

The Standard.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
A. W. Smith.
At his Office, Water Street, Saint Andrews, N. B.
TERMS.
12s 6d per annum—paid in advance.
15s, if not paid until the end of the year.
No paper discontinued until arrears are paid.
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Inserted according to written orders, continuing
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First insertion of 12 lines and under 3s
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First insertion of all over 12 lines 3s per line
Each repetition of 12 lines 1d per line
Advertising by the year as may be agreed on

The Standard.

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

E. variis sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

No. 1 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1851. [Vol. 13]

Counting-House ALMANAC. 1851.

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
JAN.	6 7 8 9 10 11 12	13 14 15 16 17 18 19	20 21 22 23 24 25 26	27 28 29 30 31			
FEB.	3 4 5 6 7 8 9	10 11 12 13 14 15 16	17 18 19 20 21 22 23	24 25 26 27 28			
MARCH	3 4 5 6 7 8 9	10 11 12 13 14 15 16	17 18 19 20 21 22 23	24 25 26 27 28			
APRIL	7 8 9 10 11 12 13	14 15 16 17 18 19 20	21 22 23 24 25 26 27	28 29 30			
MAY	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28 29 30 31			
JUNE	2 3 4 5 6 7 8	9 10 11 12 13 14 15	16 17 18 19 20 21 22	23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30		
JULY	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27	28 29 30 31		
AUGUST	4 5 6 7 8 9 10	11 12 13 14 15 16 17	18 19 20 21 22 23 24	25 26 27 28 29 30 31			
SEPT.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30		
OCT.	6 7 8 9 10 11 12	13 14 15 16 17 18 19	20 21 22 23 24 25 26	27 28 29 30 31			
NOV.	3 4 5 6 7 8 9	10 11 12 13 14 15 16	17 18 19 20 21 22 23	24 25 26 27 28 29 30			
DEC.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31		

The Atlantic Steamers.

The undernoted Vessels are appointed to sail as follows:

FROM LIVERPOOL.	30th Nov
America for Boston	Saturday
Africa for New York	Saturday
Canada for Boston	Saturday
FROM AMERICA.	18th Dec
Asia from New York	Wednesday
America from Boston	Wednesday
Africa from New York	Wednesday
Canada from Boston	Wednesday

THE MAILS FOR ENGLAND CLOSE

at the Post Office here, on the following days, viz.
Monday 9th December via Halifax, 4 P.M.
Tuesday 10th " via New York, 5 A.M.
Friday 13th " via New York, 5 A.M.
Monday 25th " via Halifax, 4 P.M.

I. J. F. ROGERS, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, LATELY FROM NEW YORK.

HAS the honor to announce to the Inhabitants of St. George, and its vicinity, that he has commenced business in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Wm. Armstrong, fronting the Public Landing, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, in the most fashionable style, with neatness and promptitude. Having just arrived from the United States, where he has been employed in some of the most celebrated Establishments in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, trusts, that his long experience, knowledge, and superior workmanship, with a desire to please, will entitle him to public patronage. Garments were made to fit, before leaving his shop.

The Fashions received Quarterly from New York.
St. George.

THE PILOT'S REVENGE.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

It was towards night on the 21st of November, 1831, a small English brig, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smuggling, was lazily creeping along over the monotonous expanse just off the coast of Galway, and on her deck was being enacted a scene of some more than common interest.

The day before she had captured a small boat laden with contraband articles, together with an old man and a boy, who, charged with them, the captain of the brig, whose name was Dracut, had ordered that the old smuggler should be put in irons. To his indignity the man made a stout resistance; and in the heat of the moment he had so far forgotten himself as to strike the captain a blow which laid him upon the deck. Such an insult to an English officer was past endurance, and in punishment for his offence, the smuggler was condemned to die.

A single whip was roused at the starboard yard arm, and all hands were called to witness the execution. The rope was noosed and slipped over the culprit's head, and the hanging end was raved through a small hatch-block on the deck. "Until this moment not a word had escaped the lips of the boy. He trembled as he beheld the awful preparations, and as the fatal noose was passed and drawn tight, the color forsok his cheeks, and he sprang forward and dropped upon his knees before the increased captain.

"Mercy, sir, mercy!"

"For whom?" asked the officer, while a contemptuous sneer rested upon his lips.

"For that old man, whom you are about to kill!"

"He dies, boy!"

"He is my father, sir!"

