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No 39

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1872.

Vol 39

BANK OF British North America.

Head Office—London, England.

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Poetry.

For the Standard.
A TWILIGHT MEMORY.

Once as full the shades of evening,
In the old time far away,
Sat we, in the lengthened shadows
Of a long bright summer day;
Sat we—till the stars came gleaming
Through a twilight soft and grey.

Then we listened to the story
Both our lips so fondly told,
Passionate and full of meaning,
Words of love, that never grow cold,
Filling all our souls with gladness,
Threading all our lives with gold.

Since I first live's nestar tasted,
Years have dropped in time's abyss,
All life's choicest hopes been wasted;
But my visions now of bliss
In that other life are founded,
On that one glad hour in this.

Years may roll and time must wither,
Tempests cloud youths azure sky,
Darkest locks must bleach to whiteness,
Frosts of time may dim the eye;
But the memory of that evening
Always lives—it cannot die.

Interesting Tale.

THE PRISONERS OF MOUNT CAUCASUS.

(CONTINUED.)

Kasambo, who was beginning to lose every sort
of hope, had fallen into a kind of stupor, and pre-
served a profound silence. Ivan, on the contrary,
was more calm and gay than usual; he fairly sur-
passed himself in preparing the dinner, and kept
singing the whole time Russian songs, in which he
introduced some words of encouragement for his
master. "The time has come," said he, adding at
every phrase the insignificant chorus of some Rus-
sian popular song, "Hail, hail, hail—the time has
come to put an end to our misery or to die. To-
morrow, hail, hail, we shall be on the road to a town,
a pretty town, hail, hail, which I shall not name.
Courage, dear master! the God of the Russians
is great!"

Kasambo, completely indifferent to life or
death, and ignorant of his denckick's plans, merrily
answered, "Do as you please, and hold your
tongue." Towards the evening, the sick man,
whom they had treated generously to make him
stay, and who, besides a very copious meal, had
amused himself the whole day eating chilik, was
seized with such a violent access of fever, that he
had to give up, and retired to his own house. He
was allowed to depart without great difficulty;
Ivan having completely removed every fear of the
old man by his extraordinary gaiety. To remove
himself very early to the end of the room, and laid
himself down on a bench against the wall, waiting
till Ibrahim should fall asleep; but the latter had
resolved to watch all night. Instead of spreading
himself on a mat near the fire, as usual, he sat
himself down on a large log of wood, opposite to
his prisoner, and sent away his daughter-in-law,
who retired to the next room where her child was,
and shut the door.

From the dark corner in which he was placed,
Ivan observed attentively the scene before him.
By the glimmering light of the fire, which flashed
at times a transient blaze, an axe glittered in a
recess of the wall. The old man, overcome with
sleep, would at times let his head fall heavily on
his chest. Ivan saw it was time, and rose to his
feet. The suspicious jailor immediately noticed it.
"What are you doing there, you dog?" cried he,
harshly. Ivan, instead of answering, proceeded
towards the fire, yawning and stretching himself,

like a man coming out of a deep sleep. Ibrahim,
who felt overcome with sleep, ordered Kasambo
to play the guitar to keep him awake. The major
was about to refuse, but Ivan brought the instru-
ment to him, making the usual sign; "Play, mas-
ter," said he; "I want to speak to you." Kas-
ambo tuned the guitar, and beginning immedi-
ately, they sang together the terrible duet which
follows:—

Kasambo.—Hail, hail, hail, what have you
got to say? be cautious? (At every question
and every answer they sang a verse of a Russian
song.)

Ivan.—"See that axe, but do not look at it. Hail,
hail! It shall dash out that villain's brains. Hail,
hail! hail, hail!"

Kasambo.—"Useless murder! Hail, hail! How
could I escape with my iron?"

Ivan.—"The key will be found in the rascal's
pocket. Hail, hail!"

Kasambo.—"The woman will give the alarm.
Hail, hail! hail, hail!"

Ivan.—"Never mind, happen what may, will
you not perish all the same—hail, hail!—of hunger
and of misery?"

The old man becoming attentive, they repeated
a double allowance of hail, hail, accompanied by a
loud arpeggio. "Play, master," added the den-
ckick, "play the Cofack, I shall dance round
the room to get near the axe; play boldly!"

