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THE PIRATE CAPTAIN.

BY EMERSON BENNET.

A venerable old lady sat rocking herself before a cheerful fire, with her eyes dreamily fixed upon the glowing coals, in which she fancied she saw the familiar faces of by-gone days. Suddenly, over the sunshine of a placid smile, there came a shadow of mingled dread and sorrow, and she muttered half aloud—

"Ah! what of him? Is he living or dead? Merciful Heaven! what a destiny!"

"Grandma," said a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl of ten, who sat at the old lady's feet busy with her needle, "when are you going to tell me that story about the pirate? You know you promised to tell me some day; and I guess its about some day now, isn't it?"

"Ah my little dear," replied the grandmother, arousing up with a start, and fondly stroking down the hair of the child, "it is very strange that I should have been thinking of that man at this very moment!"

"What man, grandma?"

"The pirate captain."

"Oh, do tell me the story! won't you?"

"Well, yes, my darling, I may as well tell you now as any time, for it is not always I care to think about it. But you must let me tell it in my own way."

"First then, when I was about eighteen years of age, a young man, by the name of Walter Crawford, made me an offer of his hand. He was rather good looking in feature, had a fine, manly nose, was considered quite respectable, and the whole I liked him, though I cannot say I had any violent passion for him. But he had for me, at least so he said, and he frankly declared that if he failed to link his fortune with mine, he would be ruined, body and soul. I considered this very extravagant language and I told him so; but he repeated it more than once, and confirmed it with an oath, which I did not like."

"However, my father for some reason, had taken an utter dislike to young Crawford and said I should never marry him with his consent, and as I would not wed against his wishes, the affair ended in a dismissal of my passionate suitor, who parted from me in anger, and immediately left for parts unknown."

"Six years after that I married your grandfather, who at that time was master and part owner of a vessel, trading between Boston, the West Indies, and different ports around the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. As he continued his vocation for several years after our marriage, I used occasionally to make the voyage with him. Our last voyage was made in the year 1825, and of something that happened then I am now going to tell you."

"At the time I now speak of, the navigation of the Gulf of Mexico and Bahama, and contiguous waters, was a dangerous business for merchantmen and traders, owing to the border of pirates who invested that region. Your grandfather had several narrow escapes and I was all the time uneasy for fear something would happen to him. When I was with him I was afraid, and when he left me at home I was miserable all the time of his absence."

"Well, one night, when about six hours sail from Havana, on our last homeward voyage, your grandfather came down to me in the cabin, and reported all going well."

"I wish, for your sake, William, I could be more cheerful, I replied; but when I think of the danger we run, and what we have at stake, cannot help feeling nervous and frightened."

"Well, I cannot blame you, Anna, all things considered; but as this is my last voyage, let us hope your fears will soon be overcome. I will read you a chapter from the Bible, and then turn in, for I am very much fatigued. We have a favorable breeze and nothing at present to give us alarm."

"I felt strangely uneasy, even while he was reading; but I kept my fears to myself, and taking up the Bible he began to read a chapter, as was his custom before retiring for the night—for unlike many seafaring captains your grandfather was a religious man. The chapter for this occasion happened to be the fourth of Job; and he had just finished the words, 'Remember, O ye that despise the words of the Lord, I pray thee, or where were the righteous cut off?' when he was suddenly interrupted, by the sharp, startling cry—

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" he shouted, as he dropped the book and rushed on deck, leaving me trembling with fear, but somewhat comforted by the sacred words he had just read. "Close on our weather beam!" I heard a voice reply.

"There was a quick movement of feet on deck; and while I sat holding my breath with fear, their rung out upon the still air

the sharp reports of a volley of musketry, followed by the gruff, savage hail—

"Ship ahoy!"

"Hillo!" was the answer.

"Heave to, and let us send a boat on board, or we'll riddle you with a broadside, and be—"

"Then came several quick orders, a hurried tramping of feet on deck, the rattling of cordage, the flapping of sails, and then a dead like silence."

"Oh, God! I groaned covering my face with my hands."

"And then these sublime and beautiful words rung in my ears and strengthened my fainting spirit—

"Remember, I pray thee, where the righteous cut off?"

