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JAS. S. CARNEGIE,  
AGENT, St. Andrews.

## Poetry.

### THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO.

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,  
"Good gracious, how you hop!  
Over the fields and the water too,  
As if you never would stop.  
My life is a bore in this stony pond,  
And I long to go out in the world beyond;  
I wish I could leap like you."  
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,  
"Please give me a ride on your back."  
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo;  
"I would sit quite still and say nothing but  
Quack!"  
The whole of the long day through;  
And we'd go to the Den, and the Jolly-bo-Lee,  
Over the land and over the sea,  
Please give me a ride; oh do!"  
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,  
"This requires some little reflection;  
Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,  
And there seems but one objection,  
Which is,--if you'll let me speak so bold,  
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,  
And would probably give me the Rheu-  
matiz," said the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,  
"I've thought over that completely;  
And I've bought four pairs of worsted socks,  
Which fit my web feet neatly;  
And to keep out the cold, I've got a cloak,  
And every day a cigar I'll smoke."  
All to follow my own, dear, true  
Love of a Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm really,  
All in the moonlight pale;  
But to balance me well, dear Duck, keep  
steady.  
And quite at the end of my tail."  
So, away they went, with a hop and a bound,  
And they hopped the whole world three  
times round.  
"Oh, who so happy; oh, who!  
As the Duck and the Kangaroo."

## Interesting Tale.

### ACROSS THE DESERT.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

Would the Sultan grant the protection or not?  
That was all I wanted. Confused Turkish diplo-  
macy! Confound their petty evasions and polite  
hypocrisies! Here the ripest weather of the sum-  
mer was drifting away and I was a prisoner in  
Constantinople.  
Sir Robert Tudor blew another violet cloud  
from his "marghile," and then taking it from his lips  
smiled in a good nature.  
Of all the hot-headed young Franks that I have  
had to manage, you, Brian Stuart, are the most  
unreasonable. It is only three months since you  
presented your request. Why, the Sultan has  
hardly had time to turn it over in his mind yet.  
I explained impatiently.  
Sir Robert laughed. He was a magnificent man,  
tall, large, graceful, most picturesquely dressed in  
a Turkish caftan and Cashmere sash of glowing  
gorgeous color. What a perfect bronze tint the  
Eastern sun had given his complexion; how  
splendid was the silky beard which swept his  
breast! And he was as serene and nonchalant as  
any Turk of them all. Ah, how this climate  
drained the vitality from a man! Sir Robert  
spoke presently.  
"Don't be vexed, Brian. I confess I was too glad  
to get you here to push your request very heart-  
ily. But I've just thought what I can do for you.  
A caravan starts to-morrow on purpose to convey

a young female slave to one of the Sultan's far-off  
pachas, a present from his serene highness. You  
might get permission to go with the party.  
A girl given away like a kitten, I said, in in-  
finite disdain, losing sight of my own hopes.  
What would you? laughed Sir Robert. I make  
no doubt the beautiful Zuleika has looked for-  
ward to this as her happiest destiny. She will be  
younger and prettier than any of his other wives,  
and will captivate the pacha at the outset. Con-  
ceive the delight of filling the harem with envy.  
But stay; I'm not sure that it will be safe for you  
to travel in the lonely maiden's society. You  
might fall in love with her 'ten voyages'! Behold  
then a terrible complication!

There's nothing I should like better, I declared  
eagerly. I would run away with her from under  
their very eyes. It would be delightful!  
And so would be the involuntary bath in the  
Bosphorus which would be given you for your  
pains. Ah, no! let the lovely Circassians stain  
their finger-nails and blacken their eyelids for  
those who adore such charms. Do you keep to  
your cold blonde Northern beauty. By the way,  
when is it to be, Brian?  
I evaded the question. How could I tell him  
Lady Clara had as good as thrown me over? So  
I made a desperate attempt to change the conver-  
sation.

Sir Robert was a genuine cosmopolitan. Born  
to large estates, he had amused the leisure which  
wealth bestows in wide and long-continued travels.  
He had seen all the art treasures of Europe, knew  
its loveliest landscapes by heart, was acquainted  
with the society of its capitals. And then, weary  
of what was, after all, a repetition of his familiar  
English life, he had sought a new sensation in ex-  
ploring out of the way corners, and the re-  
moter objects of curiosity whose very names have an air  
of romance. So he had wound in his long way  
across the desert; followed the White Nile up to  
that mysterious land under the equator which has  
kept its secret so long, and well; sat under the  
shadow of the pyramids, and dreamed of Sesostris  
while he ate his noonday lunch of dates and bread;  
made one around the Bedouin Sheikh's tent;  
the tropical moon hung, red and glowing, in the even-  
ing sky, and the camels crouched at a little dis-  
tance, and curious Eastern stories went from lip to  
lip. All this retold had a fascination for me, and  
hours went by in idle talk. At last the theme be-  
came those potent Eastern drugs which are so in-  
explicable and so curious in their effects.

