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The Standard,

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

No 34 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1851. [Vol. 18]

Tales of the Coast Guard. CALF-LOVE.

It may be as well to observe at starting, that the slight, unpretending sketches I am about to put down of a few rough adventures in the Preventive Service of this country will present no fancy pictures of high-souled dashing smugglers, such as I have seen sporting heroes at moon theatres—rattling gentlemen, who abound in all the first rate virtues of generosity, daring gallantry, and skill, slightly clouded if at all, by an irresistible propensity for defrauding the revenue—more, it is usually made to appear, for the fun and dash of the thing, or in rig out admirable sweaters or devoted wives with expensive nick-nacks, than for any thing for in the main, the most shocking life of the professional smuggler. Thus much hinted by way of warning to readers of a romantic taste, I proceed with the narrative of my first adventure in the revenue service, prefacing it with a brief chapter of my earlier history, without which it would be nearly if not altogether un-
intelligible.

My name is Warford—or at least it is not very unlike that—and I was born at Ichen, a village distant in those days about a mile and a half, by land and ferry, from South-
ampton. How much nearer the sea, I hear and read, rapidly-increasing town has since approached I cannot say, as it will be twenty-nine years next July since I finally quitted the neighbourhood. The village, at that time chiefly inhabited by ferry and fish-ermen, crept in a ragged sort of way up a declivity from the margin of the Ichen river, which there reaches and joins the Southampton estuary, till it arrives at Pear Tree Green, an eminence commanding one of the finest and most varied land and water views the eye of man has, I think, ever rested upon. My father retired lieutenant of the royal navy, was not a native of the place, as his name alone could sufficiently indicate to a person acquainted with the then Ichen people—the most every one of whom was either a Dible or a Daper—but he had many years resided there, and Pear Tree Churchyard contained the dust of his wife and five children—I and my sister Jane, who was a year older than myself, being all of his numerous family who survived their childhood. We were in fair circumstances, as my father, in addition to his half pay, possessed an income of some thing above a hundred pounds a year. Jane and I were carefully, though of course not highly or expensively educated; and as soon as I had attained the warrior-age of fifteen, I was despatched to sea to fight my country's battles—Sir Joseph Yorke having, at my father's request, kindly obtained a midshipman's warrant for me; and not many weeks after joining the ship to which I was appointed, I found myself, to my great astonish-
ment, doubling the France line at the Nile, an exploit which I have since read of with far more satisfaction than I remember to have experienced during its performance.

Four years passed before I had an opportunity of revisiting home; and it was with a beating as well as joyful heart, and light, elastic step, that I set off to walk the distance from Gosport to Ichen. I need hardly say that I was welcomed by Jane with tears of love and happiness. It was not long, how-
ever, before certain circumstances occurred which induced my worthy but peremptory father to cut my leave of absence suddenly and unmercifully short. I have before no-
ticed that the abominable of my native place were for the most part Dibles or Dapers—Well, it happened that among the former was one Ellen Dible, the daughter of a fish-erman somewhat more prosperous than many of his fellows. This young lady was a slim, active, blue-eyed, bright haired girney, about two years younger than myself, but some-
what tall and womanly for her age, of a light, charming figure, and rather genteel manners; which latter quality, by the by, must have come by nature, for but little edu-
cation of any kind had fallen to her share. She was it may be supposed, the belle of the place, and very numerous were her rustic admirers; but they all vanished in a twink-
ling, awestruck by my uniform, and especi-
ally by the dangling fork, which I occasion-
ally handled in a very alarming manner; and I, sentimental moon-calf that I was, felt, as it is termed, deeply and earnestly in love with the village beauty! It must have been her personal graces alone—her conver-
sation it could not be—which thus entranced me; for she seldom spoke, and then in re-
ply only, and in monosyllables; but she lis-
tened divinely, and as we strolled in the evening through the fields and woods between Ichen and Netley Abbey, gazed with such enraptured eloquence in my face as I poured forth the popular love and nonsense poetry of the time, that it is only possible I might have been sooner or later tripped into a ruinous marriage—of by her own girl I was, I am sure, as guileless as infancy, but by her parents—who were excellent, artful people—had not my father discovered what was going on, and in his rough way dispelled my silly day-dreams at once and for ever.

