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The Standard, OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

E. P. S. sumendum est optimum. - Cic.

No 17] SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1856. [Vol. 23

The County of Charlotte, to D. W. Jack Treasurer.

1855.	DR.		
April 10,	To paid John Popham for cutting wood,	£ 0 3 0	
17,	A. W. Smith for printing,	3 19	
19,	C. E. O. Hatheway for Brooms,	11	
	Hugh Maxwell, Tubs for Gaol,	5 2	
20,	Constables attending November Circuit,	7 14	
	do. April Sessions,	7	
	William Henan, Constable, for services,	3 5 9	
	Richard Haddock, do. do.	15	
	Cornelius Cain, do. do.	10 9	
	Peter Dorin, do. do.	5	
21,	Dr. Gove, Coroner, for services,	4 11 9	
	Patrick O'Shaughnessy, Staffs,	3 2 6	
	W. R. M. Law, Gaoler, for services,	42 10	
	Harriet Law, for making Bedding,	27 14 1	
23,	Thomson Jones, Esq., Sheriff, for services,	11 0 6	
	Dr. Robert C. Thomson, Coroner, do.	4 10	
	James Ellis, for firewood,	12 6	
	James Thompson, for cartage,	15	
	do. for cartage of fuel,	4 4 6	
24,	H. H. Hatch, Record Book,	8 5	
25,	Dr. Robert Thomson, Coroner, for services,	4 11 6	
27,	Dimock & Wilson, for lime,	1 17 5	
28,	George Moore, stove pipe,	2 2	
May 5,	Thomas Berry, Carpenter, for work,	1 17 6	
	John Popham, cutting wood,	2 2	
	Donald Clark, Bread for Prisoners,	5 6	
	Geo. D. Street, Esq., Insurance on Court House,	13 17 1	
	Thomas McKewen Constable, for services,	2 18 6	
	Dennis Bradley, Blankets &c., for Gaol,	1	
	George Thompson Mason, for work,	5	
June 12,	W. R. M. Law, for labor about Gaol and Court House,	18	
25,	William Henan, for conveying Lunatic to St. John,	25 11 4	
July 4,	W. Lord, Freight of weights and measures,	15	
10,	Donald Clark for Bread,	1 10	
11,	H. H. Hatch for Coal,	2 10 9	
13,	John Burn for Housing Coal,	30 0 0	
14,	James Scallan for cartage of Coal,	5 8	
15,	Jacob Haddock Carpenter, for work,	39 15 0	
16,	Committee for building Fence, &c.,	1 14 6	
18,	Moses M'Gowan, for services to prevent spread of	13 16 0	
19,	Small Pox,	44 7 9	
20,	Wellington Hatch, Esq., Clerk of Peace, for services	16 11 7	
21,	Oliver & Taylor, for Stationery	2 17 6	
22,	Peit Javors, for attendance Sept. Sessions 1855	1 0 0	
23,	W. R. M. Law, Gaoler, for services	6 2 0	
24,	Thomas Berry, Carpenter, for work	4 15 6	
25,	Michael Cronan, for ringing Bell	1 13 9	
26,	C. E. O. Hatheway, sundries for Gaol	2 6 6	
	Constables attending Circuit Court and September	3 17 0	
	Sessions	3 15 6	
	Wm. Henan, Constable, for services	1 8 3	
	Richardson Haddock, do do	22 15 0	
26,	Cornelius Cain, do do	5 0	
	C. R. Hatheway, Esq. for services	39 1 6	
	Wm. Ker, Esq. do	8 6 8	
	Hugh Maxwell, Cooper, for work	4 10 0	
29,	Thomas Jones, Esq., Sheriff, for services	82 3 9	
	George M'Kay, Esq. for services	2 17 6	
	John Carmichael, Constable, for services	7 10 0	
	Wellington Hatch, for services	4 11 6	
Oct. 9,	Donald Clark, for Bread	1 4 4	
12,	Andrew Clinlin and others for witnesses' fees	19	
13,	Peit Javors attending Circuit Court	32 2 0	
16,	Joshua Winchester, for taking lunatic to St. John	2 3 9	
19,	William Henan, for taking prisoners to Penitentiary	2 0 0	
20,	Joseph Connick and others, witnesses fees	3 18 9	
21,	John Bradford, for necessities supplied Jurors	2 2 0	
22,	John Carlyle, Constable, for services	20 0 0	
1856.	Balance in hand	202 0 6	

