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Poetry.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

BY FANNY LEE.

DEEP in the briny ocean bed
We laid him down to rest;
No cloister echoed to our tread,
No mould his coffin pressed;
No organ peal, no minister bell
A dirge funeral rang;
The murmuring winds breathed forth his knell,
The waves his requiem sang:

Yet will he sleep as safe and free
In ocean's pearly caves,
As if beneath his favorite tree,
Where the green foliage waves,
And wild flowers blossom o'er the tomb;
In hallowed precincts made,
Filling the air with sweet perfume,
When summer sunsets fade.

A DETECTIVE TAKEN IN.

Our readers may remember the circumstances of the arrest, some eight or ten years ago, of a band of counterfeiters in Canada, and of the capture of a marvellous quantity of tools and implements of the nefarious craft. It may have been over ten years ago, though I am inclined to think it was at a later date. However, the newspapers were full of the startling intelligence at the time, and as my story does not depend for its interest or truthfulness upon the exact date, we will not be particular. And furthermore, if Mr. Sharp should see this bit of gossiping history, I bet that he will not observe that I have kept his real name out of sight; and so, if he keeps his own counsel the uninitiated will be none the wiser touching his share in the transaction.

In that other time of which I have spoken, the business community of New England was startled by the appearance of new and dangerous counterfeit bank notes. They came, no one knew whence; but they came in great quantities; and ere long nearly every trader in the country had suffered in the possession of one or more of these promises to pay. The flood of counterfeit increased as the weeks passed on, and so nicely executed were they that people began to lose confidence in all kinds of bank paper.

At this stage of the game it became necessary for the banks to step in and do something; and they did it—they did it for their own salvation. They came together by their representatives, and formed an association for the purpose of breaking up the counterfeiters then and in all coming time; and in the hands of an elected commission was left the business of employing such means as might be necessary to the end in view. Intelligence had been received which rendered it certain that the counterfeiters were manufacturing somewhere in Canada; and after a deal of enquiry and patient investigation, the bank committee not only became assured that Canada was the point of issue, but they also obtained the names of some dozen suspected men against whom the evidence was at least strong enough to warrant their apprehension.

But now, how should these men be found? Of course the work must needs be carried on carefully and shrewdly, for counterfeiters are much like crows—they must be approached so stealthily that the springing of a trap shall precede the alarm.

Away up in Maine lived an old deputy-sheriff, named Ralph Barnum, who had had some experience in such matters, and it was suggested to the commission that they should employ him; but they eyed upon the very man. Mr. Samuel Sharp was a policeman of the city, and such marvellous stories had he told of his exploits in capturing rogues that his fame had reached the ears of the commission and he was fixed upon as the agent who should bring the hidden places of the counterfeiters to light. Mr. Sharp was a gentleman, and perhaps a scholar; and he fancied he could travel over the road without its being suspected that he was an officer. At all events Mr. Sharp was engaged to do the work; and he was accordingly furnished with money for the trip, and also with the names of the suspected parties. This last item was a very important one, and the policeman determined to make the most of it. With such information to start upon, he felt sure of success—so sure, that he told his employers they might depend upon him. Written down in a little book he had the names of a dozen men who were known to be great rogues; who had been seen in Canada within a month; and who were furthermore known to have had some hand in issuing the bogus notes. The thing was now to find their lurking place; get possession of their tools, implements and stock in trade, and bring the villains to justice.

Mr. Samuel Sharp said he could do it. He said he would do it. He had a clue to

the whereabouts of the rascals, and they could not escape him. He took the rail as far as he could carry him on his way, and then took the stage. At Derby, close by the Canadian line, he stopped to make his final arrangements. He was sure that his game was not far away—not many miles over the line—and he determined to approach it very carefully. On the following morning he took the stage which was to carry him into Canada; and, as the day was fine, he rode upon the box with the driver. This driver was a jolly, loquacious individual, and soon learned from his passenger that he, the said passenger, was simply travelling for his health and amusement. At noon they stopped for dinner at a small settlement, and in the afternoon Mr. Sharp had come to like the jolly driver exceedingly well, so much so that he laughed and joked about the peculiar institutions of the country.

"I have heard," said he, "that you have a good many sharp rogues in Canada; and if it is all true that has been told to me, you must be more than a match for the Yankees."

The driver laughed, and in a joking way claimed that his people were really overburdened with honesty.

"But they do a little keen horse-trading once in a while," suggested Mr. Sharp.

"When they can do it honorably," replied Jethu, with a wink.

"And I have heard that a goodly share of the bank notes come from Canada," pursued the detective in a careless manner.

"I've heard such stuff myself; but I don't believe it. I never took but one bogus note, and that I got in Vermont. I guess that you Yankees make the most of that."

