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E variis sumendum est optimum. - Cic.

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## The New Year Sabbath.

Hail! hallowed day! Hail! holy day of rest!  
The first born Sabbath of the year be blest!  
Hail! day of God, may thou a blessing prove,  
To all who know the truth, that God is love;  
Who taught of God, and delight their voice to raise,  
Within the temple hallowed to his praise.

Thus blest this day to those now blest of God,  
May it be blest to those who have not trod  
The path to heaven, the strait, the narrow way,  
Oh may they enter on this holy day:  
May this, the first glad day within the year,  
Gladden their hearts through penitence sincere!

And may this day, though still so highly blest,  
Lead all its mourn neglected days of rest,  
Which the past year, gone by, too oft has known;  
Which conscience, faithful monitor, must own,  
May all in Zion's consecrated place,  
Begin anew to run the holy race;  
Resolved with strength imparted from above,  
To serve, adore, and praise the God of love!

## TALES OF THE SOUTH. BY A SOUTHERN MAN.

### Den of the Robbers.

SOON after the close of the last war between Great Britain and the United States, Thomas Stogdon, a tobacco planter living in the western part of Virginia, started on a journey for the purpose of transacting some private business which required his attention in one of the north-eastern counties of that State. His route lay across one of the loftiest spurs of the Blue Ridge, the longest and most picturesque mountain range in the South.

As the times were troubled, and the passage across the mountains considered dangerous on account of the robbers who infested them, Mr. Stogdon went not only well mounted but well armed—a brace of trusty horsemen's pistols being carried, according to the custom of the day, in front of the rider and attached to the forepart of the saddle.

The first night of his journey he stopped at a roadside inn, distant about five miles from the base of the mountain. On dismounting, he observed that one of his horse's shoes had been lost, and directed another to be put on at the shop attached to the inn. He rose early the next morning and resumed his journey, with a view of obtaining a morning prospect of the mountain and the scenery of the adjacent country, which he had heard was very fine.

His horse soon began to limp, and was quite lame when he reached the base of the mountain. Supposing that the shoe had been unskillfully put on at the inn, he stopped at a blacksmith's shop, near the foot of the ridge, and had the horse's foot examined. After diligent scrutiny, the workman said that the lameness was not produced by the shoe, which was properly adjusted and fastened to the hoof.

At the request of Mr. Stogdon, the smith examined all the shoes, but could find no cause for lameness in the fit or make of any of them. His quick eye, however, detected a ring of ruffled or lifted hair running around one of the hind legs of the horse, just above the fetlock. Raising the hair, he observed that the flesh was bloody and much swollen. On more careful examination he discovered that a small cord of silk had been tied so tightly around the leg that it had cut into the flesh, producing inflammation of the part, and doubling also the lameness of the horse.

The discovery at once excited the suspicion of the workman, who was both honest and shrewd. Calling the attention of the traveller to the cord, which he speedily detached from the leg of the horse, he expressed his apprehension that some play of some sort was meditated. A few years before, he related, a riderless horse had come down from the mountains and was found to be lame from a similar cause, a tight silken cord having cut into almost to the bone of the animal's leg. The owner had never been heard of, and it was believed that he had been murdered and his body concealed in the mountain.

The smith suggested to Mr. Stogdon the precaution of examining the priming and loading of his pistols. On examination the bats and priming in the pans were found to be in perfect condition, but the loads had been withered away from both barrels, and wads of cloth substituted in their place.

The suspicions of Mr. Stogdon were fully aroused by these proofs of a premeditated design of some sort upon him. He was a bold, brave man, however, and did not once doubt his journey across the mountains. Carefully reloading and arranging the reliability of his pistols, he bade adieu to his honest counsellor, after suitably rewarding him for his labor and advice, and rode off.

The morning was clear, and he advanced when he began to ascend the mountain.

