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Vol 39

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Poetry.

GOD'S PEARLS.

Alone upon the shore I sit,
As onward roll the crested waves,
And watch the mist, like sea birds, flit
O'er the deep ocean's soundless graves;
The tide goes ebbing out.

How many ships lie cradled low
Under the salt sand, shroud and soil;
Laughing, the waters glide and glow
Over the harvest of wreck and gale,
The tide goes ebbing out.

So have I seen the sweetest smiles
On rosy lip, in saucy eye,
But found through treacherous tongues and wiles,
Beneath the shade of envy lie—
The tide goes ebbing out.

I seek the place of trust or power.
A deadly stab my purpose blights,
A friend my trust betrays, and I
Weep bitterly through gloomy nights
The tide goes ebbing out.

Through a spear breakers shallow well,
A gliding jewel seeks the sea;
A breath might crush its crystal shell—
Frail, pretty creature, go—be free,
The tide is coming in.

A child ran carelessly by my side,
Watching the crisp foam pulsing out
Upon the shore—"See there!" she cried,
"God's pearls!" and caught them with a shout
The tide is flowing in.

God's pearls! they drift on other streams,
On higher shores their splendor shine,
In souls where faith's pure radiance beams,
And love makes all the life divine.
The tide is coming in.

They drop from lips that have not known
The finish of the student's art,
The polish of the scholar's tone,
White with the clamor of the heart,
The tide comes flowing in.

God's pearls! Love, Truth, and Hope, what tho'
Earth, sinking slow, each white sail furls;
I'll watch Hope's shore in weal and woe,
And find, with childhood's faith, God's pearls;
The tide comes rolling in.

SIAMSE TWINS.—News of the whereabouts of
the famous Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, may
be interesting, particularly as they have been re-
ported dead, discovered, and almost everything
else possible, in the past year. They are living
in the western part of North Carolina, one is dan-
gerously ill. They own considerable property in
the State, and are well-to-do. They married
many years ago two sisters, daughters of a minis-
ter, and the union of one couple has been blest
with three sons and six daughters, and that of the
other with six sons and three daughters. During
a recent engagement on the continent of Europe,
the speculator who made a show of the twins, and
who by the by, was an ex-honorable member of
the Legislative Council of British Columbia, paid
them a weekly stipend of \$200 in addition to pro-
viding all their travelling and hotel expenses.

A fashionably dressed lady entered a car on the
Hudson River Railroad, a few days ago, and after
she had stood for some minutes, a young gentle-
man arose and gave her his seat. She made no
acknowledgment of this act of courtesy. The cars
stopped at an upper station on the river, and the
lady was about to leave the cars, when a quaint
old Dutch gentleman called to her:
Madam, you have forgotten something.
What, sir? said the lady.

Why, you have forgotten to thank the young
man for the seat.
The lady walked out, and the young man re-
sumed his seat.

Interesting Tale.

THE PRISONER OF MOUNT CAUCASUS.

(CONCLUDED.)

After leaving the mountains in those provinces,
the forests disappear, and the eye looks in vain
for a single tree to relieve the nakedness of the
country, except on the banks of large rivers,
where they are even very scarce: this circum-
stance is very extraordinary, considering the fer-
tility of the soil. They had been following for
some time the course of the Souja, which they had
to cross to reach Mosdok, and were looking out
for a spot where the stream, being less rapid,
would afford them a safer passage, when they dis-
covered a figure on horseback coming straight
towards them. The country, totally uncovered,
presented neither tree nor bush for concealment.
They squatted down under a ridge of rock near
the water's edge. The traveller passed within a
few yards of their hiding place; their intention
was merely to defend themselves if they were at-
tacked. Ivan drew his dagger, and gave the pis-
tol to the major. Perceiving, however, that the
rider was but a boy of twelve or thirteen, he
sprang abruptly on him, seized him by the neck,
and threw him down. The youth attempted to
resist; but on seeing the major appear at the ri-
ver side, pistol in hand, he ran away at full speed.
The horse was without a saddle, and with only a
halter passed in his mouth by way of a bridle—
The two fugitives made use immediately of their
capture to pass the river. This recourse was
most fortunate for them, for they very soon saw
that it would have been impossible to cross it on
foot as they intended. Their charger, although
burdened with two men, was very nearly carried
away by the rapidity of the stream. They reach-
ed the shore, however, in safety, but it was too
steep to allow the horse to land; they dismounted
to ease him. As Ivan was pulling with all his
might to make him climb the bank, the halter
gave way. The poor animal was carried off by
the current, and, after many an unsuccessful at-
tempt to land, was fairly overpowered and drown-
ed.

