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The Standard.

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Evansium est optimum. — Cic.

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LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS

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LETTER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The following extract of a letter received by a gentleman in St. John, by last English Mail from a Sergeant attached to one of the Regiments which was formerly stationed in this Garrison, will tell its own story, and refute some of the slanders that have been published by unprincipled newspapers in England.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.
12th December, 1854.

"We keep a continuous fire, night and day, on Sebastopol, and the enemy returning the compliment. I approached Sebastopol, within a bird's eye view, it is the strongest Garrison I ever saw. Gibraltar is nothing to it. We expect to make an attack, when our reinforcements have pretty nearly all arrived from England and France, there will be a tremendous onslaught, and many thousands of us must fall sacrificially. [The officer here gives an account of the battle of Inkermann, and the dreadful scenes accompanying that event.] The shot and shell from the enemy are fast falling about us. We have about 2,000 men at work every night and day in creating batteries, and it is only by chance one escapes being killed. The men must not attempt to stand in an erect position—if they do the Russians are sure to send a messenger to them. We lose a great many men in this way. We have excellent rations—3 lb. biscuit, 1 lb. meat, 1 oz. coffee, 1 sugar, 2 oz. rice, 1 gill rum, besides extra grog for all duties. We also receive warm clothing, consisting of 2 flannel shirt and drawers, 2 pair socks, extra blankets, &c.—so that if comforts are of any service, we are not forgetful. But I regret to say that the cholera has not abandoned us, our men are dying very fast since our arrival, which is not yet a month. From this complaint we have lost more than 50 men. We are exposed to all sorts of weather; 5 nights out of 7, we have to be on duty, and this fatigue, in a measure, accounts for our sickness. The fog here is worse than it is in St. John." &c., &c.

"So far, then, as providing the troops with comforts, we have the most reliable authority of the fact. The name of the gentleman who received the letter we will give to any one privately."—Ed. News.

CONSPIRACIES.—Hengler, of the Exeter Circus, attracted a large audience recently by the promise of a prize of a silver goblet to the author of the best original conundrum. Shortly before ten o'clock a platform was introduced for the literary part of the entertainment, which Hengler mounted, having a bundle of conundrums in his hand. With the conundrums was a variety of enigmas and charades, but these were laid aside. The audience were to decide the merits of the different conundrums, and in order that might be as easy as possible, Hengler divided the conundrums into what he considered bad and good. Among those pronounced by him as bad were the following:

Why is the prize to be offered by Mr. C. Hengler like a treaty stated to be offered to the Emperor Russia?—Because it was made for free sovereigns.

Why should the allies and the Russian Emperor each send an army of tailors to Sebastopol?—Because one can make breeches in the walls, and the other mend them.

If you saw your wife drowning, what letter in the alphabet would you name?—Letter B. [The ladies showed signs of displeasure at the cruel answer.]

When one lady kisses another, what command of scripture does she fulfil?—I do unto others as I would that men should do unto me.

What is the most difficult operation that a surgeon can perform?—Taking the jaw out of a woman.

According to Hengler's discrimination, the following were the good conundrums:

What is the difference between a bottle of doctor's physic and the Emperor of Russia?—The one requires to first well shaken and then taken, but the other requires to be first taken and then well shaken.

What is the trade of a Lancaster gun?—Breeches-maker to her Majesty.

Why is a schoolmaster like a chairmaker?—Because he canes bottoms.

Why will England never be in debt to Russia?—Because whenever charges are brought against us we return them with interest.

If a person falls into the water at Cowley Bridge, how wet will he be?—Wet in the eye stream.

Why is the British army like a looking-glass?—Because it cannot be beaten without being destroyed.

Why is a weary night traveller in Gloucestershire like the wounded soldiers at Seutari?—Because he is cheered by the presence of the Nightingale.

Why is the circus to-night like a marriage feast?—Because the enjoyment of the ring, pledged in a goblet, results in a sum-

Why did the Aldermen and Town Council of Exeter re-elect John Daw, Esq., as Mayor?—Because it is usual in Cathedral towns for a Jackdaw to occupy the highest position.

The conundrums having been read, Hengler inquired of the audience what one they had selected, upon which a general cry of "The Nightingale" arose, and it was considered that to the author of that conundrum the cup would be awarded. When the uproar had ceased, however, a solitary voice sung out "The Nightingale." This was soon caught up by others, and in a few moments "The Nightingale" was heard in every part of the house. This was then declared the best conundrum, and the author, a young man named Jewell, entered the ring from the gallery seats and received the goblet amidst enthusiastic cheering.

