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## Poetry.

### MAIDEN BEAUTY.

Her hand's like a lily—  
But just at the tip  
It hath stolen a tint  
Like the hue of her lip.  
Her breath's like the morning,  
When hyacinths blow;  
Her feet leave a blessing  
Wherever they go!  
For each one she's something  
To comfort or cheer;  
When her purple lips her wishes  
She gives them a tear!  
Even the sound of her step  
Seems to bring them relief;  
And they bless that sweet face  
Which speaks hope 'mid their grief.  
Her mouth's like a rose-bud,  
Just budding half through,  
When it opens at morn  
Amidst fragrance and dew;  
And her heart is a dwelling  
Where angels might rest,  
And forget their own heaven  
In that of her breast!

—CHARLES SWAIN.

## Miscellany.

### THE SMUGGLER.

BY THE REV. J. ABBOTT.

Is the month of January, eighteen hundred and—(no matter about the exact year,) towards the close of a splendid Canadian winter's day, two men, dressed in the unpretending etoffe-du-pays, were returning homewards from their daily labour. They had been cutting and heaving timber for a dwelling-house, which was to be erected in the following spring at an extensive clearing that had recently been made upon a new farm.

From the general appearance of the more prominent figure of these two men, he might have been some fifty years or more. His stature, though somewhat lessened by a slight stoop, was above the ordinary scale. He stood, when straightened up, full six feet two in his stocking feet. His broad shoulders—his long and brawny arms—his muscular neck, revealed by the loose collar of his flannel shirt, gave promise of more than common strength; while the bold outline of his high and noble forehead, and the decisive cast of his countenance, together with a quick, unquailing, and penetrating eye, were unmistakable tokens of an active and powerful mind, well suited for the all but Herculean task under its influence and command.

The other, in whom might be traced some slight resemblance to his companion, was a young man of three or four and twenty years of age, with nothing either in his figure of bearing, worth notice, save and except a pleasing and rather interesting expression in his features, increased if not created by a shade of melancholy which seemed to have settled upon them, the cause of which will be developed in the course of my tale.

"No, Frank," said the elder of the two, whom I shall call Humphrey Jackman, "you'll have under its pretence ready to put into it, I suppose, eh?"

"O yes!" was the ready but by no means unembarrassed reply. "Little Nelly is to keep house for me—it's all settled." Little Nelly was his youngest and favourite sister.

"Stuff—nonsense!" exclaimed his companion. "What's to become of Fanny Reynolds? You may be thought that I didn't know all about it?"

"No more you do, uncle," returned his companion; and then went on to explain how that the old man wouldn't give his consent until he had got his house furnished, and paid off the two instalments still due upon his farm; "although—Fanny thinks," he added, "that her father would pay one of them himself if I would make out the other, and she and her mother would manage about the principal part of the furniture, indeed she's got bedding and linen, and I don't know what besides her own already, enough to furnish two houses such as we want."

"So then, Frank, this is the trouble that has been making you look so down this while back? but why not tell me before? eh, lad?"

"Well, uncle, they say old folks don't feel for us young people in a scrape of his kind, and so we thought it best to keep it to ourselves and try and work it out in some way. It would take a couple of years, perhaps, and Fanny has consented to wait; but the old man wants her to wed that fellow Ned Warwick, and besides—in short, I don't know what to do."

"O, we'll manage it, never fear, boy—And as you cannot get the girl without the cash, why I must just make one more trip, that's all, although I did think never to make another. Smuggling! the old man continues, as if thinking aloud, "I don't like it—'t's no right, and yet there's no way great harm in it after all, and everybody practices it when an opportunity offers; so I'll try it once more."

"Then let me go with you," said Frank, eagerly, "and if you have luck, uncle, you'll make two people happy."

"Say three, boy, say three; and as it's the last trip I'll ever make, you shall go with me, and with such ice as we now have, there's no time to be lost. So start for O— to-morrow morning—hire a man to take you across; get your eye on a couple of teams, and visit at Hiram Brown's till I come over to you."

With many expressions of the deepest gratitude, Frank parted from his uncle that night; and the old man turned into his warm bed muttering sundry ejaculations, anything but complimentary to those setting themselves against his nephew's "love scrape," as he called it—intermingled with an occasional grunt at the length of time the "old woman" took to arrange her domestic affairs, preparatory to resigning herself to the arms of Morpheus and the hazy old smuggler Humphrey Jackman.