"No matter if he were my own father, that man that strikes an English officer while in the performance of duty, must die!"

"Insulted!" repeated the captain—who insulted him?"

"You did, sir," replied the boy, while his face flushed with indignation.

"Get up, sir, and be careful you don't give the same treatment," said the captain in a savage tone.

The old man heard this appeal of his son, and as the last words dropped from the lips of his captor, he raised his head, and while a look of the utmost defiance passed over his features, he exclaimed—

"Ask no favors, Robert! Old Karl Kintock can die as well now as at any time—let them do the worst!"

Then turning to Capt Dracut, he changed his tone to one of deep supplication, and said—

"Do what you please with me, sir, do what I am ready for your sentence, and the sooner you finish it, the better."

"Lay hold of me now, and stand by to run the villain up!"

In obedience to this order the men ranged themselves along the deck, and each one laid hold of the rope. Robert Kintock looked first at his father, and then he ran his eyes along the line of men who were to be his executioners.

But not one sympathizing or pitying look could he trace. Their faces were all hard and cold, and they all appeared anxious to finish their murderous work.

"What?" exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his trembling lid, "is there no one who can even pity?"

"Up with him," shouted the captain.

Robert buried his face in his hands, and the next moment his father was swinging at the yard arm. He heard the passing rap and the creaking block, and he knew that he was fatherless!

Half an hour afterwards the boy, bent by the side of a ghastly corpse—a simple prayer escaped his lips. Then another low, murmuring sound came up from his bosom—but none of those who stood around knew its import. It was a pledge of deep revenge.

Just as the old man's body slid from the gangway into the water, a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and another moment the dread artillery of nature sent forth a roar so long and loud, that the men actually placed their hands to their ears to shut out its deafening power. Robert Kintock started at the sound, and what had caused a dread in other's bosoms sent a thrill of satisfaction to his own.

"Oh, revenge!" he muttered to himself, as he cast his eyes over the foam crested waves which had already risen beneath the power of the sudden storm.

The darkness had come as quickly as did the storm, and all that could be distinguished from the deck of the brig, save the breaking sea, was the fearful craggy shore, as flash after flash, of lightning, illuminated the heavens.

"Light, ho!" shouted the man forward—and the next moment all eyes were turned to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the distant rocks.

The wind had now reached its height, and with its mighty power it set the ill-fated brig flying upon the surf-bound shore of rock

and reefs, and every face, save one, was blanched with fear.

In vain did they try to lay the brig to the wind, but not a sail would hold for an instant, until at length the men managed to get up a fore and main storm staysail, and then the big stout for a short time bravely up against the heaving sea. But it was evident that even should she succeed in keeping to the wind, she must eventually be driven ashore, for the power of the setting waves was greater than that of the wind.

Boy, if you know what best that is asked the captain, as he stood holding on to the main rigging to keep his feet.

"Yes, sir," replied Robert; "it is Bally-naire!"

"What is it there for?"

"It marks the entrance to a little harbor, sir, which lies in the back of it!"

"And can it be entered by a vessel of this size?" asked the captain while a gleam of hope shone across his face.

"Yes, sir, a large ship can enter there."

"And do you know the passage?"

"Yes, sir; I have spent my whole life on this coast, and I know every turn in it."

"Can you take the brig there in this storm?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, while a strange light shone from his eyes.

"And will it do?" eagerly asked the captain.

"On two conditions."

"Name them, quickly."

"The first is that you let me go in peace; and the next, that you trouble none of the smugglers, should they happen to be there."

"I will promise," said the captain. "And now set about your work. But mark me, if you deceive me, by St. George, I will shoot you on the moment!"

The brig was soon before the wind, and Robert Kintock stationed himself upon the starboard fore-yard arm, from whom his orders were passed along to the helmsman. The bounding vessel soon came within sight of the ragged crags, and the heart of every man leaped with fearful thrills as they were swept past a frowning rock which almost grazed them as they passed. On flew the brig, and thicker and more fearful became the rocks, which raised their heads on every side.

"Port!" shouted the boy.

"Port it is."

"Steady—so."

"Starboard—quick!"

"Ay, ay, starboard it is."

"Steady—so."

"Steady—so."

At this moment the vessel swept off past an overhanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning shot through the heavens and revealed all the horrors around, a loud shout was heard from the young pilot, and in a moment all eyes were turned toward him. He stood upon the extreme edge of the yard and held by the lattice. In a moment more, he crouched down like a tiger after his prey, and then with one leap he reached the projecting rock.

