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No 13

AL ASSISTANCE
TAMERICAN 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 heard,
The memory of our youthful hours,
And green as those birds' 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 season, coming Spring!

A true copy, Attest.

Miscellany.

THE LANCER'S 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 Bear'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 before another word could be said, an old grey-headed sailor, known by the appellation of "Turkhot," 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 did!

Think what?

Why that you'd ever overlooked Turkhot, 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 grievous 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 commander.

I am sorry, Turkhot; but—but I don't think it would hardly do for you to go with us to-night.

And why not? persisted Turkhot, merrily. You know very well there isn't a man that you could trust more than—

That is 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 led him aside.

Turkhot you do not guess why I am going ashore?—and—

"Hold!" interrupted the captain wait until I have done. I was going to say that did you know the task which I am about to undertake, you would not care to accompany me.

Avoid there, eh? I exclaimed the other reproachfully.

Aye, aye, but I think I am right, rejoined the captain, taking no offence at the familiarity of his old boatwain. I think I am right. You still love your nephew Harry, do you not? he added, in a low voice.

My nephew? yes. But why do you speak of him?

He killed my first officer—stabbed him to the heart, while we were lying off Maui, you remember?

Aye, aye; 'cuss the day when I brought

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 swimming 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 you, shipped in a vessel bound to this sea—that he is at present living in a hut not far from Bear's Head—the point of land near 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, exclaimed Turkhot, rubbing his gray head excitedly 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, 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 Turkhot walked forward, and began to pace the deck in great agitation.

My poor nephew—my brave Harry! he muttered 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, yes, 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.

Turkhot, 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 finally 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 suddenly 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.

Turkhot, 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 it.

Aye, aye, I interrupted the old tar, unable notwithstanding the anxiety which he felt on his nephew's account to suppress the interest excited within him by the communication of the second officer. Aye, aye, sir, I was once a boat-steerer in a whaler, as you well know, and I'd like to show you that I haven't yet forgotten how to handle a lance.

He followed his conductor, who led him to the quarter-deck, and then stopped, pointing over the lee rail.

Do you see it?

Aye, aye, answered Turkhot, there it is, sure enough, a big grizzly fellow it is, too, as well as I can see in the faint light from the lantern.

Do you think you can strike it?

Bring me the lance and you'll see, answered the old sailor; the creature isn't more than six fathoms from the bark, and I've darted that distance many a time.

Black entered the companion way and soon returned, bearing in his hand a long, sharp lance, which he now presented to the boatwain.

The latter took the weapon and skillfully poisoning it on high for a single instant, sent it flying wittily through the air, towards the grizzly object crouching upon the ice.

There it strikes him! it strikes him!

shouted the second officer as the weapon penetrated the creature's side; it was a good—

He was interrupted by a long, wild, terrible cry—a cry denoting the most fearful anguish—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 Turkhot.

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 Turkhot's lance, was lifted to the deck of the *Torpedo*.

The ship's lantern fell full upon the rigid features of the corpse as it was placed upon one of the hatchets, and then cries of astonishment broke simultaneously from the lips of the spectators, for every man present recognized the ghastly face of Harry Wyndott, the nephew of old Turkhot.

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, I do not accuse yourself of murder; cried the second officer. You are not to blame. Your nephew's dress, his crouching 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. The captain and his party probably saw Harry ashore and pursued him. Perceiving that he was closely pressed, and could not escape them by any other means, he rushed upon the ice cake which was drifting past the beach, and crouching low upon its surface, thus eluded those who were following him, and who, owing to the intense darkness, did not perceive his cunning manoeuvre.

The speaker had scarcely concluded when the quarter-boat came alongside of the bark, and from the lips of the crew the second officer heard enough, soon afterwards, to convince him that the conjectures he had formed were correct.

We must add that the body of the boatwain's nephew was buried ashore the next day, and that from that hour old Turkhot was never seen by him.

DARING ATTEMPT TO ROB A BANK.—An explosion in the bank at Millville, N. J., on Sunday evening, led to the discovery that a party of rogues had been deliberately at work in an attempt to rob the bank. On entering the building there were found spread out on the tables and counters a very large and splendid assortment of burglar tools and a ponderous sledge hammer weighing twenty-five pounds. On one desk was spread quite a collection, consisting of roast chicken, cheese, salt, butter and whiskey. Two cans of powder, slow matches and burglars' lanterns were also among the articles left.

The rascals had been in the bank on Saturday night and all day Sunday as they had taken goods from the room above, and with them converted a table into a bed. They had picked the lock of the outer back door, which gave them the entrance, and then set to work on the iron door of the vault, which was plated with the hardest steel. They first tried the crowbar as a lever, but unsuccessfully. They then bored through the lock, and then exploded it with powder. It is supposed they made several attempts at this before they succeeded, as the explosion was very loud; but it eventually did the work completely. The lock of the outer door was blown off, and the inner door was blown with great force against the lower end of the vault. But the noise of the explosion was so great that they were obliged to make a precipitate retreat, leaving the vault still unopened and losing all their implements.

The greatest nation of Chicago is the remarkable man who cures the "lame, halt and blind" with the touch of his hand. The Times says persons paralyzed totally do throw away their crutches and walk, but whether it is anything more than the effect of excitement's short time, will determine. Meaning the excitement goes on, and invalids claim that they are cured.

Husband, I must have some change today. Well, stay at home, and take care of the children; that will be a change.

The following table gives the vote in each Parish in the County. A careful comparison of the votes in a few Parishes, will open the eyes of the electors, and may probably lead to a change in the controlling or dictatorial power.

Parishes

Bill

Clutter

Boyd

Thomson

McAdams

Stevens

Stevenson

Brown

Donald

Reynolds

St. Andrews

St. Stephen

Kirk, St. James

Bathie do

St. David

Dumbarton

St. Patrick

Lower Falls, St. George

Upper Falls do

Pennfield

Lepraux

West Isles

Campo Bello

Grand Harbour, G. Mann

North Head, do

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