The road, for several miles, wound along its southern side, midway between the base and the summit. The prospect was grand and beautiful beyond his most sanguine expectations. To the right, the mountain sank down by degrees, abrupt or regular, to the margin of the champagne country below which stretched out as far as the eye could reach, and was covered with tobacco farms, corn-fields, dwellings, and all the diversified objects peculiar to the Virginia landscape. On the left the Blue Ridge rose up like a mighty arch springing to meet and support the sky, exhibiting, in rich profusion, all the grand and most of the beautiful features of mountain scenery.

Delighted with the scene, and absorbed with the emotions which it inspired, Mr. Stogdon rode slowly forward, recalling only occasionally, and for a moment, the suspicions excited by the events of the morning. After running for nearly five miles along the side of the mountain, the road, by an abrupt turn, struck towards the summit, through a deep gorge, whose jagged sides slanted upward to great heights on either hand. Shut out from the prospect of the subject country, and hemmed in by steep acclivities, Mr. Stogdon reverted more frequently to the mysterious developments which had come to light at the blacksmith's shop, and became both alert and cautious in his movements. Arranging his pistols so that they could be easily withdrawn from the holsters, he urged his horse to a quicker pace, as soon as he entered the gloomy avenue of the narrow gorge.

He had gone about a mile when he saw, some fifty yards ahead of him, a large boulder or rocky ledge, shooting nearly across the avenue, and leaving only a space, broad enough for the road bed, between its edge and the opposite side of the gorge. It was a spot favorable for an attack by surprise, and Mr. Stogdon surmised at once, that if one was meditated upon him, it would be made at that point. Checking the pace of his horse, therefore, he rode slowly forward and entered the narrow pass. He had scarcely reached the middle of the dole, when two men rushed from behind the farther side of the boulder into the road and stood, with leveled guns, only a few yards distant from Mr. Stogdon. His horse, frightened at the sudden appearance of the men, whose blackened faces and shaggy clothes made them look hideous enough to startle both rider and steed, shied and refused to go forward.

The robbers advanced and demanded, as they approached, the purse and the valuables of the traveller, promising to spare his life, if he would surrender them without noise or resistance. Without making any reply, Mr. Stogdon quickly drew forth a pistol from the holster. A derisive smile passed over the faces of his assailants at sight of the weapon. It was levelled and fired at the nearest robber, who fell dead upon the spot. The other, startled at the report, and terrified by the fall of his companion, instead of firing his gun dropped it and fled in the direction from which he had come.

Before Mr. Stogdon could draw and present his other pistol, the robber had turned the corner of the boulder and was out of sight. Urging his horse forward with some difficulty, he the dead body of the robber lay in the road, and the animal could scarcely be made to pass it, he discovered a lateral gorge entering, from behind the boulder, the one along which the highway ran. Hoping to overtake the escaped robber, he entered this gorge and rode some distance along its rocky bottom. The scene was wild and dreary, presenting whatever is grand and impressive in a mountain solitude. The deep basin of the gorge, covered with rock and tangled undergrowth and shaded almost to gloom by the dense, overhanging forest, seemed a fit retreat for marauding bands. It required no common nerve to penetrate alone into its recesses in pursuit of a robber. But the blood of the traveller was up, and he little heeded the risk he was running.

As he could neither see nor hear anything to direct him in the pursuit, Mr. Stogdon checked his horse and remained motionless for a short time, sheltered by the accidental screen of a low, bushy tree, from observation in the direction the gorge receded from the road. The song of the mountain birds and the low murmur of tiny waterfalls, were the only sounds he heard. The robber had vanished, like a shadow, and neither eye nor ear could tell the direction he had gone.

Having made up his mind to abandon the pursuit, Mr. Stogdon was in the act of turning his horse's head towards the road, when he caught, through the branches of the tree in front of him, the glimpse of a man running rapidly up the side of the gorge, some distance further up the defile. As pursuit on horseback up the steep acclivity was impossible, he remained in his position and watched, as well as he could, the movements of the retreating figure, which he had no doubt was that of the fugitive robber.

