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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1865.

No 13

ALL ASSISTANCE  
TAMMERS REMEDY

WAYS READY RELIEF

WHAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY THE MOST EFFECTIVE FOR THE MOST PAINFUL AFFECTIONS IN A FEW MINUTES.

WAYS READY RELIEF

## Poetry.

### ODE TO SPRING.

BY A LAWYER.

Whereas on certain bougls and sprays

Now divers birds are heard to sing;

And sundry flowers their heads upraise,

Hail to the return of Spring!

The songs of these birds are sweet,

The memory of our youthful hours,

And green as those old sprays and bougls,

As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid, happy pairs,

Love 'mid the aforesaid bougls and sprays,

In treasured nests; themselves their heirs,

Administrators and assigns.

O, busiest term of Cupid's court!

Where tender plaintiffs actions bring,

Season of frolic and of sport!

Hail, as a oarsid, coming Spring!

A true copy, Attest.

## Miscellany.

### THE LANCERS' VICTIM.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

One night the bark Torpedo, a surrying

craft, dropped her anchor near a point of land

in the Obshok Sea, known by the name of

Beard's Head.

After the crew of the vessel had made

every thing snug, the captain summoned all

hands to the quarter deck.

My lady, he exclaimed, the men ranged

themselves before him, and there a few good

fellows among you who will volunteer to go

ashore with me to-night?

A dozen voices at once responded in the

affirmative.

I want only four men, said the skipper.

I will take Tom Pothard, Harry Williams,

Bill Haddock, and Peter Gray.

The four men thus designated advanced a

few steps to the front of their shipmates,

and stood awaiting further orders. But be-

fore another word could be said, an old

gray-headed sailor, known by the appellation

of "Turkshot," flung his way through

the crowd of "blue-jackets," in the midst of

which he had been standing, and confronted

the skipper.

I don't think this would ever come to

pass, he exclaimed, taking off his tarpaulin

and twisting it in his hand: I didn't think

it would, Captain Brown—hang my eyes if I

didn't!

Think what?

Why that you'd ever overlooked Turk-

shot, as has done his duty always as it ought

to be done. I was one of 'em, d'ye see, who

spoke up when you asked for volunteers, and

seeing as you've always chosen me afore, I

can't make out why you've passed me over

now.

The old tar spoke in a grieving voice, for

he had sailed with Captain Brown on many

a rough voyage, had shared with him for

twenty years the hardships and dangers of a

sailor's life, and, as we have already heard

him intimate, had hitherto been chosen for

every expedition undertaken by his comman-

der.

I am sorry, Turkshot; but—but I don't

think it would hardly do for you to go with

me to-night.

And why not? persisted Turkshot, moun-

terously. You know very well there isn't a

man that you could trust more than—

I am perfectly true, interrupted the

captain. I know that I could depend upon

you under any circumstances except—

"Except!" echoed the old seaman as the

skipper bawled, "except!"

And dashing his tarpaulin to the deck, he

would have stamped upon it in his wild

grief, had not the captain seized his arm and

held him aside.

Turkshot you do not guess why I am go-

ing ashore?—and—

No, sir, but—

"Hold!" interrupted the captain wait-

until I have said one thing. I was going to

say that did you know the task which I am about

to undertake, you would not care to accom-

pany me.

him to sea with me! groaned the boatwain

But you will acknowledge that the officer

provoked him—called him names.

I acknowledge it; but I must do my duty.

Now you know that Harry escaped by swim-

ming ashore after he had killed my mate—

that I searched for him but could not find

him, is it not?

I suppose so—yes, yes, I suppose so,

cried the old seaman, nervously pulling his

gray hair.

Well, then, I received information not

long since, from the captain of one of the

whalers with which he "gammed" (exchanged

visits) that Harry, after he had left our

ship, was in a vessel bound to this sea—and

that he is at present living in a hut not far

from Beard's Head—the point of land near

to which we are now anchored. It is in order

to capture him that I am going ashore to-

night with the four men I have chosen.

