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## Poetry.

### PAY THE PRINTER.

All honest men attend to hear  
The serious fact—the times are dear,  
Who owes a bill, 'tis just as clear,  
As starlight in the winter,  
That he should come without delay—  
That's if he can—that bill to pay,  
And ere he puts his purse away,  
"Fork over" to the Printer.

The Printer's cheek is seldom red,  
The fine machinery of his head  
Is working when you are in bed,  
Your true and faithful "Mentor;"  
All day and night he wears his shoes,  
And braves to furnish you with news,  
But men of conscience ne'er refuse  
To pay the toiling Printer.

'Tis known, or ought to be, by all,  
His dues are small, and they're small  
And if not paid he's bound to fall  
In debt—for fuel, bread, rent, or  
Perhaps his paper; then to square  
Up with his help—a double care  
Bows down his head—now is it fair  
That you don't pay the Printer?

His wife and little partiers, too,  
Are now depending upon you,  
And if you pay the score that's due,  
Necessity can't stint her;  
But if you don't, as gnaws the mole,  
He'll through your conscience cut a hole  
And brand the forehead thus—"NO SOUL!"  
Of him who cheats the Printer.

The cats will mew between your feet,  
The dogs will bite you on the street,  
And every wretch that you meet,  
Will roar with voice of Stentor,  
"Look to your pockets—there he goes,  
The chap that wears the Printer's shoes!"  
And proud, though everybody knows,  
The grub, he knows the Printer!

Be simply just, and don't disgrace  
Yourself, but beg the "Lord of Grace,"  
To that harden'd "eye" case,"  
That honesty may enter;  
This done, men will with man act fair  
And all will have the "win" to spare;  
Then will the "Editorial Chair"  
SUPPORT A WELL-PAID PRINTER.

## An Interesting Story.

### THE SAILOR'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF ACTUAL SERVICE.

"All hands! to witness punishment, aloof!"  
Such was the hoarse and dissonant call of the boatswain's mate on board the United States Schooner "—", one bright and lovely morning in July, as we lay at anchor in the harbor of Norfolk, where our little craft had arrived the day before from a long cruise in the East Indies. Our little vessel had been a very model of discipline and good order, and such a summons was as rare as it was disagreeable. Now in particular, when in less than twenty-four hours the men would be discharged, and become *free men*, whom to strike were an insult punishable by law, it seemed peculiarly hard that the harsh discipline of the lash should leave the stain of cruelty upon the last hours that our crew would ever pass together as one community. But our commander, with all his noble qualities, was a martinet, and having been educated under the ancient regime, never relaxed his ideas of discipline. The judgement had been recorded, and there was no appeal.

Four or five manly forms are ranged at the gangway; and what was their offence? Simply this:—last night was the first of their arrival at that home from which they had been for three long years banished. Some had friends, some dearer ties—they were eager to go on shore; it was natural, dear reader, yet the discipline of the vessel forbade it without leave, and being unable to obtain this, after all their duties were done, they quietly took it. They were on board in ample time for their morning work, steady and sober; and if this little dereliction had been overlooked, they would not have been worse sailors; but unfortunately it came to the commander's knowledge. Now fearful, if his crew were permitted generally to go on shore on the previous evening, that he would not have hands enough to haul the schooner up to the Navy Yard, and discharge her, Capt. Faraday had at evening muster expressly forbidden any one to go on shore without leave, with the assurance that he would certainly punish all who disobeyed.

We had no marines on board; but the officers with their side arms were drawn up on the larboard side of quarter deck—Capt. F. approached the gangway, and addressed the offenders:

"My men, I told you if you went on shore without leave I should punish you. (There was a short silence.) 'I have always kept my word with you, whether it was a favor or

a licking I promised. (Assent again.) I am sorry the last day of our cruise should see this; you have been good men, all of you, and done your duty."

There was here a gleam of sunshine over those weather-beaten faces, whether of honest pride at the praise bestowed, or in anticipation of mercy, it might have been hard to tell; the Captain evidently attributed it to the latter, for he added quickly and with energy:

"But I have said it, and I'll do it. Strip, sir!"—addressing the nearest culprit. "Boatswain's mate, do your duty."

I will not enter into the revolting details of punishment by the cat. In fact I scarcely looked on, though to have expressed any horror or sympathy would have been an unpardonable breach of discipline. My mind was painfully absorbed in the case of one of the victims, my connection with whom will appear presently. This was Charles Barton, a young man of about twenty-six years old, an able seaman, and one of the greatest favorites in the vessel. When his turn came, Barton, upon whose countenance was depicted an impossible misery, addressed his commander:

"I have never been licked in my life, Capt. Faraday."

