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JAS. S. CARNEY,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

If fortune with a smiling face
Strew roses on our way;
When shall we stop to pick them up?
To-day, my friend, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care,
A talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

If those who've wronged us own their fault,
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?
To-day, my friend, to-day.
But if stern justice urge rebuke,
And warmth from memory borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

If love, estranged, should once again,
Her genial smile display,
When shall we kiss the proffered lips?
To-day, my friend, to-day.
But if she would indulge regret,
Or dwell with bygone sorrow,
When shall we weep, if weep we must?
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys,
The minutes will not stay,
We're always time to welcome them,
To-day, my friend, to-day.
But cares, resent, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear,
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

Interesting Gals.

THE PRISONERS OF MOUNT CAUCASUS.

The Caucasian mountains have for a long time past been included within the bounds of the Russian empire without being subject to it. Their wild and savage inhabitants, separated by language and conflicting interests, form a number of small tribes, which have very little political intercourse or correspondence with one another, but which are all animated by the same love of independence and of plunder.

One of the most numerous and most formidable of these tribes is that of the Tchetchenges, who inhabit the great and little Kabarda, provinces whose extensive valleys extend almost to the summit of the Caucasus. The men are handsome, brave, and intelligent, but they are determined and cruel robbers, almost in a constant state of warfare with the troops of the Ruse.

It is amidst those dangerous hordes, and in the very centre of that immense chain of mountains, that Russia has established a road of communication with her possessions in Asia. Redoubts or forts, placed at short intervals, defend the way as far as Georgia, but no traveller would ever venture even over that small distance alone. Twice a week a convoy of infantry with cannon, and a strong party of Cossacks, escort government dispatches and travellers. One of these redoubts has become a village pretty well peopled. From its commanding situation it received the name of Wlad-Caucasus: it is the residence of the officer commanding the troops which perform the hard service we have just now mentioned.

Major Kascambo, of the regiment of Wologda, a man of family in Russia, though of Greek origin, was to take the command of the Fort of Lars in the defiles of the Caucasus. Impatient to reach his post, and brave to rashness, he had the imprudence to undertake that journey with the small escort of fifty Cossacks which he had at his command, and the still greater imprudence to speak of his intention, and to boast of it beforehand.

The Tchetchenges situated near the frontier, who are called Pacific Tchetchenges, are subjects of Russia, and have in consequence a free access to Mosdok, but the greater part of them keep up a correspondence and secret intercourse with the mountaineers, and very often take part in their robberies and share their plunder. The latter, secretly informed of Kascambo's intended journey, and of the very day of his departure, came down in great numbers, and lay in ambuscade on his route. At about twenty versts from Mosdok, on turning a small hillock covered with brushwood, he was attacked by seven hundred horsemen. Retreat was impossible, the Cossacks dismounted and stood the attack with great firmness, hoping to be succoured by the troops of a redoubt which was not very far off.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus, though individually very courageous, are incapable of attacking in a dense body, and are in consequence not very formidable to a steady and well-disciplined body of men; but they have very good arms, and are excellent marksmen. Their great numbers on the present occasion made the conflict too unequal. After keeping up for a considerable time a brisk fire, more than one-half of the Cossacks were killed or disabled; the remainder had formed a circular rampart with the dead horses, behind which they were employing their ammunition to the best effect. The Tchetchenges, who have always among themselves some Russian deserters, whom they employ as interpreters, made them cry out, "Give up the major, or you shall be killed to the last man!" Kascambo, seeing that the total destruction of his party was inevitable, resolved to surrender, to save the lives of those who still survived. He gave his sword to his Cossacks, and proceeded alone towards the Tchetchenges, who instantly ceased their fire, their sole object being to take him alive, and thereby obtain a ransom. He had scarcely been a moment in the enemy's hands when he perceived in the distance the expected succours approaching. It was alas! too late—the robbers hurried him off.

His denckick, or soldier servant, had remained behind with the mule carrying the major's baggage. Concealed in a hollow, he waited the event of the combat. When he was informed by the Cossacks of his master's misfortune, the brave fellow immediately resolved to share his destiny, and, driving his mule before him, followed without loss of time the track of the Tchetchenges. He was beginning to lose sight of the hoof-marks in the darkness, when he fortunately fell in with a stranger, who conducted him to the place of rendezvous.

