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Poetry.

OUR COMMON LOT.

Why should we tremble at the thought of death,
The King of Terrors brings no dread to him
Who at the fount of inspiration giv'n,
In God's own word drinks and is satisfied.
To him the call of dissolution comes
Shorn of its horrors; to his happy soul,
His welcome summons; calling him away
From life's regrets and troubles, beck'ning him
To cross the narrow bourn that separates
The present and eternal; calling him
To meet his Saviour and commune with him,
Who gave his life a ransom for our sins.
Why should we tremble therefore; let us live,
That dying, we may live eternally.

THE MIDNIGHT TRIBUNAL.

A Lieutenant's Adventure in Salt Lake City.

"No more trips down town after dark!"
shouted Lieutenant George Payson, entering
his tent and venting his spite on the campstool.

It was years ago, before the great Pacific
Railroad was more than a dream; Platte Bridge,
Denver, Laramie, Omaha, and other towns
and cities were hardly noticed by the map makers,
and the Indian, wolf and buffalo held posses-
sion of the country from Omaha to Salt Lake.

It was, too, during the palmy days of "the in-
stitution," when Mormons ruled with bloody
hands, and when Gentiles were dogged and
shot as they left the city, or "snatched" while
in it, spirited away, and never heard of after-
wards.

Camp Conner was Camp Conner then, and
situated just where the present military post is.
It sometimes contained two hundred soldiers,
and sometimes not more than forty or fifty.

Detachments were sent from there to do duty
at other posts, to escort mail carriers or govern-
ment trains, but there was always a body of
men and a number of officers at the post. The
administration had an idea (so it seemed) that
the presence of soldiers near the city was a
great protection to the "sinners" who halted
in the town or passed it, but we never had oc-
casion to believe that Brigham Young and his
numerous satellites cared a fig whether we went
away or remained. He had "avenging angels"

in numbers sufficient to have captured us all
at any hour; and but for fear of a conflict with
the government, a soldier would not have been
safe from these scoundrels anywhere within
fifty miles of Salt Lake.

"There, read that," continued Payson, hand-
ing out a "general order" as I looked up.

"Having reason to believe that Sergeant Brit-
ton was killed in the city by some of the Mor-
mon population, and knowing that Brigham
Young's so-called 'avenging angels' make it
their business to dog the steps of soldiers and
officers; and believing that our peril will be
lessened by remaining within our camp after
night,"

"Therefore—From and after this date, no
soldier or officer will be permitted to visit the
city after sundown except upon the written
permission of the colonel commanding."

So read the order; and while I say that it
cut short our little plans for pleasure and re-
creation, I also saw the motive which had in-
duced it, and realized as well as the colonel
that there was reason for us to fear evil from
the murdering bands which had been christen-
ed "avenging angels" by one whose hands were
never free from blood.

I did not, therefore, express my indignation
toward the colonel, my intention to immedi-
ately throw up my commission and return East
to go into the grocery business; nor did I say
that we should kick up such a rumpus that the
military tyrant would be forced to rescind the
order. And, after a few minutes' conversation
with Payson, I brought him around to see mat-
ters as I saw them, and he agreed that the
colonel was right.

A month or two previous the non-commis-
sioned officer spoken of in the general order
had paid a visit to the city, and never returned.
He was known to many of the Mormons as an
inveterate enemy of their creed and practices,
he being an upright Christian man, and having
his wife and child at the camp. He was always
free to express his sentiments, even to the
Mormons, of whom he was purchasing in the
city, and he believed that they had captured
and murdered him. An attempt had been
made to work out the case, but "one detective
might as well have tried to work against all the
thieves of London. The fellows were impudent,
bold and overbearing, and even declared that
they were glad if the sergeant had finally re-
ceived what would soon be dealt out to all other
meddling "sinners."

So the order was timely and sensible, and
the officers did not rebel.