LETTER WRITTEN BY THE QUEEN.

The following appears in the Illustrated London News of the 6th inst. immediately beneath the editorial head—

"The private sentiments of Queen do not often come before the public—but on all questions and on all subjects they are known to be such as to entitle her to the respect and love of her people. On the 6th of November last her Majesty addressed a letter to Mr. Sidney Herbert, which was first made public in the Crimea, and which we are certain will excite at home an admiration and sympathy worthy of a great Sovereign to receive, and of a great nation to bestow. The letter, or an extract from it, was transmitted by Mr. Sidney Herbert to Miss Nightingale, whom it especially interested; and, if any breach of etiquette has been committed in its publication, it may well be forgiven, when the result is to show the Sovereign in a light so amiable, so patriotic, and so Christianlike. Its effects will be incalculable in cheering the spirits of our wounded soldiers, and in inspiring, if that be possible, new life, energy, and courage among the unwounded. The following is the extract alluded to, which was first published in the Morning Post, in a letter from a Crimean correspondent of that journal."

"WINDSOR CASTLE, Dec. 5, 1854.
"Would you tell Mrs. Herbert that I beg—she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as I hear no details of the wounded, though I see so many from officers, &c., about the battle-field;—and naturally the former must interest me more than any one."

Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor noble wounded and sick men that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince.

Reg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows.

(Signed) "VICTORIA."

LARGE FIRE.—The Boston papers announce the destruction of the Dorchester Cotton and Iron Factory, at Milton Lower Mills. The building was of brick, four stories high, 160 feet in length and 46 in width, and contained about five thousand spindles, besides other valuable machinery. About 200 hands were employed in the factory. The actual loss is estimated at from \$125,000 to \$150,000, on which there is \$50,000 insurance.

THE SAD RESULT OF IGNORANCE.—The Detroit Advertiser relates an instance of an ox being killed and a sled broken to pieces by a railroad car, and all because the ox could not understand French. The facts of the case were these:—The train, consisting of one English and one French ox, drawing a heavy load of wood and driven by a French driver, was crossing the track when the express train of cars made its appearance. The driver, in great excitement, immediately ordered his oxen to *chuck* (the French for *hew*). The French ox understood him, and turning off the track, saved himself from injury; but the English ox, having never studied the language, pressed further on, and was instantly killed. This case should be a warning to farmers to have their oxen properly educated.

One evening as Jonathan was leaving Sally, she intimated to him that another visit would not be welcome, by saying, I shall be at home next Sunday night. So shall I, by golly, was his gallant reply.

You should never let the young men kiss you, said a venerable to his pretty niece. "I know it, uncle," she returned, penitently, "and yet I try to cultivate a spirit of forgiveness, seeing that, when one has been kissed, there's no undoing it."

PROLOGUE

Written by Mr. WALTER M. BUCK, and Spoken by Mr. JULIUS THOMPSON.

At a Performance given in aid of the

PATRIOTIC FUND,

AT THE AMATEUR THEATRE, ST. ANDREWS, JANUARY 23, 1855.

