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## POETRY.

IT NEVER PAYS.  
It never pays to fret and growl  
When fortune seems our foe;  
The better bred will push ahead  
And strike a braver blow.  
For luck is work,  
And those who shrink  
Should not lament their doom,  
But yield the play,  
And clear the way  
That better men have room.

IT NEVER PAYS TO FASTER PRIDE,  
And squander wealth in show,  
For friends thus won are sure to run  
In times of want or woe.  
The noblest worth  
Of all the earth  
Are gems of heart and brain;  
A conscience clear,  
A household dear,  
And hands without a stain.

IT NEVER PAYS TO HATE A Foe,  
Or cater to a friend;  
To fawn and flatter, much less repine,  
To bow or to lend.  
The faults of men  
Are fewer when  
Each sees his own canoe;  
For faults and debts  
And papers do not  
Unbound do mischief brew.

IT NEVER PAYS TO WRECK THE HEALTH  
In drugging after grief,  
And he is sold who thinks that gold  
Is cheaply bought with pain.  
An humble lot,  
A cosy cot,  
Have tempted even kings,  
For station high  
That wealth will buy,  
Not oft contentment bring.

IT NEVER PAYS!—A blunt refrain  
Well worthy of a song,  
For age and youth must learn this truth,  
That nothing pays that's wrong.  
The good and pure  
Alone are sure  
To bring prolonged success,  
While what is right  
In Heaven's sight  
Is always sure to us.

## LOVE ON THE OCEAN; OR, THE MUTINY OF THE LASCAR.

The day was sultry, and scarcely a breath of wind fanned the heated brows of a number of passengers who were grouped together beneath the awning that covered the wide and spacious quarter-deck of the Lady Eversham, a large ship belonging to the powerful East India Company's service, which, at the time of this sketch, was in the zenith of its power. The huge sails hung almost motionless from the immense yards, and a general air of languor pervaded all hands, from the captain down to the cabin boy.

In the rear of the cabin, Mr. Sylvester, a young man of a large and powerful frame, was seated in a large lounge chair close by the rail. Not at present, Miss Dean, I am sorry to say. There—there, Alice! I do not wish to see you speaking to that young man; he's nothing but a sailor, you know, and only of an inferior rank. Remember your family dignity if you please.

The young lady's face turned crimson as the coarse reproach reached her ears; and the young man in question, who was taking the place of third mate of the ship, looked as if he were capable of eating the portions of men who were gazing complacently at Alice through the medium of his gold spectacles, and never once deigned to notice the indignant looks of the young sailor, who had walked away to attend to some matter that demanded his attention.

Alice Dean was the daughter of an officer in the army, who had served his country faithfully in many portions of the globe, and after an honorable career in his profession, had fallen a victim to the malignant climate of Calcutta, and his heart-broken wife survived him but a few months. Thus Alice, at the age of eighteen, was left alone in the world; and had, indeed, would have been her fate had not an uncle (a brother of her mother's) taken compassion upon her destitute condition, and thrown the mantle of his protection about her.

He was a crusty, fussy old bachelor, and amassed a large fortune in the East by his services as a lawyer in the service of the East India Company, which at one time could boast of a navy and armaments of her own.

The old fellow, Mr. John Wilkes by name, had resolved to leave India and return to the shores of his native land, which he had left when a boy; and, of course, Alice accompanied him. She was the only relative left in the world, and he recognized her as the lawful heiress to all his vast property.

There were many other passengers on board, all of rank, and possessing more or less importance in the land which they had left many miles astern; and they will be introduced to the reader as the occasion occurs.

Ah, by the way, Captain, where did you pick up that fellow, that Sylvester, I think he calls himself? And the old gentleman wiped his glasses with a silk handkerchief.

Oh, I shipped him in Calcutta. The poor devil had been cast away, and told me such a pitiful story, that I finally was induced to take him in place of my third officer, who died of cholera.

Decided sorry to hear it, captain! I don't like fellow.

Why, Mr. Wilkes? Has he offended you?—Me? Oh, no sir! I should have punished the fellow, you know; but he's rather officious to my niece, there, Miss Alice; and her family dignity must not suffer, you know.

Certainly not, sir; replied the captain, who was a man hated and feared by the officers and men for his petty and overbearing, tyrannical nature; while to his superiors and persons of rank he was engaging and obsequious in his attentions, and ever solicitous to gain the favor of those in power, no matter how it was to be secured.

From that day he was the bitter unrelenting enemy of the unfortunate young man; and, at every opportunity, never failed to insult him; but Sylvester never allowed his temper to gain the ascendancy, and bore the cowardly treatment with the patience of a martyr.