While leaving the worthy couple to their repose, we will take a passing glance at the different localities, few though they be, with which my tale is concerned. This is the more necessary, as without some explanatory observations, the old smuggler's movements could not well be understood. Humphrey Jackman's farm, or rather his nephew's, which was close by it, on which they had been at work, as already stated, was situated on the Canada side of the St. Lawrence, some twenty miles away from it in the "back woods." The road leading to it branched off at right angle from the front or river road about six miles above the then flourishing town of P—. This road, after running about ten miles back, was crossed by another, and a tavern had been set up there called the "Four Corners," a name which was commonly abbreviated into "the Corners."

Opposite the small town of P—, on the Canada side of the river, was the much larger town of O—, on the United States' side. The locale of my story being in that section of the country where the great St. Lawrence forms the line of separation between the contiguous territories of the British and American governments—a space, the intelligent reader will be aware, not much exceeding a hundred miles in length.

Between these two towns—in consequence of the facilities of communication with each other, afforded in summer by the stillness of the water, and by the ice in winter,—a considerable contraband trade has always been and is still carried on, with great fluctuations certainly, owing to the changes in the tariff of duties established by the respective governments, and the smugglers are found accordingly to belong to each of these towns by turns.

At the period to which my tale refers there was a heavy duty on the importation of tea into Canada, which doubled the price at which it could be procured in the States, hence the temptation on the part of the Canadians to smuggle it across the line.

The town of O—, in the United States, was consequently the place to which Humphrey Jackman had determined to make his last smuggling trip, and had accordingly directed his nephew to proceed thither, as has been already stated, in order to aid him in bringing it to a successful issue. The result of his adventurous undertaking must be left for the sequel to develop.

Two days after the conversation already recorded, between the uncle and nephew, concerning the "love scrape" of the latter, the burly and stalwart smuggler, Humphrey Jack, might have been seen at a store in the town of O—, busily engaged in carrying out bags, the contents of which would be easily guessed at by the initiated, but which everybody else would suppose to be filled with grain. His nephew Frank, as he called him, was there too, aiding and assisting in loading with these bags, two double sleighs at the door, to each of which a "span" of heavy horses were harnessed.

A light load of ten hundred each,—designated for a span of horses, in case they might have to run for it, was soon completed; bonds or notes, with satisfactory endorsements, were signed, to secure the payment for the same, and all was ready for a start.

"Now, Frank," said the old man, "take your teams to Hiram Brown's shed, and give them a good feed, and start off exactly two hours from this,—now mind the time, he added emphatically, "everything depends on this. I have given the rascally officer a hint of what I am up to, and I therefore expect to have a tussle with him; but he won't

trouble you, so good bye, and see to your teams, and Fanny will be yours yet, my boy, or my name's not Humphrey Jackman."

So saying he walked off, and in another hour was trotting quietly along the icy road across the river, in the clear moonlight, his sleigh, apparently loaded heavily with bags, was drawn by a span of powerful-looking grays, and he was whistling unconsciously as he jogged along, as if nothing of any material consequence depended upon his exertions and ingenuity.

We must now take the reader back to the other side of the river, to see what was going on, at the town of P—, where Humphrey Jackman's trip and the object of it had evidently got wind, and accordingly preparations had been made with the utmost care and precaution, for the reception on his return of the greatest smuggler the St. Lawrence had ever borne on its bosom.

Close under the shade of the wharf, a "till" higher up than where the road crossed the river, was a light "cutter" with two persons in it,—the excise officer himself and a sturdy-looking Irishman of great muscular power, who had apparently been selected for his strength alone. This man formed a striking contrast to the crafty-looking little man beside him. But differing as they did in those physical qualifications, essentially necessary in such an encounter as they anticipated, two more fit and formidable antagonists for Uncle Humphrey, as the smuggler was familiarly designated, could hardly have been found in the whole of that neighbourhood.

There was the head to plan, and well instructed it was in all the tricks and doubles practised by the contraband traders; and there was a hand, and a powerful one it was, to execute.

Two double sleighs were stationed, one on the ice below the cross-road, and the other on the shore, in the street leading up to the wharf into the town. Each sleigh had in it two men and a driver. The whole party wrapped in shawls and furs still and silent as the grave, were patiently awaiting the return of the stout and stalwart smuggler.

"Hist! I hear him," said the officer, "that must be the creaking of his runners on the snow this cold night!" and, after listening a moment longer, to make certainty doubly sure, he added, addressing his companion more directly, "Now, Tim, mind and have your hands about you."

"Devi! a fear, your honor," was the curt and ready reply; "his capers won't be no use to the villain, an' Tim Machon once gets a grip on him."