Ladies and Gentlemen, together met to-night, Your presence but confirms that we perform a right. That, gathering as you do, our motive you commend, And join in heart with us, the helpless to befriend. This night we both embark in one true gentlemanly cause, Feeling the object worthy of the World's applause. "One act that from the generous heart proceeds, Exalts ten thousand mercenary deeds." In unison we act, 'tis to relieve distress The Widow to console, and cheer the fatherless. To give them a home, with rain and with bread The widow, the children, of our great hero-dead; Who for their Country fought, and for its honor bled. Who left a peaceful home, where grief doth now pervade The Russian despot to defeat, his strongholds to invade; Who when on Euphrates' shore, encountered night In its most hideous form, appalling to the sight, Nor that to shelter them, nor cheerful fire to warm, Like heroes calmly braved the elemental storm. There first the soldier thought, whilst rain in torrents poured— Of the Wife he loved, and the Children he adored; And then of Victory. 'Twas this hope filled each breast, That soothed each home-bent mind, and lulled each heart to rest. But forward now they march in glittering array, And onward cheering go, to ALMA their way. There stood the Russian foe to give them THREE WEEKS fight! And there, within THREE HOURS his hosts were put to flight! Again on BALACLAVA'S plains the Armies meet, Again doth Russian tyranny sustain defeat; Her legions fly, and to Sebastopol retreat! Flushed with their Victory, the Allies now advance And France cheers England on! and England cheers on France! Another march, and lo! Sebastopol appears! The Allied Armies halt, the air rings with their cheers, As death-knells to the foe, whose car the sound appals And strikes each heart with awe, within those granite walls. The Armies now encamped, the signal next is made And then begins the Siege, with fearful cannonade. From Land and Sea the loud voiced cannons roar, From camp and fort shoots death, the Fleets their broadsides pour: Rending the humid air,—slaking the Russian shore! And now on Sabbath morn, whilst darkness still prevails The Russians bend their way through LAKERMAN'S deep vales They march with stealthy tread, till on the heights they rise, There plant themselves and guns, the British to surprise. But they are seen, and watched by many watchful eyes. Day slowly breaks, with mist and fog, 'tis thick and dark. Almost as night, scarce can the opposing armies mark Each other's front, scarce by the flash, the lurid glare From musket or from gun, which dimly points them there. And now begins the fight, that fierce and bloody strife With rifle, pistol, gun, with sabre, sword, and knife, With bayonet, butt and club! Oh! fearful loss of life! Three vanquished, Russia yields! three beaten from her fields; Again Sebastopol her routed army shields. But Victory shall follow them to those proud walls. One breach, one cheer, one charge! and lo! their stronghold falls! There shall the French and English Standards be unfurled, Together wave, and tell their conquest to the world!

Well may those heroes claim our heartfelt sympathy Who fight for Justice, Freedom, and for Liberty; Who nobly die, when death secures the Victory!

Look at this Trophy here, on which their fame appears, Repose these three glorious names, and give three hearty cheers!

Effects of the gale at Eastport.—A tremendous N. E. gale, accompanied with a very high tide, visited us on Friday, and probably extended far along the coast. Much damage was done to the wharves at this place, scarcely any of them escaping a severe wrenching. A large quantity of coal was lost off Union Wharf, and the Eastern Steamer's wharf was badly broken up, as was also Kirby's wharf, and several others in a less degree. We hear of much damage about Lubec and vicinity by the washing away of fish and smoke houses.—Indeed hardly anything alongshore escaped. Fortunately, but two large vessels were in this port, and their anchors held them, after much dragging.—Several small craft, however, were more or less injured. The little schr. Spray, (the all of Mr. Enoch Wentworth, master,) parted her cables and became a total wreck and loss. We fear that many disasters must have occurred at sea. The damage to our wharves has providentially set many laborers to work. On Monday afternoon we had another and still more severe gale from the Southward, though as the tide was falling, no damage was done about the wharves—yet we fear that vessels on the coast must have suffered much.—[Sentinel.]

Apopleptic Symptoms.—Thousands of persons have derived incalculable benefit and relief, and the symptoms entirely eradicated by using Holloway's Pills. This fine Medicine so cleanses the blood, and strengthens the system, that the whole of the gross humours therein are gently carried off, the blood becomes thoroughly changed, and assumes a healthy action. They are also infallible in all diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels, and in bilious complaints, their effect is equally certain.

READING SERMONS.—We have heard but one reader of sermons succeed, and that was Dr. Chalmers; but if his compositions are carefully analyzed, it will be found that, though written, they are constructed on the principles, if the contradiction can be allowed, of a *vice versa* eloquence. They are not crowded with thoughts; but the few thoughts found in each discourse are laden with majestic imagery, and carried home to the mind by an overwhelming torrent of vehement declamation. The manner of Dr. Chalmers, in reading his sermons, exactly resembled the sermons themselves. His voice was in a state of complete agitation, his body was elevated to the highest keys of its capacity, from beginning to end; and while his right hand held hold of his manuscript, his left incessantly went up and down like a hammer. The motion of his hand, and the agitation of his mind, agreed exactly to each other. The whole discourse consisted of a repetition of strokes aimed at the mental fortress before him. With this exception, so far as our observation has gone, the practice of reading sermons has failed; and with no fitness can a reader be considered an orator.—[Quarterly Review.]

