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The Standard.

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Excellissimum est optimum. Cic.

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LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS

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COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Standard.

Sir,—As an advocate for social gatherings, I feel much pleasure in giving publicity to one of this order on Thursday the 14th inst., that of the "Chamcock Sunday School Festival."

The place chosen was the lawn of John Wilson, Esquire. There were present on this beautiful spot from 50 to 60 children, who with Teachers, and a large number of parents and friends made up a goodly meeting.

I do not think that I ever witnessed a more enlivening scene—the day was fine and every arrangement had been made for the children's enjoyment, the tables set out upon the green, and covered with the "sweets of life," had every justice done them. In absence of Revd. Doctor Alley who, I hear, was unable to attend, through sickness of his nephew, the Principal of the School delivered a very appropriate address, and throughout the day, the greatest order, and sociality prevailed. The Squire (as he is called) and his good lady shared in the happiness of the merry makers, and seemed as though they had again entered upon

"Life's gay morn when brightly youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms,
Which beauty can disclose."

I do not think that too much praise can be bestowed upon the promoters of these benevolent undertakings. I mean "Sunday Schools," they are the basis of morality, the groundwork of religion; and many a dying person has blessed with his last breath, the institution in which he was taught the principles of religion and the assurance of immortality.

Yours, &c.

A GUEST.

St. Patrick, 16th Sept. 1854.

THE FIGHTING PREACHER.

The western ruffians (who were the "legis almina" of the American ministry of the day) were unusually brawny, athletic men; physically, if not mentally, educated almost to perfection. They had occasion sometimes to preach to their rude hearers with their fists as well as their stentorian lungs.

At a camp meeting, says Mr. Finley, a row was raised on Saturday by about twenty low fellows of the base sort, who came upon the ground intoxicated, and had vowed they would break up the meeting. One of the preachers went to the leader for the purpose of getting him to leave; but this only enraged him, and he struck the preacher a violent blow on the face and knocked him down. Here the conflict began. The members saw that they must either defend themselves, or allow the ruffians to beat them and insult their daughters. It did not take them long to decide. They very soon placed themselves in an attitude of defence.

Brother Birkman, an exceedingly stout man, seized their bully leader, who had struck the preacher, and with one thrust of his brawny arm, crushed him down between two benches. The aid-de-camp of the bully ran for his relief, but only to meet the same fate, for no sooner did he come within reach of the Methodist, than with crushing force he felt himself on the ground, on the back of his comrade in distress. Here they were held in torments till the sheriff and his posse came and took possession, and binding them with ten others, they were carried before a justice who fined them heavily for the misdemeanor. As soon as quiet was restored, Bishop Ashbury occupied the pulpit. After singing and prayer, he rose and said he would give the rowdies some advice.

"You must remember that all our brothers in the church are not yet sanctified, and I advise you to let them alone; for if you get them angry, and the devil should get in them they are the strongest men to fight and conquer in the world. I advise you if you do not like them, to go home and let them alone."

In speaking of one of his brother itinerants one to whom it was owing "that Methodism is now the prevailing religion of Illinois," he says:—

At the camp meeting held at Alton, in the autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under Mike Fink, a notorious rowdy, the triumphant bully of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met an equal or even a second. The coarse, drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand—outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all exercise, and yet such was the terror the name of their leader—Fink—inspired, that no individual could be found brave enough to face his prowess.

At last, one day, when Mr. — ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes on the outskirts of the encampment raised a yell so deafening as to utterly drown every other

sound. Mr. —'s dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, threw off his coat and remarked aloud:—

"Wait for a few moments, my brethren, while I go and make that devil pray."

He then proceeded, with a smile on his lip, to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully thus:—

"Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray."

The desperado rolled back the tangled festoons of his blood red hair, arched his huge brow with a comical expression, and replied:—

"By golly! I'd like to see you do it, old sonner."

"Very well," said M. —, "will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?"

"In course they will; they're role grit, and won't do nothin' but the clean thing, so they won't," rejoined Fink, indignantly.