Revenge! revenge! it was all that the doomed man heard, as they were swept away into the boiling surge beyond.

Breakers! a reef! screamed the man for ward, "beware! beware! Ere the helm was half up, a low tremulous grating of the brig's keel was distinctly felt, and the next instant came a crash which sounded high above the elements, and the heavy mass went sweeping away to the leeward, followed in a few moments by large masses of the ill-fated vessel's wreck and cargo. Struck after struck went up from their doomed men, but they were in the grasp of a power that knew no mercy.

The Stoen Kintock took them all for his own.

The next morning a small party of wreckers came down from the rocks, and moved along the shore. It was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and here and there were scattered along the beach and mutilated forms of the ship's crew. Among the party was Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpses, as though there were one he would have found.

At length he stopped and crouched over one, upon the shoulders of which were two golden epaulettes. It was the captain of the brig—the murderer of his father! The boy placed his foot upon the prostrate body, and while a strange light beamed from his eyes, and a shudder passed over his countenance, he muttered—

"Father you are fearfully revenged."

The boy spoke truly! Fearful in its consummation, had been that "Pilot's Revenge!"

tribe of Esquimaux, towards the middle of a second; the severe weight of the material, being, was beginning to tell, and he showed visible signs of punishment. There can be little doubt of Sir James' winning his chivalrous wager.

Young tipplers—should get the following by heart—

Men brandy drink and never think
The girls at all can tell it.
They don't suppose a woman's nose
Was ever made to smell it.

Old Sir James Haring was remonstrated with on not rising earlier—"I can make up my mind to it, said he, "but cannot make up my body."

An editor received a letter in which weather was spelled "weather." He said it was the worst spell of weather he had ever seen.

At a Printer's festival, held in Nashville, the type stuck, was toasted, and described as "the charmed rabbit by which the printer holds the destinies of empires and states and communities, as in the hollow of his hand."

Facts and Figures.—We have received from Mr. Read, of Adams, some facts in regard to the breeding of swine, which are of importance to every farmer. Mr. R. remarked that he had long observed that pigs from old sows made much heavier hogs than those from young sows; and he related an instance which places the matter in a very striking light. He had two sows of the same breed, one of which was one year old and the other three—the former being out of the latter—both sows had a litter of pigs on the same night, and as a part of both litters were destroyed, the two litters were put together and nursed by the older sow. The pigs of the older sow were apparently the most promising at first, but they all grew up together, were treated alike and fattened alike, and when they came to be killed the pigs of the older sow weighed about eighty pounds more than those of the young one.—[Michigan Farmer]

TWO WEEKS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamer Cherokee arrived this morning from Chagres, via Kingston, with one million six hundred and eighty thousand dollars in gold, and 361 passengers.

The Cherokee left Kingston (Jamaica), on the 14th inst. The cholera has played at Kingston, but was still raging in the interior of the island.

The steamer Tennessee arrived at Panama on the 24 inst, from San Francisco, and the Anselmo on the 4th, bringing dates to the middle of November.

The Pacific has not arrived at Chagres.

The British steamer Tay arrived at Panama, with 370 passengers, for Realjo.

Gold continues to come into San Francisco from the mines plentifully, and was selling in San Francisco at \$151 an ounce.

Business is reported to be very brisk.

The cholera had spread at San Francisco. At Sacramento City and up the river it was more fatal.

The passengers by the Cherokee have \$400,000 additional to that on the steamer's manifest.

The cholera was at Nevada City, Rough and Ready, and the Yuba Mines. Eight or ten cases occur daily.

Lumber drags heavily.

SHIPWRECK AND GREAT LOSS OF LIFE!—It is stated the bark Emily, from San Francisco for Realjo and Panama, was lost on the 20th of Sept, on the Pacific coast, and out of 200 passengers only two were saved.

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.—Some years ago a young lady who was travelling took a seat in a stage coach. For some miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind. She had been engaged as governess to the grandchildren of an earl, and was now travelling to his seat. At midday the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided at a good price, and she alighted and, rattled down at the table. An elderly man followed, and sat down also. The young lady rose and rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said—"Here is an outside passenger. I can go into another room," and immediately retired, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam; I can go into another room," and immediately retired, and the passengers their places.

At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was no such attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered. As soon as we have attended to his lordship, we will come to you."

