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# The Standard,

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

No 35] SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1851. [Vol. 19

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, till all arrears are paid.  
If subscribers neglect to direct to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bills, 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, they are held responsible.

## POETRY.

**YOU WILL FORGET ME.**  
Forget thee! when the village stream  
Forgets its pebbled path;  
The flower that droops above the wave  
Each pleasing hue it hath;  
When moon forgets the eastern sky,  
Or soon her glorious God,  
Or eye the soft delicious dew,  
That cools her fragrant sod,  
If hearts are held as blessings be,  
Thy memory shall not pass from me.  
Forget thee! 'twas a thought unkind,  
It breathed not friendship's strain,  
But rather told of feckleness,  
Of vows and promise vain;  
Recall it! for a future hour—  
God speed it bright and near!  
Shall prove false what it was,  
And I how all sincere,  
For only when I silent be,  
Thy memory shall pass from me.

**A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.**—My dear friends there are three things which I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, backbats and cloys into fruit trees, to knock down fruit: if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should go to war and kill one another: if they would let one another alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing that I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after young women, if they would stay at home the young women would come after them.

## Tales of the Coast Guard.

### CALF-LOVE.

[Concluded.]  
"Fairly caught at last old fellow!" I exclaimed exultingly, in reply to the maledictions he showered on us. "And now pull the boat's head round, and make for the *Blue-eyed Maid*, or I'll run you through the body."  
"Pull her head round yourself," he sullenly rejoined, as he rose from the thwart and unshipped his oar. It had been enough to robbed of one's had earnings about helping the thieves to do it."  
His refusal was of no consequence: the waterman's light skiff was made last evening, and in a few minutes we were pulling steadily towards the still motionless cutter. Old Barnaby was fumbling among the tubs in search, as he growled out of his pea jacket, his hopeful grandson was seated at the stern whistling the tune popular air of the "Woodpecker" with great energy and perfect coolness; and I was standing with my back towards them in the bow of the boat, when the stroke oarsman suddenly exclaimed: "What are you at with the boat's painter, you young devil's cub!" The quick mocking laugh of the boy, and the words "Now, grand old fellow," replied to him. Old Barnaby sprang into the boat which the lad had brought close up to the stern, pushing her off as he did so with all his strength; and then the boy, holding the painter or boat rope, which he had detached from the ring it had been fastened to, in his hand, jumped over the side; in another instant he was hauled out of the water by Old Barnaby, and both were seated and pulling lustily, and both exulting shouts, round in the direction of the *Blue-eyed Maid*, before we had recovered from the surprise which the suddenness and completeness of the trick we had been played excited. We were, however, very speedily in vigorous chase; and as the wind though favourable, and evidently rising, was still light, we had little doubt of success, especially as some previous mischance must be lost to the sculler in getting under weigh, neither fib nor forecast being as yet set. The watermen bent fiercely to their oars; and heavily laden as the boat was, we were beginning to slip lazily through the water, when an exclamation from one of the men announced another and more perilous trick that the Barnabys had played us. Old Barnaby, in pretending to fumble about for his jacket, had contrived to unship a large plug expressly contrived for the purpose of sinking the boat whenever the exigencies of their vocation might render such an operation advisable; and the water was coming in like a sluice. There was no help for it, and the boat's head was immediately turned towards the shore. Another vociferous shout rang in our ears as the full success of their scheme was observed by the furious but impotent execrations of the watermen. The boat sank rapidly; and were still about a hundred yards from the shore when we found ourselves splashing about in water, which fortunately was not more than up to the armpits in the shortest of us, but so full of strong and tangled seaweed, that swimming was out of the question; and we had to wade slowly and painfully through it, a step on a spot of more than usually soft mud plunging us down every now and then over head and ears. After reaching the shore and shaking ourselves, we found leisure to look