The homeward-bound ship was favored with a breeze at last; and with all sail set and all the masts and rigging left a broad track astern. The crew was composed entirely of Lascares, headed by a seaman and tinned, and numbered in all ninety men. The passengers had, also their native servants, which swelled the foreign element to about one hundred dark-skinned East Indian men.

Their dark eyes would flash with the fury of tigers in their native jungle as they were forced to witness the deeds of cruelty; and many a time had Clarence Sylvester heard the low mutter of discontent, and a wild hope for vengeance. Thus, unattainable and discontent spread rapidly through the ship, and for the crew was literally a floating hell.

But in the cabin, it was different; there, all was peace and harmony. The young men, and there were several, were attentive in their attentions to the young heiress, much to the disgust of the female portion, who were somewhat slighted, and consequently looked upon Alice with aversion and envy.

Alice had first been attracted towards Clarence Sylvester through sympathy for his situation; and he being a fine-looking young man, her sympathy gradually changed to admiration for the manner in which he bore the taunts and ridicule of his enemies.

As for Sylvester's own feelings, he secretly worshipped her; and considered the fair girl but little inferior to an angel.

During the long, weary hours of the night-watch, when the inmates of the cabin were buried in slumber, Alice would come on deck to enjoy the beauties of a tropical night; and the young sailor would stand by her side, half entranced, drinking in the sweet melody of her voice, and treasuring up each word and smile. Many were the stolen interviews that were enjoyed in this manner; and the young girl finally looked forward with pleasure for the still, calm hours to come, when, free from the annoyance and fitful flattery that she was forced to enjoy through the day, she could enjoy a sensible conversation with Clarence.

Alice did not dare to analyze the feelings which agitated her bosom; and, without considering the consequences, allowed the strange emotions which surged through her heart, and to which she had heretofore been a stranger, to have entire control of her mind.

But no word of love ever escaped from the guarded lips of the sailor; in his manner he was tender, polite and attentive nothing more.

Clarence, for some time, had been debating the propriety of calling the captain's attention to the state of affairs existing forward, which had now arrived at such a pitch, that curses and threats, both loud and deep, were often heard. Watching for a favorable opportunity, he approached that magnate one afternoon, and, in a respectful

manner, stated his suspicions, and ventured to remonstrate against a system of treatment that, in his opinion, was likely to result in mutiny, bloodshed and disaster.

"Ha, ha, ha! You fool! what kind of a cock-and-bull story is this? Gentlemen—turning to the passengers, who were, as usual gathered on the quarter-deck—what do you suppose this young fool has had the impudence to tell me?"

"What is it, my good fellow—anything exciting?" drawled out a major of infantry, who was the exquisite of the ship.

All the passengers gathered around the captain, eager to hear the news, and enjoy a laugh at Clarence's expense.

Why, he's afraid of a mutiny; and had the impudence to give me advice in regard to my duties. In the meanwhile the victim of the laugh that echoed around was walking up and down, apparently paying no attention to the coarse remarks of his captain; and not until that worthy called to him in a loud and insulting manner did he deign to cast even a glance towards the group.

See here; I have just a few words to say to you my young cock-a-boo; in future, when I wish for your advice, I'll ask for it. I am captain of this vessel, and will allow no meddling interference. Get out of this, or I'll kick you off the quarter-deck!

Clarence advanced one step towards the fuming bully, and calmly folding his arms looked the tyrant straight in the eye.

"You'll kick me, will you, you contemptible bully? I have borne with your abuse and vile language because I would not lower myself by taking notice of you; but if you dare to lift your hand to me, you'll regret it—mind what I say!"

The bully's face turned red with passion, and doubling up his fist, he rushed at the young man who jumped nimbly aside, evading his furious blow, and striking out with his right, he sent the square massive form of the captain sprawling on the deck. Up jumped the dashing hero, calling on his steward to bring up his pistols, and appealing to his passengers as witnesses of the indignity he had received.

"Mutiny! mutiny! and you at the head of it! But I'll take it out of you. Lay aft here, all hands! Mr. Sampson! (the mate), seize him up, sir—seize him up, and give him three dozen!"

The mate advanced at the head of the Lascares to obey the captain's order; but Clarence fought with all his strength, and counsel several of his enemies to measure their length on deck; and not until the male portion of the passengers joined in a shout did they succeed in securing their victim.

In the meanwhile, Alice, who had been below in her stateroom, was aroused by the noise and bustle on deck; and hurrying up the companion-way, arrived in time to see Clarence surrounded by the ship's company, who were engaged in seizing him up to a grating, having first divested him of his shirt. For an instant she stood as if rooted to the spot, and her eyes wandered first from one then to another in amazement, as if she failed to comprehend the meaning of the affair.