I have been poisoned by woodruff and intoxicated  
by hashish, I said Sir Robert.  
Ah! What was hashish like?  
For answer Sir Robert rose, went to a small  
ebony cabinet, and took thence a tiny box, and  
opening it, displayed its contents.  
"There! You would not guess what wonders lurk  
in those two opaque bits of matter. Try it. The  
experience would be worth having, and will while  
away the time while I keep my appointment with  
that persistent Mussulman whose steps I just now  
heard in the courtyard. You are not afraid?"  
"As innocent as ether, and far more agreeable."  
"Pleasant dreams to you, then," said Sir Robert,  
placed the box in my hands.  
His sandals shed feet shuffled across the marble  
floor, the door opened and shut, and I was alone.  
It was an hour for visions, I thought, as I lighted  
my pipe.  
The beautiful room where I sat opened upon  
gardens where the rose oleanders, and wax-blossom-  
ing myrtle, and the wonderful cape jessamine  
with its weird perfume grew in ranks, and thick  
and close as violets crowd in New England pas-  
tures. A fine of palms, whose feathery tops  
marked with exquisite beauty the lullid evening  
sky, shut in this paradise of color and sweetness.  
In the palms, and in the dusky recesses of fragrant  
shrubbery, the balmy sang to the listening night  
her ravishing wail of love and sorrow. Through  
the trees I caught chance glimpses of the Bosporus,  
of some boat drifting homeward, the lantern  
sail almost sweeping the water.

A curious drowsiness began to steal over me,  
and yet this picture, the perfume, the nightingale's  
melody, grew more and more vivid, till my delight  
became almost pain. I rose--and yet, it was not  
I that rose--for there sat Brian Stuart, in the  
Tartan plaid trousers and Derby coat which he  
so much affected, and which were, I now per-  
ceived, singularly unbecoming to him, fast asleep  
on the divan. And what was I who surveyed him  
with curiosity and wonder? Ah! I guessed the  
secret. My spirit was free! The soul had slipped  
out of its earthly house for a time, and was off for  
a voyage of explorations. Who should say where  
his pilgrimage might end? Blessed forever be  
hashish! What freedom of motion! What light-  
ness--what glorious unrestraint! I cast a last  
lingering look at the reclining figure on the divan,  
and then away through limitless fields of blue  
ether, the city lying below me, its hundred minar-  
ets pointing like so many fingers towards me, the  
palace of the Sultan gleaming white in the moon-  
light, the Bosphorus heaving in silver waves. How

long that exquisite voyage, who can tell? I was  
roused from my trance of delight by the chiming  
of the bells of St. Sophia beneath me. The sound  
had a strange effect. It sent a shiver of remorse  
and pain through my soul. The New England  
church bell seemed to break again upon the sum-  
mer Sabbath silence. Should I ever hear it again  
in reality? An old love and longing awoke. I  
hurried back to Sir Robert's, found the figure still  
sitting in the chair, and slipped back into the body  
as easily as one enters his house after an absence.  
And now I was at home again.

Well, I had had a singular experience; it  
would amuse Sir Robert. While I thought of this  
I entered abruptly.  
I have been successful in my application to the  
Sultan, my dear fellow, but you must be off at once.  
The party starts to-night.

To-night?  
Only an hour hence. The affair has a secret  
history. It is whispered that the beautiful Zu-  
leika rebels against her destiny, and tries to es-  
cape.  
And no wonder, poor girl! I exclaimed.  
It is the will of Allah, said Sir Robert, coolly  
lighting his "marghileh."  
A few more years will make you a thorough  
Mussulman, I said, vexed at his apathy.  
But I shall always be your good friend, he re-  
turned, with his smiling good-nature.

We part now, then. Take care of yourself, and  
write me from the desert.  
He embraced me in genuine Oriental fashion,  
and I went out from the presence of the last man  
of my race whom I knew intimately in all the  
East.  
I hurried back to my lodgings, hastily completed  
my preparations for the journey, and was at the  
 rendezvous in season.

The party were to take the steamer to Alex-  
andria, and from thence, under an escort to be  
furnished by the Viceroy of Egypt, pursue our  
journey to the province.  
On the steamer all I saw of Zuleika was a  
figure shrouded in black from head to foot--not  
even could I catch a glimpse through the head-  
covering of the dark mournful beautiful eyes,  
which characterize the beautiful daughters of Cir-  
cassia.

