



California Vinegar  
ly Vegetable preparation,  
the native herbs found  
of the Sierra Nevada  
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Alcohol. The question-  
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e history of the world has  
compounded possessing  
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e a gentle Purgative as  
living Congestion or In-  
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Enjoy good health, let  
Bitters as a medicine,  
of alcoholic stimulants  
DONALD & CO.,  
gentle, San Francisco, California,  
and Charleston, S. C., New York.  
uggles and Dealers.

In take these Bitters  
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DONALD & CO.,  
gentle, San Francisco, California,  
and Charleston, S. C., New York.  
uggles and Dealers.

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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## LITERATURE. A STAMPEDE IN 1824.

"And you'll not give me one good word, Elsie? You'll not even speak to me?"

The questioner was a tall, hand-some man, tho' somewhat worn-looking, and decidedly shamed-faced. The person he addressed was a winsome lassie of some seventeen years, who had come to the well-head, where a small stream of pure water trickled through a rude-spout inserted in a crevice of the rock. Elsie had put down her pitcher and was waiting for it to fill, leaning meanwhile with both arms on the rude stone wall which protected the spring from the encroachments of the cattle, and looking every where but at the speaker. You'll not even look at me! repeated Duncan Scott, wistfully, and this perhaps the last time we'll ever meet by the well side, where we have spent so many happy hours. Won't you just speak to me, Elsie?

That will I not! answered Elsie, turning on him with womanly indignation and more than womanly inconsistency. That will I not, Duncan Scott! I wonder you dare so much as look at me after what you said, and what you evened me to the last time we met here. I think it shame that ever I cared for the likes of you.

To judge from his face, Duncan seemed to find comfort even in these sharp words. But Elsie was not a woman.

"I'll hear nothing, Duncan—not a word! interrupted Elsie, her blue eyes flashing fire at the recollection of her wrongs. I'll never wed a jealous-pated fool. And jealous of whom? she asked in a tone of the utmost scorn. Of my own foster-brother that was nursed at the breast of my mother? I wonder you did not think of Habbie, or poor William Michael in the ingle-nook.

But, Elsie, would you but listen—

No, I'll not listen. For what should I listen to? But you might tell me how it was, Elsie? You might say a word to explain what you were doing with young Ferniehurst so late at even?

Again Elsie turned on him.

Explain?—and what for? I explain, or what right have you to think any explanation needed? Is not Ferniehurst my own foster-brother, as I call you, and as you knew well enough? And is not that the same as mine own brother, and more? But I will explain, said the poor girl, forcing back the tears which were too ready to run over: Ferniehurst loves young Mary, Hadden's daughter, that's away in Edinboro' with her aunt for safety; and knowing me to be an old friend and playmate of the young lady's, he gave me a letter and token for her, against her coming home, knowing that no man's life is safe for a day, with the English camped here in our very midst. So there ye have the tale, and much good may it do you. No, no! You needn't try to come round me that way, Duncan! she added, in a firm but scornful tone, withdrawing the hand that Duncan would have taken. All's over between us. I have borne much care this from your jealous humor, but I'll bear no more. I'll have naught to say to any man who can call me what you called me that night. Go your ways—with whom you will. I wish you no ill, but all the good in the world; but you are no more ought to me nor I to you! Fare ye well!

So saying, Elsie took up her pitcher, which had been for some time brimming over, and walked down the path, without so much as casting a look behind. Duncan seemed to feel that his cause was hopeless, for he followed sorrowfully enough, and did not even attempt to speak again.

Two days later, in Scotland, at no time before the eighteenth century a very safe or quiet place of residence, was peculiarly unhappy in the year 1824. The burgh, which place the Admiral so nobly burned and wasted that no garrison nor garrison could be lodged there. From their camps the English made forays and incursions on all sides, burning, wasting and plundering all that came in their way. The Scots, even their enemies themselves being judges, made a brave resistance, according to Surry's own account they gave their invaders plenty of work, and "kept them in perpetual skirmish" as the Lord Admiral "never saw the like." The little town—if it can be called so—of Craighurst, had hitherto escaped the spoilers. It lay thoroughly sheltered from notice in a nook of the hills, where the steep stream, receding from a small and rapid stream, left room for a meadow or level space of some sixty acres in extent. At the upper end of this tract of fertile land, stood the peel or tower of Craighurst, a rude building of rough stone, three stories in height, surrounded by a wall and out-buildings, the latter constructed chiefly of mud and turf, and serving as a shelter for the cattle at night. Not far from the tower, the stream tumbled over a precipice in a considerable cascade, and after winding down side to side of the valley, it issued at the lower end through a pass so narrow, intricate and precipitous, that five resolute men might easily hold it against a hundred. The holder of this little fortification was Halbert Scott, or Halbert of Craighurst, a scion of the laird of Ferniehurst, who in

