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*Evans tumendum est optimum.*—Cic.

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## IDA OF ATHENS; OR THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

To live with fame  
The gods allow to many; but to die  
With equal lustre is a blessing Heaven  
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,  
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.  
LEONIDAS.

During the heroic struggle of the modern Greeks for independence, when the heart of every liberal throughout the world was beating with anxiety for the fate of the patriots, the defenders of Missolonghi found themselves leagued by a powerful Turkish army. Moslem cannon had reached their walls; the ground about them had been mined by their antagonists; their ammunition was about exhausted; their wounded were accumulating on their hands; and finally, to complete the horror of their situation, famine stared them in the face. Yet there was nothing left for them but to struggle to the last; for the foe was merciless, and capitulation would only bring death to the men and a servitude worse than death to the women.

In the ruins of an old church, a council of war, hastily summoned, was assembled by torchlight. Noti Bozzaris, the oldest living member of an heroic family, distinguished in the annals of Greece, the aged patriarch of Missolonghi, presided at the council. Grouped around him were the wild and haggard faces of warriors clad in the picturesque garb of their native land. Some were gray haired and bowed with age—others in the flower of manhood, or the vigor of youth, but all bore traces of hardship and suffering.

The patriarch, with a trembling voice, counselled patience. Success might arrive—he had no positive advice, but still hope and faith whispered in his ear. In the encircled state of the garrison, fighting was no longer practicable.

Demetrius Pallacaris, a young Solite, sprang to his feet when the patriarch had concluded.

"Father," said he, energetically; "I grieve to differ from you. But you are old. The snows of seventy winters rest on your venerable head. Resignation—fortitude—martyrdom—are the inspiration of your years; but we of better blood cannot brook the course you counsel. What! shall we, in the flower of life, with arms in our hands, sit here and starve to death like rats in a dungeon? Forbid it Heaven! Forbid it, our ancestral fame! The memory of Marathon, of Plataea, of Thermopylae, speak to us different counsel. Our ammunition is almost gone—but we have yet our good swords. Our ancestors had no other weapons. With these we may cut our way through the ranks of Osman; and open a path for our women to liberty and life. My voice then is for a sortie. Let us take to the sacred standard of the cross, and this very night attack the foe. Your relative, the noble Marco, father died in such an attack, but he died in the arms of victory. Remember that, father."

A young man, in a foreign uniform, followed Demetrius. Gerald Falconer was an American of wealth, who had abandoned the luxuries and endearments of home, to devote his sword and fortune to the Greek cause. The friend of Demetrius, he shared his opinions, and defended them eloquently. The sortie was decided on, and the council of war broke up.

Within half an hour, a small but resolute band was collected in the shadow of the ruined church, that rose like a vast bulwark against the glorious summer heaven, now beginning to be lighted by the unclouded rays of the full and rising moon. The balmy breeze breathed through the groves of olive and myrtle, and came laden with the sweet perfume of flowers. It was a night for quiet converse—for peaceful contemplation—tyranny had willed it to be a night of deadly strife.

Demetrius whispered to his young friend:—"I have sought my betrothed, my beloved Ida, but I found her not. If I should fall in the skirmish to-night, and you survive me, seek her out I pray you, and tell her my last thoughts were of her. More than this—you are rich and independent, Ida is a poor orphan—her parents perished in the struggle. When I am gone, she will have no one to care for her. Promise me, that you will soothe her broken heart, that you will remove her from the scene of strife and bear her to your happy land. There she may cease to weep—happy she can never be while she survives me."

Gerald grasped his friend's hand and gave him his required promise. Demetrius thanked him and turned to his command.

"Forward, brethren," he said. "Every moment is precious. Tread silently—and keep in my footsteps—when the moment is arrived, I will give you the signal to strike home. March!"

Silently and swiftly, the little band of heroes, led by Demetrius and Gerald, issued from a crubling beech, and keeping in the shadow of trees, and the hollows of the ground, approached the Turkish camp. Their attempt was so daring that no provision had been made against surprise. No sentinel was there to challenge. They burst upon their enemies as unexpectedly as the lightning sometimes streams from a single cloud upon a summer's day.

At once all was uproar and confusion in the camp. Horsemen sprang to the saddle but half clad and armed—infantry collected in confused groups—artillerists rushed to their cumbersome cannon, half awake and bewildered—tambours, cymbals, and horns suddenly broke the stillness of the night—and smothered groans attested the fatal fury of the onslaught of the Greeks. In the midst of the battle, a rocket fired by the hand of Gerald, mounted to the zenith like a shooting star, and then exploding scattered its crimson sparkles all over the face of heaven. It was a token to Missolonghi of the success of the sortie, and warned the inhabitants to follow the path of the victorious troops and pass through the Turkish camp.