And so they rattled on till night, when the stage stopped at a small inn, where Mr. S. engaged lodgings. He did not speak for a seat in the coach for the next morning, for he imagined that he must be already in the neighborhood of his game. It might be some miles away, but in all probability not on the line of the stage route. So he told the landlord that he might stop with him for several days, at the same time intimating that he might also want a horse and carriage to ride around and view the country.

In a little while after this the landlord and the jolly stage-driver were closeted in a back room.

"Who is that chap?" asked the landlord.

"He's a pike!" emphatically replied the jolly stage-driver. "He's come up here to look after our folks. He ain't no pleasure-traveler; but he's a bogus hunter."

"Aha!" said the landlord. "I thought so."

"But," pursued the jolly stage-driver, "that ain't all. That ain't half. He asked me if I'd ever heard tell of such a man as Bill Sawtell; and not long afterwards he wanted to know if I'd ever heard of a horse-trader named John Downer. In course I never heard of no such chaps. But what does he want to know of Bill Sawtell and of John Downer? How did he know there was such men?"

"Aha!" said the landlord.

"He must be watched," said the jolly stage-driver.

"Aha! Leave him to me!" added the landlord. "Leave him to me!"

In ten minutes from that time a sharpwitted, quiet-mannered boy was put upon Mr. Samuel Sharp's track, with directions to observe his every movement, and report.

After tea Mr. Sharp sat down upon the piazza, and having convinced himself that he was alone, took the little book from his pocket, and looked at the names he had there written down.

Now it so happened that Mr. Saml. Sharp was leaning his back against the sill of a window, the blinds of which were closed, and it further happened that within the little parlour stood the boy, peering down between the slats of said blinds, directly upon the afore-said book. By and by Mr. Sharp put up his book and walked away, and the boy went to report. He, the boy, found the landlord and the jolly stage-driver in the back room, and told them what he had seen. He had seen the book in the stranger's hands, and he had read the name of Bill Sawtell, and that of John Downer, and the name of Dennis McKnight, and some eight or ten more, which he called over, and which the landlord recognized as belonging to very particular friends of his.

"Aha! I begin to smell!" said mine host.

"Oh! that's his game eh!" echoed the jolly stage-driver.

In the evening the landlord went into the bar-room, and found the over-coat of his guest hanging upon a peg. It was a light, loose sack, which Mr. Samuel S. wore as a "dust-coat." Mine host took the garment down, carried it away, and having ripped open the collar, and examined its make and quality, he packed in a little extra stiffening, and then carried it up as it should be, after which he carried the coat back, and hung it up where he found it.

On the following morning, after Mr. Samuel Sharp had eaten his breakfast, and smoked a cigar, he proposed that he would take a ride. He said he might ride on to the next town, and if he did, he should not be back before night. The landlord didn't mind that. He furnished the "am as desired, and expressed his willingness that the guest should ride whither he pleased. In about an hour after Mr. Sharp had gone, the landlord and the jolly stage-driver bestirred themselves. They hunted up a justice, and an officer, and lodged a complaint against one Samuel Sharp, said complaint setting forth that said Samuel Sharp was an issuer of counterfeit money. The justice issued a writ, and the officer started off to serve it, the landlord and the jolly stage-driver bearing him company.

They overtook Mr. Sharp just as he drove up to the door of the inn at once, and took him into the parlour where a large number of curious people was soon gathered.

"Good heavens, gentlemen, what do you mean? Me a counterfeiter!" cried Mr. Sharp.

"Oh, don't try none of that on us. I took the measure on you when you was on my stage. I marked what you said. Oh, you was a little too leaky, old feller, that was a bogus bill as you passed on me," returned the jolly stage-driver.

Mr. Sharp was astounded. He knew that he had said something to the jolly driver about counterfeiting, but he had no idea that it could have been turned against him.

"I must search your person," said the officer.

"Certainly," replied the detective.

During this operation the landlord suggested that counterfeits sometimes hid bogus money away in strange places.

"Oh, that's so," said the jolly stage-driver; and thereupon a more thorough search was commenced.

"Aha! what's this?"

It was something peculiar in the feeling of the collar of the over-sack. The officer, out with his knife, and ripped it open, when, lo and behold, the evidence was in sight!

Within that collar, very nicely packed away between the cloth and the lining, they found \$8000 of counterfeit money!

Mr. Samuel Sharp stood aghast, and knew not what to say; and when he did speak his words were only taken as so much more evidence of his guilt. In short, Sharp was fully committed, and marched away to jail, while the lookers on went about their business; the accommodating landlord and the jolly stage-driver returning to look out for the next detective that might happen along.