I passed over the sail to Alexandria and the  
making up of the party. Behold us at last  
fairly set forth, a picturesque silent party,  
in curious attire, with the usual Oriental  
provisions.  
I used to follow the long line with my eye,  
as it pursued its soundless way over the shin-  
ing sands, and all the present fell away from  
me, and I went back ages in the world's history,  
and saw Avramam on the plains of Manro,  
and Isaac making his pilgrimage in search of  
his bride.

Day by day we pursued the same routine,  
halted for dinner and to refresh the camels by  
rest, butted away the burning hours under  
the tent, and set forth again when the sun  
lowered to the west.  
I had learned now to distinguish the  
graceful figure of Zuleika from the women  
who made up her retinue. Once I had heard  
her voice; it was so expressively musical and  
sad, a d-d-nder. Sitting alone after the rest  
had retired in the long moonlight evenings, I  
wove I knew not what of romance about this  
lonely girlish creature whose very face was  
unknown to me, but it was as if a gulf path  
the fate I was profoundly interested.

So real did these visions become that I  
hardly started when a low soft voice breathed  
my name out of semi-darkness. But the in-  
stant I came to my senses I was amazed--  
Zuleika was before me, her face uncovered,  
her lovely eyes eagerly seeking mine.

You are surprised, she said with the ghost  
of a smile. But do not be afraid. The Turk-  
ish court sleep soundly, and my women had  
a sleeping potion in their coffee.  
But to what end--I began.  
She interrupted me with a passionate ges-  
ture.  
Hear me, and pity me and help me! I am  
no Circassian. I am the child of an English  
gentleman by a Turkish wife. My parents  
died and a lady of the seraglio adopted me.  
But I grew up, I found favor in the Sultan's  
eyes, and my mistress was jealous and fur-  
ious. She made him give me away to that  
hideous pacha, a man of more than the sul-  
tan's years, and of ten times his vices. O  
Heaven, is there no way of escape?  
She wrung her hands, her bosom heaved,  
tears swam in her great dark eyes. All my  
soul was roused. I swore by Allah to do all  
I could for her.

She caught my hand in a transport of grati-  
tude and covered it with kisses and then she  
wept for joy. I prayed her to be calm, and  
at last the lovely eyes shone again, and draw-  
ing her a little way from the tent where the  
silver moonlight enveloped us, watched the  
changes of her beautiful face while she told  
me her plan. She had watched my camel,  
and knew it was the stealer in the whole  
party. On it we could escape, and reach  
either the domain of a pacha who was then at  
war with his master, or perchance fall in with

some wandering B-douins. In either case  
we were safe. She showed me a purse of  
gold.  
People will do much for money.  
But more for love. Zuleika, I am your de-  
voted servant.

I carried out the plan. Again the tired  
men slept, again Zuleika's woman drank of  
the potent sedative, and in the stillness of the  
dim night, when the moon was low and wan,  
I lifted her up on my noble camel, landed up  
the bag of bread and dates, and the flask of  
water, climbed to her side, and in long  
swift strides swept away from the encamp-  
ment.

Moving found us far out of sight, the great  
lonesome desert stretching away on every side,  
we two alone in the wide world with the red  
rising sun.  
I can hardly detail the experiences of those  
strange days. We did our utmost to elude  
our pursuers. We doubled and turned upon  
our track, hid ourselves by day in shaded  
caves, and travelled by night. And always  
Zuleika bore herself like a heroine.

But as days passed, and neither friendly pa-  
cha nor hospitable B-douin came in our way,  
she drooped. The English roses left her  
check, a bidding sorrow haunted her wonder-  
ful eyes. So worn out was she that for twenty  
four hours we stayed in the same place.  
If I am not able to go on, she said, as she  
drained the last drop of wine I had to give  
her, you will leave me here and make your  
way to Alexandria.

Leave you! I cried, passionately. Never  
while my life lasts!  
Her tender eyes dwelt on my face.

You have risked your life for me! she said,  
in her soft little tones.  
But never, Zuleika, I love you.  
A sudden light illumined her worn sweet  
countenance.

