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# The Standard,

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

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LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPER  
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## THE STANDARD.

BERMUDA.—From late Bermuda papers, we learn that the Yellow Fever continued its ravages to an alarming extent, and numbers had fallen victims to the disease. At St. George's in two days 44 deaths had taken place. In the 56th Regt., 85 men, women and children, and 3 officers had died; to the 16th September. The Acting Governor Colonel George Phillpotts, R. E., fell a victim to the disease. Col. Robe, of the Royal Artillery, was to be sworn in as Administrator of the Government.

The New Brunswick of Thursday last, says that a despatch was received at the News Room in that City (St. John), on Wednesday evening, stating that in the Chanery suit of the Bank of British North America vs. Wardlaw, Administrator, &c., of the late Robert Watt, of Montego Bay, the Chancellor has dismissed the appeal, with costs. The suit thus terminates in favour of the defendant.

The surveys in Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, have so far advanced that the line of the European and North American Railway may be stated as follows:—  
Halifax to Sackville, 124 miles.  
Sackville to St. John, 128 " "  
St. John to boundary of Maine, 72 " "  
Boundary of N. B. to Bangor, 95 " "  
Bangor to Augusta, 62 " "  
Augusta to Portland, 60 " "  
Portland to Boston, 646 " "

### CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

We take the following extract from a letter written by the Rev. William Donald, and published in the "Home and Foreign Missionary Record for the Church of Scotland," believing it will be interesting to the friends of the Church, in this County. Mr. Donald gives a statement of the congregations within the bounds of the Presbytery of St. John, and points out the need of additional Ministers, and urges upon the Colonial Committee, the necessity of sending out Missionaries to this Province. Alluding to St. Andrews, he says:—

"Last month (June) I visited the congregation in the town of St. Andrews, and at Whittier's Ridge in the parish of St. Patrick. In the town of St. Andrews these does not appear to be any increase in the numerical strength of the congregation, but the members of it are generally benefited by the reviving prosperity of the place. It has long been in a depressed condition, owing to the gradual loss of its lumbering business and West Indian trade; but the active operations in the formation of the St. Andrews and Quebec Railway have, for the present, aided greatly in reviving its prosperity. The amount raised last year by the congregation for the support of the Rev. Mr. Ross, was only £75 currency, and even that sum was not paid at the time of my visit; but the trustees with whom I had a meeting, expected to be able to pay it up by the end of the financial year, somewhere about the end of last month or beginning of this. For the current year they agree to guarantee £100 currency, and from the gradually increasing prosperity of the town I do not think they will have any difficulty in raising that sum. I pressed upon them the propriety of becoming self-sustaining as soon as possible.

The congregation at Whittier's Ridge, 22 miles from St. Andrews, is increasing in numbers. I preached there on a week day, and though at a very busy season of the year, and in a completely rural district, there was a very respectable attendance. Mr. Ross has been supplying services to them once a month since the death of Mr. Cassilis, but has received from them what only barely covered his travelling expenses. For the current year they agree to pay him £25 currency, for the same amount of services as formerly. This will pay his expenses, and leave probably about £10 or £15 over.—This sum of £125 currency is all that Mr. Ross can depend on from the two congregations; and though it will be an increase of about £40 currency to his income for the present year, yet without the continuance of a grant from the Colonial Committee, he could not continue to support himself and family on this small amount, provisions and house rent being at so high a rate."

COUNTERFEITERS.—Another counterfeit establishment has been discovered near Dayton Ohio, and two of the parties have been arrested. A very large quantity of admirably

executed gold and silver coins was found with them.

The harvest operations are nearly over in this vicinity, and the result is that Providence has blessed us with a fair average of its bounties. Already we have among us the apparent precursors of an early winter, and the River St. John which has remained unprecedently low for the season, cannot remain so much longer, in consequence of the heavy rains which have fallen for the last fortnight. There is a large amount of goods here at present which requires to be transported shortly to the upper districts of the St. John; and probably there may be some produce to come down; thus the steamers are likely to find ample employment during the few weeks to transpire previous to the closing of the river.—Reporter.

An alarm of fire was given about 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning, which was caused by the burning of sawdust near the Mills of Messrs. Robert Rankin & Co., a short distance from Indian Town. Owing to a strong wind, the fire spread rapidly, and communicated to a large pile of lath, a great number of which were burned. At one time the mill was in great danger, but through the strenuous exertions of the Firemen it was prevented from catching fire.—Nbr.

