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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 morn forgets the eastern sky,
Or noon her glorious glow,
Or eve 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 fecklessness,
Of vows and promise vain;
Recall it! for a future hour—
God speed it bright and near!
Shall prove how false it was,
And 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's bad enough to be robbed of one's had earnings about helping the thieves to do it."
His refusal was of no consequence: the waterman's light skill 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 "Wood-pecker" 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 minutes must be lost to the smuggler in getting under weigh, neither job nor foresail being as yet set. The watermen beat fiercely to their oars; and heavily laden as the boat was we were beginning to slip lustily 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 was 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 discomfiture 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 vigilantly watched station, when a slight inkling of intelligence dispelled that fear. My course was soon formed. I caused it to be carefully reported on shore, that the Rose had sprung her bow-sprit in the gale a day or two before, and was going 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 fresh 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 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 bore 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 luggers 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 cargo was 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 rullecks 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 luggers were beached upon the soft sand or mud, and between forty and fifty men were each receiving two three-gallon kegs, with which they speedily 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, tho' the whistle of the bullet was unpleasantly near. I closed with and caught the young rascal, who struggled desperately, and to my extreme surprise, I had almost written dismay, discovered that he was young Barnaby, consigning 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 luggers, 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 luggers, 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, defying 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 father."

"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 lighted with scorn and indignation; "Turn informer!" he exclaimed. "Betray them that loved and

trusted 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 Abbey 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 Greenlander; 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 'prenticed 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 or my father's name, 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 feigned 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 momentarily-arrested 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 English 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 terrible anxiety, 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 she

I gazed upon the spirit-beauty of her upturned, beseeching countenance, the old time came back upon me with a power and intensity which on 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 he gone?" I asked as the men approached.
She instinctively caught my meaning: "By the shore to Weston," she hurriedly answered; "he will find a 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 Fitchen 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 homewards. 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 spartan sailor I think I never beheld. His mother is still alive, and lives with her daughter-in-law at Chelsea.

How just to as Dible!—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 thin one, that the latter's aim 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 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.]

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