

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIIS BENEDEMM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

No. 9

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 4, 1874.

Vol 41

SELECT TALE.

RESET BY APACHES.

An Adventure on the Colorado.

BY MARKEDLY SKYRANCE.

Of the vast collection of Indian myths and legends laboriously gathered by the intrepid one-armed voyager, Major Powell, few are more interesting than that which describes, in the mythology of the Utes, the origin of the Grand Canon of the Colorado—a marvel worthy to rank with the Seven Wonders. It tells how, in the golden time, the wife of the great war chief, the Ute died, and the chief was inconsolable, and called upon his god Tawotz to take pity on him and lead him to his wife. And the god looked upon him and saw that he was unhappy, and taking his huge magic staff in his hand, he rolled it before him on the ground; and where it rolled it cut far down into the earth and opened the Grand Canon, those sands of red deep. And through it the god led the heavy-headed chief of the Utes, showed him his wife in the Happy Hunting Grounds; and leading him back, he poured a mighty river through the canon, and along their trail, that no one might be able to follow after them; and the river has continued to run ever since.

In late October, 1872, we struck this mystic trail of the god Tawotz—a small party of us detached from a Government Exploring Expedition. It was impossible to ford the swift and treacherous stream; we again and again spurned our animals into the water, only to find that at a certain depth they were torn to pieces of their feet and swept down unmanageable.

Next morning found us ten miles down the river, sternly midnight groping over trailless mountains, at a narrow part of the stream. A large log, that seemed waiting to be turned to timber, was then soaking itself on the edge of the water, furnished us with two substantial parallel beams for a raft—Abner, hatter, dressed, and pegs did the rest; and after a long and arduous day's work, we had a raft of logs, and at once started for the river, in the direction of the water, King gave a shout, his rope was pulled quickly through his hands, though not entirely away from him, his companion jerked me back upon the raft, and we were headed back by our friends above.

A word of the local, for the understanding of what follows. The river was here about a hundred yards wide, and terribly swift; there were rapids above and below, about half a mile either way. The river banks, semi-circular level to the south. A great about the middle of this river, on the north side, was a broad sand beach skirting the river, a narrow fringe of low meadows and grass mead on its outer edge, and behind that almost perpendicular mountain, incapable of ascent. Our camp was on the sand, just below the fringe of meadows. On the farther shore, there was a tract, several miles wide, of stones, evidently very troublesome to the feet, from the broken volcanic rock of the region, which is extremely lacustrine. Beyond the stones was a small strip of sand, and back of that, rising ground for several hundred yards, until a range of low hills was reached, also volcanic, following the bend of the river and forming a depression on it at either end of the meadows. The ground between the hills and the sand beach was smooth as an expanse, not a stone or a pebble was to be seen on it. It was fortunate that it was so, for if it were not, the stones on the sand beach, which were one of those large detached boulders, or volcanic fragments, so common to the region, standing out alone, it was perhaps ten or twelve feet high, and double that width; but what appeared most remarkable was the perfect manner in which, by feet or other means, it had been split from top to bottom, and opened to the width of two or three feet. This opening faced directly to the river. It did not extend from front to rear of the rock. It was precisely as if it had been touched by a magic wand, and thrown open like a pair of doors on a hinge behind. A more secure hiding-place, except from the river side, could hardly be devised.

These topographical features we had taken in at a glance on our arrival, but had only carefully noted, as not especially interesting to us. We had seen that there was enough of a depression in the hills back of the river to allow an easy passage, if once we were over, and had noticed the opening. We soon had occasion to study both hills and rock most critically and anxiously.

Our raft hauled up to shore, and the story of the "horror of the middle passage" told, we had resolved into a committee of ways and means, and were eagerly debating what was to be done next, whether a second trial of the raft was to be made, or an attempt to swim our animals, or a detour of the Virgin River ferry. King, meanwhile, chilled with hunger and absence of clothes, after his excitement, had pulled his way over the stretch of sharp stones, and was tuning back and forth on the sand for exercise; now running, now standing and going through most vigorous calisthenics, or whirling like a dervish, or shouting to make haste with our decision.