"I heard a step upon the stairs. I looked up and saw your grandfather slowly descending. His knees quivered, and his face was deadly pale. He spoke but in a quivering tone—

"Anna, my dear wife, he said, as he receded forward and threw his arms around me, 'your worst fears are confirmed—we are in the hands of pirates. For myself I could die like a man; but you! you! oh, my God! you!' and sinking heavily upon a seat he groaned like one in pain."

"It was my turn to be supporter and comforter now—the poor, weak, timid woman who had to change places with the strong, courageous man."

"William," said I, solemnly and firmly, feeling a calm, holy thrill of security and protection pass through my late fainting and shrinking frame: "William, in our hour of trouble, remember the sacred promises of the Lord—

"Who ever perished being innocent? Or where were the righteous cut off?"

"Then none are innocent, and none are righteous," he replied, gloomily; "for all perish, the lamb as well as the wolf. It is our turn now. We can scarcely expect these wretches to spare, for they have run up the black flag, and their motto is—'Dead men tell no tales.' There! look! even now they are boarding us! Oh, my dear wife! it is the thought of you that unnerves and makes a coward of me! I could die bravely if you were dead; but oh! to leave you behind, to a thousand times worse than death—this is the fear that pierces my very soul! Oh, merciful God let this cup pass from me!"

"There was now a fearful noise on deck—rough voices, shuffling feet, shouts and blasphemous oaths. I arose and stood before my husband, firm as a rock—unnaturally calm in that moment of terrible peril."

"Three or four men, frightful looking fellows, armed with pistols and cutlasses, appeared descending the stairs."

"Ho! ho! what have we here?" said the foremost, in a gruff voice, and with a coarse laugh—"A woman as I live! This will be sport for the captain, who always takes the women for a part of his share."

"Send your captain here," said I, with a firmness that surprised myself."

"All in good time, my beauty! You'll see him soon enough. Come, sirrah! you're wanted on deck!" he continued, addressing your grandfather. "All your lubberly crew are going to walk the plank and they want you to lead off. Up with you! be lively! for we've got no time to spare!" he added, putting a pistol to your grandfather's head."

"Will no amount of ransom save our lives?" asked grandfather."

"No, we don't do business that way. So up with you, or I'll scatter your brains where you stand, and they might soil the lady's dress!"

"Farewell my dear, dear wife," said your grandfather, in a choking voice, as he threw his arms around my neck and pressed his trembling lips to mine. "Let your dagger save you from dishonor!" he whispered, as he tore himself away."

"O, my dear child, it was a terrible moment; but still I was calm unnaturally calm—and the reassuring words of the Lord were still ringing in my ears."

"Men," said I, you have had mothers and sisters, perhaps sweethearts and wives, and still in your inner hearts must beat some feelings of human sympathy. Oh, by all you hold sacred, I adjure you not to stain your hands with the blood of those who never injured you! but let a daughter, a sister, a wife, a mother, appeal to you for mercy! Take all our money and goods if you will, but let us escape with life!"

"Ho! ho! ho! laughed the spokesman, who was the second in command; 'you talk like a woman, and all women are fools.'"

"At least then," rejoined I, before you sacrifice any lives, let me see your captain which may make it to his interest to spare some of your prisoners."

"Ay, ay—that's fair enough!" said the man, as he turned and marched your poor grandfather before him to the deck, leaving me alone, but still upheld and sustained by a Superior Power."

I knew not what I should say to the pirate captain—seemed as if I only need to gain time for something to interpose and save us."

"In a minute or so quick steps descended the stairs and a voice said, impatiently—

"What is it, woman? what is it? I am the captain of the pirate, at your service."

"I was standing with my features in the shadow, but the light fell clearly upon his face. Years had passed—with him long, bitter years of passion and strife—since I had looked upon the face; but through the heavy beard, the bronze of exposure, the scars of battle, the knitted brow, the merciless eye, the deep furrows of grief, anger, hate and remorse, I recognized the comely youth who had once sued for my hand."

"After Crawford," said I, "it is Anna Merrale who stands before you."

"He started and staggered, as if struck a heavy blow, and then catching hold of me, and turning me to the light, he looked eagerly and wildly into my face."