It is beautiful to be loved. No one  
ever loved me before. It will be easy to  
together, dear, because we love each  
other.  
I covered her face with tears and kisses,  
I implored her not to die, and drew her pictures  
of the far-off safe and happy home when she  
should be my beloved wife. And she brightened  
and grew stronger under such sweet en-  
couragement. We rode far that night, and a  
strange infinite peace dwelt in us both. But  
at dawn Zuleika said:

I looked, and my heart sank. It was no  
cloud, but a band of the Sultan's minions in  
hot pursuit. Why prolong the agony of the  
chase? Why break my heart remembering  
Zuleika's grief and my own distress?  
At last a sharp hiss cut the air, once, and  
Zuleika's arms dropped away from me. I  
sprang to the ground, and holding her to my  
bosom tried to stanch the blood that flowed  
from the cruel wound in her breast. But  
the red warm current loved my hands and my  
garments. My darling was dying before my  
eyes! I groaned aloud in my anguish, and  
made a last frantic effort to spring to the sad-  
dle with her in my arms. A voice rang out  
like a trumpet.

By Jove, man, you hawled like a demon!  
What do you think of his-leash now?  
It was Sir Robert. He stood by me with  
a basin of water in his hand. Slowly and  
painfully I struggled back to consciousness.  
"How long have you been a way?"  
Perhaps an hour.  
An hour! Was it possible to live so much  
in a single hour? I had proved the depths of  
misery, and dwelt on the heaven-kissed hills of  
this. Ah, hashish, thou art a wonder-work-  
er!

I did not wait for the Sultan's conveyance,  
but started the next day with a party of  
English gentlemen. The journey was fatiguing  
and monotonous. The Oriental  
women we met were serious animals, the  
men were pretty boys. From under their  
velvet veils no spirituelle Zuleika looked out at  
me with love and fire in her eyes. In this  
world of shadows which we call real shall I  
ever meet her? I doubt it is a thing past pray-  
ing for.

A MONSTER TRUMPET.--The bells used  
as a signal for closing the Vienna Exhibition  
every evening having been found insufficient,  
an ingenious Italian has invented a steam fog  
horn. This trumpet is eight feet long, and  
proportionately wide, and with a steam pres-  
sure on the metal mouth-piece of some fifteen  
pounds the performers can wake up the dullest  
visitor in the Exhibition. Occasionally, for  
diversion, they put on a pressure of four  
atmospheres, which rouses deaf old ladies  
thirteen miles off.

A QUAKER PHILANTHROPIST.--Baltimore  
is to be congratulated. She has a Quaker  
philanthropist who has donated over \$4,  
000,000 for the establishment of a free  
medical college, a free hospital, a free univer-  
sity, and a free sanitarium. The latter  
will be located near the city, but not in it,  
and will be open to all classes, races, and re-  
ligions.

## The Scorpion in South Africa.

A pleasant fellow is a scorpion. The  
little dear curls his spiteful tail snugly down  
to his back, and plunges into the mazes of  
quilt, blanket, or mattress with the most  
perfect "in-at-home" nonchalance. Having  
made his nest, he calmly waits for your calorific  
power to make it pleasant, and while your  
midnight snore reverberates through the tent,  
implying a revival of strength, mental and  
physical, the scorpion takes his repose also.  
Next morning you lazily awake and with one  
or two rolls which arouse your unseen com-  
panion, you get up, and having dressed pro-  
ceed to hang up your bed-clothes. Here  
comes the double blanket, and with a gentle  
shake to free the dust you also drop out an  
object which makes you turn pale. Your  
broad boot heel crushes it to atoms, while  
thank Providence, its curved tail did not make  
its deadly thrust when you were unconscious.  
They are from one and a half to three inches  
in length, of a light brown color, and have an  
enormous pair of claws with which to seize  
their prey. Their tail arches over their back  
and is armed with a sting, which is inserted  
into anything the claws may grasp. Numerous  
instances are on record of both whites and  
blacks dying from its effects. The Kalifras  
remedy is to suck the poisoned part, and is  
generally successful if done immediately after  
being stung. They were very numerous in the  
clains, and occasioned much fear among  
the natives, whose bare feet and unprotected  
legs formed a fine field for their operations.  
[From the New Dominion Monthly for July.

## The Bishop and the Miners.

The Birmingham "Morning News" says a  
story in which the Bishop of Lichfield is the  
prominent figure, is just now circulating at  
Wolverhampton. It is to the effect that while  
walking in the Black Country, a short time  
ago, his lordship saw a number of miners  
seated on the ground, and went towards them  
with the object of saying a word in season.  
He then asked them what they were doing,  
and was told by one of them that they had  
been "layin." The bishop evinced some  
astonishment, and asked for any explanation.  
"Why, yer see," said one of the men, "we set  
us for fur," a kettle, and we been a tryin';  
who can tell the biggest lie to the fur, the  
lordship was shocked, and proceeded to read  
them a lecture, telling them amongst other  
things, that he had always been taught that  
lying was an awful offence, and that, in fact,  
so roughly had this been impressed on him,  
that he never told a lie in the whole course of  
his life. His lordship had barely finished  
when one of the men, who had previously  
remained silent, exclaimed, "Gie the gov-  
ernor the kettle, gie the governor the kettle."

