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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1864.

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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 learns 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.

What's the purpose at his heart,  
He'll do it if his life allow;  
Nor will he flinch from his word part,  
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 looks 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,  
His play is playful as a child;  
And if the wild winds whistle chill,  
He bears misfortune undistilled.  
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 look up the trade again. I bought a basket of one or two chairs, 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 even 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 he came back he would find her waiting for him. But the

poor young officer was likely to find the girl he loved the wife of another man; for Duff or Jennings could twist old Linwood round his finger. He had lent the planter money, a most unusual thing for an overseer to do, but people guessed he had got the cash by speculation or gambling hazard. The land of Lesmoines was good, but mostly exhausted; there was plenty of virgin ground yet that grew nothing but weeds and wild cane, but there were no hands to break it up; and why? Because old Linwood, a self-indulgent, careless person, with a taste for cards and claret, had gradually sold off all the best slaves to pay debts of honor and pressing bills, and could hardly get on at all. In this reckless ruinous course, he had been encouraged by his two last overseers, who had lined their pockets with their share of the purchase money, having been commissioned to manage the sale of the field hands at New Orleans city. Everybody said that Duff was playing a still bolder game, since by marrying his master's only child, he was sure to be owner of Lesmoines one day; and a vigorous man might restore the property to its original value. All the people agreed, Kate Linwood detested Duff, and loved the absent lieutenant, but her father, who was a violent man for all his easy ways about money, had terrified her into a reluctant consent.

It took a fortnight, or more, to make out even the confirmation of the news I had picked up at Vicksburg; and, sharp as my watch was, I never could get a glimpse of the designing overseer. He never came into town at all. He had friends in Princeton, or perhaps I should say associates, who now and then rode out to Lesmoines; but for a month or more he had not been seen in the place. I could guess why. He had his suit to press and his influence to keep. At last I heard that a day had actually been fixed for the wedding. Impatience is a poor quality in most vocations, but it is fatal to the usefulness of a police officer. Still, I got impatient. I strolled on to boundary of Lesmoines estate twice over, and I was almost tempted to talk to the poor old negroes that were hoeing or rail-mending, but I luckily let them alone; I say, luckily, because a Britisher, even a plain workman, cannot speak to a black field-hand without drawing on himself suspicion and ill will. But just as I was getting weary of waiting, and ready to run some risk chance stood my friend. Into the town came riding, on a tall bay horse, a dark, slim, well looking chap, genteelly dressed, and wearing a Panama straw hat for the sun. I was in the veranda of the boarding house smoking, but directly I clapped eyes on the horseman, and a sort of flutter ran through me, and I felt as nervous as a young girl when she sees her sweetheart coming towards the house in his Sunday clothes. Down I went into the garden, among the black magnolia and coffee bushes, and peeped out through the branches that screened me nicely. The man rode close by the palings; I whipped out the photograph from the inner pocket where I kept it, opened the case, and compared the portrait with the rider. Yes, it was Duff, alias Jennings; I was sure it was; and yet he was so much browner and older looking, I half doubted, and the Panama hat made a difference. I slipped out and followed.

He rode about town, first to the saddler's for a whip lash, and to talk about a set of new girths; then to a general store to order matters for the negroes—Osnaburg cloth, bacon, and so forth; and next he went to the tailor's. Off he got, tied up his horse to one of the white wooden pillars of the piazza, and went in. I guess he was ordering his wedding clothes. A fine time he was about it. At last he came out adjusting his gloves—he was a desperate dandy and took hold of the reins of his horse, untied the knot in them, and leisurely mounted. As he did so, something tickled his fancy, and he smiled, a very peculiar dog smile, that curled up his lips and showed his teeth queerly. Often had I heard of this look in Jennings, and my heart leaped, for I knew then, for certain he was the right man. He never observed me but rode to a few more stores, and I loomed after him, with my hands in my pockets, and a careless saunter. It was a funny thing, the ascended cashier of the bank riding like a lord through Princeton streets, and myself strolling after him with face as stupid as a young yokel's at a fair. By and by, I saw him riding up to the very boarding house where I lodged, and I drew near too, and out came the landlord, and talked to him. The landlord spied me out, and hallooed and beckoned, and up I ascended.