A few words of explanation ensued, and to his dismay she found that the outside passenger, with whom she thought it beneath her dignity to dine, was the nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology she sent for not appearing that evening, was more than a mere pretence.

The venerable peer was a considerate man, and who knew the way which the scriptures speak of the going down of the sun. "We must not allow the night pass," said he to the countess; "you must send for her and we

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS

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If Subscribers remove to other places, without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

He resented with the foolish girl, speculating her conduct, insisted upon the impropriety of the state of mind evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to marry his grandchildren to be taught such notions, refused to accept an apology that did not go the length of an acknowledgment that the thought was wrong, and when the right impression appeared to be produced gave her his hand.

COUNTERFEITS.—We have been requested to put the public on their guard against Notes on the St. Stephen's Bank, altered from "One Dollar to One Pound." So, well executed have these alterations been, that one of the notes was passed yesterday at one of our principal stores in Prince William Street, and it was not detected until some time afterwards by a more close examination. We believe there are no "Pound" Notes of the St. Stephen's Bank in circulation—a fact which should easily lead to a discovery of such alterations of its notes.—[Courier]

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a number of the *Expositor*, a weekly paper published in London, and intended as an illustrated Recorder of Inventions, Designs, and Manufactures. It is a beautifully embellished work, particularly suited to the present time, when there will shortly be the greatest collection in the world, of works connected with the arts and sciences, brought together at the Great Exhibition in London. Such a publication as this, will be as valuable to those parties who intend going to see the physical science next summer, as it will be to those who may be unable to do so, by explaining many of the principal inventions useful to our own machines, who might possibly gain much really useful information from its pages, on subjects connected with their respective crafts; and it has the additional recommendation of being cheap, the price being only four pence sterling, stamped.—It is published by Mr. Joseph Claydon, junr, 255, Strand, London.—Ibid.

FIRE.—A fire broke out in the Iron Foundry at the Upper Village on Friday last, but was fortunately discovered in time to prevent any serious results. But little damage was done. We had several alarms during the past week, two or three of which were caused by wooden vessels taking fire from which hot ashes had been thrown. The common, but dangerous practice of putting live coals and ashes into barrels and boxes—regardless of their situation, or the consequences should they take fire—cannot be too severely reprobated. The ash barrel should be watched as narrowly as the fires in our stoves or grates; carelessness in this particular having caused some of our most destructive fires.—[Carleton Sentinel]

THE HAMILTON WOOLLEN MILL DESTROYED BY FIRE.—Loss \$175,000.—The extensive seven story stone and brick woollen mill, belonging to the Hamilton Woollen Company, in Globe village, Southbridge, was wholly consumed by fire on Sunday morning about 7 o'clock, together with its contents. The loss is estimated at about \$175,000. The building was burnt out in about three hours. By this destructive fire some 700 persons are suddenly thrown out of employment, and deprived of means of subsistence at this inclement season of the year. The origin of the fire is unknown. The cotton mill, delaine print works, wool scouring house, (in which was 400,000 lbs. of wool) and other buildings attached to the establishment are uninjured. The walls of the burnt building remain standing, and it is the intention of the company to reconstruct it once. There was insurance on the property destroyed to the amount of \$130,000.—[Quebec Morning Chronicle]

THE RICHES OF THE ORIENT.—The articles sent to the Great Fair, from Jerusalem, will be animal skins, wool and hair, specimens of native weaving and raw silk, oils, earthenware, and other dyes, olive and walnut woods, finished work and raw materials, in stone and marble. The Maharajah of Junoon has sent a collection of shawls, papier mache and carpets from Cashmere to Lahore, en route for London. Their value is \$50,000, and they are a gift to the trustees of the great fair.—Among the Eastern contributions, is a suit of armor inlaid with gold and gems. From China will be sent to the exhibition specimens of granite and tools used in cutting it, specimens of the wood and tools used in carving ivory, a finished idol, and its house; porcelain and celadon, with brushes, cotton gulls, and other Chinese curiosities.

THE BULL RACE.—The two bulls are "going it" rapidly over the British course; but now spectators are unable to decide which will get a lead—John Bull or the Pope.

One of the most remarkable facts in the life of mankind, is the enormous consumption of sea and coal. Upwards of 800,000,000 pounds of these are annually consumed by the inhabitants of the world.

A hen poked husband says that, instead of he and his wife being one, they are two for she is 1 and he is 6.