One may easily conceive what must have been the prisoner's feelings when he saw his denckick come spontaneously to share his miserable fate. The Tchetchenges immediately divided the booty. They left nothing to the major but a guitar, which they restored to him in derision. Ivan (this was the denckick's name) took possession of it, and although ordered by his master to throw it away, refused to obey him. "Why should we lose courage?" said he; "the God of the Russians is great—it is the interest of these dogs to take of you; they will do you no harm."

After a halt of a few hours, the horde of robbers was in the act of resuming the march, when one of their spies brought information that the Russians were still advancing, and that most likely the troops of the other redoubts would join in pursuit. A council was held; the object was, not only to keep the prisoner, but to conceal their retreat, and also carry him far from their villages, so as to avoid reprisals. They accordingly dispersed by various roads. Ten men on foot were left in charge of the prisoner, while above a hundred horsemen remained together and proceeded in quite a different direction. They forced the major to take off his boots, whose impressions the enemy might have recognized, and obliged Ivan and him to walk thus barefooted all the first part of the day.

On reaching a torrent, the small party ran back on the grassy banks for about a mile, and then descended at the most precipitous and thorny part of the bank, so as to leave no trace of their passage. The major was so exhausted that they had to support him with belts and ropes to drag him across the water. His feet were all bleeding, and they were forced to give him back his boots to enable him to accomplish the remainder of his journey.

When they arrived at the first village, Kascambo, suffering more from grief than from actual fatigue, appeared to his keepers so weak and so weak, that they treated him with more humanity than at first. They allowed him some rest and a horse for the journey; but to baffle all the investigations of the Russians, and make it impossible for the prisoner himself to inform his friends of his place of confinement, they carried him from village to village, and from one valley to another, often blindfolded. He thus crossed a large river, which he supposed to be the Sonja. They took great care of him during these expeditions, and allowed him sufficient rest and food. But when

once he reached the distant village in which he was finally to be confined, the Tchetchenges suddenly altered their conduct towards him, and inflicted every species of bad treatment on him. They put irons on his hands and on his feet, and a heavy chain about his neck, the end of which was fixed to a large log of oak. The denckick was treated with less rigour. His irons were lighter, which allowed him to perform some services to his master.

In that situation, and at every new vexation he received, a man who spoke Russian came to him and advised him to write to his friends to procure his ransom, which was fixed at ten thousand roubles. It was impossible for the unfortunate prisoner to pay such a large sum, and his only hope was in the efforts of government, as they had formerly released a colonel who had thus fallen into the brigands' hands. The interpreter promised to provide him with paper, and to forward the letter safely; but after obtaining his consent, he was several days without appearing again, and the whole of that time was employed in aggravating the major's hardships and sufferings. They starved him; they took from him the mat on which he lay, and the cushion of a Cossack's saddle which he used as a pillow; and when the ruffian who acted as a mediator reappeared, he informed him, in a confidential manner, that, in case his ransom should be refused, the Tchetchenges were resolved to get rid of him, in order to put an end to the anxieties and expense he caused them. The object of this cruel behaviour was to induce him to write in a more pressing manner. They gave him at last a reed to cut in the shape of a pen, and some paper; they took off the irons from his hands and neck that he might write more at ease; and when the letter was finished, it was translated to the Russian lines. From that moment he was treated with less severity, and only loaded with a single chain confining the right hand and right foot.

His jailer was a man about sixty, of a gigantic stature and in his ferocious aspect, quite in harmony with his real character and natural dispositions. Two of his sons had been killed in a skirmish with the Russians, on which account he was chosen as the fittest keeper for the prisoner. The family of this man, called Ibrahim, consisted of the widow of one of his sons, about thirty five years of age, and a young child seven or eight years old, called Mamet, whose mother was at least as wicked, and still more whimsical than the old man. Kascambo suffered much from her; but the caresses and the attentions of young Mamet were to him in the course of his captivity, a solace and real relief. The poor child formed such an attachment to him, that all the ill humor and bad usage of his grandfather could not prevent him from coming to play with the prisoner on every opportunity. He called him his kousik, which, in the language of that country, means a guest, a friend. He shared secretly with him the fruit he could procure, and, during the long fast the major had to suffer, little Mamet cleverly took advantage of the absence of his parents to bring him bread of potatoes baked under the ashes.

A few months had passed over since the despatch of the letter, without bringing forth any remarkable event. In that space of time, Ivan had managed to conciliate both the woman and the old man, or rather he had contrived to make himself necessary to them. He possessed to perfection the skill required for a young officer's kitchen. He brewed kischik admirably, and dressed such cucumbers in a superior manner, and had accustomed his hosts to all the little additions and improvements he introduced in their daily fare.