Deprived of this resource, but less tormented
now by the fear of being pursued, they made for
a rocky hillock, which they perceived in the dis-
tance, intending to hide there, and rest still night.
By their calculation of the distance they must
have gone over, they judged that the habitations
of the Pacific Tchetchengs could not be very far
away. But it was by no means safe to trust to
these men, whose possible treachery would ruin
them forever. However in the desperate state of
weakness to which Kascambo was now reduced,
he could not reach the Terek without assistance.
Their provisions were exhausted; they spent the
rest of the day in sullen and mournful silence, not
daring to communicate to one another their mutual
anxieties. Towards the evening, the major saw
his denchick strike his forehead with his hand, and
give a deep sigh. Surprised at this sudden mark
of despair, which his intrepid companion had never
yet displayed, he inquired the cause of it—
Master, said Ivan, I have committed a great fault.
May God forgive it us! replied Kascambo, with
great compunction.

Yes, continued Ivan; I have forgotten to carry
off that splendid rifle, which was in the child's
room. But it cannot be helped; it did not occur
to me; you made such a moaning up there, that
you put it out of my head. You laugh; it was in-
deed the prettiest rifle in the whole village. I
would have made a present of it to the first man
we meet to make a friend of him, for I do not ex-
actly see how we can, in your present condition,
accomplish our journey.

The weather, which had hitherto favored them,
changed suddenly in the course of the day. The
cold wind of Russia blew with violence, and covered
them with sleet. They started again at night
fall, uncertain whether to risk entering one of the
villages, or to avoid them entirely. But the long
journey which on that alternative awaited them,
became utterly impossible in consequence of a
new misfortune which happened to them towards
the end of the night.

As they were crossing a small ravine, on a
wreath of snow which covered the bottom of it the
ice broke under their feet, and they sunk up to the
knees in water. The efforts which Kascambo
made to extricate himself, completely drenched
his garments. From the moment of their depar-
ture the cold had never been so intense; the
whole country was covered with sleet. After half
an hour of the most painful and laborious travel,
nipped by the cold, he fell down, exhausted by
fatigue and pain, and refused peremptorily to go
a step farther. Convinced of the utter impossi-
bility of ever reaching the term of his journey, he
considered it an useless cruelty to detain his com-

panion, who could easily escape alone. "Listen
to me Ivan," said he; "God knows I have done
everything in my power till this very moment, to
take advantage of your help and assistance; but
you see now that they cannot save me, and that
my fate is sealed. Go to the line, my dear and
faithful Ivan—return to our regiment, I command
you; tell my old friends, and my superior officers,
that you left me here a prey to the ravens, and
that I wish them a better fate. But, before leav-
ing me, remember the oath you took up there in
the blood of our jailors. You swore that the
Tchetchengs should never take me alive again;
keep your word!" So saying, he lay down, and
covered himself all over with his bearskin cloak—
There is still a chance left replied Ivan; it is to
seek a habitation of Tchetchengs, and bribe the
master with promises; if he betrays us, we shall
have nothing to reproach ourselves with. Try to
drag yourself so far; or, said he, seeing his mas-
ter's exhaustion, I shall go alone, and try to gain
over a Tchetcheng; if things turn out well, I
shall come back with him, and carry you away—
If they go wrong, if I perish and cannot return,
there, take the pistol. Kascambo stretched out
his hand, and took the pistol.