There! rare enough, was the smuggler. He was coming steadily along at a brisk trot, and had arrived within fifty yards of the party, without apparently being aware of the danger he was running into.

He reached the road branching off up the river, into which he half turned his horses, and then suddenly pulled up, as if for the purpose of reconnoitering, for he seemed earnestly to peer into the dark shadows of the wharves and houses before him.

There was a death like pause, of intense interest, when the smuggler, as if the dark outline of some indefinable object had caught his eye and awakened his suspicions, moved on a few paces farther up the road, until he was nearly abreast of the officer, when he again brought his team to a stand-still.

As he did so, the excise man, fearing his prey, which he now considered within his grasp, would get beyond his reach, darted out of his hiding-place and made a dash at him, shouting at the same time—

"After him, my men! now's your time, and we have him!"

"More easily said than done," coolly retorted the smuggler, as he triumphantly cracked his whip over his gallant grays, as if in defiance of the threatened danger, when they started off up the river at a pace, which, for some time at least, kept his pursuers at a respectful distance.

On they went at a fiery gallop. The smuggler and the cutter, having distanced the other sleighs, had the race all to themselves; but after a mile or so, the weight of the smuggler's load, or the superior bottom of the excise man's horse began to tell, for the distance between them was rapidly decreasing, and anon the cutter got close up to the sleigh, when the officer called upon Humphrey to stop; but he only answered by applying the whip to his horses and giving to them an exclamation of encouragement.

Perceiving that it was the smuggler's determination to persist to the last, the officer urged his horse to his utmost speed and succeeded in getting abreast of the old man.

"Now, Tim!" whispered the officer to his companion; "now's your time!" and the man making a spring out of the cutter, threw himself on the loaded sleigh behind the smuggler, shouting as he did so, "Hurrah! now we have him."

But his triumph was short. Old Humphrey was roused at last. Now was the time

for action, and well did he use it. Dropping his reins upon his load and turning half round, but without stopping his horses or slackening their speed, as the Irishman sprang at him, he bent his head without raising or seizing him with both arms round the legs, he jerked him over the side of the sleigh head foremost upon the glare ice, with such violence as to render him completely senseless. Then raising his heavy whip he struck the officer's horse, which had fallen slightly behind, such a blow on the head as prostrated him beside the discomfited Irishman.

Almost frantic with the excitement of the chase, and enraged at his disappointment in thus losing his prey when he had him all but within his grasp, the excise man got up his horse as soon as possible, and again started in pursuit of the smuggler, leaving his man to be picked up by the other sleighs as they came along after him. He soon overtook him, but having now obtained the land, where the road was narrow and the snow deep, it was almost impossible to pass or even to get abreast of him; and old Humphrey being aware of this, had slackened his pace to a good round trot.

Again the officer hailed him to stop, but no notice whatever was taken of the summons; exasperated at the pertinacity of the smuggler, he, as a last resource, drew a pistol from his pocket, and told him to stop or he would bring him up with a vengeance.—But Humphrey Jackman was not the man to be intimidated by such a threat.

"You know me," said he turning round at last to confront his persecutor, and if you shoot a horse of mine, why I am counted a pretty good shot out our way; and if you want to speak to me I am going to pull up at the "Corners," five miles on, and no man living shall stop me before that."

So saying, he turned on his load, and did not even deign to look at his antagonist for a moment to see in what manner his very significant speech had been received.

Twice did the angry and baffled officer raise the deadly weapon and cover the flank of one of the smuggler's gallant grays, when he got a fair sight at a turn in the road.—But Humphrey Jackman was well known to be a daring and determined man; and now that the attack was great and his blood was up, there was no saying to what length his passion might carry him; so thinking it more prudent to wait they should reach the "Corners," he showed no further disposition to greet his progress.

By the time they arrived at the tavern the party had been increased by the coming up of the two sleighs which had been left far behind at the hazardous commencement of the chase, but had overtaken them, owing to the more moderate pace at which, for the last five or six miles they had been travelling.

The officer proceeded instantly to make a formal seizure in the King's name of the team and load; he had been too well informed of the nature of its contents to think for a moment of examining it; while Humphrey was coolly busying himself in fastening his horses and providing them with a little hay and a warm covering. The latter, from their heated state, was much needed. He did not utter a single word, till one of the men, clapping him on the back, jeeringly said to him, "Well, uncle, when are you going to give us another chance like this?"

"Better see," he replied, as he turned with an ambiguous and contemptuous smile towards his load; "better see what you've got this time, lad."

