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## Poetry.

### THE ENGLISHMAN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I've sailed on the sea from east to west  
From north to south, the wide world thro',  
I've seen mankind both worst and best,  
And loved them whoso'er their hue.  
But never found on any ground,  
From Erin, eastward to Japan,  
From Hudson's Bay, to Paraguay,  
The equal of the Englishman.  
The Englishman, the Englishman;  
The upright, downright Englishman:  
His aim is sure, his heart is pure,  
The ready, steady Englishman.

He leans himself with heart of oak,  
His love is warm, his hate is strong;  
And when he fights, beware his stroke,  
If principles or acts are wrong.  
At fallen foes, he aims no blow,  
But strives to lift them if he can;  
He seems to weep upon the weak,  
The vengeance of an Englishman.  
The Englishman, the Englishman;  
The upright, downright Englishman:  
In love and hate he's always great,  
The ready, steady Englishman.

Whatever the purpose of his heart,  
He'll do it if his life allow;  
Nor will he flinch from his word depart,  
Who finds him e'er draw back his vow?  
On all that's just he builds his trust,  
On all that's base he huris his ban;  
And ladies bright, his heart's delight—  
He loves you like an Englishman,  
The Englishman, the Englishman,  
The upright, downright Englishman,  
In friendship dear, in love sincere,  
The ready, steady Englishman.

In work he labors with a will,  
In play is playful as a child;  
And if the wild winds whistle chill,  
He bears misfortune undefiled.  
On all the gifts of mother earth,  
You find his mark, you trace his plan,  
Though some may fear, and some revere,  
Yet none despise the Englishman,  
The Englishman, the Englishman,  
The upright, downright Englishman,  
Twas such as he that made us free,  
The ready, steady Englishman.

## Miscellany.

### THE DETECTIVE IN AMERICA.

[CONCLUDED.]

I lost no time in going up to Princeton, and there I put up at a little boarding house kept by a Swiss, and where foreigners mostly lodged. Hitherto, I had been travelling in the printed calico line, but now I had to sing a different song. Having partly served my time as a bell-banger, in my native place, years before I entered the force, I took up the trade again. I bought a basketful of tools at Vicksburg, second hand, except one or two things, because it would never do to have everything brand new and bright as if I were a sham-smith. A little oil and charcoal dust on my hands and clothes, and I really made up the character very fairly, though my old master would have stared to see me in a shabby suit of black, with a swallow tailed coat, cut for evening wear, and a black stock, but this is American fashion. I gave myself out for a workman seeking employment, and who had been a twelvemonth at New Orleans. To pass myself off for a Yankee I knew to be hopeless; in fact I had tried it, and couldn't imitate the twang so as to impose upon those who were born to it. Besides, I was a deal too sturdy and round faced, and not tall enough, for any one to imagine me a New Englander, much less a Southern man. So I just took the character I have spoken of, and which secured me from suspicion. I was not silly enough to begin chatting directly about the Lesmoines plantation, and the affairs of its proprietor. But I heard Mr. Linwood canvassed more than once in conversation I listened to, and the general opinion was that he was a ruined man. But what I heard about Miss Katherine, his daughter, interested me a good deal. There were no two voices about her; every one said she was good and pretty, and going to be sold to the new overseer, who had got such influence over her weak father; and folks swore it was a shame. She had been, as I understood, regularly engaged to Lieutenant Henry Vaughan, of the United States navy; and he was absent in the full faith that she was true to him, and that when she came back he would have held his head up, if the President

had wanted him. I was, therefore, hardly surprised; but it being Jennings that required my services, I was more pained than I choose to show. Jennings looked at me with a sort of supercilious, haughty air. He had caught up the feeling with which "mean whites" are regarded in the South. "Ah! you're a locksmith, my man?" says he, cutting at the coffee bushes with his long lashed whip. Now, if I had been passing for a Yankee, I'd have given my reply as succinctly as the question was asked, but being known for an Englishman, I put up a forefinger to my hat and answered: "Yes sir; can I do anything?" quite civil.

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