"Are you ready?" asked M. —.

"Ready as a race horse with a light rider," replied Mike, squaring his ponderous person for the coming combat.

But the bully spoke too soon, for scarcely had the words left his lips, when M. — made a prodigious bound toward his antagonist and accompanied it with a quick, shooting punch of his herculean fist, which hurried him to the earth like lead. Then even his intemperate comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer. But Fink was up in a moment and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming:—

"That wasn't fair, so it wasn't."

He aimed a ferocious stroke which M. — parried with his left hand grasping his throat with the right crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled, squirmed, and writhed in the dust, but all to no purpose; for the strong muscular fingers held his windpipe, as in the jaws of an iron vice. When he began to turn purple in the face, and ceased to resist, M. — slackened his hold, and inquired:—

"Will you pray, now?"

"I doesn't know a word how," gasped Fink.

"Repeat after me," commanded M. —.

"Well, if I must, I must," answered Fink, because you're the devil himself."

The preacher then said over the Lord's prayer, line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise. At the consummation, the rowdies roared three boisterous cheers.—Fink shog M. —'s hand exclaiming:—

"By golly, you're some beans in a bar fight. I'd rather set to with an old bar in dog days. You can pass this ere crowd of nose smashers with your picture."

Afterwards, Fink's party behaved with the utmost decorum, and M. — resumed his seat in the pulpit.

TWO WEEKS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Prometheus, with San Francisco dates to the 1st September, arrived at New York on Monday last, with \$1,000,000 in gold and 361 passengers.

Political affairs are the chief theme of the California papers.

The mining news is very cheering, although scarcity of water retarded operations somewhat in certain localities.

Two men, foreigners, detected in disposing of stolen cattle at San Antonio, were dragged out of the prison where they had been confined, and hung to the nearest tree without any kind of trial.

Three towns, Mokelumne Hill, Camposee, and St. Louis have been burnt. Total loss, \$800,000.

Emigrants were pouring in rapidly by way of the Plains. Chinese were arriving in great numbers—no less than 2400 in the fortnight.

Two tribes of Digge Indians had had a pitched battle on the 22nd at American Flats, El Dorado county. At last accounts five warriors had been killed, and many wounded. The fight was still going on.

During the month of August only 50 deaths occurred among the adult population of San Francisco. The City was never more healthy.

An association of citizens of foreign birth had been organized at Sacramento, in opposition to the Know Nothings.

News from Nevada to 28th, says that French Coral, a town of 75 to 100 houses, had been burnt the previous night.

The sloops of war seen going into San Francisco when the last mail left were the Amphitrite, British, and Artemise, French.

San Francisco, Aug. 30.

Business has not improved during the past fortnight, and importers have made few sales of magnitude, notwithstanding the orders from the East to realize. Dealers have ample stocks to meet any ordinary demand.

Advices from all parts of the country are favorable to trade, although the miners have been unprecedentedly successful. The ad-

vice from the East per Brother Jonathan will tend still further to depress rates. Several vessels have cleared, and sixteen are up for Atlantic ports.

Loss of the Steamer "City of Philadelphia."—A telegraph despatch received at the News Room yesterday from Halifax, announces the loss of the steamship City of Philadelphia, near Cape Race, Newfoundland, on the 7th Sept., being out 8 days and a few hours from Liverpool, bound to Philadelphia. The passengers were all saved.

At the time of the disaster which was 11 p. m., she was running ten knots, and the night was very dark and stormy. After striking on Cape Race, she backed off and ran aground in Chance Cove, 7½ miles north of Cape Race, and lies in three fathoms water. About 8 feet of the stem are turned, and she has a hole in her bottom. The water extinguished the fires before she ran aground. Her cargo is valued at \$60,000, all in the lower hold being damaged. The Telegraph Company's steamer took one hundred of the passengers to St. John's and left again to render every assistance possible. One hundred and fourteen of the passengers landed at Halifax on Tuesday morning; the rest are at St. John's awaiting a conveyance.

