

The Standard.
 PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
 A. W. Smith.
 Office, Water Street, Saint Andrews, N. B.
 TERMS.
 12s. 6d. per annum, if paid in advance.
 16s. if not paid until the end of the year.
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 First insertion of 12 lines and under. 3s.
 Each repetition of Ditto 1d.
 First insertion of all over 12 lines 3d. per line.
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The Standard,

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No 27] SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1853. [Vol. 20

TIMBER BERTHS.

CROWN LAND OFFICE, June 14, 1853.
 THE right of license to cut Timber and Lumber until the first day of May, 1851, on Crown Lands in the following situations, which were last season under license to the undermentioned persons, will be offered for sale by Auction, at this Office, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 14th day of July next.
 A further notification will be made of the exact rate of mileage, as also of the terms upon which the license will be renewed.
 (Not to interfere with any Lots of Land applied for within one year previous to this date.)

| No. | Name | Square Miles | Situation |
|-----|-------------------|--------------|-----------------------------|
| 112 | Lawrence, Bela R. | 2 | Lepree River. |
| 113 | do | 2 | do |
| 114 | do | 2 | do |
| 115 | McIntyre, George | 3 | do |
| 116 | Lawrence, Bela R. | 31 | do |
| 117 | Wentworth, John | 2 | Clear Lake. |
| 118 | Prescott, Gilbert | 2 | Bacalagan River. |
| 119 | do | 4 | Pocologan River. |
| 120 | do | 6 | do |
| 121 | do | 2 | do |
| 122 | McGill, John | 2 | Rd Rock Lake. |
| 123 | Wentworth, John | 2 | do |
| 124 | White, Hugh | 2 | Rd Rock. |
| 125 | Whitlock, D. | 2 | Rd Rock & Magaguadavic. |
| 126 | McConnell, John | 2 | Magaguadavic Lake. |
| 127 | do | 3 | do |
| 128 | Gilmer, Daniel | 3 | do |
| 129 | do | 7 | do |
| 130 | do | 6 | do |
| 131 | do | 5 | do |
| 132 | do | 2 | do |
| 133 | Davis, Thomas | 8 | Magaguadavic Lakes. |
| 134 | McConnell, John | 2 | Lake Europa. |
| 135 | do | 2 | Upper Mills Brook. |
| 136 | do | 2 | Pikehagan River. |
| 137 | do | 2 | do |
| 138 | do | 2 | Pikehagan and P. Roma. |
| 139 | do | 2 | Pikehagan River. |
| 140 | Gilmer, Daniel | 5 | do |
| 141 | do | 3 | do |
| 142 | Pratt, Joseph | 2 | do |
| 143 | McConnell, John | 9 | do |
| 144 | do | 3 | do |
| 145 | do | 2 | Peltonk. |
| 146 | Backway, William | 7 | Davis Brook & Magaguadavic. |
| 147 | Davis, Alfred | 4 | Davis Brook. |
| 148 | Myhrall, Joseph | 5 | do |
| 149 | Hart, George H. | 2 | Cox's Brook, (Magaguadavic |
| 150 | McConnell, John | 3 | Flame Ridge. |
| 151 | do | 3 | do |
| 152 | Seelye, Justus | 2 | Pratt's Brook. |
| 153 | McConnell, John | 2 | Upper Trout Brook. |
| 154 | McConnell, John | 2 | Front Brook. |
| 155 | McConnell, John | 3 | Keeron. |
| 156 | Robins, Wm. F. | 7 | New River. |
| 157 | McConnell, John | 10 | Big and Little New Rivers. |
| 158 | Gilmer, Daniel | 4 | McDougal Inlet. |
| 159 | Gilmer, Daniel | 9 | McDougal Stream. |
| 160 | do | 4 | do |
| 161 | do | 4 | do |
| 162 | do | 10 | do |
| 163 | Gilmer, Alfred | 2 | do |
| 164 | do | 3 | do |
| 165 | Gilmer, Arthur H. | 2 | Magaguadavic River. |
| 166 | McConnell, John | 2 | do |
| 167 | do | 2 | do |
| 168 | do | 2 | do |
| 169 | Gilmer, Daniel | 2 | do |
| 170 | Brookway, James | 2 | do |
| 171 | Gilmer, Alfred | 2 | do |
| 172 | Gilmer, Adoniram | 2 | do |
| 173 | McConnell, John | 2 | Bonny River. |
| 174 | do | 2 | do |
| 175 | Gilmer, Daniel | 2 | do |
| 176 | do | 3 | do |
| 177 | Gilmer, Arthur H. | 2 | Clarence Brook. |
| 178 | McConnell, John | 2 | do |
| 179 | Seelye, Justus | 4 | Clarence Hill. |
| 180 | do | 2 | do |
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The Young Voyagers;

OR,
 PILOTED BY PROVIDENCE.