Kasambo.—"Well, let it be so, this hell will
be over." He turned aside his head, and began
to play the dance with all his might.

Ivan began the steps and grotesque attitudes of
the Cossack, which pleased the old man most par-
ticularly, making ridiculous leaps and gambols,
and uttering loud shrill cries, to distract his at-
tention. When Kasambo saw that the dancer was
near the axe, his heart beat violently in his chest,
and he panted with anxiety; that instrument of
their deliverance was in a little press without a
door, cut in the wall, but at an elevation which
Ivan could not very easily attain. To bring it
within his reach, he seized a favourable instant,
caught it rapidly, and put it on the ground, in the
very shade formed by Ibrahim's own body. When
the latter looked round at him, he was already far
from the spot, and continued the dance. This
dangerous scene had lasted for some time, and
Kasambo, tired with playing, began to think that
his denckick's courage was failing, or that he did
not judge the opportunity favourable. He raised
his eyes towards him at the moment when the in-
trepid dancer, with the uplifted axe, was advanc-
ing in steady strides to strike the old brigand.
The emotion the major felt at this sight was such,
that he ceased playing, and dropped the guitar
upon his knees. At the same moment, the old
man had stooped, and made a step forward to
push some brambles into the fire; the dry leaves
blazed up immediately, and threw a great light
into the room: Ibrahim turned round to sit him-
self down.

If at that moment Ivan had persevered in his
enterprise, a struggle man to man became inevit-
able, and the alarm would have been given, which
was to be avoided above all things; but his pres-
ence of mind saved him. He no sooner perceived
the major's agitation, and saw Ibrahim get up, than
he put down the axe immediately behind the log
he used as a seat, and resumed the dance. "Play,
play!" said he to his master; "what are you think-
ing of?" The major, seeing the imprudence he
had committed, quietly recommenced playing.
The old jailor had not a suspicion, and sat down
again; but he ordered them to stop the mu-
sic and go to rest. Ivan brought calmly the gui-
tar-case, which he placed on the stove; but, in-
stead of receiving the instrument from his mas-
ter's hand, as quick as lightning he seized the axe
behind Ibrahim, and struck him such a terrible
blow on the head, that the unfortunate wretch
did not even give a sigh, but fell dead with his face
in the fire: his long grey beard was instantly in
flames; Ivan pulled him aside by the feet, and
covered him over with a mat.

They were listening to know if the woman had
been awake, when—astonished, no doubt, at the
profound silence which had succeeded to such a
noise—she opened the door of her room. "What
are you about here?" said she, advancing towards
the prisoners; "what means that smell of burnt
hair?" The fire which had been scattered about,
produced almost no light. Ivan lifted the axe to
strike her—she saw it in time to throw aside her
head, and received the blow in the chest—she fell
with a groan: a second blow, as rapid as a thun-
derbolt, caught her in her fall, and laid her dead
at Kasambo's feet. Frightened and horror-struck
at this second murder, which he did not expect,
the major seeing Ivan proceed to the child's room,
rushed forward to stop him. "Where are you go-
ing, wretch?" said he; "would you have the ter-
rible sacrifice also that poor child who has shown
me so much affection? If you were to deliver me
at such a price, neither your attachment nor your
services could save you whenever we reach the
line."

At the line, said Ivan, "you will do as you

please, but here we must put an end to all this."

Kasambo gathering his whole strength, caught
him by the collar, as he was forcing his way. "Vil-
lain!" cried he, "if you dare to attempt his life, if
you touch one hair of his head, I swear here be-
fore God that I shall give myself up to the Tchetch-
changes, and your cruelty will be fruitless."

"To the Tchetchchanges!" repeated the excited
denckick, raising the axe over his master's head;
"they shall never take you alive again: I shall
murder them, you, and myself, before I shall
happen. That child can ruin us by giving the
alarm, and in your present condition, a woman
might drag you back to prison."

"Stop, stop!" cried Kasambo, out of whose
hands Ivan was trying to escape; "stop monster;
you shall kill me before you commit this crime!"
But alas! weak as he was, and embarrassed with
his iron, he could not hold the excited young man,
who pushed him violently aside, and he fell heav-
ily to the ground, half dead with surprise and horror.