To establish himself still further in their confidence, he also assumed the character of a buffoon, imagining every day some new jest to amuse them. Ibrahim was particularly delighted with his performances of the Cossack dance. When any of the inhabitants of the village came to visit them, they took off Ivan's irons and bade him dance: he always did it with a good grace, adding every time some new ridiculous gambol. By such means he obtained the liberty of walking through the village, where he was generally followed by a crowd of children attracted by his buffoonery, and as he knew already the Tartar language, he soon learned the language of that country, which is only a dialect of it.

The major himself was often forced to sing Russian songs with his denckick, and to play on the guitar to amuse that wild company. In the beginning they used to take off the irons from his right hand; but the woman having observed that he sometimes did play with the irons on to amuse himself, they never granted that favour again, and the unfortunate musician repeated more than once having shown his talent.

To obtain the liberty so ardently wished for, the two prisoners formed many and many a plan, but they were all very difficult to execute. When they had first arrived in the village, the inhabitants used to send every night an additional man to increase the guard. Inconspicuously this precaution was neglected—the individual very often did not come. The wo-

man and the child slept in an adjoining room and old Ibrahim remained alone with them; but he used to keep the key of the irons carefully in his pocket, and awoke at the slightest noise. The prisoner was treated every day more severely, and as the answer to his letter did not arrive, the Tchetchenges often used to come to the hut to insult him, and threaten him the most barbarous treatment. They deprived him almost entirely of food, and he had one day the affliction of seeing poor little Mamet most unmercifully flogged for having brought a few needles to him.

A very remarkable circumstance in Kascambo's painful situation, was the respect and confidence which his persecutors could not help feeling for him, and the profound esteem with which he had inspired them. While the barbarians heaped on his head every sort of insult, and every species of oppression, they, notwithstanding, very often consulted him in their private affairs, and made him the judge of their disputes. Among other disputes of which he stood umpire, the following deserves to be quoted for its singularity.

One of these ruffians had entrusted a Russian note of five roubles to a comrade who was setting out for a neighbouring valley, charging him to remit it to some one there. The fellow went off accordingly, but lost his horse, which died on the road, and persuaded himself that he had a right to keep the five roubles as an indemnification for the loss he had met with. This mode of reasoning, very worthy of the Caucasians, was by no means to the taste of the proprietor of the cash. At the return of the traveller, there was a great uproar in the village.

These two men had gathered around them their relations and their friends, and the quarrel would have terminated in blood, had not the elders of the tribe, after endeavoring in vain to calm them, advised them to submit the case to the decision of the prisoner. The whole population of the village proceeded to the place of judgment, and the two disputants, who might sooner learn the history of this ridiculous case. Kascambo was brought out of prison and seated on the small platform, which served as a roof to the house.

Almost every house in the valleys of Caucasus is partly dug under ground, and is only elevated four feet above the level of the soil; the roof is horizontal, and formed of hard wooden planks. The inhabitants, the women especially, are in the habit of reposing upon these terraces after sunset, and frequently even spend the whole night there in fine weather.

When Kascambo made his appearance on the roof, a profound silence ensued. It was, no doubt, a wonderful sight to behold before this singular tribunal, infuriated clients armed with pistols and daggers, submitted their cause to a judge loaded with chains, and half dead with hunger and miseries of all sorts, but who, judged, nevertheless, without appeal, and whose sentence was always respected and obeyed.

Having lost all hopes of making the defendant understand reason, the major ordered him to approach; and resolved to win the laughers at least over to the side of justice, he put to him the following question:—"If, instead of giving you the five roubles, your comrade had merely charged you with his compliments, would your horse not have died all the same?"

"Perhaps," answered he.

Well then, added the judge, what would you have done with the compliments? Would you not have been obliged to keep them as a payment, and be content? I order, in consequence, that you shall give back the note, and your comrade shall give you his compliments. As soon as this sentence was translated to the spectators, a universal roar and laughter proclaimed after the wisdom of the new Solomon. The defeated man himself, a few moments further discussion, was forced to yield, and said, giving up the money. I knew beforehand that I should lose, if that dog of a Christian had anything to do with it. That extraordinary confidence shows that an idea these people must entertain of European superiority, and it is also a proof of the innate sentiment of justice which exists even among the most ferocious and most savage of men.

