed yourself with your hands tied together?—That is according to the rules of the house, answered Crane.

Now hold on Crane, I exclaimed, this has gone about far enough. We can telegraph to the chief in Chicago, and get our answer in half an hour, which will put the matter all right; and in the meantime I will eat some breakfast, and be ready for noon express.

Teasing a leaf from my memorandum book I wrote:—"Chief Detective Police, Chicago:—Describe Deputy Wood and where he is."

Crane took the despatch, signed his own name to it, and sent it forward immediately. Shortly the answer was returned:—"Deputy Wood thirty-five years, red hair, freckled face, five feet eleven, dressed in full suit sheep's gray. On way to Vermont, and probably passed Buffalo this morning. Has any accident happened?"

Signed—Chief Detective Police, Chicago."

This was conclusive, and I was straightway escorted by my new friend from the City Hotel—to the American, where I was invited to eat and drink—not at the expense of the city, but of my humble servant. While the chicken was broiling we talked over matters, and came to the conclusion, that as I had not been in Buffalo before for more than a year, somebody had who looked wonderfully like me; and a thousand dollars was offered to any one who would produce him—which reward Deputy Crane almost felt in his pocket when he nabbed me at the station.

After breakfast we walked down to the store of Smith Jones & Co., and talked over the affair. Jones apologized, and said he supposed they must have made a mistake in the man, which perhaps was not strange, seeing our attention was called to you particularly at the time, and several months had intervened; mistakes will happen in very good families, however.

Having delivered himself of this doubtful admission of my honesty, and entirely original joke, Mr. Jones retired into the counting room, looking very unconvinced; and the clerk as if by common instinct, began to put back all the loose goods on the counter, as if they feared I would grab them on my way out of the store.

Crane, I think, was thoroughly convinced, before I bade him good bye at the depot—that, so far as I was concerned, it was all right; but persisted that it was a very natural mistake—begged my pardon, and hoped I would see him on my return.

For a month or more, while among my friends in Vermont, I thought little of the occurrence. It is true, the thousand dollars reward would occasionally come into my mind, but as I was not employed in the case the prospect of getting it, was exceedingly small. On my return I spent a few days in New York visiting old acquaintances and making new ones, mostly among the detective branch of the police, as the line of business to which I was devoted can best be learned by mingling with adepts.

One day, while passing down West street, some person slapped me on the shoulder, in a familiar manner saying at the same time:

How are you, old fellow? When did you get back? Wasn't you going to speak to a fellow 'cause you got a new suit? Made the thing pay, eh?

Quick as thought the Buffalo adventure came into my mind, and I resolved at once to follow up the advantage.

Mum's word said I, clapping my fingers to my lips at the same time to indicate that mum was the word, but also to more effectually change my voice.

Come in Joe, said my acquaintance, pointing down the stairs into a drinking saloon. Nobody there but Bill and the boy. We had some fine pickings since you left, didn't expect you back until to-morrow; but come in and get a drink any way.

Clapping my lips again, I blurted out: Business; but I'll be round to-morrow. Have all the boys in at four.

So saying, I dashed on as though I had a thousand stores to rob and several men to murder before I could stop to talk. My friend in utter amazement was still standing where I left him when I turned the corner, thinking no doubt it was very strange, but apparently having no suspicion of identity.

It was certain that as I went to my hotel, that I had got hold of a string which followed up, might lead to at least a thousand dollars, and may be a large amount of valuable property and still greater rewards. As the key to the situation was evidently my resemblance to some rascal, I thought it right as I had to bear the resemblance that I should have at least the benefit that was to come of it, or at least the lion's share, so I resolved to keep my own counsel, and make up the case as best I could in my own room.

Joe was coming back on the next day. Bill (my new acquaintance) and the boys had been having good pickings, and they would probably be there to-morrow at four. If the real Joe did not come round before and clear up or add to, the mystery of to-day Joe evidently must be headed off, or the other pigeons would scatter before they could be bagged. It was my main interest, having no local responsibility in the matter, to bag the thousand dollars and Joe. But as the street had two ends to it and the bagging must not be done where it would frighten the other game, I began to see I must have help, even in the outset, so I sensibly concluded to lay the whole affair before the chief, and have men enough detailed to ensure success. The case was plain that there seemed to be but one plan, and in that we were all agreed, namely, to make arrangements that evening to have me stationed in a grocery on the first corner of the street from the saloon, with two or three assistants, and as many more placed in the corner drug store down street so as to arrest Joe before he met his pals, and by putting him in a close carriage we might take him off so quietly that nobody would hear of it. A few men were to be stationed in a private house opposite the saloon, to make a descent if they saw any unnatural commotion about there before the appointed hour. But otherwise all were to concentrate, when the hour arrived and arrest whoever might be present.

One hour before day, we were in our places, not to attract attention by going there afterwards. It was a long, dreary afternoon. We fancied we saw now and then a suspicious person passing; but no more perhaps than we might expect to see on any other street in the city. Noon came. Crackers and raisins had been disposed of at our grocery, and yet my double had not made his appearance. Whether they had taken him at the drug store we did not know; but supposed our chance to be much the best.