Climbing from crag to crag, the robber

stopped at length in front of two ledges of rock which projected from the mountain, a few feet apart, thus making an entrance or pass-way into the side of the dole. He looked earnestly for a moment in the direction he had come, and then, entering between the rocks, disappeared from the sight of the traveller.

Convinced that he had discovered the den of the robbers, Mr. Stogdon at once decided to return to the blacksmith-shop at the base of the mountain, and give information to the neighborhood. Making a careful exploration of the surrounding scenery, and fixing in his mind as many objects as he could, which might serve to identify the spot where the robber had disappeared, he turned his horse's head, and soon reached the narrow pass in the main road. The body of the dead robber lay as it fell, with the blood puddled around it. Forcing his horse with difficulty to pass it, he rode with a rapid pace, and soon reached the shop, where he found several of the neighboring planters and the smith still busy with speculation upon the mysterious developments which the latter witnessed in the morning.

Mr. Stogdon related to his eager and wondering listeners his adventure in the mountain, the death of one robber and the probable discovery of the place of retreat of perhaps many more. In a few hours the news spread through the neighborhood, and brought together a company of forty or fifty men at the shop. It was decided, without a dissenting voice, to ascend the mountain and storm the den of the robbers. Guns, axes, dogs and conveyances were soon procured, and the line of march speedily commenced.

The cavalcade, moving with celerity and in silence, soon reached the spot where the dead robber still lay. The black coating of blood which had dried upon the rocks, was pointed out as one of the landmarks of the hotel at which Mr. Stogdon had staid the night before. The suspicions of the neighborhood, long entertained, as to his character, were now completely confirmed. He and his hotel were an outpost where plans were concocted and the selected victims disarmed and sent helpless to be robbed and murdered in the mountain.

The body was placed upon a baggage cart and sent, with proper explanations, in the care of a servant, to the family at the hotel. So secretly had his connection with the robbers been maintained, that the return of the corpse, and the development which followed, were the first intimations which his wife and children had of his criminal associations.

After the brief delay occasioned by the examination and removal of the body of the robber, the company proceeded, under the direction of Mr. Stogdon, along the lateral gorge towards the place where the confederate robber had disappeared between the projecting ledges of rock. At a point opposite the supposed cave they dismounted, and securing their horses among the bushes, began to climb up the steep acclivity. In a few moments, arriving by different routes, the men and dogs were all assembled at the designated point. The evidences of human habitation were unmistakable. The ground immediately in front of the rocks was trodden and hard. Worn paths branched off in various directions from the spot. The entrance, a narrow passage between the two projecting rocks, ran inwardly, and the avenue, except for a few feet at the opening, was dark and entirely impenetrable to the eye. It led evidently into a cave or subterranean shelter of some sort, which the company prepared at once to explore.

Dry branches of trees and dead undergrowth were gathered, tied into bundles and lighted with fire kindled by flint and tinder. With these for torches, six of the more resolute men entered the opening between the rocks, with the view of exploring the interior to which it led. The passage was so narrow that only two could walk abreast. Two men in front bore torches, as did the two in the rear. The middle couple carried muskets heavily charged.

As they advanced the passage rapidly widened, and the roof sprang up to a great height overhead. They had gone about twenty paces from the entrance when a blaze of light, accompanied by the almost simultaneous report of firearms, flashed forth from a distant, interior point of the cave. The two men in front fell to the earth. Discharging their muskets in the direction of the flash the others retreated from the cave, one of whom was seriously wounded and the other entirely dead.

Enraged at the spectacle of blood and death, the besiegers began more resolutely the work of assault upon the cave, for such it was now ascertained to be, and of considerable dimensions, too. An effort was made to induce the dogs to enter. The more resolute advanced a few paces, and then ran back in apparent alarm. The major ty stood at the entrance and barked, but could not be enticed, by words or blows, to go further.