"Glad I found you, Duff," says the Swiss, "you'd have lost a job else, for here's a gentleman enquiring for a locksmith."

You must know there were only two locksmiths in town, a German and me. The German was a real drunkard, in liquor half the week, and just then I knew he could not 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 pleased than I choose to show.

Jennings looked at me with a sort of surprise, but he said nothing. 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 any thing?" quite civil.

"You're a Britisher, I calculate," says Jennings, affecting to talk through his nose, and looking very keenly at me the while—he had his own reasons for mistrusting a countryman.

I answered the truth, I was a Briton, and I'd come out to follow my trade, and was ready for a job.

So Jennings told me to come up that afternoon to Lesmoines, where there was plenty to do. There was a caret key to make, and doors and cupboards to look to, and the store room lock to file and oil and a lot more. "And," says Jennings as he wheeled his horse to ride off, "I had nearly forgot; Miss Kate wants a new lock to her desk, or something; so be sure you attend first to that. Always give the ladies the preference!" And I quite hated him for the odious snarl on his face as he nodded and went away.

I went up to the house quite punctual, and though the walk was long, and the sun hot enough to raise blisters on my face as I trudged along, for all it was the cold time of year, I chuckled to myself as I went, thinking how little Jennings knew who it was he'd called in. But I had only come to the beginning of my task, and the battle was not won yet. To collar Jennings, and walk him off, may seem a simple operation enough, but in the South that's a dangerous game. He had but to bawl for help, and call me an Abolitionist, or talk about the hospitality of the States, and twenty rowdies would take up the quarrel. My work was not quite so plain sailing. As I went through the estate I saw none but old feeble men and women, or quite raw boys and girls, at work; the fences were all to pieces, the cattle strayed where they liked, corn and cotton were choked with weeds, and the brushwood sprouted where it pleased. Everything was going to rack and ruin, and the road had rut in it to bury a wagon wheel. But there was a creek of deep water from the river, running up to very near the house, and a mouldering wharf where they used to ship the cotton. The house was a fine big one, Spanish style, with flat roof and shady verandahs, and a garden in better order than I expected. But the paint was peeled off, the wood was all cracked and warped with the sun, and half the windows were ajar, but when I knocked, out came an old crippled negro, and three or four barking spaniels. I was expected, for the old black man grinned, and let me in.

The house was almost as ransackable and out of order inside as out—paint and paper all very old ragged, and the furniture costly, but uncommonly old and moth-eaten. I saw old Mr. Linwood in the room where he had the claret lock to take off—a portly, big boned man of sixty, with a face I thought foolish, rather than bad or cruel, with a yellow silk handkerchief tied round his head. He bade me, with many oaths, be sure and make a good key, and be quick, for those damned thief robbers drank his wine as fast as he opened it. He got very excited in telling me this, and then dropped back quite languid again. He was dressed in rankine, as many planters are thereabouts, and may have been a good looking gentleman when younger, but he was none the handsomer, for years of self-indulgence. There were pictures on the walls of the room—one of them I took for the deceased Mrs. Linwood, and a mouldering negro eyes had that sad look, with such a home and husband—

Presently, I was called by an old negro, who said Miss Kate was waiting for me. In ascending the stairs, which were wide enough for a coach and six with tremendous balustrades of solid Honduras mahogany, carved into grapes and leaves, I got a peep out of the window, and saw a small house in the garden, with staple and paddock and beyond it a row of huts. Sail I to the old grinning negro who was leading me, and who chattered and made faces like a great baboon. "Who lives there?" And she answered, "Massa burles live der."

I guessed she meant the overseer, who she said that; but I did not know then that "burles" meant overseer of the African-born black, till a gentleman told me so on the homeward passage.