in the direction of the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her glide gracefully through the water as she stood down the river, impelled by the fast-freshening breeze, and towing the watermen's boat securely at her stern.  
There were no means of pursuit; and after indulging in sundry energetic vocables hardly worth repeating, we retreated in savage discontent towards Weston, plentifully sprinkling the grass and gravel as we slowly passed along; knocked up the landlord of a public-house, and turning in as soon as possible, happily exchanged our dripping attire for warm blankets and clean sheets, beneath the soothing influence of which I, for one, was soon sound asleep.  
Day had hardly dawned when we were all three up, and overhauling the mud and weeds—the tide was gone out—for the captured boat and tubs. They had vanished utterly: the fairies about Weston had spirited them away while we slept, leaving no vestige whatever of the spoil to which we had naturally looked as some trifling compensation for the night's mishap, and the loss of the waterman's boat, to say nothing of the sousing we had got. It was a bad business certainly, and my promise to provide my helpmates with another boat, should their own not be recovered, seemed but very slightly their sadly-ruffled tempers. But lamentations were useless, and, after the lugubrious expression of a dismal hope for better luck next time, we separated.  
This pleasant incident did not in the least abate my anxiety to get once more within hailing distance of the Barnabys; but for a long time my efforts were entirely fruitless, and I had begun to think that the *Blue-eyed Maid* had been permanently transferred to another and less-frequented station, when a slight inkling of intelligence impelled that fear. My course was soon formed. I caused it to be carefully reported on shore, that the *Rose* had sprung her bow-sprit the next afternoon into Portsmouth to get another. In pursuance of this intention, the *Rose* soon after noon slipped her moorings, and sailed for that port; remained quietly there till about nine o'clock in the evening, and then came out under close-reefed storm canvas, for it was blowing great guns from the northward, and steered for the Southampton River. The night was as black as pitch; and but for the continuous and vivid flashes of lightning, no object more than a hundred yards distant from the vessel could have been discerned. We ran up ahead of Hythe without perceiving the object of our search, then tacked, stood across to the other side, and then retraced our course. We were within a short distance of Hamble River, when a prolonged flash threw a ghastly light upon the raging waters, and plainly revealed the *Blue-eyed Maid*, lying under the lee of the north shore, and it may be about half a mile ahead of us. Unfortunately she saw us at the same moment, and as soon as way could be got upon her she luffed sharply up, and a minute afterwards was flying through the water in the hope of yet escaping her unexpected enemy. By edging away to leeward I contrived to cut her off effectually from running into the Channel by the Needles passage; but nothing daunted, she held boldly on without attempting to reduce an inch of canvass, although from the press she carried, fairly buried in the sea. Right in the course she was steering, the *Donegal*, a huge 80 gun ship, was riding at anchor off Spithead. Old Barnaby, who I could discern by his streaming white hair, was at the helm, in his anxiety to keep as well to windward of us as possible, determined, I suppose, to pass as closely as he prudently could under the stern of the line of battle ship. Unfortunately, just as the little cutter was in the act of doing so, a furious blast of wind tore away her job as if it had been cobweb; and, pressed by her large mainsail, the slight vessel flew up into the wind, smacking the *Donegal* as the huge ship dove back from a strain which had brought her half way to her anchors. The crash was decisive, and caused the instant disappearance of the unfortunate smuggler. The cries of the drowning men, if they had time to utter one, was lost amid the raging of the tempest; and although we threw over every loose spar we could lay hands on, it was with scarcely the slightest hope that such aid could avail them in that wild sea. I tacked as speedily as possible, and repassed the spot; but the white foam of the waves, as they leaped and dashed about the leviathan hulk of the *Donegal*, was all that could be perceived, eagerly as we peeped over the surface of the angry waters. The *Rose* then stood on, and in a little more than an hour afterwards was safely anchored off Hythe.  
The boy Barnaby, I was glad to hear a day or two afterwards, had not accompanied his father and grandfather in the last trip made by the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and had consequently escaped the fate which had so suddenly overtaken them, and for which it appeared that the smuggling community held him morally accountable. This was to be expected; but I had too often and too lately

been familiar with death at sea in every shape, by the rage of man as well as that of the elements, to be more than slightly and temporarily affected by such an incident; so that all remembrance of it would probably have soon passed away but for an occurrence which took place about a month subsequently. One of the officers of the shore-force received information that two large loggers laden with brandy and tobacco from Guernsey was expected on the following night on some point of the coast between Hamble and Weston; and that as the cargoes were very valuable a desperate resistance to the coast guard, in the event of detection, had been organised. Our plan was soon arranged. The *Rose* was sent away with barely enough of man to handle her, and with the remainder of the crew, I, as soon as night fell took up a position a little above Netley Abbey. Two other detachments of the coast guard were posted along the shore at intervals of about a mile, all of course connected by signal-men not more than a hundred yards apart. There was a faint starlight, but the moon would not rise till near midnight; and from this circumstance, as well as from the state of the tides, we could pretty well calculate when to expect our friends, should they come at all. It was not long before we were quite satisfied from the stealthy movements of a number of persons about the spot, that the information we had received was correct. Just after eleven o'clock a low, peculiar whistle, taken up from distance to distance, was heard—and by placing our ears to the ground, the quick jerk of oars in the rullocks was quite apparent. After about five minutes of eager restlessness, I gave the impatiently expected order; we all emerged from our places of concealment, and with cautious but rapid steps advanced upon the by this time busy smugglers. The two loggers were beached upon the soft sand or mud, and between forty and fifty men were each receiving two three-gallon kegs, with which they speeded off to the cars in waiting at a little distance. There were also about twenty fellows ranged as a guard, all armed as efficiently as ourselves. I gave the word; but before we could close with the astonished desperadoes, they fired a pistol volley, by which one seaman, John Bailey, a fine, athletic young man, was killed, and two others seriously wounded. This done, the scoundrels fled in all directions, hotly pursued of course. I was getting near one of them, when a lad, who was running by his side, suddenly turned, and raised a pistol, discharged it at my head. He fortunately missed his mark, the whistle of the bullet was unpleasantly close. I closed with and caught the young rascal, who struggled desperately, and to my extreme surprise, I had almost written Barnaby, discovered that he was young Barnaby, the boy to the custody of the nearest seaman, with a brief order to take care of him, I resumed the pursuit. A boatless one it proved. Favoured by their numbers and perfect acquaintance with the hedges and ditch neighbourhood, the contrabandists all contrived to escape. The carts also got off, and our only captures were the boy, the loggers, which there had been no time to get off, and their cargoes, with the exception of the few kegs that had reached the cars.  
The hunt after the dispersed smugglers was continued by the different parties who came in subsequently to our brush with them, so far that after the two wounded seamen had been carried off on litters, and a sufficient guard left in the captured boats, only two men remained with me. The body of John Bailey was deposited for the present in one of the loggers, and then the two sailors and myself moved forward to fish in the prisoner, where I intended to place him in custody for the night.  
The face of the lad was deadly pale, and I noticed that he had been painfully affected by the sight of the corpse; but when I addressed him, his expressive features assumed a scornful, defiant expression. First ordering the two to drop astern out of hearing, I said: "You will be hanged for your share in this night's work, young man, depend upon it."  
"Hanged!" he exclaimed in a quick, nervous tone: "hanged! You say that to frighten me! It was not I who shot the man!—You know that; or perhaps," he added with a kind of hysterical cry, "perhaps you want to kill me as you did Fisher."  
"I have no more inclination, my poor boy, I answered, "to injure you than I had to harm your father. Why, indeed, should I have borne him any ill will?"  
"Why should you? Oh I know very well!"  
"You know more than I do then; but enough of this folly. I wish, I hardly know why, to save you. It was not you, I am quite aware, that fired the fatal shot, but that makes no difference as to your legal guilt.—But I think if you could put us on the track of your associates, you might yourself escape."  
The lad's face eyes perfectly lightened with scorn and indignation: "Lump infamers!" he exclaimed. "Betray them that loved and