Another expedient was tried. A large tree was cut down and riven into bolts of considerable length and thickness. A double row of these timbers was placed upright across the entrance passage, some twenty feet from the opening, and securely wedged and braced, so as to form a powerful barricade or wall. The powder in all the horns and flasks, except a few rounds reserved in each, was poured in a pile on the ground near to the upright timbers. Another barricade, similar to the inner one, was constructed in front and close to the powder train being first laid from the pile, through a notch in the timbers, to the outer edge of the barricade. A line of dry leaves was formed, extending from the powder several feet outside the entrance.

The crowd having retired to a safe distance, or hid behind trees and rocks, the train of leaves was fired by a man who quickly gained the shelter of a large tree close by the cave. In a few moments a terrific explosion fairly shook the mountain and filled the air with sulphurous vapor. A stiff breeze blowing directly into the mouth of the cave, soon dissipated the smoke, when it was found that both barricades had been thrown down by the concussion, but the sides and roof of the cave remained unharmed.

Night was now coming on. A detachment of the men was sent back to the settlement for provisions and such materials as would be needed in the execution of the next plan of assault which it was decided to pursue. The rest remained as a guard over the now imprisoned robbers. Building a large fire near the entrance of the cave, they watched and slept by turns until morning.

At daylight the recruiting party returned, bringing more men, provisions for man and horse, and materials for the further prosecution of the assault upon the cave. After eating a hasty meal and feeding their horses, the assailants collected a large quantity of wood, green and dry, and then, beginning as far inwardly in the entrance to the cave as they could venture to go, they piled it up in successive layers, interspersing dried tobacco stalks and leaves, and sulphur in great abundance, among the wood, until a small space only was left between the top of the pile and the roof of the passage. The outer end of the heap was then set on fire. A strong wind blowing directly into the mouth of the cave, spread the flames rapidly through the pile, and drove the smoke, in a dense column into the cave, the narrow avenue between the wood and the roof serving a flue to conduct it to the interior.

No voice or sound came from the cave, or if any was uttered, it was lost in the roar of the fire, which blazed, and crackled, and flamed in the narrow passage until it glowed and shot forth sparks and smoke like the crater of a volcano during an eruption. For several hours the fire raged with unabated violence, fresh fuel being constantly supplied from the adjacent wood. The smoke, having filled the cave, streamed out in dense masses and floated off in the direction of the wind to the upper heights of the mountain.

At length the fire was permitted to burn down. A stream of water issuing close by, from the side of the mountain, furnished the ready means for cooling the rocks and extinguishing the smouldering embers. But it was not until a late hour in the evening that the smoke had escaped from the cave sufficiently to permit an entrance to be made.

With lighted torches, armed with guns and pistols, the crowd crept cautiously into the gloomy cavern. The passage which led to it, widening rapidly as they advanced, spread out into a spacious room. Into this apart-chamber several small lateral fissures of apartments opened. The cave, though produced by some convulsion of nature, possessed the regularity and proportions almost of a work of art. The floor, the sides and the roof were all of solid rock. The torch-light, reddening in the smoke, and reflected feebly from the rocky surface, lit up the gloom with an obscure radiance, which increased the horror of the place. The crowd, advancing and dispersing with apprehensive look and cautious steps, looked, amid the smoke and the sullen light, like a phantom host returning to their covert in the mountain from the glare of the outer day.

In the large room casks, boxes and barrels were found, filled with meat, flour and eatables of various kinds. In the lateral fissures, beds, guns, ammunitions, cooking utensils, table furniture, and, in short, almost everything necessary to the rude comfort and convenience of a subterranean dwelling, were arranged in something like household order. The dead bodies of five men, an old woman, and of a boy, apparently fifteen or sixteen years old, lay scattered through the several apartments, livid and discolored in the face, and most hideous to look upon.