While we were discussing the probabilities, with eyes all the time directed to the street, my comrades in one voice cried out, "There he comes!" and dashed out to arrest him—I meantime persisting it was "not the man—no resemblance—hold on!" But it was no use. They had him in the carriage in a twinkling and all but two were back in the store so soon that our conversation need hardly have been interrupted—only as this episode served to give it a new direction.

As near alike as twin brothers could be, except the clothes. Not a doubt of it, they all averred.

But I had still to confess a great many doubts, as I did not see the slightest resemblance. I who had seen myself for thirty odd years, ought to know better how I looked than they who had not seen me so many hours. But the sequel will tell who knew best. Four o'clock came, and, as by agreement, we concentrated in front and rear of Hancock's saloon. I took my place in the rear, while most of the local stars dashed into the den. We had only a moment to wait before six or eight of the gang came rushing past us in their efforts to escape.

Our squad gave instant chase. My friend of yesterday, being the only one I recognized, received my special attention. Following him around the corner at the top of my speed, I was surprised for the instant to see him slacken his pace, as though waiting for me to come up.

Bully, Joe! we've dodged them this time anyhow.

The precise state of the case was evident. Without waiting for an answer, he went on, hurriedly:

Jonks saw me, and knows where I live, and this will arouse his suspicion. I'll wager he'll be around to No. 37 before night, and those traps must be moved, or we'll be certain to lose 'em.

Move 'em, said I; and on we went, running where we thought it safe, and making good time all the way—my companion a little in advance, and wondering what made me so haggard.

We were not long in reaching No. 37 Grove street. My friend had the latch-key in his hand, and was on the point of entering, when I proceeded to dispel his illusion by exhibiting my star and demanded an unconditional surrender. He was belligerent—a tussle ensued, and for a moment it seemed doubtful which would win, Polly or the bear; but the disturbance soon brought several policemen to my aid, and my late associate was taken off to the lock-up.

Hearing a commotion in doors, I thought it best to proceed at once to make an examination. So we turned the key, which was still in the lock, and walked in without saying "By your leave, madam."

Madam met us in the hall, and demanded our business. We blandly informed her that we knew something of her beautiful mansion by reputation, and were anxious to examine it ourselves by gas light, if she would be so good as to show us around—She protested that they were honest people.

that her husband was out, the hour was late, we no gentlemen, and finally that she would thank us to leave, just as any honest woman would.

But I cannot go into details. Suffice it to say, we went up stairs, down stairs, and in the lady's chamber; and wherever we went we found more goods than the most thrifty housekeeper could need. Down stairs especially there was a perfect store of valuables—enough to stock two or three variety shops of moderate pretensions, besides one jewelry store. In the morning I sent to Smith & Co. to come and identify their property. In the course of the next two days, not only Smith, but the representatives of a dozen other stores which had been robbed, were there. Smith found nearly all his lost silks, many others identified the whole or part of theirs, while much remained that was not claimed by any one.

There were more than a dozen taken at the saloon, most of whom were known to the police; the matter was vigorously prosecuted, and I believe more than half were duly convicted and sentenced in New York.

But what became of my twin brother, Joe, who had unconsciously got these, his particular friends into trouble?

The conclusion of the whole matter can be told briefly.

Joe was induced to accompany me so far as Buffalo on my return home, where I introduced him to my friend Deputy Crane, who immediately escorted him to the "City Hotel," with which I had once made a slight acquaintance. Smith & Co., and the clerks recognized him at once, and volunteered to see that he had justice. Deputy Crane Smith, and all persistent acquaintances of a month before, begged a thousand pardons for their stupidity in thinking I resembled the thief, but more respectable was Smith's check for the promised reward, and I was more than willing to forgive Deputy Crane; for it was owing to his blunder that much valuable property was returned to the rightful owners, many rascals made to suffer the penalty of their crimes, and one handsomely paid for looking like a rogue.

The Editress of the Boston Olive Branch, having received a communication from Nashville, Tennessee; inquiring whether some female printers could be obtained there to go to Nashville, replied as follows:

"Every girl in Boston, who is old enough to work in a printing office, or any other office, has a lover, whom she would be just as like to trade off for a Tennessee article as she would for a grisly bear. The idea of a Boston girl, who goes to operas, patronizes Julien's concerts, waltzes once a week, eats ice cream, rides in the omnibus, wears satin slippers, and sometimes kisses the editor, going to Tennessee, except she goes as the wife of one of your first citizens, editors excepted, is ridiculous. Wouldn't a girl in a nice dress, pantafolets, and shiny gaiter boots look well trudging through the mud and mire of Nashville, to an old roost of a printing office, the walls of which are covered with posters offering rewards for runaway niggers. Wouldn't she be in a nice fix when the editor and some great brute of a fellow whom he had offended, got to play at the game of shooting their revolvers across the office at each other's head? Who would make the fire when the devil had run off or the editor was drunk? Who would go home with her dark nights? Who would take her out to ride on Saturday afternoons, or go to church with her on Sunday? No, sir—a Boston girl would not go to Tennessee for love or money; she can get enough of both near home."