There were four of us lieutenants—two mid-
dle-aged married men, sober as deacons, and
Payson and myself, we two being less than
twenty-five years old, and rather inclined to ex-
citement and sensation. Having but little to
do, paid off regularly, no one but ourselves to
care for, a city near at hand, it was no wonder
that we were a little wild. We had been in the
habit of attending at the tabernacle on Sun-
day, to hear Young preach, and to count upon
his wives and children. We often attended the
theatre; we occasionally stopped over night at
the hotel; played billiards, encouraged bear-
baiting, and had what we called a good time
generally. So long as we kept out of trouble,
were at the camp for parade, and put the sol-
diers through their twice-a-day drill, the colo-
nel had no reproach. It would come our turn
directly to go to Laramie, to go on to California,
to be sent hundreds of miles away from civili-
zation, and he knew that we should then have
monotony enough to make us as dignified as
Uncle Sam himself.

For two weeks after the order came out not
an officer visited the city after dark, and only
an occasional visit was made by daylight. The
rule then became exceedingly irksome, and
taking advantage of the fact that a new play
was to be put on the boards of the theatre,
Payson and I sought and obtained the colonel's
permission to be absent until midnight. He
cautioned us to be careful of our speech and
our company, and warned us to go well armed.

The tramp down was a mere nothing for our
stout limbs. We entered the city just after
dark, it being a June evening, but had not pro-
ceeded far when Payson insisted that we should
have a glass of wine. We stepped into a salo-
on, called the boy, and were just drinking,
when we heard a succession of sharp screams
and shrieks, as of some female in distress.

"O, that aint nothing!" remarked the boy,
noticing our looks of surprise and anxiety. "It's
old Treadway giving one of his fifteen wives a
flogging!"

We heard shouts, oaths, blows, shrieks, and
then a heavy fall. The boy took it all as a
matter of course, having often heard the Mor-
mon at work, but we were considerably excited.
—Payson so much so that he wanted to inter-
fere.

"Ten thousand million curses on the cursed
city and its beastly population!" he exclaimed,
after abandoning his idea of rushing to the res-
cue. "I wish Uncle Sam would give the word
to clean it out to-morrow!"

I was about to express a like feeling when I
heard a soft step behind me, and turned in time
to catch sight of a retreating form.

"You'd better look sharp now!" warned the
boy, who was a deep one for his years. "That
was 'The Dagger' who came just in time to
hear your speech, and he will keep his eye on
you from this time out!"

"And who is the loafer you call 'The Dagger?'"
inquired Payson. "And why should we
look out for him?"

"To keep from being served in this way!"
replied the boy, drawing his finger across his
throat. "He is the leader of the 'Avenging An-
gels,' and he wont forget you. We aint Mor-
mons ourselves, but we have to play off on
them; and if you take my advice, you wont
get into any dark corners to-night!"

We had both cooled off considerably as we
started for the street, for we had reason to
know that there was sense in the lad's warn-
ing. We talked the matter over, agreed to
keep close together, and trusted that we were
prepared to successfully defend ourselves if at-
tacked.

The theatre was densely crowded, and we
found it impossible to obtain seats. We had
come to see the play, and so concluded to stand
up and make the best of it.

In about half an hour I had become so ab-
sorbed in the transactions on the stage that I
did not notice when Payson left my side and
went over to have a confab with an acquaint-
ance. A number of the audience came between
us, and so, when I at last looked around, my
friend was nowhere to be seen. I was not
anxious, but was yet looking this way and that,
when a man came up to me, looked keenly in-
to my face, and said:

"Your friend has got into trouble over on
Mill Street, and wants you to come to him."
"But, who are—"
"Never mind who I am," he replied, "but
come along as fast as you can. Your friend is
being murdered."

This was enough. I remembered Payson's
words in the saloon, the boy's warning, and I
concluded that 'The Dagger' had in some way
decoyed my friend out of the theatre and at-
tacked him.

I followed the unknown from the building
up the street, down another, a turn to the left,
and then I halted. We were at the entrance
of a dark and lonely street, no one was in sight,

and I began to have suspicion that all was not
right.