The City of Philadelphia was a new English screw steamer, on her first voyage, and was commanded by Capt. Leitch. She had 540 passengers on board.

REGULATIONS OF CAMPOBELLO FISHING SOCIETY FOR 1854.

AT a Meeting of the Committee of the Society, held at Walspool, on the 2d inst., it was resolved, That the 16th of October be the last day for entering Boats and receiving Fish; and that the 17th be the day on which the Fish is to be shown; and the 18th, the day for the Boat Races. Judges to name the Course on the last day of entry.

The following PRIZES were then agreed upon, and the Judges named:—

Smoked Herrings—16 prizes; 1st prize, £2 10; descending by 2s. 6d. less each succeeding prize.

Pickled Herrings—8 prizes; 1st, £1 15; 2d, £1 10; 3d, £1 7 6; 4th, £1 5; 5th, £1 4; 6th, £1 2 6; 7th, £1 0 0; 8th, 15s.

Rippling Herrings—2 prizes; 1st prize, £1 5; 2d, 15s.

Yarnmouth Bloaters—2 do.; 1st, £1 5; 2d, 15s.

Magdalen Herrings—3 prizes; 1st, £1 5; 2d, £1 0 0; 3d, 15s.

Dried Codfish—2 do.; 1st, £2 0 0; 2d, £1 0 0.

Pickled Do.—5 prizes; 1st, £1 10; 2d, £1 5; 3d, 1 0 0; 4th, 15s; 5th, 10s.

Dried Pollack—10 prizes; 1st, £2 0 0; 2d, £1 17 6; 3d, £1 12 6; 4th, £1 10; 5th, £1 5; 6th, £1 0 0; 7th, 17s 6d; 8th, 15s; 9th, 12s 6d; 10th, 10s.

Dried Hake—3 prizes; 1st, £1 5; 2d, £1 0 0; 3d, 15s.

Dried Haddock—4 prizes; 1st, £1 7 6; 2d, £1 5; 3d, £1 2 6; 4th, 15s.

Finian Haddock—2 prizes; 1st, £1 5; 2d, 15s.

Pickled Haddock—5 prizes; 1st, £1 5; 2d, £1 2 6; 3d, £1 0 0; 4th, 17s 6d; 5th, 15s.

Mackerel, barrelled—4 prizes; 1st, £1 10; 2d, £1 4; 3d, 18s; 4th, 10s.

Best Box of Smoked Mackerel—1 prize, £1 0 0.

Nets—1 fathom in length 150 meshes of 24 inches the mesh—10 prizes. 1st, 14s; 2d, 12s 6d; 3d, 11s; 4th, 8s; 5th, 7s 6d; 6th, 7s; 7th, 6s 6d; 8th, 6s 6d; 9th, 4s 6d; 10th, 3s 6d.

FIRST CLASS OF SAILING BOATS, including all Boats from 18 to 20 feet keel—10 prizes:—

1st prize £2 10; 2d, £2 5; 3d, £2; 4th, £1 15; 5th, £1 10; 6th, £1 5; 7th, £1 2 6; 8th, £1 0 0; 9th, 17s 6d; 10th, 15s.

SECOND CLASS OF SAILING BOATS including all under 18 feet keel, 4 prizes:—

1st, £2 0 0; 2d, £1 12 6; 3d, £1 5; 4th, £1 2 6.

PULLING BOATS, 3 prizes:—

1st, £2 0 0; 2d, £1 5; 3d, 15s.

Judges of all kinds of Fish—Joseph Patch and Thos. K. Parker.

Judge of Nets—The Rev. Stimpson.

N. B.—All articles for exhibition, must be brought in on or before the 6th of October, as nothing will be allowed in after sunset on that day, and all Boats must be entered at the same time.

Any Boat may carry a jib in addition to her ordinary sail, if the owner think proper to do so, but no extra sail allowed.

Campobello, Sept. 16th, 1854.