his turn owed feudal service to the lord of Boscough. Halbert was an old man, unable to bear arms, but his two sons, Ambrose and David, were with their lord, helping to garrison the stronghold of Ferniehurst, which lay but a few miles distant across the hills.

Duncan Scott was Elsie's cousin, and her betrothed lover. This was by no means their first quarrel, for Duncan was jealous and Elsie was proud, but never had matters gone so far between them as now. Never had Elsie shown herself so implacable. Her anger was not wholly unreasonable, for Duncan had done her grievous wrong. He had seen his betrothed in earnest conversation with the laird of Ferniehurst for an hour together in the gloaming. He had not been able to overbear their words as they paced the burn-side, but he had seen Ferniehurst put into her hands something made of gold which glittered brightly in the moonlight—of that he was certain—and then speed away, while Elsie put the love token in her bosom and took the path to their old resting-place by the well as if nothing had happened.

"Aye, so! thought Duncan; she thinks to meet me there, and to beguile me with her fine words while she has Ferniehurst's love-token resting on her very heart. But she shall learn my mind on this ere we part."

And so it came to pass that when Elsie, in the ignorance of her heart, came gayly forward to meet her lover, she was assailed by a torrent of accusation and reproaches. Elsie answered him coldly and sternly, with a face that gleamed white as marble in the moonlight: Duncan Scott, you have dared to lightly use me, my Halbert of Craighurst's daughter—on whose fair fame no man nor woman ever before breathed. And wherefore? Because you saw me in talk with my foster-brother, or fear of him to me as mine own brother. If I were to tell my father or brothers, or Ferniehurst himself what you have said, no hole in Craighurst moor would be deep enough to hide you from their wrath. But I wish you no ill. You may go your own gate and keep your own counsel, but never dare by day or night, to speak to me again. With that she drew from her finger her betrothal ring, and throwing it on the ground at his feet, she passed from him like a shadow and was gone.

This quarrel had taken place a week since, and not once had Duncan found a chance to speak to Elsie alone. This evening, however, believing him to be still at work in the harvest-field, she had ventured once more to the well for water, and here Duncan had surprised her and pleaded his cause, unsuccessfully as we have heard.

The well was hidden in a little recess of the hills, behind a projecting crag. As Elsie turned round this crag, she uttered a vehement exclamation of surprise and terror, and casting away her pitcher with little regard for its safety, she started to run down the steep path that led to the burn-side. Duncan arrived a little later, and stood for a moment rooted to the spot. A sorrowful procession had entered the valley at its lower end, and was winding its way toward the tower. Foremost came Ambrose of Craighurst, supporting on a weary and travel-worn horse, an elderly lady who seemed ready to drop from her seat. Three or four men and women followed on foot, carrying some bundles apparently snatched up in haste, and finally came David, mounted on another horse, his arm and head bound up with many a bloody stain on horse and armor. Duncan delayed not long, but de-cending the brae like a wild buck, he joined the party just as it passed before the door of the tower, where old Halbert, apprised of its approach, was already standing.

Alack and woe's me! exclaimed the old man. My dear and honored lady, has it come to this? Even as you see, my good friend, answered the sadly.

But how? But when?

David, with his Englishmen, came upon us at daybreak, answered the lady of Ferniehurst. Our men fought bravely, none could do better, but the enemy were in overwhelming force. My son is a prisoner; most of our brave kinsmen and servants are slain, and there is not left one stone upon another at Ferniehurst. But for these, your brave sons, I had not been here to tell the tale, and I fear that David is wounded to death.