trussed me! Never—if they could hang me a thousand times over!"  
I made no answer, and nothing more was said till we had reached and were passing the Netley ruins. The boy then abruptly stopped, and with quivering voice, whilst his eyes filled with tears, said: "I should like to see my mother."  
"See your mother! There can be no particular objection to that; but she lives further on at Weston, does she not?"  
"No, we sold it, and moved to aunt Dimple's at Netley, up yonder. In a day or two we should have started for Hull, where mother's father's brother lives; and I was to have been apprenticed to the captain of a Greenland ship; but now," he continued with an irrepressible outburst of grief and terror, "Jack Ketch will, you say, be my master, and I shall be only 'practiced to the gallows.'"  
"Why, if this be so, did your mother permit you to join the lawless desperadoes to whom you owe your present unhappy and degraded position?"  
"Mother did not know of it; she thinks I am gone to Southampton to inquire about the day the vessel sails for Hull. Mother will die if I am hanged!" exclaimed the lad with a renewed burst of passionate grief; "and surely you will not kill her."  
"It is not very likely I should wish to do so, considering that I never seen her."  
"Oh yes—yes, you have!" he sharply rejoined. "Then perhaps you do not know! Uncle cut these cords," he added, approaching close to me and speaking in a low, quick whisper; "give me a chance: mother's girl's name was Ellen Dible!"  
Had the lad's fettered arm been free, and he had suddenly dealt me a blow with a knife or dagger, the stroke could not have been more sharp or terrible than these words conveyed.  
"God of mercy!" I exclaimed, as the momentary-arrived blood again shot through my heart with reactive violence, "can this be true?"  
"Yes, yes—true, quite true!" continued the boy, with the same earnest look and low, hurried speech. "I saw, when your waistcoat flew open in the struggle just now, what was at the end of the black ribbon. You will give me a chance for mother's sake, won't you?"  
A storm of grief, remorse, was sweeping through my brain, and I could not for a while make any answer, though the lad's burning eyes continued fixed with fevered anxiety upon my face.  
At last I said, gasped rather: "I cannot release you—it is impossible; but all that can be done—all that can—can legally be done, shall be." The boy's countenance fell, and he was again deadly pale. "You shall see your mother," I added. "Tell Johnson where to seek her; he is acquainted with Netley! This was done, and the man walked briskly off upon his errand.  
"Come this way," I said, after a few minutes' reflection, and directing my steps towards the old ruined fort by the shore, built, I suppose, as a defence to the abbey against pirates. There was but one flight of steps to the summit, and no made of egress save by the entrance from whence they led. "I will relieve you of these cords while your mother is with you. Go up to the top of the fort. You will be unobserved, and we can watch here against any foolish attempt at escape."  
Ten minutes had not elapsed when the mother, accompanied by Johnson, and sobbing convulsively, appeared. Roberts baffled her, and after a brief explanation, she ascended the steps with tottering but easy feet, to embrace her son. A quarter of an hour, she had been told, would be allowed for the interview.  
The allotted time had passed, and I was getting impatient, when a cry from the summit of the fort or tower, as if for help to some one at a distance, roused and startled us. As we stepped out of the gateway, and looked upwards to ascertain the meaning of the sudden cry, the lad darted out and sped off with surprising speed. One of the men instantly snatched a pistol from his waistbelt, but at a gesture from me put it back. "He cannot escape," I said. "Follow me, but use no unnecessary violence." Finding that we gained rapidly upon him, the lad darted through a low, narrow gateway, into the interior of the abbey ruins, trusting, I imagined, to baffle us in the darkness and intricacy of the place. I just caught sight of him as he disappeared up a long flight of crumbling, winding steps, from which he issued through a narrow aperture upon a lofty wall some five or six feet wide, and overgrown with grass and weeds. I followed in his desperate haste, for I feared that in his desperation he would spring off and destroy himself. I shouted loudly to him for God's sake to stop. He did so with a few feet of the end of the wall. I ran quickly towards him, and as I neared him he fell on his knees, threw away his hat, and revealed the face of Ellen Dible!  
I stopped, bewildered, dizzy, paralyzed.—Doubtless the mellowing radiance of the night softened or concealed the ravages which time must have imprinted on her features; for as