Whilst, all covered with the blood of the first vic-
tims, he was struggling to get upon his feet, he
cried out incessantly, "fran, I entreat you, do
not kill him; in the holy name of God, spill not
the blood of that poor innocent creature!"

As soon as he could, he ran to his assistance;
but on reaching the door of the room, he knocked
himself in the dark against Ivan, who was return-
ing. "Master, all is over; let us lose no time, and
make no noise. Don't make any noise," answered
he to the bitter and desperate reproaches which
his exasperated master addressed to him. "What
is done, is done; now there is no drawing back.
Till we are free, every man I meet is dead, or he
shall kill me; and if any enter this door be-
fore our depart, I consider not whether it be
man, woman, or child—I shall stretch them there
with the others!"

He lighted a splinter of larch-wood, and began
to search the pouch and the pockets of the dead
brigand. The key of the iron was not there.
He sought it also in vain in the woman's clothes,
in a trunk, and every where he imagined it might
be concealed. Whilst he was engaged in this pur-
suit, the major was giving way, without any pru-
dence or control, to the bitterness of his grief;
Ivan consoled him after his own manner. "You
ought rather," said he, "to mourn the loss of the key
of your iron, which can't be found; what can
tempt you to regret these wretches, who have tor-
mented you more than fifteen months? They
wanted to make away with us. Well, their turn
has come to be free. It is my fault?"

The key of the iron not being found, all that
had been done for the liberation of Major Kasambo
seemed to have been done in vain, unless the iron could be broken. Ivan, with
the corner of the axe, managed to loosen
the ring attached to the hand, but that fixed
to the ring resisted every effort; he was afraid
of hurting his master, and did not dare to use
all his strength. On the other hand, the night
was advancing, and the danger was becoming
pressing; they resolved to depart. Ivan tied
the chain firmly to the major's belt, so as to
annoy him as little as possible, and to make
no noise. He placed in a pouch a quarter of
mutton with some other provisions, and armed
himself with the deceased's pistol and dagger.
Kasambo took his bear skin cloak; they
went out in silence, and turning round the
house to avoid meeting any one, they struck
into the hills without following the ordinary
road to Modok, supposing that they would be
pursued in that direction.

They skirted for all the rest of the night the
mountains on their right, and when daylight
began to dawn, they entered beech-wood,
which crowned the summit of the hill, and
screened them from the danger of being dis-
covered at any distance. It was in the month
of February: the ground on those heights, and
especially in the forest, was still covered with
hard snow, which offered a firm footing to the
travellers during the night and part of the
morning; but towards noon, when it became
melted by the sun, they sunk at every step,
which made their progress very slow. After
a most painful and most difficult march, they
arrived at the side of a deep valley they had
to cross, at the bottom of which the snow had
disappeared; a well beaten path ran along
the windings of the rivulet, and showed that
the spot had been frequented. This consid-
eration, added to the excessive fatigue and ex-
haustion of the major, determined the travel-
lers to remain in that place till night; they
established themselves among some isolate
rocks which rose from the centre of the snow,
Ivan cut a quantity of fir branches to make a
soft bed for his master, who lay down imme-
diately. Whilst he was resting, Ivan was re-
flecting on the safest plan for continuing their
route. The valley over which they now stood
was surrounded with high hills through which
no passage was visible. He saw that the
beaten path could not be avoided, and that it
was necessary to follow the course of the rivu-
let to get out of the labyrinth. It was eleven
o'clock at night, and the snow was becoming
harder and firmer when they descended into
the valley; but before starting, they set fire
to their establishment, as much to warn them-

selves as to prepare a small meal, of chilik,
which they needed much. A handful of snow
was all they had to drink, and a mouthful of
brandy crowned the feast. They luckily
crossed the valley without seeing any body,
and entered the narrow pass where the road
and the rivulet lay contracted on each side by
precipitous hills; they walked on at the ut-
most of their speed, knowing well how dan-
gerous it was for them to be met in that nar-
row passage, which they only cleared fairly at
nine in the morning. It was only then that
this dark defile opened all of a sudden before
them, and displayed over the tops of the low
mountains the immense horizon of Russia,
spreading itself afar like a distant sea. One
could hardly form a true notion of the plea-
sure the major experienced at this unexpect-
ed sight: "Russia! Russia!" were the only
words he could pronounce.