The New York Sun has imported paper

from France, paying a duty of 30 per cent., and 3 per cent. more for freightage, and then getting a better and cheaper article than that made at home.

BUCHAREST.

Seen at a little distance, Bucharest appears a very handsome city. It contains some three hundred churches, and each of these have two or more tall spires. Most of the public buildings are also crowned by turrets or domes. Every spire, turret and dome is covered with tin. A thin gauze-like vapour hung upon the lower buildings, softening their outlines; and above this waving cloud rose the thousand domes, spires, and turrets sparkling with almost dazzling brightness in the sun. They crowned the city like a silver diadem. Bucharest covers as great an extent of ground as Paris, but a third of the space is taken up with gardens, so that one saw the bright green foliage of the trees, appearing here and there above the shadowy vapour, and this served to increase the charming effect of the whole scene. I was not so much disappointed as I expected to be on entering the city. After passing the gate, where, as I need not say, I had to show my passport, and answer the three hundred questions in the Russian police catechism, we drove through a long faubourg of alien gardens and one-storied houses, till we reached a broad well built street, containing some fine buildings. This is the part of the city inhabited by the wealthier Spanish Jews.

We then rolled on through three or four streets, with handsome shops on either side, and full of bustle, till we reached the post-office. Except in the principal streets, few of the houses in Bucharest exceed two stories in height. The place was formerly subject to shocks of earthquake, which was the reason for making the dwellings so low. There is a great deal of ornament about most of the newly built houses, succeed friezes, pilasters, and brightly painted or gilded balconies.—The taste may be considered twofold in England or France, but after the shaly komacs of Turkey, the effect was very pleasing. Some of the small private houses, situated in the less frequented streets, with their projecting roofs, the whole embowered in trees, are very picturesque. The palace of the Hospodar is an unpretending building of two stories high, situated in the principal street, with a large court in front. Bucharest has an opera house, elegantly built, and capable of holding seven or eight hundred persons. We found an English prima donna succeeding with an audience chiefly Russian. The city is surrounded by a promenade, which on a fine afternoon, is crowded with vehicles. At one end is a triumphal arch, lately raised in honor of Nicholas.

THE FIRST TIME IN LOVE.—A youth who is in love for the first time is wonderfully romantic. The beloved object is far from ordinary mortality, and he could do more than humanity ever did before for her sake. He half wishes that somebody would run away with her, that he might ride upon a black horse, draw a pistol, and shoot the villain, and carry her back all in secret, fainting and languishing upon his shoulders; and her father would then take his hand in both of his, and make some elegant remarks. He cannot think anything more joyous than to live with her in some old castle, very far from steamboats, and post-offices; and pick geraniums for her hair, and read poetry with her under the shade of very dark ivy vines. And he would have a charming boudoir in some corner of the old ruin, with a harp in it, and books bound in gilt, with cupids on the covers, and a fairy couch with curtains hung upon carved doves. These first kindlings of love are very pleasant, but are they lasting?—(Home Journal.)

THE CZAR NICHOLAS.

An English journal quoted by Zion's Herald, sums up a long article on the policy and conduct of the Czar Nicholas, with the following terrible picture of that grasping Sovereign's wickedness. Yet there is, doubtless, enough of truth in his statements to prove that the Czar must very fully sympathize with the sentiment of Shakespeare's Henry IV.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Thus has the proud man, the Emperor of all the Russias, passed his fifty-eighth birthday, sitting among the wreck of all his idols. They are of clay; and it is his own iron will that has shivered them all. Instead of achieving territorial extension, he has apparently brought on the hour of forcible dismemberment of his empire. Instead of court gaiety, his childish vanity has created only the mirth which breaks the heart and undermines the life. Instead of securing friendly peace by the comprehensive power of his will, he has made his sons the slaves, instead of himself the lord of their passions. Hated by his nobles; liked only by those who can give him no aid, and receive no good from him; drawn by his own passions to sacrifice them in hecatombs, while they fix their eyes