Striking down a man at every blow Demetrius cut his way to the tent of the Pacha, intending to surprise and slay him. But the Turk had been too prompt. At the first sound of alarm, he had vaulted into the saddle of his Arab steed, and summoning the faithful by his powerful voice, rushed to the charge, and rolled back the tide of battle.

"Forward, still forward,  
Man followed on man,  
While his horse-tails were dashing  
After in the van."

The shouts of "Allah!" and "Bisillah!" rent the air. Before the devoted Greeks arose a tumbling sea of white turbans, lit by the flashing blades of scimitars, while on their flanks poured an irregular but deadly volley from the Turkish infantry. The standard of the cross was captured and the little band of patriots, after fighting till all hope was lost, were driven into Missolonghi, which the Turks all but succeeded in entering. The old men, women and children who were preparing to fly, filled the air with lamentations as their last hope vanished.

Demetrius sought the patriarch, and throwing down before him the fragment of his shattered blade, said, sadly:

"Father, I have sought death, but I have not found it. When the standard was captured, I could faint have thrown away my life, but I was borne off in the tide of fugitives, and saved against my will."  
"My child," said the old man, "two must not murmur against the decrees of Heaven. The best of us can only do his utmost—the result is with a higher power than man's will. Go to thy betrothed—she needs thy presence, doubtless—she at least, will not grieve at the failure of your suicidal project."

Meanwhile the Pacha was seated in his tent upon a pile of cushions. An alabaster lamp lighted the rich interior of his military dwelling. He had laved the blood stains from his hands; his fatal scimitar had been returned to its jewelled scabbard, and now with the amber mouth-piece of his chibouk applied to his lips, he was quietly inhaling and expelling wreaths of fragrant smoke, musing, perhaps, on the delight of that paradise to which his fidelity to the cause of the Prophet had given him such an incontestable claim.

"Well, Hassan," he said, addressing an officer, who was standing respectfully before him, with his arms folded over his glittering vest, "thinkest thou the infidel dogs will renew their attack?"

"No, Pacha! we have them engaged now, their fate is in your hands. But what shall be done with the prisoners?"

"They shall die, by the beard of the Prophet! At the hour of high noon to-morrow, see that their heads are stricken from their shoulders. They will be an acceptable present to the commander of the faithful. So may all foes of the Sultan perish!"

"And must all die?"

"All? Yes. Why this question?"

"Because there is one whose extreme youth—"

"I said all, Hassan," replied the Pacha. "But I confess I should like to see the being that could move your pity."

"Shall I bring him before your highness?"

"Ay."

Hassan inclined reverently and disappeared; but soon returned, bringing a Greek boy of slight and graceful figure and exceeding beauty.

"Slave!" cried the Pacha as the boy stood erect and with folded arms before him, "where is your reverence! know you in whose presence you stand?"

The beautiful lip of the boy curled with a scornful smile.

"I am no slave," he answered, "though a captive. I never quail or stoop before the face of man. Do I know you? Yes—I

know you are the assassin of my race—the oppressor of my countrymen."

"Infidel dog!" said the Pacha. "Know you the fate reserved for you?"

"I know not—I am a prisoner of war, taken with arms in my hands—you may perhaps shoot me."

"We do not shoot rebels," replied the Pacha. "It is a waste of ammunition. No! there is a keener way of solving the mystery. That fair neck and the edge of the scimitar will be made acquainted to-morrow. Then thy body will be stripped and exposed on the public highway till the hungry dogs devour it."

A sudden paleness overspread the face of the Greek—his dark eyes closed, and he would have fallen, had not Hassan caught him in his arms.

"Your highness!" he exclaimed, "this is no boy—it is a woman."

"Ah!" cried the Pacha, with kindling eyes. "You are right—and a woman fit to be the light of the Sultan's harem. But for my vow—but that I had sworn that all the prisoners should die, I would reserve her for myself. But she revives."

The Greek girl, for such she was, recovered the use of her faculties, and pushing Hassan aside stood erect again and nerved herself for the termination of the interview.

You have betrayed yourself fair infidel said the Pacha; in a milder tone than he had before assumed. "The fear of death was too much for your nerves."

"You shall see that I know how to meet it with the firmness of a man. Ida of Athens is equal to her fate."

"Now by the beard of the Prophet! this is glorious news!" cried the Pacha. "Thou art too betrothed of the dog Demetrius the leader of last night's onslaught. Were thou thou shouldst die. Away with her, Hassan. The prisoners die at noon—remember!"

"To hear is to obey," was the answer of Hassan, as he led the unfortunate Ida from the Pacha's presence.