I gazed upon the spirit-beauty of her upturned, beseeching countenance, the old time came back upon me with a power and intensity which an hour before I could not have believed possible. The men hailed repeatedly from below, but I was too bewildered, too excited, to answer: their shouts, and the young mother's supplicating sobs—the seemed scarcely older than when I parted from her—sounded in my ears like the far-off cries and murmurs of a bewildering, chaotic dream.—She must have gathered hope and confidence from the emotion I doubtless exhibited, for as soon as the confusion and ringing in my brain had partially subsided, I could hear her say: "You will save my boy—my only son: for my sake you will save him!"  
Another shout from the men below demanded if I had got the prisoner. "Ay, ay," I mechanically replied, and they immediately hastened to join us.  
"Which way—which way is the gone?" I asked as the men approached.  
She instinctively caught my meaning: "By the shore to Weston," she hurriedly answered; "he will find his boat there."  
The man now came up: "The chase has led us astray," I said: "look there."  
His mother, by jingo! cried Johnson—"They must have changed clothes!"  
"Yes: the boy is off—to Hamble. I have no doubt. You will follow in that direction: I'll pursue by the Weston and Kitcher road."  
The men started off to obey this order, and as they did so, I heard her broken murmur of "Bless you, Robert—bless you! I turned away, faint, reeling with excitement, muttered a hasty farewell, and with disordered steps and flaming pulse hurried homeward. The mother I never saw again: the son at whose escape from justice I thus weakly, it may be, criminally, connived, I met a few years ago in London. He is captain of a first class ship in the Australian trade, and a sparer sailor I think I never beheld. His mother is still alive, and lives with her daughter-in-law at Chelsea.  
How just to the Dowry!—An Irishman, who was very near sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and that they were both to fire at the same time. This beats Sheridan's telling a fat man who was going to fight a tin one, that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's portly person, and if the bullet should happen to hit him outside the chalk line it was to go for nothing.  
The first object of the Americans, after a law has been passed, is to find out how they can evade it. This exercises their ingenuity; and it is very amusing to observe how cleverly they sometimes manage it. At Baltimore, in consequence of the prevalence of hydrophobia, the civic authorities passed a law, that all dogs should be muzzled, or rather the terms were, "that all dogs should wear a muzzle, or the owner of a dog not wearing a muzzle should be brought up and fined;" and the regulation further stated, "that any person convicted of having removed the muzzle from off a dog should also be severely fined." A man, therefore, tied a muzzle to his dog's tail, (the act not stating where the muzzle was to be placed).—One of the city officers, perceiving this dog with the muzzle at the wrong end, took possession of the dog, and brought it to the town hall. In the manner, being well known, was summoned and appeared. He proved that he had complied with the act in having fixed a muzzle on the dog, and further, the city officer having taken the muzzle off the dog's tail, he insisted that he should be fined five dollars for so doing.—[American Paper.]

**WM. WHITLOCK,**  
HAS just received, ex "Norway" from  
Liverpool:—  
12 chests fine Congo TEA,  
50 kegs best White Lead, 28lb ea.  
2 Hhds Lined Oil,  
1 Bbl Split Pease, 1 keg Pumpknuts.  
On Consignment:  
12 Hhds Superior BRANDY, (Martell's  
and Hennessy's brand.)  
2c "Lady of the Lake" from Boston:—  
100 Hhds Cassia FLOUR,  
50 Half-bbls. American Family Flour,  
6 Bbls. Fitch and Tar,  
120 Cheap Wood, and Gane bottom Chairs,  
3 Dcs. Palm Leaf Jute Mats,  
Willow, Clothes and Market Baskets,  
Nests of Tubs, and Marquons.  
Also, Constantly on Hand:—  
A general assortment of Men's, Women's,  
Boys', Misses, and Children's Boots and  
Shoes.  
Provisions and Groceries of all kinds, &c.,  
ALSO,  
700 Pieces Cheap ROOM PAPER.  
St. Andrews, June 24, 1851.

Ships Articles and Manifests for sale.

Figs &c.  
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### SHERIFFS SALES

to take place at the Court House.

Real Estate of William Porter Do Sep 13 Sep 27

To be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, the 15th FEBRUARY, 1851, at 12 o'clock, at the COURT HOUSE, in St. Andrews.