Josh Billings's Letter.

Daughters of the United States.

Dare galls: Keep cool. A blessed future awaits you sunny how. Take lessons in the sun at once; pianos are getting cheap—Bless how to knit pudding bags to put yure hair in. Be virtuous and pretty. Eat salt pencils; that will make spry at fingers: Eat kolone water; that will make a good odor. Let your dresses drag on the sidewalks, and if any man steps on em and tares oph the rim slap him on the chops at onst. If you have got a small foot, keep 'em hid—small feet hev gone out of fashion. Study travels, Tom Moore's and Byron's and Gullivers and Wandering Jew's and Vallandigham's is all fast rate. If you can spare the time be luvly and sweet. Remember one thing, thar ain't nothing in this life worth living for, but a rich husband; if you don't believe me ask yure ma. If yu hev got red hair you had better exchange it fer blak; blak hair they tell me is going to be worn much next year. Don't hev anything to do with the boys, unless thar mean business. If yu don't

know how to skate, yu mie as well jine sum travelling nunnery at onst, for yure playd out.

JOHN BILLINGS.

THE LATE LORD ABERDEEN.—It has already been mentioned that the late Earl of Aberdeen built and endowed, at his own expense, a church in a desolate district of London. His lordship, then Lord Haddo, only made two conditions—first, that his name must not be mentioned; and second, that the church must have a spire, because, said Lord Haddo, one to look at a spire must look up to heaven. At the consecration, he sat in the free seats among the poor, and as such as the service was over, he went away with the poor, and did not stay to dine with the bishop and the grandees. The church was called St. Mary's after Lady Haddo. The building and endowment of St. Mary's cost £10,000.

SETTING FENCE POLES.—Among the special annoyances at this season is the perpetual heaving of fence posts by the frost.—When this occurs badly, the expense and trouble of fencing is much increased. A correspondent of the Agriculturalist states his mode of setting posts in soil which heaves badly. He says—"I have had experience in fence making, have tried different ways, and I think the difficulty alluded to can be entirely obviated thus:—Dig a small hole ten or twelve inches deep, drive down a crow-bar to the depth of about one and half feet further, insert the post [sharpened doubtless,] and drive it thoroughly with a beetle, chinking up in the usual way around the post with stones, [so that no soil comes against the post at the surface.] The post is set deeply in the ground below the action of the frost, and the stones prevent the earth from freezing to it, and drawing it out. Though it has been about eighteen years since some of my posts were first set, they have not been drawn out by the frost, and have only to be straightened up and re-chinked."

NARROW ESCAPE OF ONE HUNDRED PERSONS FROM DROWNING.—On Thursday afternoon, as a vessel, belonging to Messrs. Johnson, Austwick, and Morris, which had been built by Mr. Garlick, of Knottingley, was being launched, a very serious accident occurred, which might have resulted in the loss of many lives. It appears that upon the vessel being loosened, and reaching the outer end of the "ways," the foundation gave way, from the loose state of the bank, and she canted over, with a living cargo of about 100 souls. A large number were at once precipitated some distance, falling into the water; and those who were not, were taken under water, and did not appear until the vessel righted herself, which fortunately, she did quickly. The cries and shrieks of the spectators were heart-rending, the scene having changed in an instant from one of innocent mirth and rejoicing to one of the deepest anxiety and sorrow. Energetic efforts were at once made to save all from drowning, and, fortunately, they were successful. All the persons who were thus suddenly placed in a position of peril escaped with no more serious consequence than a good wetting. [Eastern Evening News.]

A SPIRIT KISS.—The Pawtucket Gazette relates the following pleasing incident of spiritual communication:

An enthusiastic believer was relating to a sceptic the spiritual performances to which he could testify. Among other things he said that on a certain occasion the spirit of his wife, who had been dead several years, returned to him, and seating herself on his knee, put her arms around his neck and kissed him, as much to his gratification as she used to when living.

You do not mean to say, remarked the sceptic, that the spirit of your wife really embraced and kissed you?

No, not that exactly, replied the believer, but the spirit took possession of the body of a female medium, and, through her, embraced and kissed me.

SUNFLOWER SEED.—Chickens are very fond of sunflower seed, which not only fattens them very quickly, but make their flesh very tender, juicy, and fine flavored. Therefore it will be well for you to plant sunflowers in some corner of your ground for this purpose.

WORKMEN engaged in excavating at Marblehead, Mass., have discovered several skeletons or parts of skeletons, in various stages of preservation. One skull, at least exhibits two rows of double teeth in a remarkably well preserved state. These remains are supposed to be those of Indians.

BUT ONE INCLINATION.—Why don't you wheel the barrow of coal, Ned? said a miner to one of his sons. It's not a very hard job; there's an inclined plane to help you. Ah, replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but I am not."

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