"Come on—come on; it's only one more
block!" urged the man, also stopping. At the
same moment the cry of "help!" was shouted
from down the street, and we dashed forward
on the run.

We had not traversed more than half the
block when I heard a movement as I passed a
doorway, and the next moment was down on
the walk, struggling to free myself from the
grasp of three men who had vaulted upon me.
A gag was thrust into my mouth, a pair of hand-
cuffs snapped together around my wrists, and
then the men, who had not spoken a word,
picked me up and carried me into the build-
ing.

I was taken through a long hall, up a
flight of stairs, through another hall, all dimly
lighted, and then found myself in a room about
thirty feet square. It was lighted by four can-
dles, had matting on the floor, and contained
six chairs, placed in a row before a table on
which were pen, ink and paper.

"Take out the gag and unlock the hand-
cuffs," commanded a voice; and directly I
stood on my feet unfeathered.

"What does this mean—this outrage—knock-
ing down and gagging a United States officer?"
I exclaimed, looking from one evil face to an-
other.

"You will soon learn," replied one of the
men. And then they withdrew to the door
and held a conversation in whispers. One of
their number passed out, came back in about
five minutes, and then the four approached me.

"Well, can you explain your brutal conduct
now?" I inquired.

"You are to be conducted to No. 1, to wait
until the Tribunal of Seven assembles, and then
you are to be tried for your life!"

So spoke the leader of the party, an evil-faced
fellow, whom I would not have cared to meet
on the open highway in broad daylight. I
looked from one to the other, but each face
was evil, unreadable and stern.

"But I won't go!" I replied. "I have
had enough of this nonsense, and I now
propose to return to the theatre. Mormons
or Gentiles, you will think twice before you
stretch out a hand to stop me!"

They had removed my revolver before
taking off the handcuffs, and I was conse-
quently well off. I stood close to one of the
chairs, and as I saw that they were about to
rush, and sent one of them to the floor. The
others rushed upon me, but I beat them
back, knocked another down, and rushed to
the door.

It was locked! As I turned, the four
closed in on me, despite my blows, and they
soon had me down. They did not gag me
again, but one of them seized my foot
and dragged me through a hall, opened a
door, and I was hauled into a room not over
ten feet square.

"We will call for you at midnight!" spoke
one of the men, and the door was shut and
locked.

There was no light in the cell, but the
light from a window half a block away
streamed in and allowed me to see, first,
that my only window was barred and grad-
ed until a mouse could hardly have got out
or in; second, there was a pitcher of water
and a stool; third, the walls were thick and
massive, and the door as solid as iron.

I took in all these things as I rested on
my elbow, and a closer inspection when I
rose up only proved how well I had seen.
I tried the door, the window, sounded the
walls, tested the floor, and sat down on the
stool with a conviction that I must remain
a prisoner so long as my captors saw fit. It
was easy to understand the game which
had been played. The unknown had got
me out of the theatre on purpose to trap
me, and it was also easy to understand that
I was in the power of the "Avenging An-
gels," and that escape from their clutches
was a matter scarcely to be thought of.

I could not bear the idea that I was a
prisoner, and I made the round of the cell
again, hoping that the door or the window
might be made to yield. The door was
too stout to be attacked, but I determined
to give the bars a trial. I had no tools to
work with, but there was the stool. I pulled
out a leg, searched over the lattice-work
until I found a spot to suit, and then inserted
it. The bars went back a trifle, and
I sagged my weight upon the stick, and
there was a loud snap, and the leg was broken.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a voice out-
side the door, and then I knew that one of
the men was standing sentry. He knew I
would seek to escape, but he knew that I
could not.

I sat down on the floor, sick at heart.—
What did they mean by the Tribunal of
Seven—that mysterious committee who
were going to put me on trial at midnight?
I had been in the Mormon country long
enough to know how to answer the ques-
tion. It meant that seven Mormon digni-

ties were to give me the farce of a trial,
condemn me as an enemy of their religion
and social habits, and then hand me over
to the Avengers to be murdered!