After making a full exploration of the cave and removing from it every article of value, the crowd withdrew, leaving the bodies of the robbers as they found them, unburied and unrecognised. The cave which had been their abode thus became their sepul-

chre, and to this day the tradition of the assault upon the robbers' den lives in the memory of the people in that section of the Old Dominion.

### Can we borrow blood.

In contemplating the loss of blood from wounds or hemorrhage, and in noting how the vital powers ebb as the blood flows out, we are naturally led to ask whether the peril may not be avoided by pouring in fresh blood, the idea of "transfusion" is indeed very ancient. But the ancients, in spite of their facile credulity as to the effect of any physiological experiments, were in no condition to make the experiment. They were too unacquainted with physiology, and with the art of experiment, to know how to set about transfusion. Not until the middle of the seventeenth century had a preparation been made for such a trial. The experiments of Boyle, Graaf and Fracassati, on the injection of various substances into the veins of animals, were crowned by those of Lower, who, in 1665, injected blood into the veins of a dog. Two years later, a bolder attempt was made on man. A French mathematician, Denis, assisted by a surgeon, having repeated with success the experiments of Lower, resolved to extend the new idea.

It was difficult to get a human patient on whom the plan could be tried; but one evening a madman arrived in Paris quite naked, and he was daringly seized by Denis as the fitting subject for the new experiment. Eight ounces of calf's blood were transfused into his veins. That night he slept well. The experiment was repeated on the succeeding day; he slept quietly, and awoke sane!

Great was the sensation produced by this success. Lower and King were emboldened to repeat it in London. They found a healthy man willing to have some blood drawn from him, and replaced by that of a sheep. He felt the warm stream pouring in and declared that it was so pleasant that they might repeat the experiment. The tidings flew all over Europe. In Italy and Germany the plan was repeated, and it now seemed as if transfusion would become one more of the "heroic arms" of medicine. These hopes were soon dashed. The patient on whom Denis had operated again expired during the operation. The son of the Swedish minister, who had been benefited by one transfusion, perished after a second. A third death was assigned to a similar cause; and in April, 1668, the Parliament of Paris made it criminal to attempt transfusion, except with the consent of the faculty of Paris. Thus the whole thing fell into discredit, to be revived again in our own day, and to be placed, at last, on a scientific basis.

It will immediately occur to the physiologist who reads the accounts of these experiments, that transfusion was effected on the supposition that the blood of all quadrupeds was the same, and that it was indifferent whether a man received the blood of another man, or of a sheep or calf. This supposition was altogether erroneous. The more rigorous investigations of the moderns have established that only the blood of animals of the same species can be transfused in large quantities without fatal results. The blood of a horse is poison in the veins of a dog; the blood of a sheep is poison in the veins of a cat; but the blood of a horse will revive the fainting ass.

From this it follows, that when transfusion is practised on human beings, human blood must be employed; and so employed, that practice is in some urgent cases not only safe, but forms the sole remedy.—[Exchange.]

### The Millionaire and the Danseuse.

The following curious story is translated from a German paper:—  
"A very pretty danseuse has lately created great excitement at Berlin. Mile. Lidenhal made so many pirouettes one fine evening on the stage of the Theatre Royal, that she turned the head of Herr Comptoir, a rich millionaire of Vienna, who was on a visit to the Prussian capital. The beautiful limbs of the fair Torspichore touched his heart so deeply that he demanded her hand in marriage.—Of course you will say that she at once accepted the offer. Not at all. She made her conditions as follows:—1st, an apartment separated from that of her husband; 2d, a carriage and servants for herself; 3d, 15,000 francs a year for her toilette; and finally (for she calculated everything) 300,000 francs in case of separation. Mr. Comptoir submitted to these slightly unreasonable conditions, and last week all the gay world of Berlin witnessed in the cathedral the marriage of the millionaire with the danseuse."

"Have you any fish in your basket," asked a person of a fisherman who was returning home.  
"Yes, a good cod," was the reply.