Ivan covered him up with herbs and brushwood
for fear he should be seen during his absence. He
was about to depart, when his master called him
back. "Ivan," said he, "listen again to my last
request. If you ever succeed in passing the Tere-
k, and see my mother again without me"—
Master interrupted Ivan, farewell for a few
days. We shall meet again in the course of this
hour. But if you die, neither your mother nor
mine shall ever see me again!

After an hour's walk, he perceived, from a
small rising ground, two of the villages, at
about four miles distance; it was not what he
wanted; he wished to find a solitary house,
which he might enter without being observed,
and secretly gain over his master. The distant
smoke of an isolated chimney discovered to
him what he wished for. The master of the
house was seated on the floor, busily repairing
one of his boots. "I come here," said Ivan,
to offer you an opportunity of winning two
hundred roubles, and to ask of you a service.
You have, no doubt, heard of Major Kascambo,
a prisoner among the mountaineers. Well, I
have carried him off—he is here close by—
sick, exhausted, and in your power. If you
deliver him up to his enemies, they will praise
you certainly, but, you know it well enough,
they will not reward you. If, on the contrary,
you consent to save him, by keeping him only
three days in your house, I shall go to Mos-
dok, and bring back two hundred roubles in
fine sounding silver for his ransom. But if
you dare stir one inch from your place, added
he drawing his dagger, and give the alarm to
get me arrested, I murder you this instant.
Give me your word this moment, or you are
a dead man.

The determined tone of Ivan convinced the
Tchetcheng without intimidating him—
Young man, said he, pulling quietly on his
boot, I have also got a dagger in my belt, and
yours does not frighten me. Had you enter-
ed here as a friend, I should never have be-
trayed a man who had crossed the threshold
of my door; now, I promise nothing. Sit
down there, and explain your wish. Ivan, see-
ing at once who he had to do with, sheathed
his dagger, sat down, and repeated his propo-
sal. And what security do you offer me, asked
the Tchetcheng, for the execution of your
promise? I shall leave you the major himself,
replied Ivan. Do you think I would have
suffered for fifteen months, and I brought my
master to your house, to desert him there? Well
I believe you; but two hundred roubles
are too little—I must have four hundred.
Why not ask four thousand?—it's just as
easy; only, as I intend to keep my word, I
offer you the two hundred, because I know
where to get them, and not another kopeck.
Would you place me under the necessity of de-
ceiving you?

Well, let it be done for the two hundred
roubles; and you come back in three days;
and alone? Yes, alone, and in three days; I
give you my word for it; but have you given
me your own word?—is the major your guest?
He said, and so are you from this moment;
you have my solemn word for it.

They took each other's hand, and ran for
the major, whom they brought back half dead
with cold and hunger.
Instead of going to Mosdok, Ivan hearing
that he was nearer to Tchervianskaya Stan-
iza, where there was a considerable post of
Cossacks, hastened directly thither. He had
no great trouble in making up the necessary
sum. The brave Cossacks, several of whom
had been present at the unfortunate engage-
ment which had cost Kascambo his liberty,
were happy to put their purses together to
complete his ransom. On the appointed day,
Ivan departed to go and deliver at last his
master; but the colonel who commanded the
post, fearing some new treason, would not al-
low him to return alone; and, in spite of the
conviction and agreement made with the
Tchetcheng, he sent a detachment of Coss-
acks with him.

This ill-judged precaution was very near be-
ing fatal to Kascambo. His host, no sooner
perceived the lance of the Cossacks in the
distance, than he thought himself betrayed;
and displaying at once the ferocious courage of
his nation, he conducted the major, still weak
and sick, to the roof of the house, tied him to a
pillar, and placed himself before him, with his
rifle in his hand.