The traveller sat down to rest themselves,
and to enjoy in anticipation their approaching
liberty. This prospect of happiness was embel-
lished in the major's mind by the remem-
brance of the horrid catastrophe he had witness-
ed, and which his fetters and blood-stained
garments presented in such vivid colours to
his imagination. While contemplating at a
distance the termination of his labours, he cal-
culated in silence and anxiety the difficulties
of the journey. The sight of the long and
dangerous route which still remained to be
performed, encumbered as he was with iron,
and his limbs swollen with fatigue, soon effac-
ed the last traces of the momentary pleasure
created by the view of his own native land.

The torments of a burning thirst added to the
anguish and distress of his mind. Ivan ran
down towards the rivulet to bring some water
to his master: a huge formed of two trees
was thrown over it, and he saw a habitant
at a small distance. It was a sort of chalet, or
summer residence of the Tchetchchanges, which
was deserted. In the situation of the fugi-
tives, that isolated house was a most precious
discovery. Ivan interrupted his master's re-
flections to conduct him to the refuge he had
so fortunately discovered, and, after establish-
ing him as comfortably as possible, he pro-
ceeded to search for the magazine.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus being often
exposed to the incursions of their neigh-
bours, have always near their houses subterranean
cellars, in which they conceal their provisions
and their utensils. These magazines,
in the shape of a narrow well, are closed with
a plank or a large stone, carefully covered
over with earth, and generally placed in a
spot where there is no grass, lest the differ-
ence of shade should betray the deposited
treasure. In spite of all these precautions,
the Russian soldiers often find them out.

They go over the beaten paths around the
habitation, knocking about with the ramrod of
their guns, and the sound indicates to their
practised ear the cavities they are seeking.
Ivan discovered one under a shed close to the
house, and found in it some earthen jars, a few
stalks of maize, a bit of crystal salt, and several
house utensils. He ran for some water to
begin cooking, the quarter of mutton, with
some potatoes he had brought, were placed on
the fire. During the preparation of the dish,
Kasambo roasted the stalks of the Indian
corn, and some nuts, found also in the mag-
azine, completed the meal.

Ivan, having now more time and more
means, succeeded in freeing his master entirely
from his fetters, and the latter, now more com-
posed and more calm, and, besides, well restor-
ed by a meal of excellent under present circum-
stances, fell fast asleep, and the night laid quite
closed in when he awoke. Notwithstanding this
favourable rest, when he wished to re-
sume his route, his swollen legs had stiffened
to such a fearful degree, that he could not
make one movement without experiencing in-
tolerably agony; it was, however, necessary
to depart. Supported by his servant, he start-
ed mournfully, convinced that he should never
reach the term so ardently wished for. The
motion, however, and the heat of the walk,
calmed the pain he suffered. He walked
all night, halting frequently, and almost im-
mediately continuing his journey. But some-
times giving way to despair, he would throw
himself on the ground, and entreat Ivan to
abandon him to his fate. His intrepid com-
panion not only encouraged him by his speech-
es and example, but employed almost violent-
ly to raise him to his feet and darg him off.

They came to a most difficult and dangerous
passage, which they could not avoid; to wait
for daylight would have caused an irreparable
loss of time. They resolved to get through,
at the imminent hazard of being precipitated
from the heights. But before engaging his
master in this peril, Ivan resolved to recon-
noitre the pass, and to survey it alone. While
he was going down, Kasambo remained
on the edge of a rock, in a state of anxiety
by no means easy to describe. The night was
dark; he heard under his feet the distant
murmur of a rapid river, whose agitated wa-
ters were rolling tumultuously through the val-
ley; the noise of the stones detached from the
mountain's side by his companion's feet, indi-
cated to him the immense depth of the preci-
pice on which he was standing. At this mo-

ment of anguish and of distress, which might
be the last of his life, he thought of his beloved
mother who had given him her blessings at
his departure from the line, with that tender
maternal affection which no other love can
ever equal; that thought renewed all his
courage: a pleasing presentiment that he
should once more see his father in his mind.
"Merciful God!" he exclaimed: "do grant
that her blessing shall not have been given in
vain!"