"I am sorry for you, Barton," was the reply. "I believe I have always done my duty like a man, sir?"

"You have; I never had a better sailor under my command."

"Then, sir, if you please, cannot this be spared me?"

"Impossible; I can make no exceptions; you are equally guilty with the rest; strip!"

"But, sir, if you please—" commenced Barton, as he tremblingly fumbled at his jacket.

"What! you are not afraid?" asked the Captain sternly—"Boatswain's mate, help that fellow off with his jacket!"

A gleam of manhood suddenly changed the whole appearance of the fine fellow, and his jacket and frock were both off in a trice.

"I am afraid of nothing, but disgrace, Capt. Faraday," said he, stepping firmly upon the grating—"But Mr. Brace knows it was not my intention to disobey your orders."

Thus appealed to I stepped forward.

"Barton asked me to get him your permission, Capt. Faraday, but I forgot it; and when he came to me at night I told him I thought you would overlook it if he went and was off before the hammocks were piped up. I knew he had strong reasons for going."

"Why did you not ask the first Lieutenant?"

"Because I did not think he would let him go," was my reply, for which I got an amiable scowl from the first lieutenant.

"Go below, sir, and consider yourself under arrest," was the kind response to my intercession; "you have done the crew no good. Seize Barton up, Quarter-master."

"If you please, Captain," I heard a rough old tar say, who was one of the offenders, pulling at his forelock, "won't it be all the same if I take two dozen?"

It was the angel of mercy who stirred the depths of thy heart, brave old tar! Never was a nobler sacrifice tendered, and more sincerely; but, alas! it could not avail. What a glance of gratitude did Barton cast over his shoulder as they were slowly tying his hands and feet, his very executioners lingering in their office to afford him the last chances of a reprieve.

"Mind your own business, or you may get a double dose without helping your messmate," was the reply—"Boatswain's mate do your duty."

Thank Heaven! I did not witness the consummation; though I was told he bore it without a murmur, and only said respectfully when taken down—

"You have no doubt done right, Captain; BUT MY HEART IS BROKEN!"

Used as he was to the scenes of the gangway, our commander was deeply touched at the despair of Barton, and I doubt not would cheerfully have spared him if he could in any manner have reconciled it with his ideas of discipline.

About half an hour after the hands were piped down for me; and of course I expected to catch it. On the contrary, Capt. F. addressed me in a mild tone, which evinced no little interest in the recent affair.

"You did very wrong, Mr. Brace, to countenance any disobedience to my orders, and have had that poor fellow whipped, which was the hardest job I ever did."

"Barton would have gone on shore anyhow, sir, I think; I only promised to intercede with you."

"What object, if you feel at liberty to tell me, could have induced a good steady man like him to indulge in such a freak? Certainly not merely for the purpose of 'having a drink'."

"No, sir, Barton drinks but little even when at liberty. I will tell you, sir, what it

was; he is in love with the daughter of a tradesman in the city; they have been engaged since his last cruise; and yesterday he received a note soon after we arrived, by a shore boat, begging him to see her as soon as possible, for her father had been trying to make her marry some land-lubber of a lawyer, and she wanted to consult him how to avoid it. He asked me to get him leave, but you did not return after dinner, as I expected."

"Why not ask the first Lieutenant?"

"He hates Barton, and would have refused."

"I am sorry for him. I could not have spared him at the gangway; for most of those men will re-ship in a few days, and be probably under my command again. It would have ruined my authority with them. Why did you not tell me, when you heard he was to be punished?"

"I was taken by surprise, sir. You ordered all hands as soon as you came on board, and I was busy forward with the hawse."

"Well, I release you from arrest; go forward and say something kind to Barton. I am sorry he takes it so hard."

Charles Barton was an Englishman by birth; but had emigrated to this country when quite young. He had the misfortune soon after to lose his parents, and was thrown without friends or resources upon the world. He had received the rudiments of a good education, and being naturally a brave and honest lad, he won the good will and respect of all who knew him, and received many a lift in his struggles, from the friends his own good character had acquired him.

Barton's cruise with us had been his first in a man-of-war, and had been undertaken with the ambitious view of obtaining if possible a warrant officer's berth; for which indeed he was well qualified. As I said, he was in love, and with a most beautiful and amiable girl. Her father was a tradesman of some means, and more pride. Living in a city where the Navy has always been popular, he had conceived a great respect for the "button," and had long nursed the darling project that his "pretty Molly" should be an officer's wife. Mary Gray and Charles Barton, knowing his prejudices, very prudently concealed their attachment, and the latter being a lively, spruce young fellow, second mate of a brig trading with the West Indies, was always politely received at Mr. Gray's.

It was through the well-meant advice of a friend, that Barton had been induced to ship in the service.