on him as their only hope; tricked by his servants all over the empire; disappointed by his army and its officers; afraid to leave his capital, because it would be laid waste as soon as his back was turned; cursed in all directions for the debt of his nobles, the bankruptcy of trade, and the hunger of his people; conscious of the reprobation of England and France, whose reprobation could be no indifferent matter to Lucifer himself; finding himself out in his count about Austria, and about everybody but his own despised brother of Prussia, and (as an afterthought) Naples; and actually humbled before the Turks; what a position for a man whose birth day once seemed to be an event in the calendar of the universe! Be it remembered the while, that he is broken in health and heart. He stoops as if burthened with years; he trembles with weakness because he cannot take sufficient food. The eagle glance has become wolfish. The proud calm of his fine face has given way to an expression of anxiety and trouble. He is perhaps the greatest sufferer in Europe, and let him be regarded accordingly. But, as we need not say, he is totally unfit for the management of human destinies.

Those who may be subject in the night time to that excruciating pain called cramp, may be secure against its attacks by tying any kind of a bandage very tightly round the leg, immediately above the knee; or it may be remedied by breathing forcibly, and taking long respirations, thus exciting the action of the lungs, which means the whole system will be animated, and perhaps in less than minute the disorder will be abated, and the pain effectually removed.

FIRE AT QUEBEC.—We learn from the Quebec Observer extra of last Thursday that on the night previous a fire broke out in the officers quarters of the Royal Artillery above the mess room, it is believed from a defect in the chimney, and had been long smouldering. The military and firemen made incredible exertions to save the building and finally succeeded, although the two upper stories were completely gutted.

We are pleased to find by a paragraph in the Freeman that New Brunswick ships continue to add to their fame as sailing vessels. The barque Hacana, commanded by Captain Stockton, and owned by Messrs. Crano & Co. of this City, recently made the run from Melbourne to Callao in thirty five days—being the quicker Rheumatism She brought the A Scalds July. The Haas Sore Nipples by Mr. T. S. Hic

—Establishment of Profess. CHARGE OF EXTEND, (near Temple Ba IN SLAVESTABLE DRUGGIES 660 Landed on thecoines throughout th —ots, at 1s. 4d., 5s. an

United States Marshal Sept. 20.—The Unconsiderable savit A-taney, Mr. John Mc —'s — Sur- —quence of information for the guide; been —quely engaged for —border, are affir —retting certain —prizes charged v — fitting out vessels in New York for the —ose of —trafficking in slaves. Accordingl —H —arrants were endorsed by Mr. —Hillman to Mar- —shal, as Mr. Horton, one of his deputies, and —Rev. Nevins. —Horton then —moving —ceeded in —arresting the captain of the brig Julia Moulton, No. 352 Water street, where he was accused in the back —parade. The following is a copy of the affidavit which implicates the captain.

James Willis, of the city of New York, mariner, being duly sworn, deposes that J. Smith, a citizen of the United States, was master of the brig Julia Moulton, a vessel navigating for and on behalf of the said Smith, did, sometime in the month of April, 1854, within the admiralty jurisdiction of the United States, on the coast of Africa, or elsewhere, feloniously, unlawfully, and against the laws of the United States, detain on board said brig, six hundred and sixty negroes, not held to service by the laws of either the States or Territories of the United States, with the intent to make such negroes, and each of them, slaves.

It further appears that after loading the 660 slaves on the island of Cuba, from the coast of Africa, the brig was laid up. The offence with which the captain is charged is a capital one, involving the forfeit of life, and is therefore not bailable.

The party arrested by officer Nevins on a charge of fitting out the vessel, contrary to the act of 1815, is a highly respectable ship chandler downtown; and well connected to the city. We forbear giving his name until an investigation takes place, and the allegation is found to be true or false. The District Attorney imposed a rule of bail of \$40,000 on this gentleman, which was entered into by three responsible sureties before Mr. Commissioner Morton; by whom the warrants of arrests were issued.

If you are vexed or angry you will have two troubles instead of one.