We learn that the Maine Telegraph Company have purchased the Maine line of telegraph from Portland to Boston, and the line from Portland to Waterville, with its branch to Augusta. These lines will hereafter with the present line of the Maine Telegraph Company, all under one management. The line from Portland to Montreal will also be worked in connection with the above lines. This is consolidating the telegraph interest in Maine, and under the new management the line between Portland and Boston will be kept in order and made reliable.—Bangor Courier.

WELL TURNED.—A young lady, over the signature of "Kate," sends the following spirited article to the New Orleans True Delta. We think she gives fashionable young men a well merited rebuke. Her remark "It will never do to commence the work of reform entirely on one side, is worthy consideration. She entitles her piece—"How to educate Young America."

I read in a paper, she says, the other day, that some new ornamental branches in young ladies' education were coming out soon—"Cook-ology, Spin-ology, Sewing-ology." All honour to the projector of so happy an improvement; but, allow me to ask, when our young Misses become such pattern housewives, in what "circles" they will look for suitable companions? Not in upper-ten-dom could they be found. Just fancy one of the be-whiskered, be-scented, be-moustached, be-dressed, in companionship with one of Solomon's maidens, who layeth her hand to the spindle, or plyeth the busy shuttle, or compoundeth rare cookery. What affinity would there be between them? The same that exists between a butterfly and a honey bee—one all glare and glitter, and frisking movements, the other all patient industry and sobriety.

I cannot think of a more useless article, or one more out of place, in a room where work is progressing, than a fashionable young man. He knows so little about matters and things I feel in paid until he is safely lodged in the parlor, among other things "more for ornament than use," annuals and bijouterie.

It will never do to commence the work of reform entirely on one side. I propose three branches more to be added to the list of studies for finishing young gentlemen fashionably.—Saw-ology, Chop-ology and Split-ology, and that in addition to the requisite number of "sheets, towels, spoons and napkin rings," each promising pupil be furnished with a new wood-saw and axe, well sharpened and daily exercise with them to be practised.—It will supercede the necessity of gymnastics.

In our onward march to perfection, and in taking up the accomplishments of our grandmothers, we earnestly beg that some provision be made against being cut off from the "best society," and such would be the result unless the lords of creation are willing to keep pace with us. Their lily hands would scarcely, with present views, be willingly united with those which bear marks of labor; and what a dreadful state of affairs would occur in upper sub-dom, if one of the first families were to marry beneath their dignity.

Hasten then, the glorious era, when walking sticks shall be converted into hosiery handles, croquet hocks into knitting-needles and quizzing glasses and flirtations be known no more.

TOO SENSITIVE.—The New York Evening Post tells us of an incident at a place of public amusement in that city on Monday even-

ing, when J. S. Knowles's five act comedy of "Love, or the Countess and the Serf," was performed in the presence of a large assemblage of citizens and strangers. The editor says:—

In the third act the Duke discovers that the serf loves his daughter, and to prevent their Union he calls Huon before him, and requests him to sign a paper for his marriage to Catherine. This cuts Huon to the quick, as he loves the Countess, and he refuses to obey the Duke. The latter threatens the serf with death for his disobedience, but it has no effect. Here a little excitement arose, when Huon, replying to the Duke, said:—"What is death compared to slavery?"

The last word was delivered with such emphasis that almost the entire audience began demonstrations of applause, while a few persons in the boxes, probably Southern gentlemen, hissed energetically.

There was no allusion to slavery in the South, and we could not divine the cause of their displeasure, unless the hated word in any form, grates harshly upon their consciences.

### TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Touch not the glass my youthful friend,  
Thou' friends may urge a sup,  
Remember all the danger is  
In the first fatal cup.

Remember friends now far away,  
Their parting wishes be  
Brought to thy mind, so that thine eyes  
Thy duty clear may see.

True friends will never try to lead  
Thy youthful feet to rove,  
From what is right, but if they should,  
At once renounce their love.

'Tis better far to have their hate,  
Than love at such a cost,  
For once within their snare thou art,  
Inevitably lost.

Then value not their love nor hate,  
They are not worth a thought,  
Let thy true friends, one day be told,  
How lovely thou hast fought.

If thou canst read a good intent,  
In these few lines so clear,  
I'll say no more, but bid farewell,  
For a long, long, half year.

Oct. 1853.