So that was Jennings' house. I found the young lady in a sort of morning room, leading her into her bed-chamber, and where

her books and pictures of her own doing in water colors, and other gimcracks were. I thought as she was showing me the desk, the lock of which was injured, that I had seldom seen such a sweet, pretty girl before as this planter's child. Very young, perhaps nineteen, perhaps less, with dark hair and blue eyes, like her mother's, and a delicate complexion, she was a gentle eyed modest darling any father might have been proud of. But she had rather a serious look, and a dark circle under her eyes, as if she had been crying her little heart out. With all that, she did not look silly, not yet a coward. I should say she gave in to her father out of duty, somehow, but she looked far from happy. The old negro lingered a long time, but at last, to my great joy, she went away. I lost no time, but still bending over the desk, with my screwdriver in my hand, I begged the young lady not to be frightened, to believe me to be a friend to her, and an enemy to the man who was persecuting her with his selfish love, and in short, I told her the whole story—Jennings' real name, and the whole state of the case. She bore it very well; she didn't scream, nor yet flop down in a faint. At first, she was angry, presently she got quite interested. And when I finished, if she didn't take hold of my hand, grinning hand in her own pretty white one, and wanted to kiss it, and called me her preserver! I never was so ashamed in my life. "Miss," says I, "I'm only doing my duty. But I do assure you that since I've heard the shameful story of the cheat put on your good father and yourself, and since I've had the pleasure of seeing you, I would take that Jennings, if all the scamps in Princeton were to help him, I'm not in the habit of making speeches, but that's the truth." But the young lady, blessing her kind heart, was wiser than me for the time, and would not hear of anything rash. So we cast about for a way of settling things square, I all the time pretending to be hard at work upon the desk, and speaking low, for fear of some of the black servants, who are more inquisitive than white one's even, being within ear shot. At last Miss Linwood exclaimed, with quite a light of joy on her face: "I forget; how stupid! Hervey can help us, now he is come back; and then she blushed like a rose. For no doubt she thought I had never heard of Lieut. Hervey Vaughan at all, but I quickly reassured her on that point. And right glad was I to hear that the Vespucius was laying in the route below New Orleans, and that Miss Kate had received a note from her lover that very morning.

After some consultation, we agreed that I should send a dispatch to the Lieutenant from Princeton, summoning him on special business connected with Miss Linwood's safety and happiness; and to make sure of his believing me, I was to use a special phrase, no matter what it was now, which was a kind of freemasonry between the lovers. "There would not be time for a letter," said the poor girl, trembling as the thought crossed her, and, I knew why. Thanks to old Linwood's violence and authority, the day for her hateful marriage with Jennings was fixed. Well, I finished my work about the house, to avert suspicion, and then away I went. In the avenue I met Jennings on horseback. He nodded at me, and I gave him as respectful a salute as I would to the lord mayor of London. I sent off the message, the minute the office opened in the morning. It was quite night before I got a return message to say all was well, and Lieut. Vaughan had leave of absence, and was on his way. Late in the afternoon of next day, he arrived, and luckily he had had the sense to bring a couple of sailors from the Vespucius, picked men, with him. He did not know what was the matter, but he knew Southern ways, and that the help of two resolute fellows was valuable. A fine, dashing fellow was the Lieutenant, quite the gentleman, and as bold as a lion. We had a long talk—a council of war, he called it. He was too hot at first; I had to preach to him a long time. But Miss Kate's name was enough to make him prudent, and he let me settle matters.

We sent up a note to let Miss Linwood know; the young gentleman wrote it, and I got a black boy to carry it, putting a key inside, to make believe it was about locks. Then at eight in the evening, we went up the creek to the wharf of Lesmoines, in a boat hired at Princeton, and rowed by the two men of war's men. We landed quietly, and the young officer—he was just made a lieutenant—and I made our way to the overseer's house.

There were lights burning. I knocked at the door, while the lieutenant hid himself behind a tree. A half naked negro lad opened the door. I said I was come to speak to Mr. Duff, and he ushered me in, the lieutenant following on tiptoes. In the parlor was Jennings, sitting at a table, on which were a bottle of spirits, a glass, a

cigar case, and a gun, for he had been shooting wild ducks. I picked up the gun, took off the caps, and threw them away. He looked on, gasping with astonishment.