Aye, aye, I understand it all now, exclaim-

ed Turkshot, rubbing his gray head excite-

dly with one of his hands. I didn't dream he

was here! But you've out the lot?—

You will take him without injuring him, I

promise me that?

If we can possibly avoid injuring him, we

will do so. But you know he is a large

powerful man, and a desperate character.—

There will probably be a struggle, and it is

for that reason that I have decided not to

take you with me. You would not of course

wish to attack your nephew yourself, or to

see him attacked by others.

The quarter-boat is in the water, sir, and

the men in their places, cried Mr. Black, the

second officer, at this juncture; and giving

the hand of his old friend a hearty shake,

the captain darted to the lee bulwarks, and

dropped into the stern sheets of the boat.

Give way, men.

The four men laid back to their oars, and

the boat dashed off. In a few minutes the

darkness hid it from the view of those who

had been watching it from the bark.

Then Turkshot walked forward, and be-

gan to pace the deck in great agitation.

My poor nephew—my brave Harry! he

thought sadly. God help you and shield

you from harm. You acted wrongly when

you killed the first officer, but he provoked

you to it. Aye, aye, that he did, my lad;

and you can't hang you for what you did in

a passion.

At that moment the speaker's shipmates

came forward.

Turkshot, said one of them: Mr. Black

told us that we might go below. He has

given us a bottle of whiskey. Will you

come with us and help us drink it?

No, answered the boatwain sadly. I

want no liquor to-night.

The men were surprised, and they tried to

urge the old seaman to join them. But he

steadily refused to do so, and the men final-

ly descended into the fore-castle, leaving him

to his gloomy meditations.

An hour passed away, and the old sailor

was still pacing the deck; when he sudden-

ly felt a hand upon his shoulder.

He turned, and by the light of the lantern

in the fore rigging discerned the countenance

of Mr. Black.

Turkshot, said he in a low voice, here's a

bear not far off, drifting toward the ship

upon a raft of ice.

A bear?

Yes; I've been watching it for the last ten

minutes. You can just see it by the glare of

the lantern in the mizen rigging. A splendid

chance for a deer, and if I knew how to

handle a lance I'd have had it in the animal's

body before now. Come, he added, seizing

the boatwain's arm, I'll show it to you, and

you shall have the honor of planting a lance

in—

Aye, aye, interrupted the old tar, unable

to withstand the anxiety which he felt on

his nephew's account to suppress the inter-

est, and nearly at the same instant the

creature sprang upright, turning toward the

two spectators the form and face of a human

being—a tall man encased from head to foot

in garments of bear-skin!

With one vain effort to pull the sharp

lance from his quivering side—with another

wild, agonizing cry—he fell upon his back,

struggled a few moments and then became

perfectly still!

Oh, my God! my God! gasped old Turk-

shot. What a fearful mistake we have made!

A human being!

Black did not reply, but rushed forward

and summoned the watch on deck.

When the men appeared he ordered them

to lower one of the boats. They obeyed with

alacrity, and in the course of ten minutes the

body of the unfortunate man who had been

killed by Turkshot's lance, was lifted to the

deck of the Torpedo.

The ship's lantern fell upon the rigid

features of the corpse as it was placed upon

one of the benches, and then cries of astonish-

ment broke simultaneously from the lips of

the spectators, for every man present recog-

nized the ghastly face of Harry Wyndott,

the nephew of old Turkshot.

The latter started back as though he had

been struck by a shot, and began to beat his

breast and tare his gray hair.

My nephew's murderer! Oh, God! oh,

God!

No, no! do not accuse yourself of murder!

cried the second officer. You are not to

blame. Your nephew's dress, his crouch-

ing position, together with the darkness,

gave him all the appearance of the animal

we mistook him for.

I don't understand how he came to occupy

such a curious position—on a floating cake

of ice! remarked one of the men.

I can guess how it happened, said Black.