"Come, Anne, come Jenny—sisters—
 Come aboard my ship, and we'll have a jolly
 time this afternoon. I'll be a sea captain
 like my father, and show you how he sails
 that great packet ship across the ocean—
 Come, girls, get in—Anne, you shall be
 my mate, and little Jenny shall be cook and
 steward."

The speaker was a handsome, fair-haired,
 rosy cheeked boy, with bright laughing
 blue eyes, about ten years old, who, during
 his address, was busily engaged in rigging
 the mast and sails to a ship's launch, which
 was made fast to the beach in one of those
 secluded, picturesque little coves, or inlets,
 with which the south shore of Long Island
 between Fire Island and Rockaway is so
 plentifully indented.

The boy's companions were two little
 girls of eight and six years, beautiful as an
 angels, and so exactly like their brother in every
 feature, that they seemed as perfect copies—
 all but the long, sunny ringlets—of his
 exquisite face.

Anne, the eldest girl, bounded lightly into
 the boat at her brother's first invitation, and
 began assisting him about the sail. But little
 Jenny—who was tugging along a great basket
 filled with pies, sweet cakes and fruits,
 which they had brought from a beautiful cot-
 tage not far off, for a little picnic dinner—
 hesitated and held back in silence, till her
 brother urged her again to get into the boat,
 when she began to argue with him thus:—
 "O, Willie! don't let us go into the boat
 today! There is so much wind, and we
 might be—"

"You are a little coward, Jenny, to be
 afraid," interrupted the young captain, im-
 patiently. "It is the pleasantest day we've
 had in a month, and it's so late in the fall,
 that if we don't go to-day, I'm sure we shall
 not get another chance this year. Come,
 Jenny, don't be frightened—jump in!"

"O, I'm not at all afraid, brother! And
 child as she was, little Jenny's cheeks
 glowed, for a few moments, with a deeper
 vermilion-tint, at the implied question of her
 courage by her brother. "I am not in the
 least afraid, Willie. But you know, mother
 has often told us, that we must not get in the
 boat when it blows hard; all I'm afraid of
 is disobeying her."

"Then you may come into the boat with-
 out fear, sister; for mother told me I might
 sail this afternoon, not five minutes before
 we left the house."

"Yes, I know that, Willie; but that was
 two hours ago, when it was almost calm. It
 blows a great deal harder now, and I am
 sure mother would not like us to go away
 from the shore in the boat when there is
 such a high wind."

"O, nonsense, Jenny; I have been all a-
 bout the cove when I blew a great deal
 harder than this. Mother, you know, says
 I am the best sailor along the coast, and just
 as well able to judge when the weather is fit
 to go on a cruise as she is. Come, sister, we
 can't get drowned, for the water is so shallow
 now at ebb tide, and with this west wind,
 we could wave any where about the cove."

Thus persuaded, Jenny passed her basket
 to her brother, and then clambering into the
 boat herself, she took a seat beside Anne, in
 the stern sheets, and soon the launch was
 underway.

She was a great, heavy, clumsy boat—
 as all of her class usually are—with a single
 lug sail of heavy canvas; altogether ill
 calculated for a pleasure craft. But little
 Willie Walton managed her with consummate
 skill for so young a commander, and they
 had made several stretches across the
 cove, when, as they were passing the inlet
 that opened out seawards, Anne's eyes rest-
 ed upon the bright blue waves of the At-
 lantic far off beyond the discolored water
 along the coast, and clapping her hands
 with a sudden exclamation of infantile joy, she
 exclaimed:—

"O Willie, Willie! Let us go out there
 and sail on that beautiful blue ocean!—
 Won't it be grand? So much prettier than
 this little, dirty cove, with the bare sand
 banks all about us."

Willie sprang to his feet, and gazing out
 into the offing, his bright eyes lit up with
 the enthusiasm caught from his sister's words
 and instantly replied:—

"We'll go out there, and have a glorious
 sail—just like the great ships and steamboats
 that we see go-by."

"O, don't go out there, brother!" inter-
 rupted little Jenny, her cheek growing pale
 as the delicate lily. "Don't go, Willie!—
 Mother will be angry with us."