1855.	CR.		
April 9,	By Balance in hand,	£241 1 7	
10,	Amount received from Mark Hall col'r St. George	18 10	
11,	Am't rec'd from D. A. Rose Esq., fine for furious driving,	148 10	
29,	do Wellington Hatch Esq., for Licenses,	66 15	
Aug. 3,	do R. Hatheway, License for Circus, &c.	5	
Sept. 17,	do Wellington Hatch Esq., for Licenses,	10	
18,	do Albert Robinson, Esq., Liquor fines	13 10	
Nov. 6,	do George M'Kay Esq., for a fine returned		
13,	do Hon. John S. Saunders, Clerk of the		
	Circuits, for Entrance fees,		
1856.	Warrant on Treasury for amt. of Jurors fees	82 9 9	
Jan'y 2,	Amount received on account of Assessment 1855		
March 7,	from Collectors of St. Andrews	£47 6 10	
10,	St. Stephen	59 0 0	
15,	St. James	17 0 0	
17,	St. David	17 4 0	
27,	St. Patrick	17 0 0	
	St. George	20 0 0	
	Pennfield	15 0 0	
	West Isles	11 17 7	
	Campobello	9 18 0	
	Grandmann	14 6 0	
April 7,		228 12 5	
		£ 810 15 9	

St. Andrews, 7th April, 1856.

D. W. JACK,
County Treasurer.

TERRIFIC WOLF CHASE.

The following exciting sketch of a Wolf Chase in Hungary, will be read with lively and thrilling interest. The chase—the attack of the hungry pack—the combat—the death struggle—the rescue—form altogether one of the most thrilling scenes imaginable.

One evening his way home led through a desolate morassy wood, which stretched far ten versts on one side of his little farm, and where the track, deep between accumulations of high snow, gave only just sufficient width for the little horse and sledge. Mart's eyes were closed and his senses heavy with weariness, nevertheless he soon began to be aware that the animal was quickening his pace unwontedly again it jerked forward, quicker still—and a low neighing sound of terror effectually roused the drowsy man. He looked in front; all was as usual a wide snowy forest, standing knee-deep in a bed of snow—the narrow trough of a track winding through it—here and there pyramids of snow which showed the huge ant-hills of the country—the heavens bright—the earth white—no living object but the horse before him. He looked behind—the scene was just the same—whispering snow and leafless trees, and a winding track; but close to the sledge were three dark gaunt animals, heavily galloping, and another was fast gaining behind; the jaws of the foremost, with the lowness of the sledge, were within the reach of Mart's shoulder. He cared not for that—he knew that it was his horse they wanted first; and saw in an instant that all depended on the animal's courage more than on his own. If the frightened creature could have the nerve to keep steady in the track, the chances were much in its favor, for the moment the wolves turned off in order to pass and get ahead of it, the depth of the snow diminished their speed—but should the horse, in his terror, plunge aside and founder in the snow, Mart knew that he would be lost. He leaped forward, called the animal cheerfully by its name, and laid his hand on its back as he went, often went to do, in times of fatigue or difficulty—the poor beast knew the kind voice and hand—raised its ears, which were laid flat back with terror, and fell into an even pace.

Mart shouted violently—but the wolves either too keen or too many—made no impression. It was an awful time both for master and horse. Mart kept his hand on the animal, while his eye watched the ferocious brutes, who were often within arm's length. He had a hatchet, which he always carried on these occasions, to chop the frozen fish; he felt for it and grasped it in his hand, but forbore to use it, for the closer the wolves kept at the back of the sledge, the less were they seen by the horse. Every minute, however, one or more of them broke out of the track in the attempt to pass; and although they instantly lost footing in the snow, yet the unblinkered eyes of the little animal had caught sight of the dreadful foe, and a plunge forward made Mart turn his eyes with anxiety to see that it kept straight in the narrow path.