"Gracious God!" he cried, sinking down upon a seat, and burying his face in his hands."

"Walter Crawford," said I, "I will not say I ever loved you, but for long, long years, as a maid, a wife, and a mother—I have prayed for your happiness. My husband commands this vessel. He and I, and nearly all we possess, are now in your power."

"Will you save or destroy us? Shall our prayers go up to Heaven for your salvation, or shall our spirits appear at the Judgment Seat against you?"

"He groaned and sobbed like a child."

"Oh, Anna," he replied, "I told you your rejection would destroy me, body and soul!"

"No, Walter Crawford! if you are destroyed, body and soul, it will be by your own evil deeds. No disappointment can be an excuse for crime. What a life is this! Quit it, repent, reform, and be saved!"

"It is too late!" he groaned, starting up and pacing hurriedly and unsteadily to and fro. "And we meet thus! Oh, my God!"

"Will you save or destroy us?" said I, calmly."

"For nearly a minute he did not reply, during which period he must have undergone an age of torture. Then he turned and grasped my hand, presenting the most haggard, wretched, woe-begone countenance I ever beheld."

"Farewell!" he gasped, "farewell forever!"

"He turned, reeled, and rushed on deck. Then I heard hurried orders and hurried movements. Spellbound, I was standing like one in a trance, when your grandfather rushed down, clasped me in his arms and exclaimed—

"My dear, dearest Anna, what magic is this? The pirates are gone and we are saved!"

"I could not reply. Nature, which had done so much, could not sustain me against the rush of this new and happy emotion. I pointed to the open Bible, and faintly upon his breast."

"We were saved indeed; we reached in safety."

"Long, long years have passed since then, my child—your grandfather sleeps in his grave, but I still live, and still pray that God will pardon that man of sin and crime who dates his ruin from his love of me."

To the Editor of the Freeman.

Sir: I enclose a copy of new song for the times, dedicated to "Young America," and published in the Boston Journal of the 2nd inst. In his hurry to press, the patriotic author omitted a few verses which I also send you, in the hope that you may insert the whole in your widely spread journal, for the profound admiration of your readers on both sides of the boundary line and the gratification of

N. W. BRUNWICKER.

Come with your sabres, and come with guns, Our Country's in danger And call for her sons. Stay not for the harvest; Stay not for the plow; Our Country's in danger, And call for you now.

CHORUS.

We're coming, we're coming, We hear the loud cry, We'll rescue our country, We'll save her or die.

The flag of our country's Insulted and scorned; Her laws are dishonored; Her fair fame is wronged; Then for dear mother land, Oh, would not die.

"Neath Freedom's proud banner, And 'Justice' the cry? We're coming, &c.

Oh! let us rekindle The patriot fires, That glowed in the hearts

Of our patriot sires. Our watchword is "Freedom," And so we will fight For God and our country. The truth and the right. We're coming, &c.

Then come from the mountain And come from the glen We'll drive the rebellion Far back to its den. Nay, more—we'll destroy it, That naught may remain, To endanger the peace Of our country again. We're coming, we're coming, O, hear our loud cry! To rescue our country, We're willing to die.

Throw down your sabres, And throw down your guns! Your country's discord By her blustering sons. Had you stood for the harvest And followed the plow, Your country's dishonor You'd not have seen now.

CHORUS.

You're running, you're running, Away from Bull's Run; Your legs are more useful Than sabre or gun.

The flag of your country's The banner of knaves, Who glory in lynchings The owners of slaves. Like cowards you quail At the enemy's fire. And in double quick time, In good order retire. You're running, &c.

Oh! do not refer To your Puritan sires, Who only were famous For kindling big fires, To scorch poor old women Of witchcraft accused— Yes, such were the tortures The fanatics used. You're running, &c.

Then fly to the mountain And fly to the glen; Bulls Run or Bull's Bluff You'll not visit again. You cannot long much Of the victories you won; But you safely may boast Of how fast you can run. You're running, you're running, Away from Bull's Run, Without either courage Or sabre or gun.

From the Church Witness

PROPOSED WEEK OF SPECIAL PRAYER IN JANUARY 1862.