At the approach of the appointed hour, in the centre of a square of Turkish infantry and cavalry, and in the presence of the Pacha and his mounted staff, a block was prepared, attended by an executioner, bearing a ponderous scimitar, the instrument of death. Within the square, and on the left of the executioner, stood the handful of doomed Greeks, among whom Ida was conspicuous by the beauty of her features, her dress, and her heroic bearing.

Before the executioner had received his orders to commence his savage work, the sound of a bugle was heard, and an officer advancing to the Pacha, announced the arrival of two messengers from Missolonghi, the bearer of a flag of truce.

The Pacha immediately ordered them to be sent before him; and in obedience to the command, Demetrius and Gerald, mounted on fine horses, rode up to the Turkish commander. A faint cry escaped the lips of Ida as she recognized her lover.

"Pacha," said the latter, "I come to treat with you for the ransom of my boy."

The Pacha smiled bitterly.

"What interest," he asked, "do you feel in that—boy?"

"He is the son of a friend," faltered Demetrius; "I would save him for his father's sake."

"You will be sorry to learn then," replied the Pacha, coldly, "that at the hour of noon he dies. 'Dog of an infidel!' he added, fiercely, 'do not think to blind me. You are no boy—it is Ida of Athens—your betrothed. Ha! ha! Am I not revenged?'"

"Pacha!" cried Demetrius, as the drops of agony stood on his brow; "you know me well; I am your deadliest enemy the sworn foe of your race. In the cities of the minarets, the Moslem mothers are yet weeping for their first born, slain by the sword of Demetrius. Only last night I made your bravest bite the dust, and even yet my leadership may save Missolonghi. Well—I offer you this hated life. Liberate my captive, and receive me in her place."

"Pacha be firm! listen not to his proposal!" cried Ida.

"I hate thee, Greek dog!" answered the Pacha, through his teeth, "but your death alone is insufficient to satisfy that hate. I would not have thee die till thou hast quaffed the cup of misery to its dregs. The means of wringing that proud soul are in my power. Your beloved dies. Remain and witness her death, or go back to Missolonghi, and tell them when the shadows begin to fall to the east, Ida of Athens is no more."

"At least," said Demetrius, "you will permit one last word to the prisoner?"

"Granted," said the Pacha, "for it will only add to the agony of both. But be brief."

At a motion of his hand the ranks opened and Demetrius rode into the hollow square.

"Ida," he said, in a melancholy voice, "our days of happiness are numbered. Greece,

I fear, is fallen—our dream of felicity and glory is dispelled. I came here to die for you."

"I could not have purchased life at such a sacrifice," replied Ida. "Go dearest, we shall meet in a better world. Go and tell them at Missolonghi that Ida is happy in dying for her country."

"Ida! there is one hope," whispered Demetrius. "This barb is fleet as the very winds of heaven. Your feet and sinews are light as the gazelle's. Spring up behind me, and away! They can but kill us—and it will be so sweet to die together."

In an instant the little Greek girl was on the horse, her arms around her lover's waist. With the bound of a panther the fleet animal sprang forward with his double burden.

Gerald was beside them.

"Fire!" shouted the Pacha, rising in his stirrups, as he headed the pursuit.

A rattling volley of musketry instantly followed the command, but the confusion of the soldiers, and the bounds of the flying horses disconcerted their aim. Winged as the wind, Greek horses sped upon their way, and the lovers and their friends were soon in Missolonghi. That night in the same ruined church which had been the scene of the council of war, the patriarch united the hands of Demetrius and Ida, before the ruined altar. The ceremony was brief and suited to the crisis. The bridegroom was armed to the teeth, and the bride, unveiled and unadorned, wore yet her Amazon attire. A yataghan hung by her side, and a brace of pistols were stuck in the silken sash that encircled her slender waist.

"The gates of Missolonghi are opened," said the patriarch; "the foe will soon enter. Go, all you who are yet able to meet them. Your only hope is to cut a way through their ranks with your good swords—to remain is to perish."

"But you, father—what is reserved for you?" asked Demetrius, anxiously.

"The crown of martyrdom, perhaps," replied the old man.

"Come with us," said Ida. "We will place you on a horse and bear you off in safety."

"Daughter," replied the old man, "it were vain. I am tottering on the brink of the grave—the effort alone would kill me. Leave me here—the church where I worshipped as a child—where I have ministered as a priest, is the fittest tomb for Noti Bozzaris. Farewell, my children, and may Heaven bless you!"

The clash of arms interrupted further remonstrance. Demetrius and Gerald mounted their steeds, placing Ida on another horse between them. Thus disposed, and surrounded by devoted friends, they rushed to meet the advancing foe, now pouring into Missolonghi through the open gate. A furious battle ensued, but the handful of Greeks cut their way out into the open country.