It seemed an age to midnight. I made
no more efforts towards regaining my lib-
erty, heard no sound from street or building,
and was almost glad as the door was at last
unlocked, and I was conducted to the judg-
ment-room.

I felt a chill as I looked
around. Six masked men occupied the six
chairs, and the seventh one sat behind the
table. A chair was placed for me at his
left hand. I sat down, and for a moment
not a sound was heard. The seven masked
men and the four Avengers were as motion-
less as statues. A bell, sounding as if in
the cellar of the building, struck one, two,
three—eleven, twelve, and I could think of
nothing but a funeral procession as I count-
ed the strokes.

"Prisoner, stand up!" commanded the
masked judge, his voice being low and
stern.

I was at first determined to resist all; but
I did not, believing that they would not
dare to murder an officer of the govern-
ment, but there was something in the tone
of the judge which made me obey the com-
mand.

"Prisoner, you are charged with having
been in the company of those who cursed
our religion and desired to shed our blood
—with having yourself an enemy of our creed
—with having attempted to incite members
of the true faith to rebel against us. You
are now on trial for your life? Are you
guilty or not guilty?"

I hesitated a moment, and then answer-
ed him that I had not been arrested by any
process of law, was not in the presence of
any court, could not summon witnesses,
and should decline to plead.

"Guilty or not guilty?" he commanded,
raising his hand in a warning way.

Again I hesitated, and then asked him if
he would allow me an attorney and give
me the privilege of summoning witnesses.

"The Tribunal of Seven knows no lawyers
—allows no privileges. You are on trial
for your—plead or be condemned without
hearing!"

Forced into it, I plead "Not guilty," and
was told to sit down as "The Dagger" was
motioned to take the stand. He stood near
the judge, related what he had overheard
at the saloon, and further related that Pay-
son and myself had long been known to
the Mormon church, and toward leading
Mormons.

It had not been fifteen minutes since the
muffled bell struck twelve, but now it struck
again—once again against me!

"I demanded that I should be allowed to
cross-examine the witness, but the judge
raised his hand, and the second Avenger
took the stand. His testimony was about
the same, except that he reported several
fictitious conversations to make out that I
had sought to induce certain Mormons to
leave the church. He sat down and the
bell struck again—two! The other two
were called up, testified to suit the occasion
and the bell struck for each, and then the
judge rose up and asked:

"Prisoner, what have you to say to this?"
"Nothing!" I replied—"not a single
word! You convicted me even before you
saw me, and your tribunal is a grand hum-
bug! I am an officer of the United States
government, and if you dare to lay a finger
on me, your cursed, adulterous tribe hasn't
lives enough to satisfy the revenge which
will be taken!"

My temper was up, and I cared not what
I said. I believed they meant to kill me,
and was determined to free my mind, if no
more. I also had a slight hope that a bolt
course, and putting in Uncle Sam as a
backer, might cause them to hesitate. But
they were Mormons—arrogant, powerful,
fearless.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the judge, his
lips never moving. "Ha! ha! ha!" laugh-
ed each juror—a laugh which made chill
after chill creep up my back.

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up and re-
ceive your sentence," commanded the
judge, as the jurors rose up and each made
a sign to show that I had been found guilty.
"Prisoner, you have had a fair and
impartial trial, and a jury of your peers
pronounce you guilty. The sentence of
this tribunal is that you be turned over to
the Avengers, to be taken back to your
friends!"

Did I hear aright! Had I succeeded in
frightening the tribunal? Was I to be re-
stored to liberty? I thought so for half
a minute.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the judge—a
laugh which made my flesh creep.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the jurors and
Avengers—a laugh sounding like the ter-
rible "yah!" "yah!" of the caged hyenas.

They were going to murder me!