The churchyard at the summit of Pear

Tree Green is used to be commonly said was that in which Gray composed his famous "Elegy" or at all events which partially inspired it. I know not if this be correct; but I remember thinking, as I sat one fine September evening by the side of Ellen Dible upon the flat wooden railing which then en-
closed it, that the traditions had great like-
lihood. The broad and tranquil waters of the Southampton and Ichen rivers—bounded in the far distance by the New Forest, with its wavy masses of varying light and shade, and of the lark by the leafy woods, from out of which I often think the great ruins of the old abbey must in those days look grimly and spectre-like forth upon the sea-ward, treeless life which, in its hoary solitude—were at the tail of a spring tide. It was just, too, the hour of "parting day," and as the steeple spires of the Southampton churches faded gradually into indistinctness, and the earlier stars looked out, the cutwax, moved by distance into music, came to us upon the light air which gently stirred fair Ellen's glossy ringlets, as she, with her bonnet in her hand—her own walk had tired her—looked with her dove-innocent, transparent eyes in mine, while I repeated Gray's melodious lines. The "Elegy" was concluded, and I was replying even more vehemently than was my wont, when, whack! I received a blow on my shoulder, which sent us both off the rail; for Ellen held me by the arm, and it was quite as much as I could do to keep my feet when I reached them. I turned fiercely round, only to encounter the angry and sardonic countenance of my father. "I'll have no more of this nonsense," Bob! he gruffly exclaimed. "Be off home with you, and to-morrow I'll see you safe on board your ship, depend upon it. As for this pretty mix," he continued, addressing Ellen, who so trembled with confusion and dismay that she could scarcely utter her loudest strings, "I should think she would be better employed in mending her father's shirts, or darning her brother's stockings, than in gossipping her time away with a brazen young lubber like you." I, of course, was a fully incensed, but proud resistance, I knew, was useless; and after contriving to exchange a mute gesture with Ellen of eternal love, constancy, and despair, we took our several ways home-
wards. Before twelve o'clock the next day I was posting to Gosport, accompanied by my father, but not till after I had obtained, through the agency of a very soft hearted sister, a farewell interview with Ellen, when we of course made a fervent vow of mutual fidelity—affirmed and consecrated, at Ellen's sugges-
tion, by the mystical ceremony of breaking a crooked sixpence in halves—a moiety to be worn by each of us about our necks, as an eternal memorial and pendant proof against the flinty hearts of fathers.

The boyish fancy faded but slowly and lingeringly away with the busy and tumultu-
ous years which passed over my head, till the peace of 1815 cast me an useless sea wolf upon the land, to take root and vegetate there as I best might upon a lieutenant's half-pay. My father had died about two years before, and the hundred a year he left us was scarcely more than sufficient for the support of my sister, whose chances of an eligible marriage had vanished with her comeliness, which a virulent attack of smallpox had utterly de-
stroyed, though it had in nothing changed the patient sweetness of her disposition, and the gentle loving spirit that shone through all its disfiguring scars and scars. I had never heard directly from Ellen Dible, although during the first months of separation, I had written to her many times; the reason of which was partly explained by a few lines in one of Jane's letters announcing Ellen Dible's marriage—it seemed under some kind of moral compulsion, to a person of her own grade, and their removal from Ichen. This happened about six months after my last interview with her. I made no further inquiries, and I am thinking the subject might be a painful one, it happened that, by a kind of tacit understanding, it was never after-
wards alluded to between us.

The utter weariness of an idle shore life soon became insupportable, and I determined to solicit the good offices of Sir Joseph Yorke with the Admiralty. The gallant admiral had now taken up his permanent residence near Hamble, a village on the river of that name, which issues into the Southampton water not very far from opposite Calshot Castle. Sir Joseph was drowned there about eight or nine years after I left the sta-
tion. A more perfect gentleman, let me pause a moment to say, or a better seaman, than Sir Joseph never I believe, existed; and of a handsome, commanding presence, too—halfway up a highway at least, to use his own humorous self descriptive outline to the rest of his person. He received me with his usual frank urbanity, and I left him provided with a letter to the secretary of the Admir-
alty—the ultimate and not long delayed result of which was my appointment to the com-
mand of the *Rose* revenue cutter, the duties attached to which consisted in carefully watching, in the interest of His Majesty's customs, the shores of the Southampton river,

the Solent sea, the Wight, and other con-
tiguous portions of the seaboard of Hants, and Dorset.