ALL the right, title, interest, claim and demand whatsoever of WILLIAM PORTER, of in and to the following properties, viz:

All that Lot of land situated in the Parish of St. Stephen's, conveyed by John Dunn to the said Wm. Porter, by deed dated 13th Jan. 1837, beginning at the Eastern corner of the lot upon which Aaron Upton resides, 100 feet from the corner of the street, making the angle of the road leading from the Public Landing to the country Northwards, and the road leading down the river towards the Ledge, thence running the extent of the side line of garden lot No 5, thence across the rear of lots No 5 and 6, thence on the back line to said Aaron Upton's lower line, thence on the line between the lot formerly owned by James Nicholson and the said Aaron Upton, to the first named boundary, containing about one Acre and a quarter.

All that Lot of Land in the same Parish, conveyed by Mary Nicholson to the said William Porter, by deed dated 13th September 1838 bounded South by the main street leading through St. Stephen towards Oak Point, West by a lot owned and occupied by Aaron Upton, North by a lot belonging to the estate of the late Peter Christie, and East six feet from the house in which the said Mary Nicholson then resided, by the said lot purchased from John Dunn, containing one quarter of an acre.

All of those two lots of land in the same Parish, known as Lots No. 12 and 13 of the tract formerly belonging to Robert Pagan Esq., the said lot No 12 fronting on the Ledge Road, and being 160 feet in width on the road, and 177 feet in rear, and 165 feet in length, the said lot No 13, fronting on a road 3 rods wide, laid off in rear of lot No 12, and extending back 165 feet to the line of N. Marks' land.

The Eastern half and front of a lot of land in the same Parish, in part occupied by Jas A Bixby.

All of that lot or parcel of land at the Ledge, so called, in St. Stephen, formerly owned by the late Joseph Porter, and purchased by him from Michael Young.

All of that lot of land at the Ledge, afore said, conveyed by Michael Young to the said Wm. Porter, by deed dated 3d of August, 1835, commencing at a road leading from the main road to Young's Point, and running at right angles with said road 120 feet, thence parallel with said road 160 feet to within 23 feet of Young's wharf so called, thence parallel with said wharf, to low water mark, thence past the end of said wharf up stream, until it meets the Eastern line of lands formerly of Joseph Porter, deceased, thence following said line to the said road, thence along said road to the first named boundary.

All that Lot of Land at the Ledge afore said, conveyed by the said Michael Young to the said William Porter, by deed dated 27th January, 1840, on the south easterly side of a lane on the south easterly line of Lot No. 121, in the 5th Division of the Penobscot Grant, thence by said lane N. 15° 20' E. 17 rods, and 23 links to the south side of a road 3 rods wide, running S. 78° 30' E. 8 rods to a stake and stones, thence S. 2° W. passing 25 feet from the north east corner of Porter's Wharf, thence westerly by low water mark to the easterly line of said Lot, sold to Porter, and following the several courses of the Lot easterly, northerly and westerly, to the place of beginning, containing 3 acres.

All of that Lot of Land in the Parish of St. Stephen, conveyed by Thomas Hasty to Wm. Porter, by deed dated 31st July, 1832, being farm lot No. 29 in the 2d Division, granted to James Fraser, in the grant to Joseph Porter and others, containing 100 acres.

And also all other real estate belonging to the said Wm. Porter, situated in the County of Charlotte, not included in the above list. The same having been seized and taken to satisfy an execution issued out of the Supreme Court, at the Suit of the President, Directors, and Company of the Commercial Bank of New Brunswick, indorsed to levy \$1199, 16s. 5d. besides Sheriff's Fees, &c.

THOS. JONES, Sheriff of Charlotte, July 31, 1850.

The sale of the above mentioned property is postponed until Wednesday the 29th May next, then to take place at 12 o'clock at the Court House.

THOS. JONES, Sheriff of Charlotte, St. Andrews, Feb. 15, 1851.

The Sale of WILLIAM PORTER'S Property is further postponed until Friday the 1st August next, at 12 o'clock.

THOS. JONES, Sheriff of Charlotte, Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, July 1, 1851.

The Sale of William Porter's Properties is further postponed until Saturday the 13th September next, at 12 o'clock.

THOS. JONES, Sheriff of Charlotte, Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews Aug 1, 1851

To be Sold by Public Auction on Saturday the 27th day of September next, at the hour of 12 o'clock, at the COURT HOUSE in St. Andrews

ALL the right, title, interest, claim and demand whatsoever of WILLIAM WYMAN, of in and to the following Property, viz:—

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, commencing at the junction of the Western side of the Road leading from St. Andrews to St. Stephen's, comprising one acre and a half. Also, that lot commencing at the junction of the Eastern side of the Road from St. Andrews to St. Stephen's near the Board Road, so called, containing one half acre, more or less, being purchased from John Cotterell.

Also—a piece of land in Saint James, bounded South by the little Rolling Dam, and North by Barry's Ripps, embracing land on each side of the Digdegush River, containing one hundred acres more or less, purchased at Sheriff's sale.

The same having been seized and taken to satisfy an execution issued out of the Supreme Court, indorsed to levy £162 16s 6d with interest, besides Sheriff's fees, &c.

THOS. JONES, Sheriff of Charlotte, Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, March 18, 1851.

### EQUITABLE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON.

CAPITAL £500,000 STERLING.

Board of Local Directors for New-Branswick.