Suddenly, a shot—a rifle shot—and a loud shout from our half-breed guide, "Apache! Apache!" And looking across the stream we saw a half a dozen stealthy figures just appearing over the ridge of hills. They were out of the range of our own guns, which lay on the sand near us, but within easy shot of King, who was several hundred yards nearer them; in fact the first shot seemed to have been at him. He stopped in his exercise, looked over his shoulder in the direction of the shot, and as we shouted to him in one voice a confusion of commands, "Look out! Come back!" "Hurry, hurry!" he gave a rapid look at the broad belt of wounding stones between him and the river, over which he would have to creep slowly, and he next instant, horrors! as a second shot came, he dropped on the sand in front of the open rock and crawled slowly into its cleft hole. He afterwards said that this second shot had thrown the sand into his face and eyes and almost blinded him, so that he could not have made for the river if he would.

But reflective of the state of mind of us, his comrades, to see him deliberately immerse himself within gunshot range of Apaches, wounded, perhaps, for we could not account for his falling on his knees so suddenly, and with darkness only two or three hours off. We shouted with one voice, "Wounded?" to which came a low answer, unintelligible. To a second and louder shout, there came a weak "No—o—o," which relieved us at that score, but didn't place in better light the danger of his situation. Meanwhile, to some of the party, scanning the hills opposite carefully, there appeared figures moving about at intervals on the ridge, and apparently occupying the whole extent of the semicircle, from end to end. Our dismay at this movement, and at the probable size of the band of Apaches, which it indicated, was very great, until we noticed that no one showed himself longer at the first point where they had come in sight; near the lower depression, from which we concluded they had separated, and stationed themselves at different points on the semicircle of hills, so as to cover more effectually the rock to which the "dear King" had fled, and which they visited to the place had of course made them acquainted. As we watched the naked figures in the rock tender, and reflected how powerless we were to help him, the very fact on which we had depended for his safety, our feet; as we thought of him surging through that boiling current on our behalf, only to be thus caged at last, there was none but would have risked death ten times over to help him.

The position was that to which chess players call stalemate, nobody could move. If King showed himself, the Apaches would shoot him; if they approached, we should shoot them. But what could we do? And on the other hand, what could he do? We could not cross, and if we could, we should have no guns; and we should further be pretty sure to be picked off before we had well risen from the water; certainly before we had picked our way over the stones, to reach him. But could he come to us? But for the hundred feet of knife-blades and stone jungle (why couldn't it have been sand?) we felt that he would run the gauntlet long ago; but such an attempt over that ground would have been rashness itself, with a dozen riders pointing at him from the hills on three sides. As far as this action was concerned, it was a mere matter of light and himself; at the first coming of night, he would certainly be seen, and the risk and strike for the river.

The smooth, gently descending expanse of the hill between the hills and the river, which was a stone or bunch of grass or a sage bush larger than a man's head, and every foot of which he could command from our side of the river, allowed the Apaches to change of approaching the rock while it lay day long. We knew their Apache penchant for fighting behind rocks and trees too well to expect,

them to risk themselves on this sandy slope in daylight. We knew them too well, also, not to know that at the least approach of darkness, all their devilish cunning would be exhausted in gaining King's covert, even if they had to tunnel their way through the sand.

All this time (there was more than an hour of consulting and waiting), King lay caged in his rocky prison. He was out of the sunlight, and after three hours of darkness, naturally chilled through and through, poor fellow! We could see him rising himself on his hands; twisting in every direction, digging and tossing the sand within reach as though on a sledge, and in every way exerting himself to keep up his circulation and ward off stiffness. All this time he had retained the rope which was attached to the forward end of the raft, he had not known if a second trial was to be made, and having it in his hand, when the shots were fired, even in the act of falling he had retained it. He afterwards said that he should have been irretrievably stiff and useless, if he had not had the rope for gymnastic purposes, the resistance and weight of its length in the current affording him some exercise when he chose to pull on it. A part of the time he kept it tied about his waist.

Five o'clock had come, and the western hills had begun to throw a creeping shadow on the eastern half of the semicircle. We knew that we had but an hour or two more of daylight, and still no word from him. We were nearly unanimous to urge King to attempt to get the raft at the beginning of twilight, and had started for the bank to shout to him, when Abernethy, chief of the steady nerves and d-d-rammed plucky who had been standing apart, rushed up with a manner almost excited for him and exclaimed: "I have it. Cut me two muskets, five feet long, two more about three feet. Give me a couple of white shirts, towels—anything white; a brown shirt and trousers, and a lot of strong twine."