One of the wolves was more than usually huge and long-limbed, and more than once it had contrived, in spite of the deep snow, to advance nearer abreast of the sledge than any of its companions. Upon this grim creature Mart more especially kept his watch, and caught the green light which played from its eye-balls. It turned off again—the snow laid fester for a space—the wolf kept its footing—it gained—for their pace is enormous—the little horse's eyes glared around at it. Mart drew his hand, wet with the animal's perspiration; the wolf was just beyond arm's reach, but he kept his hatchet in readiness. The horse was now in a desperate gallop, and the wolf just abreast—it suddenly turned sharp towards it—now was Mart's time. He dealt a tremendous blow—the wolf avoided it, but stumbled in the snow and in a few moments was yards behind.

The distance from home was now quickly shortening beneath the horse's hoofs, which continued to carry the sledge at full gallop, till the fear of an overturn became the source of fresh anxiety. Mart was quite aware by this time that there were no common lazy wolves he had to deal with, but sharp set determined brutes, to whom man or beast would be alike welcome. These were not the animals to be deterred by the sight of a man's dwelling, as is usually the case, and there was an ugly yew of wide open space between the outskirts of the forest and his house which he looked to with real apprehension.

They were now at the very edge of the wood—the road became open—the wolves gained on every side—the horse bounded furiously forward, caught the sledge against the stump of a tree—it overturned—was swept away at a tremendous pace, and Mart was left alone in the snow. In a moment a heavy claw hatched the throat, and down the front of his sheepskin—it was well Anno's whippers by so thick beneath. He threw

off the brute and rose—his hatchet had been jerked out of his hand in the fall—he cast a desperate glance around, but saw it not. The horse was now almost out of sight, two of the wolves were close to the defenceless man, and the two others, deserting the animal, were bounding back to him. Mart faced the foremost, he could do no more, and in an instant was surrounded. Here we must leave him, however cruel it may seem. Meanwhile the two women were as usual expecting him anxiously at home—for Mart was late. Anno was sitting beneath the pinewood candle at the spinning-wheel. Liso had risen from her's and gone into the smaller chamber, especially devoted to her. Old Karria Pois was lying before the stove fast asleep. Of a sudden the dog pricked his ears, listened, rose—ran to the door and whined—then, returning to Anno, wagged his tail, ran back and whining again scratched at the door. Karria Pois usually gave signal of Mart's approach, though not in so urgent a way, and Anno opened the door expecting to see her husband. The dog dashed furiously out, but no sign of Mart appeared. The young wife went out into the piercing air—saw and heard nothing, and was slowly returning in, when a sound caught her ear—it was the sound of hoofs striking fall and sharp upon the ground. So had Mart never approached before. But there was no time for wonder, for the next moment the horse galloped up to the door and stopped. Anno saw instantly that something had happened—the animal was dripping with foam and trembling all over—the sledge was reversed, and, above all, Mart was not there.

Anno was but the girl still; she called quick to her grandmother—the old woman did not answer—she flew into the inner room; Liso was standing motionless with her face pressed against the door. There was no light, save from the little snowed up window; but Anno saw enough to know that she stood in prayer. "Oh! Juuma!" (God) said the poor girl to herself, "hear her!" and leaving her undisturbed, she ran again out of the house, gave one look at the trembling horse, and then, all trembling herself, began to retrace the jagged track in which it had come.

We must now return to Mart, whom we have left in a frightful position. He knew what it was to be torn to shreds in games and wrestling matches, and it was such as, shoulder to shoulder, and muscle to muscle, few could withstand. But it was as nothing now, against the heavy weight—the vice-like teeth—the rending grasp that held him down on every side. For a few seconds the desperate violence of a man to whom life is sweet, and such a death most horrible, shook off the pitiless assailants; but his own blood had dyed the snow, and the sight of it seemed to turn ferocity into fury. The blood hounds closed again upon him—they pulled him down!

People say there is no time to think in sudden dangers—they have never known one. There are more thoughts struck from the mind in one moment's collision with sudden and desperate peril than in days of fearless security. The sweets of this earth—the home that lay so near—the mystery of Heaven, swept over Mart's mind; day, even particulars found time to intrude. He thought how Anno and Liso would watch through the night—how his mangled remains would tell all in the morning—Anno's despair—the village lament; he thought of all this, and more, and knew himself in the jaws of hungry wolves! Then those foul lurid eyes glared over him; the tightening of the throat was suffocating him—his senses reeled—when on a sudden—dash came another animal hard-breathing along; throw itself into the midst with one sharp howl, and fastened upon the chief assailant. The wolves relaxed their fury for an instant; Mart reeled giddily to his feet, and recognized his brave dog. For a second he stood stunned and bewildered; when he saw one wolf retreating and all three attacking the dauntless Karria Pois. He turned to help him, and a bright object caught his eye; it was his hatchet lying on the snow within arms length of his last struggle. Mart snatched it up, and was now himself again. Blood was dripping from him, but his limbs were uninjured, and furious were the strokes he dealt.