R. F. HALEN, WILLIAM WRIGHT, LEWIS ALDRIDGE, JOHN H. GRAY, WILLIAM JACK, Esquires.

PROPOSALS for Insurance against Loss or Damage by Fire on Buildings, Household Furniture, Goods, Stock in Trade, Farming and Agricultural Stock, &c., will be accepted, and Policies granted on application to

GEO. D. STREET, Agent, St. Andrews, 27th Jan 1851.

### Grand Manan Packet.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Public, that he has commenced running the Packet "Prince Albert," between St. Ann's Campello, Esport and Grand Manan leaving St. Andrews every Friday, if the weather permits, touching at the above mentioned places left at the store of William McLean Esq will be punctually forwarded.

EDWARD SNELL, MASTER, St. Andrews, 4th June 1849

### MARINE AND FIRE INSURANCE.

Protection Insurance Company of N. J. CAPITAL, \$200,000.

Camden Insurance Company of N. J. CAPITAL, \$100,000.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CONNECTICUT. CAPITAL \$1,000,000.

with a surplus of over \$30,000.

Refer to Wm. Ker, Esq., Agent, St. Andrews N.B.

### Sheet Iron, Tin Plates &c. &c.

Ex Columbus from Liverpool, via St. John, the Subscriber has received,

40 Bales sheet Iron assorted, 12 boxes Tin plates,

24 Stone Iron Wire, 30 doz Single & Double cut mill Files

30 " " Flat and Saw Files, Marishes and Shepherds' make.

10 Bags best Horse and Ox Nails, &c. &c.

J. W. STREET.

### REMOVAL.

DR. DAYARD.

Has removed to the House formerly occupied by Mr. Sloan, situated between the stores of Messrs. Dimock & Wilson, and Odell and Turner.

St. Andrews, Oct. 22, 1850.

### CALAIS HOUSE, CALAIS, STATE OF MAINE.

THE subscriber, in tendering thanks to his former patrons and friends, the inhabitants of New-Branswick, and especially of St. Andrews, for the patronage they have heretofore afforded him, respectfully advises them and the Public generally, that his Establishment, the CALAIS HOUSE, is again open for the reception of company, renovated and fitted up, he believes, to suit the taste of the most fastidious, where it will give him pleasure to serve his former customers, and the travelling public generally, and promises to use his best exertions for their comfort.

HENRY BATES, Calais, June 24, 1850.

### BRANDY, GIN, WINE &c. Watches, Jewellery, &c.

The Subscriber has just received an assortment of WATCHES, JEWELLERY, CUTLERY, BRITANNIA METAL WARE, &c. &c. with a great variety of

Fancy Articles, which will be sold low for cash

Clocks, Watches, and Jewellery, REPAIRED and CLEANED.

QUADRANTS, COMPASSES, and LOG GLASSES, adjusted and touched.

Musical Boxes and Accordions, repaired, cleaned, and tuned.

Nov. 5, 1850. GEO. F. STICKNEY

### Holloway's Pills.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND STOMACH, WHEN IN A MOST HOPELESS STATE

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Matthew Harvey, of Chapel Hill, Ayrshire, Scotland, dated the 15th of January, 1850.

Sir—Your valuable Pills have been the means, with God's blessing, of restoring me to a state of perfect health, and at a time when I thought I was on the brink of the grave. I had consulted several eminent doctors, who after doing what they could for me, stated that they considered my case as hopeless. I as a last resource got a Box of your Pills, which soon gave relief and by persevering in their use for some weeks, together with a blinding night and morning your Ointment over my chest and stomach, and right side, I have by their means, alone got completely cured, and to the astonishment of myself and every body who knows me.

(Signed) MATTHEW HARVEY. CURE OF A CASE OF WEAKNESS AND DEBILITY, OF FOUR YEARS' STANDING

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Smith, of No. 5, Little Thomas Street, Gibson Street, Lambeth, dated Dec. 12th, 1849.

To Professor Holloway.

Sir—I beg to inform you that for nearly five years I hardly knew what it was to have a day's health suffering from extreme weakness and debility, with constant nervous headaches, giddiness, and sickness of the stomach, together with a great depression of spirits, I used to think that nothing could benefit me as I had been to many, medical men some of whom after doing all that was in their power informed me that they considered that I had a permanent complaint beyond the reach of cure, together with a very disordered state of the stomach and liver, making my case so complicated that nothing could be done for me. One day being unusually fatigued and in a dejected state, I saw your Pills advertised, and resolved to give them a trial, more perhaps from curiosity than with a hope of being cured, however I soon found myself better by taking them, and so went on persevering in their use for six months, when I am happy to say they effected a perfect cure.

(Signed) W. I. SMITH. (frequently called EDWARD)

CURE OF ASTHMA, OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING

Extract of a Letter from Mr. J. K. Heydon, 78 King Street, Sydney, dated 10th of November, 1849.

To Professor Holloway.

