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LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS
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A LION IN THE PATH.

From a record of sporting adventures in South Africa, recently published in an English magazine, we make the following extract. It is thrillingly graphic as anything we have met with for some time.

While breakfast was preparing, I proceeded to take a saunter down to the pool, not without some faint hopes of a path, though I feared our horses, to say nothing of the other animals who had visited it during the night, might have muddied it too much for that. However I resolved to try, and throwing my Minie into the hollow of my arm, and cocking my wide awake over my eyes, lounged down a path among the bushes, now well beaten by the feet of men and horses. The latter I found up to their bellies in the pool, enjoying themselves as completely as the flies would let them; but as the water looked uncommonly turbid, I thought I would skirt along a little to the left and look for a clearer spot; and so climbing a short steep, covered with long grass and underwood, I pushed aside some branches which intervened between me and a small clear space of shorter turf, and—to my very intense astonishment, though I must not say, at that moment to my dismay, I was so used to the sight of them—found myself within a few yards of one of the finest lions I ever saw, and who was engaged with a look of grave patriarchal interest in watching the movements of the horses below—doubtless selecting one for his breakfast. Have you not seen Landseer's sketching of the lion, in the old Tower Menagerie? In exactly the same attitude, still and unmoving, like a noble statue, stood this neighbor of mine; and for a few seconds, I remained really lost in admiration of the grand beauty of the "tableau," he presented.

It was however, necessary to decide on some line of action immediately. I could not help having him if I choose to fire, but if I did not kill him outright with one shot he was so close to me that I could hardly hope to escape without an ugly brush. Surely this was a case in which discretion would be the better part of valor; and, as he was so absorbed in the contemplation of the horses below that he had not yet noticed me, I "recoiled" as Jonathan would say, to steal off as I came. Ah! that dry twig that would place itself in the way of my very first retrograde movement! The sharp crackle, followed, what the none-subdued noise of previous movements had not done, and with a startled growl, the beast swung himself round, and in a second was staring at me with a look which said, "Hallo! who are you?" as plainly as look could speak. Instinctively I threw my rifle forward cocking it at the same moment, and some seconds of perfect immobility on each side ensued, during which I was trying to make out whether he would charge or not. The study of physiognomy is doubtless excellent enough on the whole; but when your subject is a big male lion, and the question depending on the study whether you shall be summarily "smashed" or let alone, why, I confess it becomes (as Mr. Walker says) too exciting to be pleasant!

How I studied every feature, trying to detect a change of some sort which might give me a clue! It came at last; he gradually lowered his head, and by the "wiggling" motion of his hind quarters, which I could just spy over his shoulder. I saw he was gathering his hind legs under him—a sure indication. What odd things come into people's minds in moments of peril! That movement brought to my recollection most vividly a parallel scene in my aunt's garden at Harrow, where I watched her cat gathering herself up in an exactly similar way to pounce on a wretched sparrow.

The next moment he dashed at me with a hoarse snarl, which sounded as though a giant had drawn the bow suddenly across the strings of a stupendous violoncello. I fired as he rushed in, aiming as well as I could at the middle of his forehead. As I did so, I was swept down with the force of an express train, and for a few seconds lost all consciousness.

The first thing I was sensible of, as soon as I began to get my senses together, was the clear, strong voice of N— calling to me in the most placid, though earnest manner: "Lie perfectly still, Walter; it's your only chance."

How my heart leaped at the voice! Help was at hand, but the very words that announced it, at the same time pointed out my extreme danger; it needed only the most moderate exercise of my returning faculties to understand why.

I was lying on my face among the long grass at the top of the little steep I have mentioned, I could see nothing, but I could feel the hot close to me. I could hear his deep, short, angry breath, like staccato puffs of an enormous cat—could detect a smacking noise, which I afterwards found arose from his licking a stream of blood which flowed

down the side of his nose, from a deep sore on his forehead given him by my ball—yes, I could feel his huge tail, as he rolled it angrily across from side to side, rest for a moment on my side now and then.

The bitter anguish of those few years of moments, you can guess all that. Presently I heard the crack of a rifle on my left, a sharp whistle close to my head, and a "bang" on my right as the shot told among the turf, succeeded by another sharp-bouler like a hot wire across my neck, (being at the bottom of the slope they could but just sight the lion over my head, and N— had fired a quarter of an inch too low) another terrific snarl, and then a roar—such a roar—within a yard of my tympanum. I never heard snarl, sound out of anything, living or dead; then three or more shots close together, and a battle in my mind which sounded like my neighbor settling down among the grass and bushes.

"Now roll off for your life!" shouted N—'s clear voice again. I was saved, the lion—the dying brute, in his convulsions, giving me a kick with his hind leg which sent me flying down the steep out of reach of further danger.