"Mother will be no such thing, Jenny—
 She will be proud of us, to think we have
 been out on the big ocean all alone. I can
 very easily come back with the flood tide,
 and be getting in." And, without fur-

ther argument, the reckless boy put his helm
 up, eased off the sheet, and away out through
 the inlet towards the line of blue water out-
 side, went the launch, hurried along before
 the strong breeze, which, added to the
 strength of the last quarterebb, bore her
 away at a speed that soon sunk the yellow
 sand ridge to a mere line along the margin
 of the wide ocean, and the white cottages
 with the Venetian blinds, into toy houses
 dotted with bright green specks. The color-
 ed water—which appeared from the cove
 only like a narrow strip dividing the white
 surf from the deep azure of the ocean be-
 yond—expanded into a broad belt of several
 miles in width. But with the fine breeze
 and strong outset of the tide, the boat sped
 on; while the novelty of their position, and
 the natural excitement produced by it, caused
 the time and space to fly past unheeded
 by the young voyagers, and a sudden dread
 came upon them as, having gained the blue
 water, they looked back towards the shore
 and saw hills, fields, houses and orchards
 all blending, growing indistinct, and fading
 away in the dim distance. There was a
 sense of lonely, utter helplessness suddenly
 shadowing their bright visions; and there
 was a world of pathos in little Jenny's sweet
 low voice, as she laid her hand gently upon
 her brother's arm, and looking up into his
 eyes, whispered:—

"O, Willie, let us go home. Mother
 would feel very bad, if she knew we had
 come away out here."

Willie bent down his head and kissed his
 sister's fair, pale cheek, as he replied:—
 "We will go home, Jenny. I was naught-
 y to come off so far from the land. But
 don't cry, sister. I am very sorry. Don't
 blame me—I could not help it; I do love the
 sea so much."

"No, we won't blame you, Willie, only
 let us hurry back; for see, yonder is a ter-
 rible black cloud coming up in the west, and
 I am afraid it will do us no good."

The child's speech was interrupted by a
 groan of anguish from the brother, whose
 eyes, for the first time, had been directed to-
 wards a bank of dark, murky clouds heavy
 up in the western board, by his sister's
 remark; and at the very instant that his vi-
 sion first rested upon the black pall, a chain of
 brilliant, zigzag lightning rose quivering al-
 ong its upper edge, and a few moments
 later, there came to their ears the low, muffled
 roar of far off thunder.

The young captain had heeled his little
 vessel by the wind, but the clumsy thing lay
 broad off under her ill fitted sails. Besides,
 the wind, which she had scarcely felt while
 running off before it, had now increased so
 much that she heeled over till there was
 great danger of her capsizing; to prevent
 which, Willie, assisted by his two sisters, set
 about reefing the sail.

This was soon accomplished, and again
 the boat was steered as close as she would
 go, which at best was but little better than
 eight points, so that with her great lee way,
 Willie soon found that, in spite of his utmost
 skill, his craft was drifting rapidly out to
 sea.

Nearer and nearer rolled on the embattled
 legions of black storm clouds; louder came
 the fearful thunder crashes; more vivid
 gleamed the red lightning's flash; wilder
 the shrieking gale swept by, howling and
 screaming dread notes of terror to the young
 voyagers. The water—which in with the
 land was quite smooth—began to heave up
 in huge, foam-crested waves, here and there
 all around them, curling over and breaking
 all feather white in long lines of snowy,
 hissing spray. Great round drops of rain
 came pattering down in the water, and pelting
 on the thwarts and gunwales of the boat
 with a sharp, clicking noise that smote start-
 ingly dismal on the ears of the three little
 ocean wanderers.

Young as he was, Willie retained in his
 mind much of what he had heard his father
 relate at various times, in regard to the man-
 agement of a ship in a gale; and the knowl-
 edge which he had thus gained in theory,
 now stood him in good stead. He had heard
 of keeping a ship before it in a squall, and
 of scudding in a gale—and the dull sailing
 clumsy boat was his ship. The theory which
 he had learned, he proceeded to put into
 practice; and when the first mad gust of the
 yelling tornado fell upon the launch, she was
 going off dead before the wind—otherwise
 her sail would have been blown away, or
 she would have been swamped in an instant.
 As it was, she went flashing on through the
 wild storm and screaming surges, scudding
 away, right out into the mighty wilderness
 of waters.

Ten, fifteen minutes went by, and still the
 war of elements went on in all its terrible fu-
 ry; and still the brave little fellow stood
 there at the helm, bare-headed, his cap blown
 away, his clothes dripping with water, and
 steady in his purpose, steering his tiny bark
 and away before and away before the fierce
 howling blast. Once only he faltered, and
 that was when the launch quivered for a mo-

ment on the crest of a mighty surge, and then
 went reeling and plunging, scudding almost
 on end, down into the hissing vortex of the
 liquid ravine. Then a single, quick cry of
 horror escaped the boy's lips; but the next
 moment, Jenny crept up to his side, laid her
 hand upon his shoulder, and spoke in a low,
 soothing tone, that almost instantly calmed
 back his confidence, and elicited from his
 lips a cry of admiration for his sister's hero-
 ism.