And he started heading for the raft with out waiting to see the looks of consentation on the faces of the crowd. But Abernethy was not a man to bludge in a joke nor to lose his head; and before he had returned from his raft, baggage and cargo had been unsexed, and everything d-d-ived brought forth. At the raft, he quickly untied the shore rope, coolly pulled the raft a little higher on shore, to prevent its floating away with him, went on it, and untied the forward rope, brought it ashore, and joined the two ropes in a firm splice. Raising up he said, "Quick! See how the raft's going. Give me four or five sheets of paper and a pencil. You, Bob, tie up the sticks, but don't put the sticks on till I tell you."

All this had much more the look of a madman than anything else; and several of the men began to let their eyebrows and shades of their brows, especially when Abernethy coolly started himself before a camp stove, and began to print rapidly on the sheets of paper in a child's large black letters. This done, with his usual dispatch he told each party, put them in separate envelopes, and proceeded to stow them away in the shirts, in different parts of the bundle which Bob had started. Two he put next the sticks; the other four inside the shirts and towels. The bundle was made up with the sticks and twine in the center, the white things wrapped about them, and the whole enveloped with the brown shirt and trousers—a so-called "shell"; the letters were placed at stated. This completed he took the bundle, still without an explanation, goes to the raft, and ties it securely to the joined ropes, tugging four or five of us to his side, and only then explaining the meaning of his strange preparations. King had been watching us most intently; he had not made a sound since Abernethy had begun his movements, which he could see with an object. To him we gave a shout "Pull—the rope—over."

The rest is simply told. King pulls with a will, and soon the brown bundle is crawling up the opposite bank. It catches again and again, but by dint of alternate pulling, King and we finally reach the rock, and pass into the shelter of the door. Our guides, who had been instructed to keep their eyes on the hills and never pay attention to anything about him, noticed several slight movements in the hills, none but an Indian eye could detect, and said that the Apaches had evidently seen the raft, but that they were merely looking at it in growing dark space.

King opens the bundle, broking the brown shirts over his shoulders quickly, as we see, and catching sight at the letters, drags open the ends. There is just enough light for him to decipher Abernethy's large printing. He reads the sticks in their lines, on which things to look to, and he to the "Pull the rope—over—yourself." Wait till pretty dark. When pretty dark, about (and not till the night) we must rapidly, as it will draw their fire. You wait till pretty dark; then run. Clear up.

It is growing darker. We cut the rope, and cut down Promethian in the rocky yonder, fashioning his white man, turning him from side to side, changing his arm, or head to suit his pleasure. Finished, he passes it, standing, behind him in the rock, and falls on the sand before it is not in act of worship to his own creation, but, as he afterwards said, to give us a view. As it stood there in the fading gloom, against the dark background, the deception was perfect, and instinctively we shouted "Hurray!"

A lapse of perhaps a half hour, during which all traces of daylight had been well-nigh swallowed up in darkness, and there came a quick, nervous shout from the other shore. We saw King thrusting his "dummy man" out of his workshop, and rapidly we pull it across the sandy beach; not so rapidly but that the Apaches have sighted it, as we meant that they should. Shot after shot is fired at it, and counting the different sounds of flame on the hill tops, we find that there are just ten shots there, ten to nine, if only our noise shall be covered. As the white bundle crawls quickly over the beach, the illusion and the likeness to a man on all fours are so complete that we cannot blame the Apaches for their blunder. It strikes the rocky region and catches; King twitches it, we pull it down up and down; the shot continues; men seem never to have heaped so fast before. Suddenly as four shots follow, almost simultaneously, and as the dummy had reached nearly the middle of the stones, we pull violently at it, making it give a fearful jump into the air and fall forward on the stones, shouting to King at the same time to let it lie there. As his derisive answer to our shout, which may have been interpreted as a death-shout, came far off, we saw a flash from the hills, which repeated itself several times as it passed along the line, and was the most encouraging proof of the success of Abernethy's ruse.