The ways of smugglers were of course new to me; but we had several experienced hands on board, and as I zealously applied myself to the study of the art of contraband, I was not long in acquiring a competent knowledge of the traditional contrivances employed to defraud the revenue. Little of interest occurred during the first three or four weeks of my naval command, except that by the sharp-eyed vigilance of our look out, cer-
tain circumstances came to light, strongly indicating that Barnaby Daper, the owner of a cutter rigged fishing vessel, rather large hunched, living near Hamble Creek, was extensively engaged in the then high-
ly profitable practice of running moonshine, I managed industriously as, when ashore, he ap-
peared to be ever chastising mending his nets. He was a hale, grey-headed Barnaby—
Old Barnaby, as he was familiarly called, sat in these localities being seldom used—with a wooden studding of countenance which utterly defied scrutiny if it did not silence suspicion. His son, who was a per-
son to the cutter, lived at Weston, a beauti-
fully-situated hamlet between Ichen and Netley. A vigilant watch was consequently kept upon the movements of the Barnabys, father, son, and grandson—this last a smart, precocious youngster, I understood, of about sixteen years of age, by which family trio the suspicious *Blue-eyed Maid* was, with oc-
casional assistance, manned, sailed, and worked. Very rarely indeed, was the *Blue-eyed Maid* observed to be engaged in her cus-
tomary occupation. She would suddenly disappear, and as suddenly return, and al-
ways, we soon came to notice, on the nights when the *Rose* happened to be absent from the Southampton waters.

We had moved her for upwards of a week, when information reached us that a large lugger was unobservedly to run a cargo of a spit out far from Lynton, soon after midnight. I accordingly, as soon as darkness had fallen, ran down, and stood off and on, within signal distance of the shore-
men with whom I had communicated, till dawn, in vain expectation of the promised prize. I strongly suspected that we had been deceived; and on rounding Calshot Castle on our return, I had no doubt of it, for there, sure enough, was the *Blue-eyed Maid* riding lightly at anchor off Hamble Creek, and from her slight draught of water it was quite evident that her cargo, whatever it might have consisted of, had been landed, or other-
wise disposed of. They had been smart with their work, for the summer night and our ab-
sence, had lasted but a few hours only. I boarded her, and found Old Barnaby, whom I knew by sight and his two descendants, whom I had not before seen, busily engaged swabbing the cutter's deck, and getting mat-
ters generally into order and ship-shape. The son, a good deal resembling the old man, except that his features wore a much more intelligent and good humoured expression; and the boy was an active, bold eyed, curly-headed youngster, whose countenance, but for a provoking sauciness of expression ap-
parently habitual to him, would have been quite handsome. I thought I had seen his face somewhere before, and he, I noticed, suddenly stopped with his work on hearing my name, and looked at me with a smiling but earnest curiosity. The morning's work had, I saw, been thoroughly performed; and as I was in no hurry for a profligate gun of cross questions and crooked answers, I, after changing one or two colloquial con-
versations, in which I had by no means the ad-
vantage, returned to the *Rose* more than ever satisfied that the interesting family I had left required and would probably repay the closest watchfulness and care.

On the evening of the first day the *Blue-eyed Maid* again vanished: a fortnight slip-
ped by, and she had not reappeared; when the *Rose*, having slightly grazed her bottom in going over the shifting shingle at the north west of the Wight, went into Portsmouth harbour to be examined. Some of her cop-
per was found to be stripped off; there were other trifling damages; and two or three days would elapse before she could be got ready for service. This interval I spent with my sister. The evening after I arrived at Ichen, Jane and I visited Southampton, and accompanied an ancient female acquaintance, residing in Bogle Street—a dull, grass-
grown place in those days, whatever it may be now—to the theatre in, I believe, the same street. The performances were not over till near twelve o'clock, and after recon-
siling the ladies home, I wended my way to-
wards the Sun Inn on the quay, where I was to sleep—my sister remaining for the night with our friend. The weather, which had been dark and squally an hour or two before, was now remarkably fine and calm; and the porter of the inn telling me they should not close the house for some time longer, I strolled towards the Platform Battery, mounted by a single piece of brass ordi-
nance overlooking the river and pointing menacingly towards the village of Hythe—

The tide was at the full, and a faint breeze slightly rippled the magnificent expanse of water which glauced and sparkled in the bright moon and starlight of a cloudless au-
tumn sky. My attention was not long al-
sorbed by the beauty of the scene, peerless as I deemed it; for unless my eyes strangely deceived me, the *Blue-eyed Maid* had re-
turned, and quietly anchored off Weston. She appeared to have but just brought up, for the moonlight, three new patches in which evenly enabled me to recognise her, was still flapping in the wind, and it appeared to me—
though from the distance, and the shadow of the dark background of night in which she lay, it was difficult to speak with certainty—that she was deeply laden. There was not a moment to be lost; and fortunately, just in the nick of time, a boat with two watermen, approached the platform steps. I tendered them a guinea to put me on board the smack off Weston—an offer which they eagerly ac-
cepted; and I was soon speeding over the waters to her. My uniform must have ap-
prised the Barnabys of the nature of the visit about to be paid them; for when we were within about a quarter of a mile of their ves-
sel, two figures, which I at once recognised to be Old Barnaby and his grandson, jumped into a boat that had been loading alongside, and rowed desperately for the shore, but at a point considerably further up the river, towards Ichen. There appeared to be no one left on board the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and the shore-
confederates of the smugglers did not show themselves, conjecturing doubtless, as I had concluded they would, upon having plenty of help within sight. I therefore deter-
mined to capture the boat first, and return with her to the cutter. The watermen, ex-
cited by the chase, pulled with a will, and in about ten minutes ran alongside the Barnabys' boat, jumped in, and found her loaded to the gunwale with brandy kegs.