Sir—I have the pleasure to inform you that since your kind and judicious treatment, I have been effected here by means of your Pills. One is that of a Lady residing near the "Razorback," who after having for twenty years been unable to perform the slightest exertion, suffering very fearfully from shortness of breath, coughing, and spitting, but is now, to use her own expression, able to run up to the top of that mountain, and enter a cart, at the house of Mr. Cotton, Hutchinson's Buildings, Clarence Street, who was so dreadfully bad that he was confined entirely to his bed-room for six months, prior to his commencing with your Pills, and attended regularly by his medical man, who pronounced him to be in a dying state, yet he, likewise, by my knowledge, has been restored to perfect health by the use of your Pills, and rubbing your Ointment night and morning into his chest.

(Signed) J. K. HEYDON. ANTONISHING CURE OF THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH

By this Miraculous Medicine! after every other means had failed!

A Copy of a Letter from the Earl of Alborough, dated Villa Massimo, Leghorn, 21st Feb. 1845.

Sir—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thinking you before this time for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my Liver and Stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent had not been able to effect; nay! not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of Ointment in case any of my family should ever require either.

I remain, with much respect, Your most obliged and obedient servant.

(Signed) ALDBOROUGH. TIME should not be lost in taking this Remedy for any of the following diseases—

Ague Consumption Fits Rheumatism Retention of Urine Ulcers Debility Gout

Complaints Dropsy Head-aches Sore Throats Venereal Affections Blanches on the skin

Worms of all kinds Erysipelas Inflammation Bowel Complaints Stomachic Irregularities Jaundice Stone and Gravel Colic

Liver Complaints Secondary Symptoms Weakness from whatever cause Lumbago Constipation Bruisures Fevers of all kinds Piles Hemorrhoids &c

These Medicines in England are sold at 1s. 1/2 2s. 2d. 4s. 6d. 11s. 2s. and 3s. each Box and Pot. There is a considerable saving by taking the large sizes.

Sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout New Brunswick, and by A. H. Thompson and St. Stephen; Bithings & Dyer, Eastport; and

### FOUND.

PICKED UP between Nigger Point and Partridge Island, a small ANCHOR and CHAIN.

Apply at the STANDARD OFFICE. November 19, 1850.

### CARTS! CARTS! CARTS!

For Sale or Hire, on liberal terms, CARTS suitable for work on the Railroad.

Also, all kinds of BLACKSMITH work Apply to

EDWD. STENTIFORD, St. Andrews, June 26, 1850.

### FLOUR.

Apples, Raisins, Figs &c.

The Subscriber has just received from New York via Eastport.

130 BBLs. Super Fine FLOUR, a superior article,

35 Bbls. Apples, 10 Bbls. Onions

1 Tierce Rice, 100 lbs. Figs

330 lbs. Cheese, 100 lbs. Confectionery.

16 Boxes Fresh RAISINS, 16 half do Dried, 16 Quarts Dried,

800 lbs. Cooking ditto 300 lbs. Currants, 180 lbs. Almonds, 100 lbs. Filbert nuts,

150 lbs. FIGS, 100 lbs. Confectionery.

which together with a large stock of Provisions and Groceries, he will sell at the lowest market prices.

Fresh ground Coffee every morning.

DONALD CLARK.

### CANADA FLOUR.

JUST received by the Subscriber, a prime lot of superfine Canadian Flour, fresh and sweet. For sale by

JOSEPH WALTON.

### TIN, SHEET IRON, AND COPPER WORK.

Market Square, Saint Andrews.

THE Subscriber, having leased the Store on the East side of the Market Square lately occupied by Mr. William McLean, takes leave to announce to the inhabitants of the County, generally, that he has commenced the TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER WORK business, in all the various branches, and from his perfect knowledge of the Trade, and a determination to give the most pointed attention to any orders to meet a liberal share of public patronage.

PLUMBING work neatly executed, and with every despatch.

JOHN N. LAMBERT, July 1, 1851.

### Valuable Water Lots and Cottage for Sale

THE Subscriber offers for sale these Two Water Lots, on which there is commodious and well built STONE COTTAGE, containing Four Flats. On the Premises are a good BARN and WHARF.

The above Property is pleasantly situated on Pagan Street, with extensive water privilege, commands a fine view of the harbor and Bay, is within a short distance of the terminus of the St. Andrews & Quebec Railroad; and forms a most desirable site for the erection of wharves and stores.

If not disposed of by private sale before the 1st May will be sold by Public Auction.

For further particulars enquire at the Office, or to

JOHN HANSON, on the Premises, St. Andrews, April 9, 1851.

### STREET'S COLONIAL AND FOREIGN EXPRESS.

THE Public are respectfully informed EXPRESSES are now made up in the Office in St. John, as follows:—

For City delivery, Twice daily, "Frederick & Woodstock, Daily," Sundays Excepted.

"St. Andrews, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7, A. M.

"Bend of Pettoicada, Miramichi, &c., Saturday, at 3, P. M.

"Digby & Annapolis, Saturday, at 8, A. M.

"Windsor and Halifax, and other parts of Nova Scotia, Prince Edwards Island, and Cape Breton—Monday and Thursday Evenings.

"Eastport, Calais and Boston, and thence to any part of the U. States and Canada—Thursday and Friday, at 7, A. M.

"Newfoundland and Bermuda, every other Monday.

"Jamaica, Havanna, Chagres and CALIFORNIA, to meet Steamers sailing from New-York, on the 13th, 28th, and 30th, of each month.