The shouts from the hill tops were certainly the Gaiety of self-fied victors. That night, so soon as the seven wings of darkness had folded over the twin banks, the Apache mind pursued, with much crawling on, over to be a full belly, and much anxious glancing at the opposite shore, cautiously to approach his slain victim, and gently to remove the top of his head, a belt ornament for future powers.

Not so. What is this? A second white man, no Promethian imitation, but a supple, well-moving original, with upper garment of brown, white as to his limbs, darts suddenly from the rock, clears the sand in a triple bound, clambers over the stones, gaining at least one soft stepping spot by treading on a peasant on his fallen prototype, and plunging into the stream above us. But two shots were fired, both without effect.

He is a long time crossing, but emerges a safe, far below "d-d-d" dripping like a river and exhausted, with bleeding feet. It is our turn for a Gaiety which is given in a hearty "Thank God!" and follows, more considerable than smother. We carry him quietly to camp, where he is cared for as though he should be who had suffered bravely in our behalf. That night, stretched over by a double guard, he slept the sleep of the brave and the patient. Early next morning long before.

The bear that prowled last night about the fold of the North Star, had struck into his den, we were in the saddle, and starting for the Virgin Ferry, a two day's march to the west.



Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, and marked "Tender for Mail Service," will be received at Ottawa, until 12 o'clock noon, on MONDAY, the 7th April, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails between—

Saint John and Digby.

St. John and Annapolis.

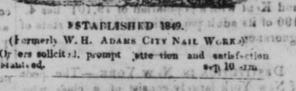
For the term of Four Years from the 1st May next, to be performed as follows, viz:— From the 1st April to 1st December, four times per week each way between St. John and Digby and Annapolis, and from the 15th December until the 1st April, twice per week each way, between St. John and Digby, extending the bus trips to Annapolis whenever the navigation of the Annapolis River will permit. Separate Tenders are also invited for the conveyance of Mails between the same points, six times per week, from 1st April until the 15th December, and three times per week from the 15th December until the 1st April. The conveyance to be made by a steamship or some other passenger steamer, of sufficient power and capacity to perform the round trip in twelve hours, including reasonable detention at each port of arrival for the exchange of Mails, and the vessel employed in the service to be subject to the approval of the Postmaster General in regard to safety, accommodation for passengers, and rate of speed. The Mails are to be conveyed from the several Post Offices at the expense of the Government.

The contract, if satisfactorily executed will continue in force for a term not exceeding four years, the Postmaster General reserving the right to terminate the agreement at any time previous to the expiration of four years, should the public interest in his opinion require it—superior giving notice to the contractor six months previous to such termination, on due notice. It is to be clearly and distinctly understood by all persons tendering for the above service that they will not receive any further award for a longer term than the Government for the performance of the service beyond that stipulated in the Contract to be paid by the Post Office Department. Tenders may be obtained from the Post Office at St. John, or at the office of the undersigned.

JOHN McLELLAN, Post Office Inspector of the Province of New Brunswick, St. John, 23rd Feb. 1874.

CUT NAILS & SHOE NAILS.

E. R. Foster & Sons, STANDARD Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works, Saint John, N. B.



ESTABLISHED 1850. (Formerly) W. H. ADAMS CITY NAIL WORKS. Orders solicited; prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.

TO THE Electors of Charlotte.

GENTLEMEN, I am a candidate for your suffrage, if elected, I will look after the best interest of the county and the Dominion generally, and will support all good measures brought in by this Government or any other Government. Yours truly, JOHN MEADAM.

St. Andrews Foundry.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to the annual meeting of the Foundry, which was held on the 22nd inst. with punctuality and despatch, and in the most satisfactory manner, and in the presence of a large number of gentlemen, and other factors, business and attended to. Particular attention paid to the Blacksmith Work, and satisfaction guaranteed by punctuality and a desire to please, they hope to merit public patronage. A LAMB & CO., Foundry, St. Andrews, Oct. 22, 1873.

BAY RUM.

10 Gallons good Bay Rum, for sale at the St. Andrews Drug Store, E. LEE STREET, N. B.

Original issues in Poor Condition, Best copy available

McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents, San Francisco, California, and Charleston S. C., New York, B. Bruggate and Douglas.