### THE SUNKEN ROCK.

It is related that, some years ago, while a frigate was cruising in the Mediterranean, her commander was ordered to ascertain whether there existed, within certain lines of latitude and longitude, a shoal or reef, which had been reported as having three. The captain addressed himself to the task, with all the rough earnestness of a British seaman, and at the same time entertaining a strong persuasion that nothing of the kind described would be found in the position pointed out. The undertaking was accordingly conducted in a superficial manner, and was speedily terminated by the captain declaring that the report which had occasioned the search was a perfect mistake, and originated in delusion or falsehood. But an officer on board—a man, accustomed himself to accurate calculations and observation—was of another mind, and felt convinced, with more careful and prolonged examination, a different result might probably be obtained. None of his arguments, however, availed with the commander, who sharply rebuked him as wanting experience, and being a mere theorist. The officer, however, carefully treasured up his observations and reckonings, and, having left the frigate, persuaded the Admiralty to send him on a second expedition, with a small vessel under his own command, in quest of the reported rock, or whatever else it might prove to be. His voyage was successful; and he returned with the clearly ascertained information, that in a certain spot in the Mediterranean there lay a dangerous sunken rock. "This fact, for safety in the navigation of that sea, was of course faith with carefully marked down in the charts. For this service he was rewarded with promotion. The commander of the frigate, hearing of this, afterwards, was highly incensed, and declared that the report was a fraud to get promotion; adding:—

"If ever I have the keel of this ship under me in those waters again, and do not carry her clean over where the chart marks a rock, call me a liar and no seaman to boot!"

Two years afterwards he was bound to Naples, having some public functions as passengers on board his vessel. One autumn afternoon, as the ship took a north-easterly direction, threatening dark stripes of cloud began to stream over the sky, and a gale sprang up, which made the sails and cordage crack as though they would burst, while the heaving waves tossed and tried the timber of the well compacted keel. Night came on,

and the captain paced the decks anxiously, and consulted the master of the ship, whose practical skill and experience rendered him a valuable counsellor. By the light of a lantern they examined a chart,—when the master pointing to a spot whereabouts they were, exclaimed:—"Look here, sir!"

There was the recently discovered point of danger, marked down under the name of the "Twill Rocks." The commander was reminded of former circumstances, and, incensed beyond description at the remembrance burst out in a passionate speech, abusing the officer who had reported the discovery, and repeating his own determination to sail right over the spot, and so demonstrate the whole thing as a lugbear, at the same time stamping his foot to give emphasis to his words.

On the ship speeded her way over the rolling billows, and down went the commander into the cabin to join his illustrious passengers, and to tell the story of the sunken rock, thinking to make them merry at the expense of the false lieutenant.

"In five minutes," said he, taking out his watch, "with a laugh, we shall have crossed this terrible spot."

But the intelligence by no means awakened sympathetic merriment in the company; they were terror-stricken, while he spoke gaily. There was a pause, and a slight grating touch of something that scratched the bottom of the noble ship—the noise of alarm from the hatchway—then a shock—then a crash, and a quivering of the hull—and then the bursting of timbers, and the ingushing of water. The frigate had struck, and was presently a wreck—the masts reeling over into the ocean, and the breakers threatening to swallow up all that remained of the ill-fated vessel. With desperate energy everything possible was done to save the passengers.—The boats were hauled out, and all on board embarked, and were ultimately preserved except a few drunken sailors in the hold, and the commander who would not survive his man's temerity. The last seen of the unhappy man was his white figure, bare headed, and in his shirt, sinking out from the dark hull of the frigate, the foam bursting round her bows and stern.

HE WOULD NOT BELIEVE. He had possessed the means of ascertaining the truth; he had listened to the arguments, and heard the reports of others; there was evidence enough to satisfy an unprejudiced man; but he would not believe. And is not that captain's history a parable of what is commonly occurring among mankind? Persons will not hearken to those who are fixed ideas of their own, which though perfectly unfounded, nothing can move, they rush on to their own destruction. They are deluded by some falsehood they created or adopted for themselves, while they pronounce the truth told them by others to be false and delusive. A man is warned against a certain course of conduct, which it is plain will ruin him; he is assured that a sunken rock lies before him, but he will not believe, and on he goes, till, in some dark hour, he makes shipwreck.

The rock is sunk and unseen. Some profess to have investigated the subject, and found it all delusion. But He who knows all things, who is the faithful and true witness, who cannot lie, declares to us that there it is. Men may ridicule the idea, and boast of their superiority to vulgar prejudices, but there it is. It is true you cannot see it; it lies at present out of sight; but there it is. Believing or not believing, makes no difference. One can imagine, though hardly with sufficient vividness and power, what must have been his bitter self-mortification, reproach and despair, and agony, as he thought of the folly which had produced this irreparable mischief. In the few moments spent upon the wreck, in that wild raging sea, there must have been intense anguish. A far more awful moment will it be when a self-deluded soul awakes in eternity to the consciousness of his own infatuated unbelief—when the truth, long denied, opposed, ridiculed, and reviled, comes before the eye. Believing, or not believing, makes no difference with regard to the actual existence of a thing; and therefore, however men may think and feel about the future punishment of impotence and unbelief, the fact remains—there it is.