When Abbas the Great was hunting in the little town of Netheny, which lies in a narrow valley between two high mountains, he met one morning, as the day dawned, an uncommonly ugly man, at the sight of whom his horse started. Being nearly dismounted, and deeming it a bad omen, he called out in a rage to have his head struck off. The poor peasant, whom they had seized, and were on the point of executing, prayed that he might be informed of his crime. "Your crime," said the King, "is your unlucky countenance, which is the first object I saw this morning, and which had nearly caused me to fall from my horse." "Alas!" said the man, "by this reckoning, what term must I apply to your Majesty's countenance, which was the first object my eyes met this morning, and which is to cause my death?" The King smiled at the wit of the reply, ordered the man to be released, and gave him a present instead of taking off his head.—[Sketches of Persia.]

There have been several destructive fires reported this week. One of the most destructive of which occasioned the loss of a cotton mill at Dorchester and property to the value of about \$125,000. It was the work of an incendiary. The most calamitous fire, however, occurred at what is known as Fort Washington, some two miles from New York, on the Hudson River. In this, three amiable and accomplished young ladies, daughters of J. A. Haven, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H., perished.

WHAT A SCOTCHMAN MAY BECOME.—At a meeting held in Edinburgh lately "to obtain Justice for Scotland," Sir A. Alison, the historian related the following anecdote:—

Gentlemen, one very curious thing occurred to show how Scotchmen do rise all the world over, and with this anecdote I will conclude.

Marshal Keith had the command of the Austrian army, which long combated the Turkish forces on the Danube, under the Grand Vizier, and after a long and bloody combat the two generals came to a conference together. The Grand Vizier came mounted on a camel, with all the pomp of Eastern magnificence.

The Scotch marshal Keith, from the neighborhood of Turiff in Aberdeenshire, at the head of the Austrian troops, had a long conference, and after the conference, the Turkish Grand Vizier said to Marshal Keith that he would like to speak a few words in private to him in his tent, and he begged that he should accompany him. Marshal Keith accordingly went in, and the moment they entered, and when the conference in the tent was closed, the Grand Vizier threw off his furban, tore off his beard, and running to Marshal Keith said, "Oo, Johnnie, boot's a w'ye, man!" (Loud laughter.) And his then discovered that the Grand Vizier of Turkey was an old school companion of his own, who had disappeared thirty years before from a parish school near Methlie!

A very deaf, but worthy man, once sat at a table with a fellow notorious for the use of his tongue, on which was a dish of "Tongues and Sounds."

As the waiter was attending to his duties, the old man remarked, the fellow had not better be helped to any of the tongue, as he had tongue already—whereupon the waiter replied that the old man should be helped to some of the "sounds."—[Exchange.]

—A good play upon words—but how does it happen that this "very deaf" man could hear so much of the other's tongue? Wide awake chaps, some of these jokers!

THE CALICO PARTY.—There were some four hundred persons present at the "calico party," which was given by Mrs. Cuman, of New York, on Monday evening, for the relief of the poor of that city. The occasion was one of much enjoyment.

The ladies were, with scarcely an exception, clad in neat calico dresses, all of which were to be subsequently distributed to the poor through the agency of Mr. Pense, the Five Points Missionary. Many of the gentlemen were also attired in clothing suitable for distribution among the poor, and it was probably their intention to so dispose of it.

ILLUSTRIOUS TRADESMAN.—The doctrines of Islamism teach that no man may be above his destiny; that every man may learn a vocation whereby he may earn his bread, if predestined to do so. A curious list is given in Maradja of the occupations of patriarchs, caliphs, and sultans, which commences with the first man: Adam tilled the ground; Noah was a carpenter; Abraham a weaver; David made coats of mail; Solomon made baskets of the date; the Caliph Omar manufactured skins, Osman sold cantables; Ali, the cousin of the Prophet, hired himself to a master for a salary. The Ottoman sovereigns did not think it beneath them to submit to this law, in imitation of so many eminent examples. Thus Mohammed 11 sold flowers; Soliman made slippers; Achmet 1 made ebony cases and boxes; Achmet 111 excelled in writing, and in emblazoning the canonical books; Selim 11 printed muslins.

A Convict who was about to be sent to the House of Correction, was told that he would have to pick oakum. "Gosh!" said he, "if they set me to picking oakum, I'll tear it all to pieces."

"What do you ask for the article?" inquired Obadiah of a young Miss. "Fifteen shillings." "Aint you a little dear?" "Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so." He came straight away.