"Once get a Gunner's or Boatswain's warrant, Charley," said his friend, "and old Gray will give you his daughter; especially when he finds there is no chance of catching anything higher—and I know yet might trust Mary, even if the first swab in the service asked her."

"Indeed I could," was the reply.

Mary's father parted with Barton on the test of terms, for he had no idea of his daughter's engagement. And poor Mary saw him go with a sad, yet hopeful heart.

About a year after Charles' departure it seemed as if the favorite wish of David Gray was about to be accomplished. At a public ball, to which she went rather to please some friends than herself, Mary Gray caught a beam, a real officer. Lieut. H— was a great admirer of beauty, perhaps because he had so little himself, and worshipped it with no very pure devotion, however, in whatever sphere he found it. He could not fail being struck with the loveliness of Mary Gray, and ascertaining her condition in life, determined she was a proper object of pursuit. H— was too much a man of the world to make any vulgar approaches; on the contrary, his conduct was most circumspect. He danced twice with Mary, talked to her about the sea, and managed to interest her considerably. He did not even ask to see her home, although he managed to find out a great deal about her. A few days after the ball, Lieut. H—, as if by accident, obtained an introduction to David Gray, to whom he showed so much respect, that having mentioned casually meeting his daughter at a ball, the tradesman invited him home to tea, which was accepted.

H— soon became a constant guest at the house, received by the father as his expected son-in-law, and by the daughter as a friend, to whom, with unconscious innocence, she had confided her secret, and who had promised all his influence to forward the dearest wishes of her heart.

I have not space to enlarge upon a story of deceit and villany. It was not long before Lieut. H— thought his plans ripe; but he had greatly mistaken the purity and firmness of intended victim. His first approaches were met with an indignation and spirit that completely baffled his calculations, and when he would have feigned honorable intentions, in which he knew he would be backed by the parent's authority, Mary went directly to her father, and exposed his whole treachery in encouraging her hopes of an union with Charles, while to the parent he pretended to be a suitor himself, thus ex-

posing fully his dishonorable intentions. Lieut. H— was received no more at David Gray's, and the old man was somewhat cured of his fondness for "the button."

Lieut. H— was soon after ordered on a foreign station, and by exchange became first Lieutenant of our schooner, and through his previous conduct was unknown to Barton, whom he soon singled out for such petty annoyances as it was in his power to inflict, yet the latter seemed to look upon him with all of a sailor's superstition, as his evil genius.

David Gray, though seriously troubled at learning the engagement between his daughter and Barton—a common sailor—yet forbore to annoy her, as he probably looked upon the chances of the lover's return as remote.

Having gathered all the points of my story now, I can proceed more smoothly. When I went forward I found Barton, who had always been a great favorite with me, and to whom I was indebted for a good deal of knowledge of seamanship, under the hands of the surgeon who was kindly dressing his wounds. As soon as the operation was over, I bade him come on deck with me, and taking him one side, endeavored to soothe him.

"You must not mind it, Barton; no one thinks the worse of you; even the Captain expressed the kindest interest, when I told him what took you ashore. I am afraid, I have been sadly to blame."

"No, sir, I should have gone without your promising to speak for me; and Capt. Faraday only did his duty."

"Well, Barton, you will soon forget it, and all will go well."

I have a weighty help," said he laying his hand on his heart "which tells me not, Mr. Brace, but I thank you none the less for your kindness."

"Nonsense, man; come you have not told me about Mary yet." I was his confidant.

"Oh! that's the misery of it; oh! what will she say when she hears I have been disgraced?" exclaimed he, as tears filled his eyes.

"Never fear, Barton," said I, laying my hand on his shoulder. "I am your friend and think none the worse of you; and Mary is too sensible a girl to mind it, save for your own sake. Indeed, where is the necessity for her to know it?"

"Ah! sir, even if it would be right in me to hide it, the man that had me licked will take care to let her know."

"Who do you mean? surely not the Captain; he is incapable of such a thing."

"No, sir, not him, but Lieut. H—, and he then told me the whole story of Lieut. H—'s conduct, as he had learned it the previous night from his sweetheart."

"What makes you think Lieut. H— was the cause of your being whipped, however this morning?"

"Why you see, sir, when the captain came off in his gig this morning, I hear him tell the coxswain he hoped nobody had been ashore, without leave, or if they had, that he wouldn't find it out; but when he came on board there was the gratings, and the boatswain's mate all ready; and when I took the captain's things off, there was Mr. H— making his report ten times worse than things were, and gave me a devil's own grin as said, 'Go to the gangway, sir!'"

