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# The Standard,

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

Evans sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

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

## LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPER

Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrangements are made. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed they are held responsible until they have sent their Bill, and ordered their papers to be discontinued. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, the publisher is not responsible.

## 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 on 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	Leppoe River.
113	do	2	do
114	do	2	do
115	do	2	do
116	McIntyre, George	3	do
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## The Young Voyagers; OR, PILOTED BY PROVIDENCE.

(From Gleason's Pictorial)

"Come, Anne, come Jenny—sisters—"

"Come aboard my ship, and we'll have a jolly ride 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 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 cottage 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 blown away."

"You are a little coward, Jenny, to be afraid," interrupted the young captain, impatiently. "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 go in the boat when it blows hard; all I'm afraid of is disobeying her."

"Then you may come into the boat with our 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 about 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 wade 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 underweigh.

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, who was 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 rested upon the bright blue waves of the Atlantic far off beyond the discolored water along the coast, and clapping her hands with a sudden outburst 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!" interrupted 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 sitting 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 outside, 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 Vegetian blinds, into toy houses dotted with bright green specks. The colored water—which appeared from the cove only like a narrow strip dividing the white surf from the deep azure of the ocean beyond—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 naughty to come off so far from the land. But don't cry, sister. I am very sorry. Don't blame me—I couldn't 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 terrible 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 her brother, whose eyes, for the first time, had been directed towards a bank of dark, murky clouds heaving up in the western horizon, by his sister's remark; and at the very instant that his vision first rested upon the black pall, a chain of brilliant, zigzag lightning rose quivering along its upper edge, and a few moments after, there came to their ears the low, muffled roar of far off thunder.

The young captain had hailed his little vessel by the wind, but the clumsy thing lay broad off under her ill fitted sail. 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 startlingly 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 management of a ship in a gale; and the knowledge 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 fury; and still the brave little fellow stood there at the helm, bare-headed, his cap blown away, his clothes dripping with water, and ready in his purpose, toered his tiny bark on and away before and away before the fierce howling blast. Once only he faltered, and that was when the launch quivered for a moment on the crest of a mighty surge, and then went reeling and plunging, standing 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 heroism.

"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, and Jesus loves 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 away right out into the very heart of the vast Atlantic. We will bid them adieu, and glance back to the home—to their fond mother, 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 embarked, 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 waters of the bay; and then some visitors called, and she forgot her children till just as the storm came down, when a neighbour came rushing in with the heart rending intelligence that the launch had been seen only a few minutes previously, several miles out to sea.

The first terrible 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 recovery of their lost darlings.

There was no vessel at Rockaway or Falkner'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 madness; 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 pilot boats, manned by extra picked crews of gallant souls, were underweigh, 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 anxiety, 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 infernal dungeon, save when the vivid lightning's flash lit up the Cimmarian 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 midnight, and ever since dark the ship had been hove to under the shortest possible canvas, heading west south west, with the gale coming in violent squalls out at due northwest.

"Do you think there is any danger to us or 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 brave 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 night, 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 children. 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 midnight. 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 that?"

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

ROBT. D. WILMOT, Sur. Gen.

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 destroyeth 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 harden 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.

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25, 1852.