Kascambo had written three letters since his detention without receiving any answer; a year had passed over. The unfortunate prisoner, deprived of food, and in utter want of every comfort of life, found his health falling rapidly, and was giving away to despair. Ivan himself had been ill for some time. The stern and severe Ibrahim, however, to the great surprise of the major, had taken off the young man's irons while his indisposition lasted, and left him still at liberty. The major interrogating him one day on that subject, Master, said Ivan, I have wished for a long time to consult you upon an idea that has come into my head. It strikes me it would be wise in me to become a Mahometan.

You are becoming mad, I suppose.

No; it is the only way in which I can be useful to you, and at least procure you some good food and some linen—in short, who knows?—when I am free. The God of Russians is great!—we shall see.

But God himself will forsake you, wretch that you are, if you betray him.

Kascambo, whilst he was lecturing his servant, could scarcely refrain from laughing at his absurd plan; but when he proceeded to forbid him perpetrating to go on with it, Master, replied Ivan, it is out of my power to obey you, and it would be useless to conceal it any longer: the thing is done; I have been a Mahometan since the very day you thought me ill, and my irons were taken off. I am called Hussein now. Where is the harm? I shall become a Christian again whenever I like, and as soon as I am free. See, I have already no more irons on, and I can break off yours at the first favourable opportunity, which I hope will soon present itself.

[To be continued.]

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.—The late Mr. Lyman Raymond, for many years a much respected merchant at Bridgewater, Vermont, used to relate the following anecdote of one of his acquaintances, and vouched for its truthfulness:

A miller in a small town in Vermont was, at intervals, temporarily insane for several days together, and at those times he imagined himself to be in another world—the world that is to come—and the Judge of all the earth. He built a large platform nearly ten feet from the ground, and seated thereon in arm chair, with a ponderous Bible in hand, he imagined a large concourse of people to be before him, and proceeded to question them concerning their former occupation, conduct, etc., etc., wearing the inquiries himself. At length he came to a miller residing in an adjoining town, and questioned him thus:

What was your occupation in yonder world?
A miller, Sir.
Did you ever steal grain?
Yes, Sir.
What did you do with it?
Used it myself, Sir.
You may go to the wrong side of the question, said the pretended judge, unhesitatingly. Finally, after judging all others, he proceeded to treat himself likewise.

What was your occupation in yonder world? he asked of himself.
A miller, Sir.
Did you ever steal any grain?
Yes, Sir.
What did you do with it?
Made bread of it, and gave the bread to the poor.

Then he hesitated, scratched his head and seemed to be engaged in deep thought for several minutes, and finally said,

Well, you may go to the right side of the question, but—it is—a—right squeeze.—

Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for September.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES MATHEWS.—We are given to understand that the following anecdote of Charles Mathews the elder has not hitherto been in print in this country. Mathews and Tattersall were very intimate, and the great comedian was frequently in the habit of accompanying his friend to Newmarket, where, on one occasion, Mathews indulged in his well-known taste for mince, at the expense of Tattersall, during a sale of blood stock conducted by the latter.

"The first lot, gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, "is a bay filly by Smolensko," etc.

"The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mr. Mathews, in precisely the same tone of voice, "is a bay filly by Smolensko," etc.

The auctioneer looked somewhat annoyed, but proceeded:

"What shall we say to begin with?"

"What shall we say to begin with?" replied the echo.

Still endeavoring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall inquiringly called out, "One hundred guineas?"

"One hundred guineas," echoed Mathews.

"Thank you, Sir," cried Tattersall, bringing down the hammer; "the filly is yours."

Mathews was considerably taken aback by his sudden acquisition of "blood stock," and the company enjoyed the joke immensely.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's Magazine for September.

DETERMINED.—A Louisville "Jim" is kind enough to impart to the D. waver the following incident that recently occurred in one of the colored circles in the city:

The head waiter in one of our hotels was a few days since made the recipient of a young pig. Never having had a "party" of that sort to take care of before, he was at a loss to know how to feed it, but finally concluded that the leavings of the table would answer the contract. Those he supplied it liberal quantity, and as a consequence, piggy soon got very sick. One day, after having served to it the usual collation, the colored gentleman was observed filling a large can with ice-cream, and on being told that it was no food for a pig, replied, "Golly! he's jes got to learn to eat dessert, or die!"—[Harper's Magazine.]

A Minnesota editor speaks of another editor as a "scholar slinger of unsavory English."