European Intelligence.

Arrival of the Pacific.

One Week later from Europe
NEW YORK, Nov. 15.
The Steamer Pacific arrived this morning.

Extraordinary excitement in England was occasioned by rumour of War with the United States, and that Mr. Buchanan had obliged publicly to contradict the rumour.

There was no news of importance from the Crimea, both Armies were going into winter quarters. Some trifling successes had been gained by the Fleets, which have now sailed towards the Gulf of Persia.

Lord Stanley, (Earl of Derby's son) is offered the Colonial Secretaryship.

General Codrington is appointed Commander in Chief in the Crimea, in place of General Simpson.

Hamilton Seymour is appointed Minister to Vienna.

The difficulty between France and Naples is settled.

DEBATES.—Wheat a trifle lower.—Four unchanged. Corn a trifle dearer. Consols 78½. Money unchanged. Foreigns dull.

Sugar advanced from 5s. 6s.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

New York, Nov. 11.
The steamship Northern Light arrived at this port this forenoon, with dispatches from San Francisco to October 20.

The Northern Light connected at San Juan with the steamer Sierra Nevada, which brought down about 300 passengers, but no specie, owing to the apprehended troubles at the California.

The steamer Golden Age left San Francisco six hours ahead of the Sierra Nevada, having on board the mails, a large number of passengers, and about \$2,000,000 of specie.

We learn from the Parser of the Northern Light that everything was quiet at the Ishmus, and that no further trouble was apprehended. Col. Walker, leader of the Democratic party in Nicaragua, had concluded a treaty of peace with the Chamorro party, and having declined the Presidency in favor of Rivas, the latter was sworn into office on the 31st of October, at Grenada. Col. Walker was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Nicaragua forces, and Parker H. French, formerly of the Sacramento Tribune, had been appointed Commissary of War.

The people of Nicaragua appeared much pleased with the new order of things.

The Sierra Nevada brought down from California a large force, reported at 500 volunteers, to join Walker.

Col. Kinney was at Greytown, with only about a dozen men, some of whom were suffering from sickness.

Gen. Walker's men were anxious to be allowed to drive Kinney and his men out of the country.

Indian troubles have been renewed in the Northern part of the state. On the 9th ult., the Indians massacred over fifty white people on the Rogue river. Major Fitzgerald pursued the Indians with eighty men, and overtook them, killing thirty of the savages, with the loss of ten of his own men.

Seven Chinamen were murdered by the Mexicans in Sierra County in one day. The object was robbery.

A man named J. M. Smith was shot at Columbia on the 9th ult., by another named Barclay. The latter was taken out and immediately hung by a mob.

DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS AT KARSI.

THE DETAILS.
ERZURUM, Oct. 5.—Yesterday evening there arrived here an express with letters of the 30th of Sept. from Kars. The letters were written in the evening, and contained the intelligence that on the morning of that day the Russians invested Kars on all sides in full force. The batteries at Kars opened a murderous fire on the besiegers. Three times did the Russians gain a footing in the Turkish intrenchments—and three times were they driven out by the Turks at the point of the bayonet. Colonel Lake distinguished himself in the trenches, not only by his courage, but by his skill. It was he who urged the enemy from the Inglis Tabia—Eight hundred Russians were slain before a redoubt defended by four hundred Turks.—The brigaded seven hours and a half, when the Russians took to flight. The Turks performed prodigies of valor, and the European officers—Colonel Lake and Captains Trevelick and Thompson—distinguished themselves. Mr. Churchill, formerly attaché of our embassy from Persia, and now Secretary of General Williams, commanded one of the redoubts, and showed himself a thorough Englishman. A postscript of a letter of the 1st instant adds, that the loss of the Russians is estimated at about eight or nine thousand killed or wounded. About 4000 corpses lie under the walls of Kars.—The Turks are busied now in burying them. The enemy lost besides this a great quantity of stores; and about three hundred prisoners were taken, among whom were many officers. Four guns are said to have been taken. The loss of the Turks is reckoned at about seven hundred and fifty killed and wounded.

This great battle, which had so fortunate a termination—thanks to the skill of the commander General Williams—shows clearly enough that the Turkish soldier, when well led, is not only brave, but able to distinguish himself like the soldier of any other nation. At the same time it must convince Europe in general, and the Turkish government in particular, that the latter has no good native officers, since, from the commencement of hostilities in Asia until the present moment, this is the only victory the Turks have gained, and this is owing to General Williams. When the Turks were under native commanders they experienced nothing but defeats.

(LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH OFFICER.)
KARS, Oct. 1.—Here I am on the Karadagh again, none the worse for my late illness. Last night the Russians attacked us in force, and between you and me (and the post) very nearly took Kars. The fight was a most bloody one, and lasted seven hours and a half, without any second's intermission.—The Russians left upwards of 2000 men dead on the field, and their loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, must have exceeded 6,000 men. What do you think of Kars's chances after that? I was not actively engaged, as the place is better than to attack by assault, in a precipitous battery, a second time; but I did great service with my heavy guns, and twice drove them out of a battery they had taken, and turned upon us.—It was a nasty sight—the field—afterwards it was completely covered with dead bodies, mostly Russians, as our men did not lose more than five or six hundred altogether.—The defence was commanded by dear old General Kinley; and when our General thanked him to the name of Queen Victoria for his gallant repulse of the enemy, I thought the brave old boy would have burst his heart open—he was so proud. The Turks fought—not like lions, but like fleas. I never saw such desperate recklessness of life. You can form some idea of what a desperate business this was, when I tell you that the Russians had their whole force concentrated upon General Kinley's division; which, with the reinforcements he afterwards received, did not amount to 8,000 men. The reports here just come in, and there are more than 3,000 killed on the side of the enemy.

THE SPY SYSTEM IN RUSSIA.—A writer in Harper's Magazine in his pictures of the Russians, says:—
"Annoying as is the minute open surveillance of the government, it is nothing in comparison with the secret police. The system of espionage is carried in Russia to its utmost perfection of evil. Most European governments maintain secret spies.—Under Napoleon they became a regular branch of the government; but he had the grace to be ashamed of them. In Russia they are not ashamed to admit. Count Orloff is the head of the department, but his tail and claws are everywhere. It has got into a proverb, that if three persons are talking together, one at least is a spy. They are found in every station and sphere of life.—No man knows who is a spy; and what is worse, no man knows who is not. The polite gentleman who conversed so pleasantly with you in the saloon, may be a spy;

so may the servant who stands behind your chair at dinner. The tailor who fitted you with a new coat; the milliner—French woman though she be—who brought home your wife's bonnet, may have "secret relations" with the police."

AN INTERESTING STORY.—We extract the following from the Journal de Brest, of the 10th.—A prisoner from Belgium who has just obtained his pardon passed through Antwerp on the 12th of this month on his return home. The history of his release is so affecting that it will be read with the same interest that we have felt in hearing it related. M. Testuar is a native of Antwerp in Champagne. He was employed as a cooper in the Faubourg St. Antoine when the memorable scenes of June occurred.—The insurgents having entered his establishment obliged him to act as chief of their commissariat department. After the insurrection he was arrested, tried by court-martial, and condemned to transportation for life. At the bag of Brest, where he remained two months, his punishment was commuted into perpetual imprisonment. He was then removed to Mont St. Michael; there he was detained five years, at the expiration of which he was conveyed to Belleisle and confined there until within the last ten days. While undergoing his punishment in this latter place, the news of the glorious capture of Sebastopol arrived. His son, a non-commissioned officer of infantry, distinguished himself so conspicuously on that great day that he was proposed for the Cross of the Legion of Honor; but this brave young man declined accepting it so long as his name was stamped with the disgrace attending a judicious condemnation. On being urged to accept the decoration he replied that the reward he desired most was the liberation of his father. Moved by so much self-denial and filial piety, the Colonel communicated the fact to the Empress. The Emperor was immediately made acquainted with the fact, and the same day two orders were issued from St. Cloud, the one granting liberty to the prisoner of Belleisle, and the other conferring the cross of honor on the brave soldier-excellent son, so worthy of the distinction.

BRITISH CAPTURES IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

The U. S. steamship John Hancock, arrived at San Francisco on the 13th from Petropaulovsk, bringing news that the Russian ship the Amoor River had fortified the place very strongly. The British steamer Baracoda had been at Ayao, and found the place deserted. They, however, discovered the secret goods of the Russian Fur Company, which were seized, and burnt with a small steamer upon the rocks. The Bark was on her way for Petropaulovsk, and fired upon the town, after which she left, and, when off Elizabeth Island, encountered the Bremen brig Oreta, with 140 Russian officers and soldiers on board, which she captured and carried to Hong Kong.

The Russians on the Amoor had succeeded in getting their fleet through the passage into the river by lightening them. A portion of the Allied fleet had attempted it, but without success. The British Admiral had issued a proclamation informing the inhabitants that they might return to Ayao, provided they did not molest any of the vessels touching there for provisions &c. Previous to the sailing of the John Hancock it was currently reported that the Allied fleet were in the Gulf of Tartary, and would attempt the passage of the Amoor River, where, no doubt, if they succeeded, they found a warm reception.

All the towns along the coast were deserted, and all the available forces that the Russians had in Kamshatka and Siberia were concentrated at the river Amoor.—Should the Allied fleets succeed in getting through the shallow passage, we shall probably have some interesting news from this quarter by the next California steamer.