They came closer, and I retreated. Closer
and I stood very nearly in the centre of the
room, facing them. Not a word had been
spoken. Words were not needed with
them, and I knew that no entreaties of
mine could change my fate.

The man at the end gave it a pull; I felt
a trembling motion beneath my feet, and I
gave a loud yell and a long leap just as a
trap door fell down, opening to my gaze
the mouth of a deep black pit. An odor
came up—an odor of decaying bodies, a
smell so strong that it sickened me. The
Avengers were on one side and I on the
other. They waited a moment, surprised,
and then, with a flourish of their knives,
advanced to force me into the pit. The
nearest was not three feet away, when we
heard a sound that made them pause. There
was a bang, a crash, a rush of feet and a
rattle of muskets, and six soldiers from the
camp, headed by Payson, rushed into the
room.

There was a shout; several shots; one
of the Avengers tumbled backward into the
pit, and when the smoke rose up, the other
three were safe away. I was saved, but
they had not come a moment too soon.

To explain; Payson had seen me leave
the theatre, after all, and he soon followed
in company with his friend, who was sus-
picious of a trick. They were almost
hand as I was carried into the doorway, and
the citizen was greatly alarmed for my
safety, recognizing the building as a sort of
private prison. Under his advice, Payson
started for the camp, detailed events to the
colonel, and was given the soldiers in the
forlorn hope of rescuing me. They had
just stopped at the basement door as I shout-
ed. Recognizing the voice, Payson had
ordered the door dashed in, and you have
the result.

It was the intention to sift the matter to
the bottom, as we now believed the sergeant
to be in the pit, but before the colonel had
taken any steps, he was assigned to other
duties. Payson was sent up the Yellow-
stone, and my would-be murderers never
received what we intended for them. A
month after, I saw the corpse of "The Dag-
ger," shot by a ranchman, and this was the
only consolation I ever had.

Burning Iron.

A Berlin experimenter has demonstrated
the combustibility of iron in a peculiar man-
ner. He takes a straight bar magnet of
some power, and sprinkles iron filings on
one of its poles. These filings arrange
themselves in accordance with the lines of
magnetic force; and however closely they
may appear to be placed, of course no two
of the metallic filaments are parallel, and
consequently, a certain amount of air is en-
closed as in a metallic sponge. The flame
of any ordinary spirit lamp or gas burner
readily ignites the finely divided iron, and
it continues to burn brilliantly for some
time, the combustion being, apparently, as
natural and easy as that of any ordinary
substance. If the experimenter with this
operation stands on a slight elevation and
waves the magnet to and fro while burning,
a magnificent rain of fire is said to be pro-
duced.

Curiosities of Ebullition.

Dr. T. L. Phipson, in the *Chemical News*,
says that water, strongly acidified with
hydrochloric acid, and containing a small
quantity of benzole, was found to enter
into violent ebullition every sixty seconds;
after a while the boiling ceased, complet-
ely, and then recommenced suddenly every
thirty seconds for some time. The flask
still being kept over the spirit lamp, the
periods between quiescence and violent
ebullition dropped to twenty, ten, and finally
to eight seconds, at which interval the
phenomenon continued for some consider-
able time. The temperature of the vapor
in the flask was 214° Fahr., in the liquid
218° C., during the whole time of the experi-
ment.

When methyl alcohol was added to the
above mixture of water, hydrochloric acid,
and benzole, and the flask placed over a
spirit lamp, no ebullition at all occurred for
a very long space of time, and then it took
place very suddenly and continued.

At a recent Coty foot race between two
girls the one with the blue garter lost.

Many men are blessed with the most un-
common sense, and do not seem to know it.

VINEGAR BITTERS

California Vinegar Bitters
A reliable preparation,
the herbs found
in the Sierra Nevada
the medicinal prop-
erties of the world has
noted therefrom.
The question
What is the cause
of the disease?
Why do they remove
the patient recover
the great blood
principle, a perfect
tor of the system.
Why do they remove
the patient recover
the great blood
principle, a perfect
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