If you advance, cried he, as soon as Ivan
was within hearing distance; if you make an-
other step, I blow the major's brains out; and
I have fifty cartridges left for my enemies,
and for the traitor who has brought them.
You are not betrayed! exclaimed the faith-
ful denchick, trembling for his master's life;
I have been forced to come back accompanied;
but I have brought the two hundred roubles,
and keep my word. Let the Cossacks retire,
added the Tchetcheng, or I fire.

Kascambo himself begged of the officer to
retire. In the course of the detachment for
some distance, and came back alone. But the
suspicious brigand would not allow him to ap-
proach. He bade him count the roubles on
the footpath, at a hundred yards from the
house, and be off.

As soon as he had secured them, he return-
ed to the roof, and, throwing himself at the
major's feet, begging his pardon, and entreas-
ed him to forget the bad usage he had been
forced to make him endure for his own safety.
I shall only remember, said Kascambo, that I
have been your guest, and that you have kept
your word faithfully; but instead of begging
my pardon, I should rather prefer you to take
off these ropes.

Without answering the Tchetcheng, see-
ing Ivan return, he descended from the roof, and
disappeared like lightning.

In the course of the same day, the brave
Ivan had the satisfaction and glory of restor-
ing his master to his dear friends, who had
lost all hopes of ever seeing him more.

The author of this narrative, happening to
pass legation by some months after, arrived
during the night before a small house, of very
elegant appearance, and particularly well light-
ed up. He jumped from his kibick, and ap-
proached a window to enjoy the sight of a
most lively and animated ball which was tak-
ing place on the ground floor. A young officer
was also looking in, and appeared particu-
larly taken up with the gay scene in the in-
terior of the apartment.

Who gives this ball? Inquired the travel-
ler.
It is our major, who was married to day.
And what may be his name, pray?
His name is Kascambo.

The singular history of this gentleman, congratu-
lated himself on having yielded to his curiosity,
and admired the bride groom, who, glowing
with pleasure, had completely forgot for the
moment the Tchetcheng and their cruelty.
Having the kindness to show me also the
brave denchick who delivered him. The
young officer, after some hesitation, answered,
I am the man.

Doubly surprised at this extraordinary
coincidence, and still more at the youth of the
speaker, the traveller asked him what his age
was. He had not completed his twentieth
year, and had just received a sum of money
and the rank of officer as a reward for his
courage and fidelity.

This brave young man, after having volun-
tarily shared his master's misfortunes, and re-
stored him to life and liberty, was now enjoy-
ing his happiness on his marriage day, gazing
at the feast through the window. But the
stranger happening to express his astonish-
ment that he should not be in the ball room,
and appearing also to imply some suspicion of
ingratitude in his old master, Ivan glanced to-
wards him a fierce and angry look, and walk-
ed into the house whistling the tune "Hail, hail,
hail hui!" He very soon appeared in the
ball-room, and the inquisitive traveller jump-
ed into his kibick, quite thankful not to have
received the fatal axe over his skull.

SOUNDS OF THE SEA.—When a still is
held up to the ear there is a peculiar vibratory
noise, which children assure each other is the
roar of the sea, however distant they may be
from it.

Philosophically investigated the peculiar
sound thus recognized is a phenomenon that
very much perplexed learned gentlemen for a
long while. The experiment is easily made
by simply pressing a spiral shell, common in
collections, over the cerebra of either ear. If
a large shell the sound is very much like that
of a far off cataract. Now what causes it?

Every muscle in the body is always in a
state of tension. Some are more on the
stretch than others, and particularly those of
the fingers. It is concluded that the vibration
of these fibres of those in the fingers being
communicated to the shell—it propagates and
intensifies them, as a hollow body of a violin
does the vibration of its strings, and thus the
acoustic nerve receives the sonorous impres-
sions. Muscles of the leg below the knee are
said to vibrate in the same way, and if con-
ducted to the ear produce the same result.

"How Long Shall we Preach?"

