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JAS. S. CARNÉGY,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

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 ne'er grow cold,
Filling all our souls with gladness,
Threading all our lives with gold.

Since I nest 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 youth's 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 preserved a profound silence. Ivan, on the contrary, was more calm and gay than usual; he fairly surpassed 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 Russian popular song, "Hai lili, hai lili—the time has come to put an end to our misery or to die. Tomorrow, hai lili, we shall be on the road to a town, a pretty town, hai lili, 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 denick's plans, merely answered, "Do as you please, and hold your tongue." Towards the evening, the sick man, whom they had treated generously to make him starve, 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 more entirely every cause of suspicion, he withdrew 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 jailer 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 instrument to him, making the usual sign; "Play, master," said he; "I want to speak to you." Kasambo tuned the guitar, and beginning immediately, they sang together the terrible duet which follows:—

Ivan.—Hai lili, hai lili, 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. Hai lili! It shall dash out that villain's brains. Hai lili! hai lili!"

Kasambo.—"Useless murder! Hai lili! How could I escape with my irons?"

Ivan.—"The key will be found in the rascal's pocket. Hai lili!"

Kasambo.—"The woman will give the alarm. Hai lili! hai lili!"

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

The old man becoming attentive, they repeated a double allowance of hai lili, accompanied by a loud arpeggio. "Play, master," added the denick, "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 particularly, making ridiculous leaps and gambols, and uttering loud shrill cries, to distract his attention. 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 denick's courage was failing, or that he did not judge the opportunity favourable. He raised his eyes towards him at the moment when the intrepid dancer, with the uplifted axe, was advancing 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 himself down.

If at that moment Ivan had persevered in his enterprise, a struggle to man became inevitable, and the alarm would have been given, which was to be avoided all things; but his presence 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 thinking of?" The major, seeing the imprudence he had committed, quietly recommenced playing. The old jailer had not a suspicion, and sat down again; but he ordered them to stop the music and go to rest. Ivan brought calmly the guitar-case, which he placed on the stove; but, instead of receiving the instrument from his master'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 thunderbolt, 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 going, wretch?" said he; "would you have the ferocity to 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. "Villain!" cried he, "if you dare to attempt his life, if you touch one hair of his head, I swear here before God that I shall give myself up to the Tchetchengs, and your cruelty will be fruitless."

"To the Tchetchengs!" repeated the excited denick, raising the axe over his master's head; "they shall never take you alive again: I shall murder them, you, and myself, before that 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 irons, he could not hold the excited young man, who pushed him violently aside, and he fell heavily to the ground, half dead with surprise and horror.

Whilst, all covered with the blood of the first victims, he was struggling to get upon his feet, he cried out incessantly, "Ivan, I entreat you, do not kill him; in the holy name of God, will you not kill the blood of that poor innocent creature?"

As soon as he could, he ran to his assistance; and on reaching the door of the room, he knocked himself in the dark against Ivan, who was returning.

"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 one enters this door before our departure, 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 irons 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 pursuit, the major was giving way, without any prudence or control, to the bitterness of his grief; Ivan, consoled him by his own manner. "You ought rather," said he, "to mourn the loss of the key of your irons, which can't be found; what can tempt you to regret those wretches, who have tormented you more than fifteen months? They wanted to make away with us. Well, their turn has come by fire now. It is my fault?"

The key of the irons 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 rod 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 Mo-dok, 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 discovered 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 consideration, added to the excessive fatigue and exhaustion of the major, determined the travellers to remain in that place till night; they established themselves among some isolated rocks which rose from the branches of the snow. Ivan cut a quantity of fir trunks to make a soft bed for his master, who lay down immediately. Whilst he was resting, Ivan was reflecting 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 rivulet 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 warm 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 utmost of their speed, knowing well how dangerous it was for them to be met in that narrow 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 Hissia spreading itself far like a distant sea. One could hardly form a true notion of the pleasure the major experienced at this unexpected 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 embittered in the major's mind by the remembrance of the horrid catastrophe he had witnessed, 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 calculated 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 irons, and his limbs swollen with fatigue, soon effaced the last traces of the momentary pleasure created by the sight 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 bit of iron at a small distance. It was a sort of chafet, or summer residence of the Tchetchengs, which was deserted. In the situation of the fugitives, that isolated house was a most precious discovery. Ivan interrupted his master's reflections to conduct him to the refuge he had so fortunately discovered, and after establishing him as comfortably as possible, he proceeded to search for the magazine.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus being often exposed to the incursions of their neighbours, have always near their houses subterranean passages 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 difference 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 cavity 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 magazine, 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 composed and more calm, and besides, well re-stored by a meal of excellent under present circumstances, fell fast asleep, and the night closed in when he awoke. Notwithstanding this favourable rest, when he wished to retrace his route, his swollen legs had stiffened to such a fearful degree, that he could not make one movement without experiencing intolerable agony; it was, however, necessary to depart. Supported by his servant, he started mournfully, convinced that he should never reach the term so ardently wished for. The morning, however, and the heat of the walk, calmed the pain he suffered. He walked all night, halting frequently, and almost immediately continuing his journey. But sometimes giving way to despair, he would throw himself on the ground, and entreat Ivan to abandon him to his fate. His intrepid companion not only encouraged him by his speeches and example, but employed almost violence 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 reconnoitre 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 waters were rolling tumultuously through the valley; the noise of the stones detached from the mountain's side by his companion's feet, indicated to him the immense depth of the precipice 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 her appears 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 between 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 fearful 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 difficulties, successfully accomplished their perilous 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.)

News-papers.

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 demands of youth or age. The village newspaper is eagerly sought and its contents are eagerly devoured. Then comes the demand for the county news. Next to the political comes the literary, and then the scientific journals. Lastly, and above all, come the moral and religious journals. This variety is demanded to satisfy the cravings of the active mind.

News-papers are also valuable to material prosperity. They advertise the village, county or locality. They spread before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design, progress. If a stranger calls 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 disappointed if you are unable to find a late copy, and confounded if you are compelled 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 raiment. 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 newspaper s. 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. Reporter.]

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.—he was a character. He was frequently 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 country, he has gone "where the woodbine twineeth." Notwithstanding the loss of the property, and the two firms of "apple jack," he maintained the dignity of an 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 holding forth with energy andunction on the evils of the times, and in one of his flights exclaimed: "Show us a drunkard!"

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

The Elder, through 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 hypocrite! Show me a hypocrite!"

Judge W.—again rose and reaching forward across a seat which intervened, touched Deacon D—on the shoulder with his cane and said: "Deacon D—why don't you respond? Why don't you respond? I did what they called me!"

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