(To be continued.)

European Intelligence.

From the New Brunswick.
The American steamship *Arctic*, which dates from Liverpool four days later, arrived at New York on Monday; the Royal Mail steamer *Africa*, which sailed three days after the *Arctic*, arrived on Wednesday morn-
ing. The *Africa* brings Liverpool dates to the 24 inst. The following brief outline of the news has been received at the News Room, by telegraph.
The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill has received the Royal assent.
Parliament was to be prorogued on the 7th instant.
The news from the Continent possesses no feature of interest, and nothing of an ex-
citing character had transpired since last advices. France was quiet at the latest accounts.
The Liverpool markets present no marked aspect. The Cotton was rather higher—
Wheat had slightly declined. Flour was steady at about last quotations. Sugar was in less demand.
The weather continued exceedingly favora-
ble for the growing crops.
The accounts from Manchester and other manufacturing districts are very satisfac-
tory.

His Excellency Sir Henry Bulwer, Bri-
tish Minister at Washington, sailed from New York yesterday, for England, in the R. M. Steamship *Niagara*. Mr. Cramp-
ton, Secretary of Legation, remains at Wash-
ington as Charge d'Affaires.
It is rumoured that Sir Henry Bulwer in-
tends to resign his diplomatic functions, with the view of taking a seat in Parliament.—
(New Brunswick.)

Fire.—The premises belonging to Mr. R. use, in Portland, were destroyed by fire at an early hour on Tuesday morning. He was insured for £100. The City Engineers, some of which were soon at the fire, prevented further destruction of property.—(Ib.)

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.—The last num-
ber of this Paper, as well as the present, are both printed on paper from the new Paper Mill at Little River, near this city. Our readers will be able to judge for themselves as to the quality of this specimen of domestic manufacture, which we have pleasure in bringing under public notice.—(Ib.)

FINE CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.—A most wonderful piece of linen has been woven for the World's Exhibition in the north of Ire-
land, near Warrington, by a weaver named George Haddock. It is a web of fine cambric handkerchiefs. Small print can be read through it, and yet the web is so close and compact that a single thread could not be distinguished without the aid of a microscope, or rather web glass. The cambric, when held up to the light, looks like a fine and airy fabric. In the production of this beauti-
ful gossamer looking cambric, Mr. Haddock almost realized what classic fiction ascribe to the performance of Arachne, who, as my-
thologists inform us was converted into a spider, on account of equalling that ingen-

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS

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one little architect in her production of fine wire.—(Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.)

It is said that Mr. Hope has purchased, for 10,000 guineas, the splendid malachite door shown in the Russian department of the Great Exhibition. Should this be the case, it may prove a check to the gentleman's usual hospitality; for when a friend comes to dine with him, he will most probably show him the door.—[Punch.]

WHO WAS THE POOL?—Some merchant went to an eastern sovereign, and exhibited for sale several very fine horses. The king admired them, and bought them; he, more-
over, gave the merchants a lac of rupees to purchase more horses for him. The king one day, in a sportive humor, ordered the vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked why. He replied, "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you didn't know, and who will never come back."
"Ay, but suppose they should come back?"
"Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

A VOLCANIC ISLAND.—It will be remem-
bered that an island, about 120 feet high and 2,000 feet in circumference, suddenly sprang up in 1831 between Sicily and La Paniel-
latia. It disappeared about a month after, and at a later period even the sounding lead could give no indication of its existence; but vessels passing over the place it had formerly occupied would sometimes feel a sort of shock, which showed it was of volcanic origin.—
In March last, however, the French vessel *Eole*, which was taking soundings in the vicinity, discovered some traces of its existence; and we now learn from Naples that in the course of last month, her Majesty's ship *Seacourt*, Captain Kerr, verified the truth of the preceding observation, and further discovered that the island, which has been christened "Isola Giulia," was only nine feet under water. Captain Kerr had a pole, with a streamer and an inscription, set up on the spot.

Counting-House ALMANAC, 1851.

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