Mr. Samuel Sharp remained in jail eight-and-forty hours, and then managed to gain an interview with the high sheriff. He told his story so plainly and directly, and he had such documentary evidence to show, that he soon convinced the sheriff that he was really an officer in the pursuit of duty, and that a rascally trick had been played upon him.

The sheriff saw through the matter at length, and concluded that the prisoner might be set at liberty.

"Of course," he said, "I cannot give you liberty at present by any legal process; but, under the circumstances, I am willing to take a great responsibility. If you will give me your word that you will return at once to your home, and not remain around here, I will persuade the jailer to let you make your escape to-night."

Mr. Sharp accepted the offer with many thanks. That night he found the floor of the jail open; and before the light of another morning, he was beyond the line in Vermont.

He reached his home, and made his report; and it was the conclusion of the bank commission that Mr. Samuel Sharp was not sharp enough for that sort of business.

The next step was to send to Maine for Ralph Barnum; and in due time Mr. Ralph Barnum made his appearance. He said that he would go in quest of the rogues, and his terms were as follows: In addition to the pay he demanded for his time, he demanded the right to expend as much money on account of his employers as he wished. He promised that he would keep a fair account of every dollar thus expended. If he wished to buy a horse, a horse he must buy; and if he wanted to buy an ox, an ox he must buy. And if he wanted a hundred horses or a hundred oxen, he must have the means to purchase. Only, he promised that he would be as careful as possible, and purchase what would readily sell again.

The commission finally consented to this, and Mr. Barnum went his way. Just imagine a middle-aged, red-faced man, with an honest, jolly look, standing six feet and four inches in his stocks, and weighing nearly 300 pounds, and you have an idea of Ralph Barnum. In the garb of an old cattle drover he made his way into Canada, and commenced at once to examine all the best stock, occasionally buying, as his fancy seemed to be suited. In this way he spent a month, in the very neighborhood where Mr. Samuel S.

had been operated upon, and at the end of that time he was master of every secret he desired to know; and yet so carefully had he kept his own counsel and so persistently had he followed his profession calling, that his real intent was not suspected. In the end the train was laid, the force made ready, and the trap sprung.

As I said at first, those who read the newspapers of the time, cannot have forgotten the result. It was the largest and most important haul of counterfeiters and counterfeiting implements ever made in this country. And in closing, I may add, that conspicuous among the prisoners were the accommodating landlord and the jolly stage-driver.

FALSE SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE.

To cultivated minds, fond of sober reflection, and steadily aspiring to the attainment of honest principles in all duties of life, it is of times exceedingly mortifying, and at the same time humiliating, to glance over the advertisements of the daily press, and thereby discover the extent of deception and trickery, some creatures, bearing the impress of humanity, will condescend to, in order to gain a goodly share of notoriety, but especially, to obtain money without labor, and without furnishing a fair equivalent.

For example:—"An experienced and retired physician, whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered many years ago, in the East Indies, the uses of a remarkable plant, called Indian Hemp &c.; a most certain cure for Consumption, &c. The poor old physician, in his anxiety to fulfil the Bible injunction, 'to do good and to communicate, for getnot,' one day announces his age in the advertisement, as 75 years, and the following day 90 years old and upwards; but this may easily be explained, as owing to the influence of dotage, or a long cultivated habit of lying having become the concomitant of second nature.

The old retired physician has a heart filled with a double refined quality of the milk of human kindness; for he offers to send the receipt gratis, to all who will only ask for it, but when asking, send general postage stamps, merely to help the worthy old pilgrim to disburse the incidental expenses of his labor of love. How many hundreds of dollars per annum he acquires from this part of his business, we cannot say; but have learned from authentic sources, that the postage stamp system is of itself a good trade; so that we might perhaps mention thousands, instead of hundreds; and already the worthy example of the good old retired physician, has induced a score of knavish dissemblers, James like, to establish a similar branch of trade in neighboring cities.

But the old retired physician desires to do good and communicate; nay, more—he shows by his daily perseverance in the various advertising columns, that he would not seek to call down blessings on this hoary-headed veteran, and say, thrice blessed! Only think of it. The old physician, and mark it, retired physician; observe too, whose sands of life have nearly run out, nervous himself up in his last days, and so determined to do good, as to make known, to all poor emaciated and languishing, yes, helpless, consumptive sufferers, a means of cure.

But lastly, the old retired physician furnishes in his receipt, so complicated and so rare a combination of articles, that the principal ingredient, cannot be had to use with safety, unless he furnishes the same; and so to avoid all imposition on poor, suffering patients, his magnanimity of heart enables him to offer the medicine, properly prepared under his supervision, for two dollars per bottle;—only two dollars per bottle! Kindness beyond any comprehension;—charity, boundless, pure, and inviolate! And then too, the venerable physician, to strengthen the texture of his bare-worn garb of hypocrisy, must wear the name of a sainted apostle; not however designedly to assist in his nefarious operations.