As he was just finishing this short but fervent
prayer, Ivan returned. The passage was
not so difficult as they had at first supposed it
to be. After descending a few fathoms be-
tween the rocks, it was necessary, in order to
gain easier ground, to skirt a narrow ridge of
rock, inclined, and, besides, covered with
slippery snow, under which the mountain
formed a steep and abrupt precipice of fear-
ful depth. Ivan made openings in the hard
snow with his axe to facilitate the passage;
they both commenced their souls to God.
"Now," said Kasambo, "if I perish, let it not
be for want of courage; sickness and
misery alone could ever damp my spirits;
I shall go now as long as the Almighty will
give me strength." They surmounted all dif-
ficulties, successfully accomplished their peril-
ous passage, and continued their route. The
paths were becoming more frequent and
well beaten; they only found snow in the
hollows where it had gathered. They had
the good fortune to meet no one till day break,
when the sight of two men, who appeared at a
great distance, obliged them to lie down flat
on the ground to avoid discovery.

(To be Continued.)

Newspapers.

Their value is by no means appreciated, but
the rapidly with which people are waking up
to their necessity and usefulness is one of the
significant signs of the times. Few families
are now content with a single newspaper.—
The thirst for knowledge is not easily satiated
and books, though useful—yes, absolutely
necessary in their place, fail to meet the de-
mands of youth or age. The village newspa-
per is eagerly sought and its contents are en-
thusiastically devoured. Then comes the demand
for the county news. Next to the political com-
the literary, and then the scientific journals.
Lastly, and above all, come the moral and re-
ligious journals. This variety is demanded to
satisfy the cravings of the active mind.

Newspapers are also valuable to material
prosperity. They advertise the village, coun-
ty or locality. They spread before the reader
a map on which may be traced character, de-
sign, progress. It is a stranger called at a hotel,
he first enquires for the village newspaper;
if a friend comes from a distance, the very
next thing after a family greeting, he enquires
for your village or county newspaper, and
you feel disconcerted if you are unable to find
a late copy, and confounded if you are com-
pelled to say you do not take it.

The newspaper is just as necessary to fit a
man for his true position in life as food or rain-
ment. Show us a ragged, bare-foot boy rather
than an ignorant one. His head will cover
his feet in after life if he is well supplied with
newspapers. Show us the child that is eager
for newspapers. He will make the man of
mark in after life if you gratify that desire for
knowledge. Other things being equal, it is
a rule that never fails. Give the children
newspapers.—[Am. R. porter.]

QUEER OLD BOYS.—Jolly old chaps were
some of the old Virginia gentlemen. Fine old
men, sharp smart and wide awake, and there's
plenty of them now. Such a one was old
Judge W.—a lawyer, legislator, judge and
leading politician among the old time Whigs.
of blessed memory; but, alas! like them, his
glory departed, and like many others of his
countrymen, has gone "where the woodlark
dwineeth." Notwithstanding the loss of the
property, and the two five tens of "apple jack,"
he maintained the dignity of ex judge, dressed
neatly, carried a gold-headed cane, and when
he had taken more than his allowance of the
favorite beverage, he was very pious at such
times, always attending church, and sitting
near the stand as erectly as circumstances
would admit, and responding fervently.

On one occasion a Baptist brother was hold-
ing forth with energy andunction, on the
evils of the times, and in one of his flights ex-
claimed: "Show me a drunkard!"

The Judge rose to his feet, and solemnly
balancing himself on his cane said suddenly:
"Here I am, sir, here I am!"

The Elder, though a good deal nonplussed
by the unexpected response, managed to go on
with his discourse, and soon, warning up to
his work again, called out: "Show me a hy-
pocrite! Show me a hypocrite! Show me a
hypocrite!"

Judge W.—again rose and reaching forward
across a seat which intervened, touched Den-
don D—on the shoulder with his cane and
said:

"Deacon D—why don't you respond?
Why don't you respond? I did when they
called me!"