A large Lascar now stepped out from the ranks, bearing in his hands the implement of torture and degradation—the cat-o'-nine-tails.

Now, Mr. Sampson, see that full justice is meted out, and show no favors; said the captain.

Then he wiped his swollen and discolored face, fairly glowing over the opportunity which he had long been waiting for. But before the Lascar could carry out the work of command, and before the murdered cat had whistled through the air, Alice bounded forward and covered the body of the young man with her own graceful and light form. Facing the astonished crowd of spectators, with eyes that blazed with anger and indignation, she waved back the burly native who was about to deal the fatal blow.

"Cowards! gasped forth the excited girl; in this way Britons treat men? Is this a specimen of your justice? Give us a knife one of you!"

And snatching one from a Lascar who was standing close by, she severed the bonds that bound the young man, and, placing the knife in his hand dashed below.

So sudden and unexpected had the brave girl effected her purpose, that Clarence was free almost before the captain and the passengers had recovered from their astonishment.

A few sullen glances, and a muttered threat of future vengeance, was all the satisfaction the discomfited bully received for the ensting that he had suffered, and the young man was allowed to retire to the state room; while the strange conduct of his fair defender was severely canvassed, for want of a better subject to engross their time and attention.

In the meanwhile, Clarence busied himself in carefully cleaning and loading a pair of pistols, which he placed securely in the bosom of his shirt. He was fully convinced in his own mind that the wily crew meant mischief; and he resolved to be prepared for any emergency that might turn up. He had the first watch and busied himself in secreting some provisions

and water in the stern-sheets of the quarter-boat which hung at the davits.

He had to proceed with caution, in order to elude the snake-like vigilance of the Lascares, whose suspicions, in all probability, had been aroused by the unusual scene so lately enacted on the quarter-deck, and the various scornful remarks of the captain in regard to Clarence's fears of a mutiny.

Before the eight bells struck, Clarence had finished his task to his entire satisfaction; and the boat had been cleared away, ready to lower at a moment's notice. Masts, oars and sails were secured in their places; and with his heart filled with dismal forebodings, he left the deck as the relieving officer made his appearance and assumed the responsibility.

Without removing his clothing, he turned into his berth, and soon fell into an uneasy slumber. How long he slept he knew not; but he was suddenly aroused from his slumber by the noise and tumult of an altercation on deck. A wild cry was followed by a heavy jarring fall, in quick succession; and Clarence knew that the fatal moment had arrived.

Leaping from his berth, he hurried into the after cabin, and hastily aroused Alice, to whom he briefly stated his fears; and the next instant she opened her stateroom door, a loose robe thrown about her. At the same instant a rush of many feet was heard in the direction of the forward cabin.

To extinguish the lamp, and give a warning cry to the sleeping inmates, was all that Clarence could do; and seeing the trembling form of Alice in his arms, he sprang to the other companion-way, and mounted the stairs leading to the deck.

He had not many seconds to spare, for as he disappeared with his precious burden from the cabin, a whole troupe of dusky rascals came rushing in, howling for blood and vengeance. Like a mad man, Clarence had then three passions burst through the bonds and fetters which had so long held him in check; and no more mercy could be expected from their hands, when once they had tasted blood than from a tiger.

It was the work of an instant to place the maiden in the boat; and throwing a lousy glance around, Clarence saw the deck was deserted. Not a soul was visible; even the mate that at the wheel had deserted his post, and joined in with his fellows.

No time into the ghastly corpse of the mate met the gaze of the young man; and, with as little noise as possible proceeded to lower away the boat. It was a somewhat difficult job to perform, but he finally had the satisfaction of seeing it Frank accomplished; and dropping her astern, he made the painter (rope) fast to the tail-staff, and drawing his pistols prepared to render all the assistance possible to the unfortunate beings below.

Creeping down the companion-way, he listened for a moment, and loud cries for mercy, mingled with frenzied yells of rage, fell upon his ear. Dark heavy blows, and moans of agony were heard on every side, which proved conclusively that he could render no aid to the unhappy victims of their own folly, who, one and all, had paid the fearful price of their temerity.

Regaining the deck, he walked cautiously forward, and unobserved, succeeded in gaining his stateroom, where he secured an ample stock of ammunition. The Lascares had retained the lamp, and were too intent upon their work of rapine and murder to pay any attention to what was occurring elsewhere; and peering through the half closed doors, Clarence beheld a fearful scene.

The mangled remains of the captain were exposed to full view, and the body cut and slashed in every manner, looked as if each one of the mutineers had satisfied his revenge by burying his weapon in the still warm body of his victim. The remainder of the officers and passengers had also met the same fate, all having fallen victims to the blind fury of the treacherous Lascares.