"What's that?" exclaimed the officer, his suspicions, already aroused by the apathy and unconcerned air and manner of the smuggler, becoming all but confirmed by his sneering and contemptuous remark; and springing to the sleigh he tore open the first bag he could get hold of, and thrust in his hand, but instantly drew it out again with a deep oath.

Uncle Humphrey laughed outright at the rage and disappointment of the keen and cunning little officer, the more especially when he heard him exclaim to his companions:—

"By heavens, men, we are done, with a vengeance! here is nothing but chopped straw! But empty all the bags," he continued, "and see if there be nothing else in them."

The bags were instantly thrown out of the sleigh and emptied on the snow; but not a grain of the contraband article was there.—The officer and men looked at one another for an instant, with blank countenances. At length one of them remarked, that he would have one of them remarked, that he would have one of them coming on with the tea, and they had better hasten back as quick as possible.

"Old Humphrey is not the man to make such a blunder," replied the officer, "as to leave us a single chance now of finding his tea. No, no! I'll warrant you it's safe by this time as the most respectable merchants' stores in P— can make it."

There was no harm, however, in according to his man's suggestion—they had to return at any rate; so, leaving old Humphrey to gather up his empty bags, he turned his horse and followed by the two sleighs, drove rapidly back in the direction of P—; and when they got there, the whole town was in a state of the most perfect repose and not a trace of the tea was to be found.

Frank Harris went to bed that night with a lighter heart than had been his for many a long and weary day.

Not so with the uncle. He had been an habitual smuggler, it is true, in his younger days, but had long ago given it up, not from a thorough conviction of its criminality; that had yet to be effected by a simple country girl, despite the influential examples of magistrates, church-wardens, elders, and clergymen; but from a belief, rather ill-defined than otherwise, that although not very strong, which have lately been adverted to, notwithstanding the success of his present adventure, and his triumph over the excise officer, still more consoling,—made his pillow an uneasy one, and kept him awake for more than half the remaining portion of that eventful night, and he resolved once more never to engage in smuggling again.

A certain place is said to be paved with good resolutions; and although some remain of one Uncle Humphrey's may be found there, not entirely obliterated by his nephew's distress, yet, I defy the utmost malignity of the dark spirit itself, that presides over it, to point out the other.

The young man's reflections, when he awoke in the morning, with the bright sun shining through his bedroom window fall upon his face, were very similar to those of his uncle. (One and both had been hurried, as it were, into the act by a single and all-absorbing consideration—the relief of his distressing exigencies. If they had been unfortunate in their enterprise, ten to one they had ever thought of anything but their failure; but succeeded to reflection, and reflection—through the instrumentality of Fanny Reynolds, who had been brought up under the advantage, the immeasurable advantage, of a pious mother's instructions—led to conviction; but we are anticipating.)

The proceeds of Humphrey Jackman's last trip proved to be more abundant than even the sanguine hopes of the young man had anticipated; and before a month had elapsed a large and merry party were assembled to celebrate the nuptials of Frank Harris and the girl of his heart.

Were my tale a mere fiction, the wedding would be its natural and appropriate conclusion; but truth compels me to add, that both uncle and nephew, although their object had been accomplished, were anything but satisfied with their conduct in this trifling transaction.

"It's not right, Frank! it's not right!" the old man would shake his head and say to his nephew, when they were working together in the field by themselves, "I had frequently been guilty of smuggling before," he would add, on such occasions, "but they seized a pair of horses of mine, worth as much or more than all I'd made, and my conscience cried quits with them and I gave it up; but this last offence,—I'm not easy in my mind about it,—Frank, I cannot sleep 'nights for thinking on't. It's the devil's wages, Frank, and can never come to good."

Frank's feelings were an exact transcript of his uncle's; but what could he do,—make restitution? The money was sunk and not at his command. He tried to burrow it on a mortgage on his farm, but could not succeed. At length, some three or four years subsequent to his marriage, his wife's father died, and left him ample means to make restitution, and he did make it, with interest thereon, to the utter astonishment of their bewildered friends, the collector of customs, and to the infinite joy and satisfaction of his good old uncle.

A Tippler who quanted awfully, used sometimes to mourn that his eyes did not agree.

"It's lucky for you," once said a friend of his, "for if your eyes had been matches, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

Lord Bacon once wrote, "You may observe that among all the great and worthy persons there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."

A Gypsy promised to show two young ladies their husband's faces in a pair of water. They looked and exclaimed, "Why, we only see our own faces."

"Well, those faces will be your husbands when you are married," said the gypsy.

When Sir Henry Rivers took orders a friend told him he would become a bishop. "Indeed," said Sir Henry, "why so?" "Because rivers invariably go to the sea."