PROGNOSTICS FOR 1856.—Some Northern editor, of a turn of mind decidedly philosophical, has ventured upon the following sage predictions:—
This year will be famous for a thousand different things. From January to December the days will consist of twenty-four hours each, and there will be such a number of eclipses that many wise people will be in the dark.
Those who lose money will look sad, and those who see might want of cash when they borrow, will want it more when they come to pay.
Quadrupeds this year, will go upon four legs, pretty generally, and cows' horns will be crooked.
The celestial aspects indicate that political parties will not agree for some time to come; but whoever is President, water will run down hill, and ducks will waddle as heretofore.
The Baltimore Sun will be printed with

black ink, and it will be generally read, which will cause all the large and small cuts that follows in its wake to grow and back until they get out of breath and credit. Cabbage this year will be rather round than three-cornered, and beets will be decidedly red. Coal will be as black as ever; cats will love fish, but hate to wet their feet—and all on account of the late comet.
Whoever tells his horse to buy moonshine will hardly get his money's worth. Whoever tries to catch the rainbow will get out of breath for his pains. For all that, Eastern lands may be had for the buying.
L-comrades and agitators' tongues will run fast. There will be a moral war between Alberman and roost turkeys. People will talk about the end of the world, but it is ten to one that the solar system will not run against the dog star between now and next April.

FATHERLY LOVE.—An English paper announces the approaching marriage of Mr. Thomas Trowbridge, and Miss Louisa Gurney, of Norwich. Sir Thomas was in the battles of Alma and Inkerman, and greatly distinguished himself by his gallantry. At the battle of Inkerman he commanded a battery which contributed essentially to the defeat of the Russians. But during that terrible fight, a cannon ball carried away both his feet. Expecting to bleed to death, he refused to be carried to the rear, and directed his men to raise him upon a gun-carriage and take him to the front, that he might see the issue of the battle; and in that position he continued coolly to direct the fire of his battery until permitted to share in the honors of final victory. Contrary to all expectation, the wounded man's life has been spared, and he is about to be rewarded by the happy consummation of a long cherished attachment with the beautiful and amiable lady who is to share his titles and honors while she consoles and repays his sufferings.

FROM BARBADOES.—Intelligence from Barbadoes has been received to the 8th ult. The stock of flour had decreased, and prices improved, the wet weather having injured native provisions, rendering them scarce and dear. Any further arrival would check the advancing tendency. Dealers however, buy sparingly. The weather had been most excellent for sugar growing, and the crop was estimated at 50,000 to 55,000 hogsheads, being the largest ever heard of.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—We learn from the Halifax Chronicle of Friday last, that an occurrence of a shocking nature took place at Preston the Monday previous. Two boys named John Rogers and William Lee aged respectively 11 and 14 years were returning from school when a dispute arose from some trifling circumstance, upon which Rogers (a mulatto) with a pen knife stabbed Lee in the left breast, which penetrating the heart caused instant death. The deceased was a colored boy. A verdict of "manslaughter" was returned against the murderer who was immediately secured and brought to Halifax.—*Morn. News.*

Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimborian darkness.—*Bartholin.*

MR. GEMMELL,
FIRST CLASS TEACHER,
RESPECTFULLY announces that he proposes opening the School for early taught by Mr. Macintosh, on Monday, 22d inst.
He will also open an Evening Class from 6 till 8, or from 7 till 9, as may be most suitable for the purpose of young men improving themselves in Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Grammar, and Spelling.
N. B.—Private Teaching at spare hours.—The Teacher will be happy to attend upon Families at their own residences.
October 15, 1855.

May, 1855.

THE Subscriber begs leave to announce the removal from German Street, to more extensive and commodious premises in Prince William Street, adjoining the Golden Pheasant, and also that she has at great expense secured to her patrons the services of two of the most eminent Milliners of London or Paris. In addition to a large Stock in this department, unrivalled in variety and beauty of design, the Subscriber has imported a full and complete assortment of every article necessary to the costume of Ladies and children, including—
HOSIERY, GLOVES, RIBBONS, LACES, Parasols, Mantles, French, and English STAYS, Long Cloths, and MUSLIN GOODS, Printed Gambries, and French Delaines, Light and Squabbles SILKS, Ladies' Dressing Gowns, Best Wools and Worsted in every shade, together with HABERDASHERY, and all Goods required to perfect the assortment of a FANCY REPOSITORY.
Thankful for past favours, an assurance is offered that at the New Establishment still further efforts will be made to deserve extended patronage and encouragement.
A large Stock of the above Goods will be kept especially devoted to the Wholesale Trade.
A. WOLAN.