Scott, bringing in with his own manly hands the full pails of milk.

I have sorted the cows for you, Elsie, said he, humbly enough.

Many thanks; but you need not have faded yourself, was the lotty answer.

Elsie, will nothing I can do win your forgiveness? asked poor Duncan.

Aye! answered Elsie, turning swiftly upon him. Bring back my foster brother to his mother's arms—my foster brother, who was taken bravely fighting while you were hiding here, and I will forgive you.

As soon as the words were spoken, Elsie wished them unsaid. She knew they were unjust and unkind; that Duncan had stayed at home solely that he might help her father secure their scanty harvest of oats. She knew that no braver man than Duncan ever came of the name of Scott. But she was too proud to take back her words, and she passed on. She returned in half an hour to see her rejected lover standing in the same place and attitude in which she had left him. She would have passed, but he laid a detaining hand on her arm.

Elsie! said he, in a voice which trembled at first but grew stronger as he proceeded. Elsie, we are now even, for if I called you an ill name, as I did to my shame, you have evened me to a coward. You did me bring back your foster brother. Fare you well, and if you never again hear of Duncan of Eldin, think that he is dead, and that he died blessing you. Before she could answer, if, indeed, she had made up her mind what to say, he had kissed her forehead and was gone. The next morning Duncan was missing. A shepherd on the hills had seen him early in the morning striding down the glen. Day after day passed and yet he did not return.

Surry was still encamped near Jedburgh. Dacre had just returned from his successful foray, after three or four days' absence, bringing great store of booty in sheep and cattle, and many prisoners, among them the young lord of Ferniehurst, a near kinsman of Boscough, and a prize of no mean value. Lord Dacre had not chosen to join his forces to those of Surry, but by encamping on the hill side at some little distance, the horse of his troop being together in a field close at hand, and under a proper guard. The prisoners, watched carefully, occupied a tent by themselves. Lord Dacre himself, having left everything in perfect security, was supping with the Admiral Thomas Times, keeping watch over the straggling horsemen, and boon companion, John Davis, who had been out with the marauding party, when he suddenly made the latter a signal for silence.

What now? asked the latter, in a low tone.

Didst ever hear that the men of these parts had horses like a hart? asked Thomas Times, in a somewhat tremulous whisper.

No. What means that fool's question.

Because here in the last five minutes have I seen a pair of horns raised above you wall and the last time these horns a man's head underneath them—and there again! Jack, the devil is among us!

More likely some scotch-spy, answered the more valiant Davis. I will try if his devilish hide will turn a cloth-yard shaft. Where did you see him?

Over right the thorn yonder—and there—see, by the thorn yonder—and again—

Davis raised his bow and fitted his arrow, but before he could draw it to a head, a wild yell rose from the quarry to which his attention was directed, and three or four wild-looking figures sprang into the inclosure. The horses, terrified by the strange sight and sound, burst away in a body, and rushing headlong through the camp and down upon Surry's quarters, except all before them in indiscriminate confusion. "The Scots!" was the cry. Arrows and guns were discharged at random, still more alarming the maddened horses, which ran scolding the camp overhanging beams and men, and finally disappearing in the darkness. It was long ere order was restored, and when things were once more quiet, a sad scene of damage and loss was displayed to the dismayed and angry eyes of the Admiral. Tents were borne down and lay "all along," arms were scattered and destroyed, heads and limbs were broken, while out of more than a thousand cavalry horses, eight hundred were wholly missing. Worst of all, the tent where the prisoners had been confined was thrown down, and the prisoners were gone. Dacre's men—may, Lord Dacre himself was ready to swear that the devil had appeared, in bodily shape, six times at least among them, and to his power—doubtless invoked by the Scots—the disaster was attributed. The limit was by no means distant with this explanation, but there was nothing to be done. Both horses and men were gone beyond recovery.

It was growing toward sunset, on the third day after the alarm lately narrated, when a young lad, who, in the countenance of the garrison at Craighurst, had been set to keep watch at the entrance of the glen, came running to the tower with the news that "three or four brave riders on great horses were coming up the stream."

Riders! Are you sure callant? asked old Halbert, anxiously.