The Committee of the Evangelical Alliance have issued a Circular on this important subject. After introductory remarks, it proceeds:—

Brother beloved, we affectionately and earnestly ask you to unite with us in repeating and perpetuating the observance of the Week of Prayer. Nor shall we ask in vain. The hallowed influence of our former New-Year's services, still lingering in the hearts of thousands, will obtain to this request a quick and devout response. Let not our earnestness cease until, in answer to believing, wrestling, importunate supplications, the windows of heaven are opened, and far richer and more copious blessings descend upon the Church and the world."

The following are suggested as topics suited for a prominent place in our exhortations and prayers on the successive days. If adopted, they will serve to give unity to our services—"If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

Sunday, January 5.—*Sermons on the Holy Spirit*: His divinity and personality—His offices and operations. Prayer for the Lord's blessing upon the services of the week.

Monday, 6.—*Humiliation and Confession of Sin*: as individuals—as families—as Churches and as a nation. Thanksgiving and praise for recent religious awakenings.

Tuesday, 7.—*Home Objects for Prayer*: The conversion of the ungodly—the cessation of intemperance and all immorality—and the spread of vital religion in our families and household, among our rulers, the rich and poor, our soldiers and sailors, the authors of our literature, secular and religious.

Wednesday, 8.—*Foreign Objects for Prayer*: The revival of pure Christianity, and the extension of religious liberty in Europe and the lands of the East—the overthrow of every form of anti-Christian error—conversion of the house of Israel—the prevalence of peace among all nations, especially in America—and a yet more abundant blessing upon our brethren and sisters engaged in the work of missions, Christian education, and literature in foreign lands.

Thursday, 9.—*The Church of God and the Christian Ministry*: The more spiritualized of the Church, and its more devoted separation from the world—brotherly love, sympathy, and union of labour among the Lord's people—a higher standard of piety and power among Christian ministers & all their fellow-labourers—the outpouring of the Spirit upon our universities and colleges, and on the rising ministry at large—the conversion of the young, and a large blessing upon Sunday and other schools.

Friday, 10.—*The Word of God*: That it may be received with increased faith, reverence, and love—that its assailants may be enlightened and brought into the way of truth—that the power of the Divine Spirit may attend its private study, and its circulation throughout the world.

Saturday, 11.—*The Lord's Day*: That its divine institution may be recognized, and its observance at home and abroad may cease.

Sunday, 12.—*Sermons on the Signs, Wonders, and Duties of the Present Times*: motives to personal holiness and Christian activity.

"Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," is both the Divine warrant and encouragement with which we are emboldened to make known these requests unto God. Let us, in unity of spirit and prayer, obey the precept, and God, even our own God, will fulfil his gracious promise. "God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him."

C. E. Eadley, Chairman; John Henderson, Arthur Kinkaid, M. P. L. Bevan, Treasurer; T. R. Birks, M. A.; W. M. Hunting, M. A.; Edward Steane, D. D.; David King, L. L. D.; Hon. Secretaries; William Cardell, M. A.; James Davis, Hermann Schmettas, Foreign Secretary.

7, Adam street, London (W. C.), July 1861.

Later news from Pensacola states that a general cannonading took place between Fort Pickens and Fort Barrancas. Niagara and Richmond opened on Fort McKee. Engagement lasted 2 days. Fort McKee and several batteries were silenced. Fort Pickens is uninjured.

Col. Brown says he has Fort Barrancas completely at his mercy, and is awaiting reinforcements in order to take and hold Rebel Forts.

CHILDREN TEETHING

MRS. W. L. SLOW

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her

SOOTHING SYRUP.

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gum, relieving all inflammation—will allay all pain and spasmodic action and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

We have put up and sold this article for over ten years and can say in confidence and truth of it, what we have never been able to of any other medicine—never has it failed on a single instance, to effect a cure when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of commendation of its magical effect and medicinal virtues. We speak in this matter, what we do know, after ten years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfillment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most EXPERIENCED and SKILL FULL NURSES in New England, and has been used with never failing success, in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of dysentery and diarrhoea in children, whether it arises from teething or any other cause. We would say to a mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others, stand between you and your suffering child, and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of Curtis & Peckins, New York, is on outside wrapper.

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Price only 25 Cents per Bottle.

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