

**MEDICAL ASSISTANCE**  
**THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY**

**BADWAY'S READY RELIEF**  
**THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY**  
**FOR THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN**  
**IN A FEW MINUTES**  
**RAPIDLY CURES THE PAIN**

**BADWAY'S READY RELIEF**  
**THE FIRST INDICATION**  
**IS TO RELIEVE THE PAIN**  
**IN THE HEAD, FACE, OR THROAT**  
**IF IN THE HEAD, FACE, OR THROAT**  
**IF IN THE EAR, NOSE, OR THROAT**  
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# The St. Andrews Standard.

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**Poetry.**  
**THE DYING MOTHER.**  
 BY MISS CARY.

We were weeping round her pillow,  
 For we knew that the hour was near,  
 It was night within the room—  
 'T was night upon the sky.

There were seven of us children,  
 The oldest one of all,  
 To I tried to whisper comfort,  
 But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knees my little brother,  
 Leaned his young brow and wept,  
 And my sisters long black tresses,  
 Over my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear  
 Came over me as I trod,  
 To lay the burden of our grief  
 Before the throne of God.

"Oh! be kind to one another,"  
 Was my mother's pleading prayer,  
 As her hand lay like a snowflake,  
 On the baby's golden hair.

Then a glory round her forehead,  
 Like the glory of a crown,  
 And in the silent sea of death  
 The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was borne away  
 Upon that loving prayer;  
 And the hand grew heavy—paler,  
 In the baby's golden hair.

**Miscellany.**  
**A BRAVE BOY.**

It is just a year ago since the Indian paper gave a short account of a daring deed performed by two sailor lads, by which they saved themselves and a large Indian steamer from imminent peril. Having recently received a full account of the affair, Sir Isaac Dallas-Vassall, Bart. brings it under the notice of the readers of the *Bay's Own Magazine*, feeling confident they will appreciate a deed of heroism carried out with singular coolness and boldness.

The vessel was called the *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy* after the well-known Parsee Crosses, who employed his enormous fortune in charitable foundations for the benefit of his fellow countrymen in India, and was raised to the baronetcy by our beloved Queen, who not only avenges the charitable, but offers so brilliant an example in her own exalted person. The steamer which was built of teak and copper-bottomed, had been taken up by Government for the purpose of conveying a cargo of Indian criminals from Singapore to the Andaman Islands—the *Boisjag* of Hindostan. The prisoners, belonging to a dangerous set of Sikhs, and were natives of Umritsar and Lahore. They were adherents of a false prophet of the name of Bala Singh, who had offended the English by instigating a revolt in the Punjab. In his terrestrial avocation a tailor, he had the audacity to declare himself Bala Singh, newly risen from the dead, and founder of the Sikh sect, who in former times opposed the burning of widows and the caste system.

The devotees of the risen man wore on their turbans black and yellow colours, and had ribbons of white woolen cords. As their pass word they employed the mystical words "Wah Goo-roo," preached temperance, cleanliness, and a great point with Hindus—love of truth. With this the Anglo-Indian Government, which has ever been tolerant—that is to say, indifferent—to forms of religious faith, might have been careless of interfering with the new believers, but they practised the use of fire-arms, were trying to acquire a military organization, and were naturally in the sight of the English, who generally are enthusiastic for the independence of all nations, "the most sensual, blood-thirsty, bigoted villains who ever misapplied the name of religion." Argol, as the graverigger in "Hamlet," said, they were quite ripe for transportation to the Andamans.

On a winter June day in 1863 the *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy* left the port of Singapore, which in all probability it would never have done again, had there not been on board a couple of lads, one of whom, of the name of Patterson, was a species of apothecary's assistant to the ship's doctor. He had strapped his master the Hindoos on board, were making preparations to mutiny, but the warning had been unheeded. The truth was that while lying in Singapore harbour the boy had found better opportunities of picking up the Punjabi language than his superiors had. The other saviour of the steamer was the cabin-boy, Davis, who was so fortunate on the first night as to fall asleep in the cook's galley. A succession of gunshots, the rattling of cutlasses, cries, groans, and the splashing of bodies being thrown overboard had already half-awakened him when he was shaken by a sturdy hand and aroused to perfect consciousness. "It was the doctor's assistant, Patterson, a fiery-headed Scot, who was in the habit of constantly reading his Bible, and nautical handbooks, and reckoned this as of higher importance than the performance of his ordinary duties."