## Comparative Heat and Brilliance of the Sun and the Moon.

The Earl of Rose, in a recent lecture  
before the Royal Institution, gave some in-  
teresting information concerning the various  
experiments heretofore made to detect the  
heat of the moon, and then described his own  
experiments in this line, which are the latest that  
have been made known. By means of a  
specially constructed thermopile, and a pair of  
reflecting galvanometers, made on Sir William  
Thomson's plan, such as are used for sending  
messages over the Atlantic cable, the Earl  
was enabled to demonstrate the presence of  
heat at the surface, and the temperature of  
the lunar surface still remains far from being  
determined. My calculations, he says, led  
me to estimate the heat from the moon as the  
eighty thousandth part of that from the sun.  
Roze's experiments give the brilliancy of  
the full moon as the 300,000th of that of the  
sun, Wellington gives it as the 80,172d, Zulu-  
er as from 618,000th to 619,000th, and Bond  
as the 479,950th. The maximum of the  
lunar heat appear to be a little before full  
moon; the unequal distribution of its mount-  
ains and plains, perhaps, goes to explain this  
phenomenon.

## ARE THE FRENCH POLITE?

Much has  
been said of the politeness of the French peo-  
ple, says a correspondent, yet in every case  
the tribute has been paid by those to whom  
the Frenchman found it in his interest to be  
civil. For my own part, mingling with them  
as man mingle with his equals, I have seen  
their politeness, and have thought it as the  
roughly superficial as any trait in their na-  
tural character. The "bon jour, Monsieur,"  
spoken cordially, costs nothing; the hat raised  
in greeting is hardly an inconvenience; the  
hand and pardon which he asks are as freely  
given as one would be; but ask a Frenchman  
to do you a favor which involves some sacrifice,  
and he will invariably fail you. Expect him  
to give his seat in an omnibus or public  
assembly to a lady, and he will disappoint  
you; ask of him any thing that involves  
any personal inconvenience, and you will see  
that his extravagant professions are mere  
words, and that his feeling has no more  
depth than a mathematical surface. It can-  
not be fluently, it be lavished the truth will be  
pleasant; but the brutal frankness of the Ger-  
man contains more real kindness than his soft  
equivocations.

& CAPS  
Dolly Vanders, make  
other styles to numerous  
M. March-Shtakopon, Paper  
its perfect fit and durability  
of Gents. Furnishing

Switches in Jute and Linen,  
and small wares. Lack  
B. DOTS & BLOES, work

and OITMANS.

and colored, plain, striped  
lons--in bleached and  
& Miller's White Cottons,  
g's, No.  
"Profit" and quick  
ack shall be sold at the lowest  
price.

ten for the elegant "Dolly  
Vander" has been celebrated  
a sample of which can be  
or price and conditions

JAMES BRADLEY,  
St. Andrews

Notice.

a serious accident occur-  
ing obstructions on the  
the public are hereby  
streets or side walks in  
the penalty accorded

ews 20th Nov. 1872.  
THOMAS HIPWELL,  
Commissioner District No. 1.

IC NOTICE

hat the following Non-Res-  
of the Parish of St. George, here-  
for the year 1872, and  
together with the cost of  
I within three months from  
it be sold according to law  
Property. . . . . 88.  
RONALD CAMPBELL,  
18, 1872. Collector.

MACHINES.

FAMILY SHOULD HAVE  
ginal Weed Sewing  
achines.

Machines are now on sale  
the public are invited to  
themselves.

AMES STOOP,  
Agent.

Fair for Sale.

ffers for sale his Property at  
a contams a splendid view  
Bay, the Islands and  
The price is plea-  
a share of the Bay, the  
ough it, rendering it a  
nests and farm, in a place  
within six miles of the  
se farm contains 400 Acres  
under cultivation, 2000  
d pasture, is well watered  
and on the premises are  
House, with two large

behold with or without the  
particulars, apply at the  
premises.

JAMES ORR,  
on the premises.

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later from New York.

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ophon N.B.

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y given, that His Excellency

General, by Order in Coun-  
cil, and under the  
10th, by the 2nd Section of  
has been pleased to order,  
which may be imported  
lity, viz:

Wollen Netting and Flax

of Glycer and Mitts

By Command,

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