"Don't be frightened, dear Willie," spoke
 the little angel. "Mother says that God
 was once over people that live on the sea—
 And don't you remember, brother, how often
 our dear mother has told us that Jesus loved
 little children? If God watches over us, let
 Jesus love us, we shall be safe. So don't be
 afraid."

Night—dark, wild and gloomy night, came
 down upon the world of waters, and still the
 terrible tornado raged in all its horrors of
 wind, lightning, rain and thunder; and there,
 in their frail open boat, we will leave the
 hapless young voyagers speeding on and a-
 way right out into the very heart of the vast
 Atlantic. We will bid them adieu, and
 glance back to the home—to their fond moth-
 er, rendered desolate in heart, by the dread
 calamity that has fallen upon her in the loss
 of her children.

At the moment when the children first em-
 barked, Mrs. Walton had glanced out towards
 the cove, and for a few minutes she watched
 them with all a mother's fond pride, as she
 saw them sailing to and fro on the quiet wa-
 ters of the bay; and then some visitors cal-
 led, and she forgot her children till just as the
 storm came down, when a neighbor came
 rushing in with the heart rending intelli-
 gence that the launch had been seen only a
 few minutes previously, several miles out to
 sea.

The first terrific shock almost killed her;
 but soon rallying all her woman's energy and
 mother's love, she rushed forth from her home
 and regardless of the furious storm, aroused
 her neighbors, and besought them with all
 the eloquence called up by the deep anguish
 of her riven heart, to lend their aid in the re-
 covery of their lost darlings.

There was no vessel at Rockaway or Falk-
 ner's Island, and to venture out to sea in
 such a storm with such small craft as were
 kept along the shore, were worse than mad-
 ness; and so immediate despatches were sent
 to New York, not only to the owners of the
 ship commanded by Capt. Walton, but to the
 pilots, and within an hour after the news
 reached the city two of the staunchest pil-
 lant souls, manned by extra picked crews of
 gallant souls, were under weigh, and speeding on
 their swift winged course in search of the
 ocean lost children.

Mrs. Walton herself hastened to the city,
 to urge with her presence and influence, more
 prompt action; but the two vessels had been
 gone an hour when she arrived, and so she
 repaired to the house of Alwig, the owner of
 the ship her husband commanded, to await
 the return of those who had so nobly gone
 forth in that mad storm in search of her three
 darlings.

Leaving her there in a state of fevered an-
 xiety, hoping in the very teeth of despair, we
 too, will go forth in the wild, yelling gale, to
 look upon a most sublime ocean picture.

It was an hour after midnight—dark as
 the deepest, gloomiest cells of an inquisitorial
 dungeon, save when the vivid lightning's flash
 lit up the Cimærian blackness with a
 glare rivaling that of the brightest noon day
 sun.

Some ninety miles to the eastward of Sandy
 Hook, lay hove to a noble ship, inward bound
 in one of the most terrific gales that ever
 swept along the northern coast of America.—
 The gale had set in an hour before sundown,
 and ever since dark the ship had been hove
 to under the shortest possible canvas, heading
 west south west, with the gale coming in vic-
 tual squalls out at due northwest.

"Do you think there is any danger to the
 ship, captain?" inquired one of three
 passengers, who stood near the commander
 of the ship, partly sheltered from the storm
 by the projecting roof of the round house.

"Not the least Mr. Kinsley. You are as
 safe here as you could be at your own house
 in New York. She is a bran new ship, and
 I have had no opportunity of trying her hove
 to before; but I am perfectly satisfied with
 her behaviour. In fact, I never saw any craft
 conduct herself quite so well in a hurricane
 like this. 'Tis a terrible thing, however, and
 God help those who may chance to be out in
 a less able craft than ours! For the last hour
 I have been thinking of my wife and child-
 ren. My wife will not sleep a wink to night.
 She never can in a storm like this when I
 am from home. I was cast away once on the
 Long Island shore, in just such a gale, only
 it was at southeast. I would give a hundred
 dollars this instant to be at home, only for
 my wife's sake. But we must—my God,
 what is this?"

A continuous flash of lightning lit up the
 surrounding space, and as the darkness shut
 in again, a faint, but clear and distinct—

Good society is an important element
 in human happiness. Kind and honorable
 neighbors double the value of real estate in
 their vicinity. But one sinner destroys
 much good. Take a supposition: a man
 borrows your plow, horse, wagon or whatnot,
 and sends it home injured or ruined. Instead
 of coming near you, he curses you for want
 of pay, and tells you to whistle for your
 money. The effect of such an act is to har-
 den a man to kindness. Another, perhaps
 an honorable man, comes to the same one for
 a similar favor, and he bluntly says no.—
 Thus a mean man by a mean act, does a
 general injury.

ROBT. D. WILMOT, Sur. Gen.

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