There must have been an awful moment when the commander of the frigate discovered his mistake—when the vessel actually struck on the sunken rock, and the wild waves came dashing over it—when he stood there on the shattered timbers, looking out in the dark night upon the watery grave opening at his feet, and overhelms the heart as a stern reality. Can any one adequately imagine what must be the feeling upon the discovery, when the mischief is beyond repair, of a life spent in a rejection of the divine testimony respecting ETERNAL RUIN.

Let the reader ponder well this account of the sunken rock, and observe how the grossness of credulity is connected with the rejection of what is reported on sufficient evidence;

nor let him fail to recognize in the fact just related, the shadow of an awful spiritual reality to be verified in his future experience, unless by an early and earnest reception of the Gospel he should prevent it, and henceforth steer his vessel by that heaven sent chart—"THE BIBLE.—American paper.

CELEBRATED TAILORS.—Sir John Hawkwood, (the first English General) was merely styled Joannis Accutus, from the sharpness, it is said, of his needle. Fuller, the historian, says "he turned his needle into a sword and his thimble into a shield." He was the son of a tinner, and was bound apprentice to a tailor, and was pressed for a soldier; he served under Edward III., and was knighted distinguished himself at the battle of Poitiers where he gained the esteem of the Black Prince, and finished his career in the days of the Florentines. Sir Ralph Blackwell was his fellow apprentice, knighted for his bravery married his master's daughter, and founded Blackwell Hall. Speed the historian, was a Cheshire tailor. Stow, the antiquary, was also a tailor. Elliot's regiment of light horse was chiefly composed of tailors; (it was said of this regiment, that there was not a man or a horse in it, the men being all tailors and the horses all "mares"); and the first man who suggested the idea of abolishing the slave trade was Thomas Woolman, a Quaker, and tailor of New Jersey.

ONE OF THE SNAKE STORIES.—A Texas correspondent of a New York paper gives the following snake story:—

"One night my wife and myself were awakened by a noise from the shed which contained our small store of cookery, followed by a crash which showed that a great portion of our cups and plates had been flung to the floor. Springing up to discover the author of this 'attack upon China,' I found a large snake in a somewhat unpleasant 'fix.' He had crawled upon the shelf, attracted by a number of eggs which were scattered about. One of these he had swallowed, and in order to get at the next, he had put his head, and a portion of his body through the handle of the jar which happened to stand between the coveted delicacies. The handle was just open enough to let his body, in its natural state, slip cleverly through; but not sufficient to let it pass when puffed out by the egg. In this position he had swallowed the second egg. His snakeship thus found himself unable to advance or retreat; and in floundering about to escape from this novel stock, had caused the accident which aroused us. I, of course, proceeded at once to execute summary justice upon the interloper but the eggs which he had swallowed were a dead loss."

CONCERNING EGGS.—At breakfast, one morning in a quiet and comfortable old inn, a foreigner made a quick despatch with the eggs. Throwing the spoon into the middle he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed on to the next. When he had got to his seventh egg, an old farmer, who had already been prejudiced against Monsieur by his mustaches, could brook the extravagance no longer, and speaking up, said:—

"Why, Sir, you leave the white! How in Mrs. Lockwood to afford to provide breakfast at that rate?"

"Vy," replied the outside barbarian, "I would'n't hab me cat de vie! De vie de feders. Am I to in-ke one bolster of my sunnicke?"

NEW MODE OF PUNISHMENT.—Within the last few days a gang of juvenile thieves have endeavored to gain admission to dwelling houses, for the purpose of plunder, in the following novel manner:—Three or four of them go about together, accompanied by a dog whose appearance is sufficient to alarm any timid person, particularly women. As soon as the street door is seen to open, the animal, evidently trained for the purpose, makes a rush into the house, and either bolts up or down stairs, as may take his fancy.—These young vagabonds take, as the fittest time for their operations, that part of the day when there is the least probability of the master of the house being at home, and the sole inmates generally are the mistress, children, and a female servant. The confusion naturally excited among them by the appearance of the dog is greatly increased by the boys shouting, "Don't go near him; he is very savage; mind he don't bite you!" &c. At length one of them kindly offers to relieve the parties from their apprehensions by following the dog and dragging him out of the house, his confederates remaining in the passage ready to avail themselves of every opportunity to plunder the house that may present itself. They were seen on Tuesday in the Liverpool road, Kingston, by visiting four different houses within a very few yards of each other.—London Times.

Henry Payer, Esq. has been elected Mayor of Halifax, by a majority of 51 votes over his opponent.