"Liverpool and London, G. B., by Mail Steamers, to and from Halifax, N. S.

On the above routes will be forwarded by Steamers or Sailing Vessels—Small and Large Parcels, or Packages, Specie, and any kind of Heavy Freight Bills, Notes, &c. collected, Goods purchased, &c.

N. B. Parcels of the value of Two Pounds or upwards, must be booked as such, or the Proprietor will not be held responsible.

The Proprietor pledges himself to the strict attention and punctuality in all matters entrusted to his Express. Extensive arrangements have been made to meet every requirement, and will be added to as amended when required.

The charges will be moderate in cases. Further information afforded at any of the Offices.

OFFICES: ST. JOHN—Corner of Church and Prince William Streets.

Frederick—Mr. James T. Nash, at Mr. Myhrall's, Queen street.

St. Andrews—Standard Office.

Woodstock—Mr. William R. Newcomb.

Windsor—Mr. D. E. Gelder.

Annapolis—Mr. Lawrence Hall.

Halifax—Mr. E. G. Fuller, Hollis street.

Boston—No 7, State street.

Liverpool, G. B.—Mr. Richard Thos. Buck, 49 South John street.

ST. JOHN. CHARLES L. STREET.

### Watches, Jewellery, &c.

The Subscriber has just received an assortment of WATCHES, JEWELLERY, CUTLERY, BRITANNIA METAL WARE, &c. &c. with a great variety of

Fancy Articles, which will be sold low for cash

Clocks, Watches, and Jewellery, REPAIRED and CLEANED.

QUADRANTS, COMPASSES, and LOG GLASSES, adjusted and touched.

Musical Boxes and Accordions, repaired, cleaned, and tuned.

Nov. 5, 1850. GEO. F. STICKNEY

### MOLASSES, PORK, &c.

just received 24 Sphr. Let Tang from New York

20 H. 20 Bbls. New York Mess Pork, 4 Boxes Tobacco,

4 do do Extra, For sale low by the Subscriber.

JUSTUS WETMORE.

### TO LET

THAT Stand now occupied by Mr. Wm. Pomeroy, nine miles from Saint Andrews, with the FARMS attached. Apply to Mr. Pomeroy on the premises, Mr. D. McCallum Digdegush, or at the Office of this Paper.

RACHAEL TURNER, Feb. 27, 1850. Fredericton.

### ROYAL MAIL STAGE.

BETWEEN ST. ANDREWS, ST. STEPHEN, MILLTOWN AND BARRING

The Subscriber has contracted to run a Mail Stage between ST. ANDREWS, ST. STEPHENS, MILLTOWN, and BARRING, three times a week, according to the following arrangement, viz:

Leaving Saint Andrews on Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays, at 6 o'clock, A. M., and

Returning on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 o'clock A. M. and St. Stephen at 7 o'clock, on the same days.

The well known disposition of the Subscriber, who for many years has driven upon this mail route, to give every attention to the comfort and convenience of Passengers, will be trusted, secure him a full share of public patronage.

The Stage Books will remain open at Bradfords Temperance Hotel, St. Andrews, Ryder's Store, St. Stephens; and Ray Hotel, Milltown.

THOMAS HARDY, St. Andrews, June 4, 1850.

### Stoves! Stoves!

The Subscriber has just received on consignment by late arrivals from Boston, a large supply of

COOKING AIR-TIGHT, and other STOVES, which are for sale, at his store, in the Market Square, cheap for Cash.

W. MacLEAN, St. Andrews, 8th October, 1850.

### NEW-BRUNSWICK BENEFIT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND

Established at St. John 30th Sep 1847

Treasurers—Wm. Wright, Robert F. Hazen H. Chubb.

Agent for Saint Andrews, Geo. D. Street Esq., Do. Saint Stephens, J. G. Stevens, Esq.

### Notice to the Public.

GENERAL POST OFFICE, St. John, December 11 1850.

IN order to obviate the inconvenience existing under the present arrangement which requires the Postage of Letters and Newspapers for Newfoundland to be paid in advance, His Lordship the Postmaster General has been pleased to direct that hereafter the Postage on correspondence sent between New-Brunswick and Newfoundland may be pre-paid or not, at the option of the sender.

J. HOWE, D. P. M. G.

### TEA, PAINTS, OIL, &c.

DEC. 3, 1850.

Ex "Olive" from Liverpool, via St. John

4 Hds. Boiled & Raw Linseed Oil, 8 Cwt. best white Paint, 14, 28 & 56lb. Kegs.

3 do do Yellow 14 & 28lb Kegs, 10 Chests Congou Tea,

5 Pipes, 1 best Cognac Brandy, 5 Hds. 1 best Cognac Brandy

EX UTICA from Boston.

5 Hds. bright Muscovado Sugar.

ALSO.

To arrive per the "SULTAN" from Liverpool

10 Boxes Blue Starch. For sale by JAMES W. STREET

### NOTICE.

THE Subscribers have entered into Co-Partnership in Trade and Merchandize, under the style and Firm of

ODELL and TURNER.

Place of Business that lately occupied by Messrs. Edgard & Joseph Wilson, in Saint