Aye, and on braw great steeds, such as the Southrons ride, answered the lad; and I am sure that the foremost man of all is Duncan of Eldin, himself.

A sickening thought crossed Elsie's mind at these words. Was it possible that driven desperate by jealousy and baffled love, Duncan had revenged himself upon her by bringing the English upon them?

Friend or foe, we must be ready for them, said old Halbert. Ambrose, my son, go with three men down the stream to the point you wot of. The rest abide here with time Elsie, get all ready, and at the word from me, have the lady away to the hill. I can not think Duncan would betray us, but these are trying times.

Inconsistent Elsie! She, too, had thought of such treachery, but she was as angry at her father for his notion as if such a notion had never crossed her mind. The women prepared all things for a hasty flight, and then Elsie went forth to the lower-head, and strained her eyes and ears to catch some intelligence—

She was not long in suspense. Loud shouts—out of onset, but of joy and triumph—assured her that it was no foe who approached. Presently she beheld her father and friends returning, with several horsemen, foremost of whom were the young lord of Ferniehurst and Duncan Scott.

But where got you your braw steeds? asked the old man, when the tumult of joy and welcome had subsided.

Where there were plenty more, answered Duncan, laughing. We drove the whole of Dacre's horse out through their camp, and brought off some right hundred of the best—me and the Liddesdale lads—and Habbie Elliot has them in safe keeping where Dacre will never find them. The Southrons thought the devil was among them, sure enough, when they saw Habbie and me leap over the wall with the buck's horns on our heads. It was a desperate venture, but we carried it through and here we are.

Elsie was like one in a dream. Duncan had not spoken to her nor looked at her. With him for time to think, she took her pitcher and went to the holy well for water, and leaning over the wall as it filled, she wiped a few tears from her eyes.

He must do as he will, she murmured; I have put myself so far in the wrong that I dare not say a word. I must even bide and see how it will turn out.

She stooped to lift her fill-ditcher, when a manly hand was interposed, and a manly voice whispered—Elsie, I have brought safe to you your foster brother. Will you forgive me now?

Is that that need forgiveness, replied Elsie. I have been sorry ever since I said that you were hiding.

We're hiding.

May be we have both learned a lesson which will be worth what it cost. See, there is my ring that you threw at my feet. Will you let me put it on?

Elsie's hand was not withdrawn, and the pitcher held time to run over; while the lovers leaned on the wall and let the twilight go.

For the Standard.

Summer Manceuvring.

BY CAPTAIN TENTION.

I always had a predilection for soldiering; from my earliest infancy my dreams have ever been of soldiers. When I was eight years of age I possessed a box of German warriors, and my paste-board barracks were to be counted by the score. My ordnance was at first small and apt to get out of order; when a shot got into the wires of my cannon my gun was reduced to silent inactivity, but calling science to my aid I achieved brilliant success with a pea shooter, which in its turn was superseded by the two pewter cannons at present in position at Joe's Point.

Having admitted that I was fond of playing at soldiers in my youth, no one should be surprised to learn that I joined the militia in my old age; especially as a kind of red streak intermingled with pipe clay ran all through the family. This strain my grand aunt said we derived from Drill Marston, who came over with William the Conqueror. That I am here is something in this way: whether it was from a sort of feminine weakness for silver-lace gawgaws, &c., or a desire to come out in a Shell, that marvelous compromise between a coat and a corset, to which thereby hangs no tale, or whether it was from a patriotic resolve to assist the Government in increasing the taxes, I am under oath unable to state; but I am most of all indebted to my friend Jones for the present ridiculous position I now occupy—a civilian disguised as a soldier—a citizen garbed in the uniform of the sword. But it is useless repining. I am a volunteer, and there is a coolness on my part to Jones. My misfortune began from the time that detestable Jones rushed into my room, and in his cursedly impudent way screamed in my ear, "Charles, look at my shell! by Gad, sir! that shell has

cost me two months' study; wouldn't you like to jibe the corpse, (I thought he referred here to a post mortem on the Volunteer system.) I'll introduce you to the tailor that made my shell, poor soul! I will, why damn there's not a woman in the Dominion can resist a garment of that make."