Away, away with all such pretended benefactors. If there be an object of commiseration in the wide world, it is such as alluded to in this article. We might be severe, and sentence the poor old physician to the use of the Hemp portion of his East India preparation, to be applied moderately tight drawn around his own neck; but no, we would say rather, repent of thy deception, and try to do good, without the mark of the quack, the charlatan and empiric, ere thy sands of life run out.

Oh! there is an unspeakable luxury in doing good! How sweet is the remembrance of a voluntary act of true kindness? As we lie down to rest, or rise from our couches, the thought gives us delight. Have we performed a good deed to a poor man?—have we made the widow's heart rejoice?—have we dried the orphan's tears? Sweet is sweet indeed, is the recollection. Study, therefore, true benevolence; for the kind

act rejoiceth the heart, and bringeth in return, joy and comfort inexpressible.

ENGLISH WITH FOREIGN VARIATIONS.

If there is a social pest that merits the contempt of sensible, well-bred people, it is the coxcomb with a smattering of various languages who habitually interlards his conversation with foreign words and phrases. Thoroughly educated persons do not thus show off their acquirements, and no true gentleman or lady is ever guilty of such a solecism in good manners. "Nine languages—I can speak nine, fluently," said a travelled anthropoid, or man-monkey, to the late Douglas Jerrold. "Humph!" muttered Jerrold, disparagingly. "But my father," continued the bore, "could do more than that—he, sir, could speak fifteen." "Ah!" observed the witty author of 'Curtain Lectures,' "I once knew a man who spoke five-and-twenty, and what was quite as remarkable, he never said anything worth hearing in any one of them."

"Some of our fashionable young ladies—especially those who have been in Paris and think they have 'the accent'—never miss an opportunity, and very often make one, to air their French in public. Their years are not yet, neither are their nays, but all the former are *ouis* and all the latter *non*.—"Good day" and "good night" are well enough for home-bred girls, but the young lady who has passed a season in the French capital, and learned to "adore" it, salutes you with a "bon jour," and dismisses you with a "bon soir," and instead of going to bed as her good American grandmother did before her, she retires to enjoy her *bon repos*. Now and then one of our countrywomen who has visited Paris without being fortunate enough to acquire the accent, insists, nevertheless, on talking French. Upon the whole, we prefer the English-French of such persons to the gallicisms of those who "have the pronunciation." An American "Mrs. Malaprop," who was "presented" at the *Tuilleries* not very long ago, informed a friend of hers the other day that there was nothing in Paris she admired so much as the *Chance Elise*, and as the friend was ignorant of the "Court language of Europe," the fair tourist was kind enough to explain that *Chance Elise* was the French for *Physian Fields*. The same lady has a son abroad, of whom she says, "I assure you he speaks French equal to a Parisianer." It is supposed by the philologists that she means a *Parisian*.

Loathing as we do the foppery of affecting to be French, we read with great relief the other day an anecdote of which the following is the substance. "Toujours pret" (always ready), said a fashionable dowager, who kept on hand a supply of common place gallicisms, and used them lavishly, to a plain man who offered his arm to conduct her to supper. "Toujours pret is my motto." "Is it, madam?" he replied, quietly; "then it ought to be *Toujours prate*." That individual deserved well of his country. Mrs. Arable, the farmer's wife, who used to preface the secrets she imparted to her neighbor Mrs. Clover with a "between you and me and the bed-post," is now reprovved for the vulgarism by her daughter, who is just emerging from an unequal conflict with the French verbs, and requested to use *entre nous* as the symbol of between-ness.

One word of advice to our young countrymen and countrywomen: Learn your own language first, and that thoroughly, for it is the noblest of all tongues, dead or living. Afterward, if you can spare the time from other necessary pursuits, acquire a knowledge of French, or German, or Spanish, or Italian, or all of them, if you choose, for they are all useful, and it is pleasant to be able to read a foreign author in his own language; but, unless you are addressing a foreigner, talk and write English.

It is getting to be a question which is the most dangerous, our iron-clad ships or our steel-clad women? A distressed lover, Blackwood thus expatiates on the dangers of crinoline.

How can I stoop? How can I kneel?
How can I worship at thy feet?
When thou art fenced about with steel,
An Amazon in mail complete!
I fear not Cupid's fiercest dart—
Am willing for thy sake to die;
But if a splinter chanced to start,
Why, dearest, I might lose an eye.
Ah, cruel! wherefore bear that miss
Of danger in thy crinoline?

One of the incidents of the late battle of the shelling of a farm house by a rebel army, commanded by the son of the owner and occupant. During the charge of the Union troops the son was killed, but the father refused to look upon the remains of his ungrateful child.