They had apparently satisfied their fearful appetite for blood; and in the midst of the fearful scene, their victims stretched out before them, wailing in their gore, they were making preparations for a drunken carouse. Various kinds of liquor had been found, and deposited on the table, and the gurgling of wine, and the clank of glasses, mingled with their wild shouts of triumph.

Scattered around the cabin were various papers, and one in particular, met the attention of Clarence. It was a large and voluminous looking document, covered with seals; and it struck the young man it might be the will of Mr. Wilkes or some valuable legal document. He resolved to gain possession of it, if possible; but, as it lay directly in their midst, it was an exceedingly difficult, as well as perilous undertaking.

The Lascares had in a measure recovered from the surprise into which they had been thrown, and half muffled by the fumes of the liquor which had mounted to their heads, an altercation ensued, one accusing the other of breaking the lamp. In an instant the cabin was transformed into a perfect pandemonium, and drawing their sharp, keen knives, an indiscriminate melee ensued, it being impossible to detect friend or foe.

Fearful were the cries and groans that echoed around in that confined space, Clarence, crouching close to the floor, and endeavoring to work his way to the door without coming in contact with the combatants. Once his hand touched the cold, clammy face of a corpse; and with a shudder of horror he rose to his feet, and resolved to make a rush for the door, regardless of the wounds he might receive. He had already been absent some time from the deck; and Alice had, crazed with fear and excitement, was probably awaiting his return with feverish anxiety.

Mastering all his energies, and clutching his pistol ready for instant use, he sprang forward pushing the Lascares from his path, and skillfully eluded their thrusts, and a thrill of joy ran through his frame as his hand came in contact with the door knob.

Another instant and he would be free, when he felt himself seized from behind. Exerting himself to the utmost, he succeeded in retaining half round; and as he did so he heard a knife driven with terrible force into the door which was intended for his body. Before this he could withdraw it, Clarence grappled with his unknown foe, and a fearful struggle took place.

The Lascar must have been a large and powerful man, for his hands grasped Clarence with a clutch it was impossible to escape; and fearful that he might receive a wound from one of the drunken rioters by whom he was surrounded, he had recourse to his pistol, and second time the sparks of fire came from the blood-stained cabin. With a heavy crash his foe fell to the floor, and Clarence was free.

This time he reached the door without opposition, and throwing it open, sprang through the aperture, followed by the crowd of howling demons.

No doubt but what a glimmering of suspicion darted through their brain as to his true character; and as if by mutual consent they ceased fighting among themselves in order to exterminate the common foe.

Clarence was then his foe closely pursued by the crew, who were thirsting for his blood. Gaining the tail-staff, he cleared it at a leap, the next instant he rose above the surface of the water close alongside the boat and in a moment he was over the rail, much to the relief of Alice who had given him up for lost.

But their peril was not over, for although the Lascares had not followed the example of the young sailor in jumping overboard they soon perceived the boat towing astern, and ruses was made towards the painter (rope).

The boat pulled close up under the stern before Clarence could sever the rope; but using his knife bravely, he had the satisfaction of seeing the boat drop astern amid the cries of rage and disappointment of the dark-skinned rascals.

He lost no time in making sail on his frail craft, and keeping off from the wind, the infuriated Lady Eversham soon disappeared from view, and with the occupants of the boat breathless and free as the lungs vesel with its blood-stained crew looked up for an instant through the darkness, and then glided into security.

Throwing a watchcoat over the form of the fair girl who covered by his side, Clarence grasped the oar and guided the boat as it bounded on. In a few words as possible he answered the few questions of Alice in such a manner as left no room for hope or doubt as to the fate of all on board; and thro' the hours of that long night he supported the form of that weeping maiden, shielding her from the spray which occasionally flew over them, and whispering words of consolation and comfort in her ear. (To be continued.)

## A Husband Persuaded to Go Home.

A Texas correspondent says a handsome dashing woman rode into a village in that region, a few days ago, and alighting from her horse, went rapidly to a drinking saloon where a number of sovereigns were having a "high time." She singled out the finest looking man in the crowd and walking up to him seized him by the arm and ordered him to put down the glass which he was about to drink. He dashed down the glass and rushed away; the lady followed and finally cornered him in the billiard room. She told him, in a firm, determined voice, that the place he was in and the course he was pursuing would not answer for her husband, that he was wasting her property, and that she could no longer consent to be impoverished by him. She demanded his pistol, he refused. She took it from him, cocked it, and presented it at him, and told him to leave or die. He consented to leave. She marched him out as a prisoner of war to where her horse was hitched, ordered him to mount, and in a few moments the two were leaving town, the wife riding in the rear of her captured husband, with his six shooter in her hand.

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