This was the clinching argument, so without more ado I determined to obtain a commission, and do the irresistible bauble. During the two days I was waiting for the tailor to metamorphose myself into an officer, I was in a state of pleasurable excitement bordering on insanity; in imagination I had ceased to be Brown, and became D'Arignan, Hannibal Wellington, and to prepare myself for the coming tide, I dressed fantastically, perhaps, but still usefully. I wore on my head a washstand basin to accustom myself to the weight of the shako, and rolled round my throat a piece of stiff oil-cloth, in preparation for the regimental stock. More than this, I took pains to carry my umbrella in a military fashion, and hummed a march as I walked along. Jones called in frequently to assist me with brandy and water, and give frequent suggestions about the shell, and on one occasion in the height of my excitement, nearly involved me into a conspiracy against the Government; look here, says he, I know a fellow by the name of Thompson, who is a descendant of Charles II, when you get your shell, by Gad, sir, we'll unfurl his banner. For the moment I was the head of an army, the leader of many faithful followers, at war with McKenzie and the clan Grit. My visionary glories were here cut short by the arrival of an official letter, the orthodox red tape, informing me that my regiment was ordered for fifteen days drill, or rather hard labour, at St. Andrews, on the 20th inst. Hurrah! says Jones, capital place that, been there, new Hotel, kind of Jack-straw Castle, pretty girls, good liquor, put up at Billy's—meals at all hours, good place to air a shell, will go there and marry an heiress!

My introduction to my fellow shell-backs took place as follows: I will call here, says Jones, about first glass time in the morning, when you will have obtained your uniform and will look respectable. The uniform arrived that evening, accompanied by the bill, which was of a military character inasmuch as it came up to the charge. It was very tight, but I had expected this, as I had been told it was the duty of an officer to be tight and soldier-like. Never to my dying day will I forget my sensation as I accompanied my friend Jones to our headquarters. Owing to the earliness of the morning, but few dannels were out to smile upon me; I had been noon scores of blushing maidens would have kissed their hands, and perhaps pelted me with roses, accompanied by the tableaux of the aged parent weeping out of an up-stair window. Noting, however, of this kind occurred, but an old man whom we met, wept, and said, "Well, I'll be dam!" Jones said this was a caricature. Hurrah! exclaimed Jones, this is jolly, they're going out for a march, now you will have an opportunity of seeing ours at their best. He had scarcely spoken when a series of dreadful sounds assailed the drums of my ears. At first, I thought the sounds emanated from some pig slaughter-house, next, from an undertakers shop, next, from a ragged school. "Come, now, that isn't so bad," said Jones. "What is that dreadful noise," I asked, scarcely attending to his words. "What dreadful noise," he replied, turning upon me sharply. "Why that dreadful row, don't you hear it?" By Gad, Sir! you surely don't mean, our regimental band, do you? "I only ask you to wait till it passes before you judge of its demerits." I did wait, and must say I was not particularly impressed with the military display. The procession was headed by a policeman clearing the way with a broom; I mention him as he possessed unquestionably the most military appearance of any. He was followed by the band playing "Mourir pour la patrie," arranged as a quick-step, in which the big drum and cornet wrestled for the mastery. After the band came a gentleman on an ex-cabhorse, his coat was covered with silver, and his boots ornamented with hunting spurs. The moment he came abreast of us, Jones gave a severe military salute, which was very unsteadily returned. "He is high up in the service," whispered my companion in my ear. "Fine looking man, isn't he? Pity he don't know a word of his drill." With my hat scarcely on my head, and my sword hanging haughtily at my side, I entered the barrack yard. My appearance created a sensation; sergeants saluted me, and corporals in tunics recognised me as their future lord. Proudly, though somewhat ungracefully, I stumbled into the presence of the commanding officer. (He was fierce, epigrammatic, and portly; every yard of him was a soldier, except about three inches, these inches were in his boots. "I am glad to see you, sir," he said fiercely; then, turning tranquilly round, "Hi, here! fetch the bugler." A score of clock-hoppers hurried hither, and thither in search of the regimental minstrel; when found he expressed his sentiments in a manner more remarkable for violence than for melody. These sentiments were, I was informed, known as the officer's call. About twenty officers here engaged themselves on sickly camp stools, when the