"Davis," he whispered to the now thoroughly aroused boy, "the villains have got loose and murdered every body with the exception of ourselves and the stokers, whom they are strictly watching. I just now stumbled over my master's corpse. Nothing is left me, but to trust in God, who is a tower of strength. Kneel down and pray, for help is coming!"

The ship's lanterns hastily approached the two boys, and a band of Hindoos, whose garments were dyed with British blood, were on the point of stabbing the praying lads with their bayonets when the rajah or leader interposed and thrust the wayward aside with the cry of "Wah Goo-roo!" The rajah was a fat Hindoo, with a smooth face half-closed eyes, and a blood-thirsty mouth. He ordered the two lads to be dragged to the cabin. On the road there they met the first mate, Johnson who was also banded into the stateroom by the mutineers. Here was sitting, with one foot on the captain's dead body the prophet Bala Singh, a tall, thin man, with sunken eyes, blue lips, corpse-like complexion, and long skinny hands—a man who seemed expressly created by Nature to "play

the part of one who had risen from the dead. Thirty or forty Hindoos surround their master with candles, boarding-pikes, blood-stained cutlasses, and muskets in their hands.

"Afore him, adore Bala Singh!" they shouted to the mate.

"Hang me if I will!" the dauntless sailor answered, and spat on the ground.

The chief made a movement with his hand. Johnson was dragged out of the cabin, a short tumult ensued, then a pistol-shot was fired, and all was over.

"Wah Goo-roo!" Bala Singh said in a sepulchral voice; "thus shall the unbelievers be exterminated."

Hadjihanna, a Hindoo, with a face like a vessel, and as slight as a girl, now raised Patterson's red shawl, and knotted to the prophet, as he brushed his knife.

"Son of Heaven, let us sacrifice this unbeliever to the Goddess Kalf!"

The apothecary's apprentice perfectly understood the meaning of the words, and in the fear of his heart wammered in broken Hindostani.

"Bala Singh, Son of Heaven, who has arisen from the dead, I adore thee!"

"Let him loose; he is one of us." "Wah Goo-roo!" the false prophet cried, and his followers bowed their heads. Hadjihanna put a black and yellow turban on the head of the apothecary's assistant, and tied round his loins the mystically knotted cord.

"This lad, too," the renegade said, pointing to Davis, "is a believer. The miracles which Bala Singh has performed this night have converted him as well."

There was another assenting cry of "Wah Goo-roo!" after which the prophet declared that the lives of the two boys should be spared, as their souls had become enlightened, but more especially because their services in securing the ship would be of use. After this the grateful Patterson shouted "Wah Goo-roo!" till he was hoarse, while the prophet quitted his cabin with his followers. Hadjihanna intimated to the lads very significantly that if they were guilty of the slightest act of treachery, they would infallibly die by his hand. The door was locked upon them, and the snapping of two gunlocks could be heard, so that the boys felt certain that a couple of sentries were posted in front of the door.

Their situation was by no means enviable. Through the cabin skylight Patterson was enabled to see the murder of a sailor, who had escaped by reaching himself at the mainmast. He was lashed down from there, dragged across the deck, fastened to the mast, and murdered with a refinement of cruelty. The Hindoos threw broken champagne bottles at him, and the sight of the blood-dripping seaman was so awful that Patterson was compelled to turn away with a shudder. At length the murderers completed their sanguinary task. Of the whole crew only the stokers remained alive, in addition to the two lads, under the guard of half a dozen Hindoos armed with pistols, and two sailors at the wheel also under strict guard.