Meanwhile the infuriated Moslems inundated the city. A few, who like the patriarch, had refused to quit the place retired fighting to the church, where they ranged themselves with their venerable leader, before the ruined altar.

"Bravely done, my friends," said the patriarch. "We have done our utmost, we have struggled to the last—another blow is vain. Hither come the oppressors and destroyers of our nation, to sacrifice us at the altar of our faith. And here they shall meet their reward. In the vaults of this church lies a store of gunpowder. Behold, the match is burning in my hand—the train lies at my feet. Let us command our souls to Heaven, our hour has come."

The patriarch and his followers were still kneeling, when the Pacha and a portion of his troops burst into the church.

"Kill, every man!" shouted the fierce Moslem. "Spare neither youth nor gray hairs, but destroy them utterly, in the name of the Prophet!"

The church was filled with savage men, rank on rank rushed into the sacred enclosure, even some of the spahis pushing their snorting horses forward in their thirst for blood.

At this moment of anticipated triumph, the Greeks rose from their kneeling attitude a spark of fire gleamed at the altar's foot, a rushing sound ensued, then an awful burst of subterranean thunder, hurrying victor and vanquished, Moslem and Christian, priest and soldier, to destruction.

Demetrius and Ida had turned to look their last upon their late abode, when the earth shook beneath them, with sudden thunder, and a vast volume of smoke and flame, filled with fragments of material and human, told the awful story of the patriarch's vengeance.

"Now there is nothing left to linger for," said Gerald. "Ride forward, my dear friends. Missolonghi has fallen, but her foes have perished."

Often did Demetrius and Ida, when seated at the hospitable fireside of Gerald Falconer,

recur to this scene, and when, after the battle of Navarino, they returned to their country, they erected a simple but striking monument to the memory of the Patriarch of Missolonghi.

### A Good Joke.

A correspondent of the *Lambertville Beacon* (N. J.) says, that a short time since while staying at the borough of H—, he overheard the following, which he thinks too good to be lost:—

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office under the Government, were seated on the tavern porch talking, when an old toper, named Jake D—, a person who is very loquacious when "corned," but exactly the opposite when sober, said, he would tell them a story. They told him to fire away, whereupon he spoke as follows:—

"A certain king—don't recollect his name—had a philosopher upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that one day, the king took it into his head to go hunting, and after summoning his nobles, and making all the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher, and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles set out. While journeying along they met a countryman mounted upon a jackass; who said, it will certainly rain. They smiled contemptuously upon him and passed on. Before they had gone far, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up, they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned to the palace the king reprimanded the philosopher severely for telling him it would rain, whereas you told me it would not. The king then gave him his walking papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance. 'Tell me,' said the king, how you knew it would rain. 'I didn't know,' said the rustic, 'my jackass told me.' And how pray, did he tell you? 'The king asked in astonishment. 'By pricking up his ears, your Majesty. The king now sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass of him, he placed him—(the jackass) in the office the philosopher had filled. And here observed Jake, looking very wise, here is where the king made a great mistake."

"How so?" inquired his auditors.

"Why ever since that time," said Jake, with a grin on his phiz, "every jackass wants an office!"

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S INFIDELITY.—It is beginning to be generally understood that the Emperor is gradually falling back into those voluptuous habits, reports of which were so prevalent before his marriage. It is tolerably certain that the fascinations of the press keep him at home less and that those of the countless Castiglione are immediately in the ascendant. Before her house the same machinery is brought to bear that formerly surrounded Mrs. Howard's in the Rue de Cessy—that is policeman and patrols are seen hovering about at the corners of streets leading towards it, and others immediately take up their stations before the gates, which, as if by enchantment open at the approach of a dark cabriolet, and close instantaneously on its entrance. The magnificent presents, in the shape of jewelry, which find their way into the interior, are said to be of fabulous cost. She has great powers of conversation accompanied with a sweet silvery voice that adds an inexpressible charm. She speaks English, with only just sufficient foreign accentuation to increase its beauty.

"Papa, I planted some potatoes in our garden," said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, "and what do you think come up?" "Why potatoes, of course."

"No, sirree! There came up a drove of hogs and eat them all." The old man grin.

An Irish officer not very conversant with law terms, was lately tried for an alleged assault. As the jury was coming to be sworn, the judge, addressing the major, told him that if there were any amongst them to whom he had any objection, that was the time to challenge them. "I thank your lordship," said the gullant prisoner, "but with your lordship's permission, I'll defer the ceremony till after my trial, and if they don't acquit me, by the pipes of Limerick, I'll challenge every mother's son of them, and have 'em out too."

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for waters; but when you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

You can't get anything in this world without money, some say, but this is not true, for without money you get into debt.