By the request of a friend we copy the follow-
ing extract from "An Address to the Students of
the Union Theological Seminary," by the Rev.
John Hall, D. D.:

"There is at this moment a kind of fashion,
as it seems to me, in favor of short sermons.
There are many people who seem to think
that the less we hear of the sermon the better,
and if there are two sermons, one long, and
the other short, of two evils, they choose the
least. I cannot understand why there should
be this desire for brevity in sermons. You
do not feel this in public things—men at the
bar, in any public assembly, don't as a rule
feel themselves shut up to such a brief limit as
twenty five or thirty minutes in the discus-
sion of a question. They don't feel that they
can thoroughly go through it in a limit like
that. It recalls the story I once heard of a
man who went into a fashionable restaurant
and asked for a mutton chop. At last came
the waiter with a plate upon which was de-
posited a chop done to the smallest dimen-
sions. Sticking his fork in it, he put it to the
horror of the servant, into his mouth at a moun-
dful and munching it a moment said, "Yes,
that is it; bring me some." I sometimes feel
tempted to say when one of these diminutive
sermons of twenty five minutes is finished,
"Yes, that's what I want; bring me some."

I myself really do not feel that I have fairly
got under way until "five and twenty minutes
have passed, and one who has got into sympathy
with the people will find the same thing.
It is, depend upon it, it is because a great
deal of the preaching has been rather poor
preaching that the people have come to this
conclusion in favor of short sermons. These
on Sunday feel uncomfortable if they do not
hear a sermon, and because it is not good they
want it to be as brief as possible, just long
enough to satisfy their consciences. Brethren
a sermon is to instruct; it is to awaken the
attention; it is to arouse the conscience; it
is an effort to enlist the whole man in behalf
of the truth which you proclaim. If you will
put your whole strength upon one of these
great truths, you will be inclined rather to
think, when you have done your very best in
trying to put it in the clearest and most con-
cise manner, that thirty or thirty five minutes
is not time enough. Not that I suppose for a
single moment that a man must put all the
truths into a sermon on every occasion, but
every man must use his own good and culti-
vated judgement in determining the form and
shape of his sermon, in order to carry con-
viction to the judgement and conscience of the
people."

A Tehran letter in a local Greek paper
states that more than 100,000 men, women
and children, have perished in the Persian
capital from famine and plague, and that the
number of victims throughout the country is
not less than three millions. The Bagdad of-
ficial paper states that more than 250 Persian
families have within the last few days emigra-
ted into the Ottoman territory.

Coal has risen so much in price in England
that there is a strong agitation being got up
in favor of using peat, and setting paupers and
criminals to dig it in large quantities. The
supply, it is said, is in Scotland and Ireland
unlimited.

A remarkable dirty man, rejecting his
friend's advice how he should dress himself
for a masquerade, received the following an-
swer:—"Only just wash your hands and face
and put on a clean shirt and I'll be hanged if
any one will know you."

A SUGGESTIVE PICTURE.—Smith and
Jones stopped before the beautiful picture of
three horses drinking at a fountain, entitled,
"A Temperance Society." Says Jones, "What
does the picture suggest?" Smith who is the
rapid temperance man, replies, "It suggests
that we all should drink water." "But," asks
Smith of his companion, who is fond of his
"tod," "what do you think it suggests?" "Well,"
was the characteristic reply, "I should say it
suggests that we take three drinks." Smith
bade his companion good morning and left in
disgust.

There is a story about a German
gentleman in Berks' county, who buried his
wife and married again in about ten days—
The young men of the neighborhood determined
to signify their disapproval of such a breach
of propriety as this speedy marriage, so while
the wedding feast was in progress at the house,
they called and gave the parties a calithum-
pian serenade. After a while, the groom ap-
peared at the front door, and when silence
had been obtained, he said, in a deprecatory
tone:

"I say, boys, you ought to be ashamed of
yourselves to be making so much noise, ven der
was a funeral here so soon. It ain't right."
The band then adjourned.