Barton felt much diffidence about visiting Mary under his present sense of disgrace; and yet he experienced a nervous anxiety to know how the news would affect her; for he felt assured that Lieut. H— would take the earliest means of acquainting both her father and herself with his misfortune. He informed me that the contemplated marriage with the lawyer, whom Mary detested, had been arranged by the father in anticipation of his return, one of his letters to Mary, having fallen into the old man's hands. It was agreed that I should go to see Mary that evening, find out whether H— had communicated with them, and if I deemed it expedient, gently break the news to her.

Mary Gray had met her lover on the previous evening at the house of a mutual friend but as no arrangement to that effect had been made in my favor, I thought it best to call on her as an acquaintance at her own home.

I met Lieut. H— coming from the direction of the house, as I was going; he gave me a most malignant look scarcely noticing my formal salute. The negro girl, who opened the door, smiled a broad grin as she took my card muttering—

"I recon Missis see dis one anyhow."

She returned quickly and ushered me into a small, neat parlor, where was seated a pale, beautiful girl, who arose and offered me her hand, with much fan noise and gushiness.

"Mr. Brace, accept my heartfelt thanks; Charles has told me all—all your kindness.

We can never repay you." "Believe me, Miss Gray, I am amply repaid. Your friend deserves more than I can do for him."

A feeling of friendly confidence was quickly established between us, and I found Mary Gray to possess more than ordinary intelligence, and all the gentler attributes of a true woman. She explained her difficulties frankly. It appeared that, since the affair of Lieut. H—, her father had given up his predilection for an officer, but still determined that none but a "gentleman" should be his son-in-law, had picked out a briefless young lawyer with more brass in his face than coppers in his pocket, and whose pretensions to that character were based upon the products of unpaid tailor's bills, and any amount of self-assurance. Mary was satisfied that her father had heard of the anticipated return of Charles Barton, as he had recently urged the suit of Mr. Carter Beverly Randolph Seyffert in quite a peremptory manner. The sense of this information we both readily agreed upon.

More than a hour had been passed in conversation with this sweet, good girl, and yet I could not make up my mind to break the sad news to her, for there appeared something so boyant and hopeful in her manner, notwithstanding her troubles, so confident of the future, now that her lover had returned, that to poison her happiness even for a moment was a task I shrink from. Yet my forbearance did not prove merciful at last; for on a sudden the parlor door flew open, and an old man whose countenance betokened strong passions and great self-will, burst impetuously in.

"So, Miss," said he, under strong excitement, holding a note in his hand, "You went out last evening to meet that vagabond sailor, and not to church as you pretended."

"Father, I did not pretend that I was going to church. Permit me to introduce Mr. Brace a friend of Charles."

"Well I hope you will be cured forever now of your folly; the blackguard has been now at the gangway this morning, for deserting his ship last night, and being in a drunken brawl; no doubt he told his low companions all about his 'pretty Molly.' I hope you are cured, girl. If this gentleman is his friend, I wish the Navy officers, joy of their companions; my poor house, however, is not fine enough for them."

There was something in the tone and manner; even more than words, of David Gray, which expressed the intention of giving me a 'conge'; yet Mary sank fainting at my side, with the heart rendering exclamation—

"Oh, God! can it be true? Poor, poor Charles!"

My situation was both painful and embarrassing; the old man paused, evidently for me to take my departure, and as I could do no possible good, under the circumstances, by remaining, I did so, with the remark—

"You have been grossly deceived, sir, and I shall prove it to you."

A cold "Good evening, sir," was all the reply.

I deemed it best to reveal everything to Barton.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, "is there any freedom or equality on earth? Must man be always the tyrant and executioner of his fellow man? See you, sir; I am a man in all his best attributes; I never broke my word—I never injured a being; I never failed in my duty but this once; and for a slight infraction of discipline under circumstances that in any generous mind would have excused a hundred times greater fault, I am tied up and scourged like a slave, ay, under the laws of a Republic, the very character of whose existence declares all men free and equal." Dishonored, ruined, lost forever! by the most cruel act of arbitrary power."

[Conclusion next week.]

Anecdote of Brougham.

There is an anecdote circulating about Lord Brougham, that he was met leaving the House, by a brother Peer, who had two very beautiful girls on his arms.

"Sorry to see you leaving," was the remark, "as these young ladies came expressly to hear you speak."

Lord Brougham, as a *prophet*, declared that they should not be disappointed—returned to the House, and asking some questions of Lord Brougham, who was unprepared; whereupon was delivered one of his Lordship's most memorable philippics that shook the very foundation of that Ministry, and all this says the narrator of the anecdote, to please a pair of pretty women who took the compliment the same as they would a box at the opera or a waiter's dinner. More alarming than any other tale for even a kind glance from the eyes of the Lord Brougham was not met.

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