"Among the convicts were several Malay sailors, who reduced the *swallow* as the ship had drifted out of her original course, and the wind was now westerly."

After all the bodies had been thrown overboard and the deck cleaned from blood, the prophet again descended to the cabin, and set down with his devotees to a simple meal of rice and curry, at which our lads were compelled to serve as waiters. At the conclusion of the meal Hadjihanna turned to the Scot.

"Redhead," he said to the lad "you have the Hakim's medicine stores in your charge; where is it?" The son Heaven wants some opium. Bring it within half-an-hour or you shall die!"

"Son of the believer!" Patterson replied, "what would you mind a gleam of hope flasheth?" "It flasheth perfectly well where is opium kept, but it is not yet prepared. Grant your slave a little time. One of your men can accompany me and watch me, if it is considered necessary."

The proposal was accepted, and while the opium was being prepared in the surgery, the convicts shortened the time by ranking over their sanguinary exploits on board the captured steamer. At length Redhead returned with the black paper. Davis was ordered to procure pipes and hot coals and ere long and some thirty men were puffing away.

Davis' heart beat afully, for he saw from Patterson's looks and gestures—the looks of a crow watching a sick lamb—that there must be something up. The opium also had a very powerful effect. The conversation among the Hindoos rapidly ceased; one after another fell back on the cushions.

"All is going on admirably," Patterson said, when the two lads found themselves surrounded by the men's men; "thanks to the powers of the opium and the draught of morphine which I added, I could have done the whole scattered brood to the spot where they belong by sending the spot stronger, but it is better to save them for

the purpose of grazing an English galloway. He then quickly filled the pipes afresh and ran up on deck, accompanied by Davis.

"Brothers in the faith!" Patterson addressed the sentries at the wheel, "the prophet sends you two hours of Paradise in these pipes. Take them for you will be relieved before your sleep begins."

With the cry of "Wah Goo-roo!" the Hindoos greedily seized the pipes, and the guards in front of the engine-room did not require any lengthened persuasion to follow their example. In a few minutes the deck was covered with apparently lifeless bodies, owing to the effects of the irresistible morphine.

"The *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy* is saved!" Patterson cried in delight, and urged the men at the wheel to fall on their knees and offer up their thanks.

Still there was no time to be lost. The stokers were called up, and, with the help of three quarters of an inch cords, the hands and feet of one mutineer after the other were bound, and they were deposited in the hold for greater security.

When the job was ended, the steamer was again turned in the direction of Singapore, but two days elapsed ere that port was reached. Patterson held the command in the interim, and took care that the bound mutineers should have food and drink, though little enough. When they approached the city, it speedily became known that a mutiny had broken out on board the steamer, and half-an-hour after the anchor had been let go, Patterson, trembling with joyful excitement, was in the presence of the harbour-master and telling him all about it.

"The opium did it all," the drill had remarked. "I was doctor's mate on board, and where I was not reading my Bible or studying the handbook for sailors I occupied myself with herbs, salves and minerals, without the least idea, though, what help they would afford me against the sons of Belial!"

This anecdote appears to me a further proof, were such indeed necessary, that Government would not wisely, in instituting a branch of the Victoria Cross to be bestowed exclusively on civilians for gallant deeds, and more especially for rescuing the lives of their fellow-men. We have a ready instance in the case of the Order of the Bath. Were such established, I have no doubt, that young Patterson would be among the earliest recipients.