"Curse you, you scoundrel; you are drunk!" he cried.

I quietly pulled out my little stuff with the brass crown, and took him by the collar. "Called Jennings," said I, "you are my prisoner, in the name of her Majesty Queen Victoria. If you want to see the warrant, you can, but you'd better come along quietly."

He looked at me a moment, and then sprang up with a horrible curse, and pulled out a Bowie knife to stab me. But I wrestled with him, and Lieut. Vaughan, gave him such a blow on the wrist as sent the knife spinning across the room. In a second more I had the handcuffs on his arms; snap! they went, with the most satisfactory sound I ever heard. His negro servants must have hated him, for they gave no alarm, though he bawled like a bull. We had to gag him, ay, and to tie his legs, and carry him bound like a calf, to the boat. The sailors gave way with a will and pulled down the creek.

Just as we were rounding the point, a handkerchief waved, and a clear, sweet voice called to us. It was Miss Kate on her pany, with the black boy who had added it steady near, and rolling his eyes at the spectacle of the overseer tied neck and heels at the bottom of the boat, and visible enough in the bright moonlight.

Lieutenant Vaughan bade his sailors pull in to the bank, and he jumped ashore, and talked for a time to Miss Kate, all in whispers, and she bent her pretty head till her dark hair almost touched the young man's bronzed cheek—quite a picture to see. But Jennings writhed as if the sight tortured him. Miss Kate gave me her white hand as I stood up in the boat, and thanked and bade me a good bye very kindly.

The lieutenant sprang on board again, and off we went, Miss Kate waving her handkerchief to the last. At Princeton, Lieutenant Vaughan proved worth a gold mine. He got a warrant, and a states marshal to execute it. Bless you, the judge and sheriff wouldn't have minded me, but a states officer was different. He and his men helped to guard Jennings all the way to New Orleans, where I took berth on board an English vessel bound homewards. We got home safe. Jennings was convicted at the Central Criminal Court, and got a long term of penal servitude—and quite right, too. I became an inspector, and only the other day a kind letter from Lieutenant Vaughan announced that he was married to Miss Kate, had left the navy, and that old Mr. Linwood had given up the management of Lesmoines to the young couple. I hope they'll do well there.

### EXPANSIVE FORCE OF GUNPOWDER.

An interesting experiment was made lately at Bridgetown, Pa., arsenal, under the supervision of Major Laidley, commanding, to ascertain whether a building for the filling or manufacture of cartridges could be constructed for an iron frame with wooden sides and tin roof, and if, in case of an explosion, the iron frame-work would remain standing. An iron framed building, with wooden sides and tin roof, twenty-three and a half feet square and sixteen feet in height, was erected on the extreme end of the arsenal grounds, on the Delaware river. The work upon the building was so constructed that the sides, by a heavy pressure, could be forced from the iron frame; from the outside they could not be pushed in by any force. In the building were six tables, each table containing about four boxes of cartridges. The ends of the cartridges pointing upwards were open. Boxes of powder were also on the tables. They were arranged the same as in a factory when the men are in the act of filling the cartridges. A galvanic battery was stationed at a distance from the building, and copper wires were run through one of the windows of the building, into a powder box. Two of the sides of the building were torn from the iron, and the roof thrown a short distance.

### FLIRTATION OF MARRIED WOMEN.

The following from the Observer, written somebody:

The innocent flirtations of married women, is one of the abominations of society. A desire for promiscuous admiration is wrong in a wife. The love of one and his approval, should be all that she should desire. Let her be ever so beautiful, it is a disgusting and appalling sight to see her seeking the attention of some other man's eyes, and rejoicing in the admiration of other eyes than those of her husband. A married lady's attempts to ensnare young men by an unbecoming display of her charms, is really disgusting and loathsome to the indifferent beholder—the trail of the serpent is over them.