One wolf soon lay dead at his feet; the other cowed, and retreated, spilling its blood as it went, and held off, shaking round; and now Mart poured his whole fury on the great monster, which held Karria Pois in as stifling a grasp as he had done his master. It was no easy task to release the dog. The hatchet rung on the wolf's skull, rattled on his ribs, and laid bare the gaunt back-bone; but the dog's own body interrupted any mortal wound, and the wolf seemed to feel no other. Poor Karria Pois's case was desperate; his legs were all drawn together, protecting the very part he sought to wound, when suddenly he stretched himself out with some fresh agony, and the hatchet was buried deep in

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS

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European Intelligence.

From late English Papers.

GREAT BRITAIN.—There is no excitement whatever respecting American difficulties; interest in the subject is almost extinct, although the papers continue to discuss it editorially.

The London Marine Insurance underwriters held a meeting to discuss the present state of that business, J. Baring presided—discussion adjourned.

Louis Kosuth writes to the press, expressing himself mortified by the recent appeal made by Walter Savage Landor, respecting Kosuth's strained circumstances.

The crew of the Russian frigate Dinna, arrived prisoners at Falmouth.

FRANCE.—The papers continue to publish showers of congratulatory addresses. A review of 100,000 men will be held at Paris to celebrate the signing of Peace; the review is nominally as a compliment to Count Orloff, the only soldier of the Plenipotentiaries.

Among the rumours prevalent is one that the Emperors of Russia and Austria have respectively promised to visit Paris soon after the conclusion of Peace.

Six thousand French have embarked at Marseilles for the Crimea, probably to supply sick vacancies.

Napoleon has determined to send an expedition and colonization to Madagascar, and England does not oppose.

SPAIN.—The Queen of Spain performed the annual ceremony of washing the feet of the poor, and so did the Emperor of Austria. Nothing more of the reported Carlist troubles.

ITALY.—The American Mediterranean squadron remained at Genoa.

GERMANY.—The Assembly of Halber has rejected the project for a Constitution drawn up by the German Diet.

AUSTRIA.—Differences between Austria and Rome, relating to proposed conference to interpret the Concordat, have been mutually arranged.

A very bad feeling is exhibited by Russia and Prussia towards Austria, exhibiting itself in numerous small matters.

PERSIA.—Mr. Murray, British Minister from Persia, is still at Teheran, but it is said that Persia having apologized, he will return to Teheran.

EXCERPTS.

Truth is like a torch, the more it is shaken the more it shines.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

It is more disgraceful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them.

Honest men are believed without their oath, their reputation swears for them.

Keep clear of the law; for, even if you gain your case, you are generally a loser.

The mind has more room in it than most persons think, if they would but furnish the apartments.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

The man who passes through life without enemies cannot have had a character worth depreciating.

A Woman's Idea of Happiness.—A lady correspondent of the Boston Times, gives her ideas of perfect bliss, in the following paragraph:

"I'm a woman with a woman's weakness, and having a good constitution, can bear a great deal of happiness! If I was asked my idea of perfect bliss I should say, a fast horse, a duck of a cutter, plenty of buffaloes, a neat fitting overcoat with a handsome man in it,—and one of Madame Walsh's little French bonnets! If that wouldn't be happiness for one life time, I'm open to conviction as to what would."

Count Orloff's Opinion of Napoleon.—The Paris correspondence of the Independence Belge pretends that the following are the exact terms in which the Russian plenipotentiary, Count Orloff, lately expressed his opinion of the character of the Emperor Napoleon:

"The greatest grief (chagrin) of my life," said the Count, "now that I know the Emperor Napoleon, is, that my late master, the Emperor Nicholas, did not know him too!—If he had but seen him for half an hour, not only would there have been no war, but the best relations would have been established between the two sovereigns and the two countries. The Emperor Napoleon has precisely those traits of character that would have exercised a great influence over the Emperor Nicholas."