A **YOUNG MAN** MOVED.—Peter the Great once passed a whole month at the forge of Muller, during which time, after giving due attention to affairs of State, which he never neglected, he amused himself with seeing and examining everything in the most minute manner and even employed himself in learning the business of a blacksmith. He succeeded so well that one day, before the iron had put his own particular mark upon each bar, the byers and other noblemen of his suite were employed in blowing the bellows, stirring the fire, carrying coals, and performing the other duties of a blacksmith's assistant. When Peter had finished, he went to the proprietor and praised his manufacture, and asked him how much he gave his workmen per week. "I give them," answered Muller, "three roubles, or an alin," answered Peter. "Very well, then," the czar said, "I have earned eighteen altines," he then said to Muller brought eighteen denars, offered them to Peter, and told him that he could not give a working man like his majesty less per week. Peter refused the sum saying, "keep thy ducales, I have not wrought better than any other man; give what you would give to another; I want the money to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need. My shoes, which had once been mended and were again full of holes. Peter accepted the eighteen altines, and bought himself a pair of shoes which he used to show much pleasure, saying, "there I earned by the sweat of my brow."

One of the sons of iron-forged by Peter the Great, authenticated by his mark, is still to be seen at Ista, in the forge of Muller. Another similar bar is preserved to the detriment of curiosity in St. Petersburg.

A townscrip took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up his parents. On being asked by a lady what was the matter, he replied, "Here's an orphan child, my aunt and I'm trying to find its parents."

"Can you spell blind pig with two letters?" asked one acquaintance of another. "Yes," was the reply; "p.g. that's pig with out an i."

A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, tried to excuse himself on the ground that sweet things made him sick. "You have not shaved this morning, said the musket to the oyster. "I never shave in bed," was the oyster's reply.

If all swallows had wings and bills, what a fluttering and twittering there would be in some stomachs.

An emigrant, fresh from the Emerald Isle, caught a spotted cat, as he thought, in the wall, and, putting it out, grasped his nose, and exclaimed, "Howdy Mother! what has the catther been after?" (skunk.)

A frightful tragedy recently occurred on the coast of Africa. A Spanish slaver had escaped to sea from a port near to Sierra Leone, and after being at sea a few days, the slaver, managed to get possession of the vessel, and murdered all the crew, with the exception of two. It is not stated what became of the survivors.

A printed copy of the invention of Commander Author, of her Majesty's ship *Excelsior*, during the cruise, and attracted much attention, from several of the Lords and the officers on board. It is registering a ship's course at sea on lined and prepared paper, working on a cylinder by clock-work, the direction of the ship's head being taken and marked by an indicator-pencil every two minutes and a half. It can be placed in any part of the ship where there is no local attraction, and does not require being placed with the ship's compass.

**FREDERICK, May 26.**  
 Mr. Boyd introduced a Bill to amend an Act entitled an Act to regulate the management of the Alms House, in St. Andrews.

Progress and general discussion on resolution of Mr. Watson that House disapprove of the notice in which the late Government refused to contract the erection of bridge on God's Island, and stopping proceedings on same if public faith be not violated there by bridge and most important matters.

Mr. McMillan signified action of late Government on ground of previous promises.

Discussion warm between him and Hatheway. Later making numerous disclosures of malpractices of late Government.

Resolution carried—Perry and McMillan opposing.

Resolution preventing practising Attorneys acting as Registrars of Deeds, etc., adopted.

Hatheway's resolution for free grant of 200 acres of land to soldiers 14th Regt. lost before House.

Progress reported in Legislative Council yesterday on Treasury Bill to give time to consider Mr. Mitchell's suggestion that notice should be receivable at once instead of in 5 years as provided in amendment.

**FROM THE STATES.**  
**Boston, May 26.**

The surrender of the rebel ram, *Stowack*, to the Spanish authorities is confirmed.

The prosecution in the assassination trial closed yesterday, and numerous witnesses were called for the defence.

The evidence went merely to prove an alibi for O'Laughlin, and the good moral character of Mrs. Surratt.

A despatch from Toronto states that the case of Blackburn, charged with sending infected clothing into the United States, has been postponed to the next session.

Blackburn gave bail in \$8,000.

State Mexico advises report numerous successes by the Liberals. The latter are greatly encouraged by hopes of aid by immigration from the United States.

Gold 137.

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**U. BRADLEY**

Per Ship *Lampico* from Liverpool.

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**EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.**  
**WILDERNESS JOURNEYS.**  
**NEW BRUNSWICK.**  
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