

Bankruptcy.  
HARLOTTE.—In the  
—SS.—In the matter of  
Bankrupt.—PUBLIC  
given that upon applica-  
Francis Hubbard this day  
point a Public Sitting  
day the 3rd day of  
of the clock in the  
at the Office of the un-  
der in St. Andrews for  
ificate of conformity  
Hubbard, pursuant to  
Acts of the General  
In force respect-  
where any of the  
Bankrupt may be  
of such Certifi-  
be allowed unless  
shown to the con-  
der will be made as  
may require.

and at St. Andrews  
A. D. 1844  
H. HATCH,  
Estate and Effects of  
of Charlotte

CLASSES,  
&c.  
The FLOUR  
do.  
Bread,  
Redwood,  
and Gin, Sperr  
and 10x12, &c  
CLASSES,  
R. WALTON.

August next, at  
in front of the  
nders.  
Bank of  
Wm. Chase, in  
to the Farm at  
Wm. Chase, in the  
of a House  
Capt. T. Lockert  
the Parish of Saint

British of Penit  
cells, being par-  
Charles McGee,  
of Redemption to  
at the 24 Falls,  
age, at present in  
Davis.  
less, near land  
the Five road,  
s, being part of  
n. Cookson.  
H. HATCH,  
Prov. Assignee.

FRASER AN AD-  
ate and Effects  
about Dehtor,  
ic Auction, at  
Saint Andrews,  
August, next, at  
of the Right, Title,  
and Demand of  
all that cer-  
Land, situat-  
Parish of Saint  
vriotte, bound-  
Ash Tree,  
Maguon Nee,  
nes, West 316  
the Northern  
road leading  
tion, granted  
with 63 chains  
West 53  
ing, the said  
been great  
over 300 acres,  
y known as

Trustees.  
ES DUFF,  
of Trustees.  
UILDING  
USE.  
the Subscribers  
er until 16th  
ng of a Stone  
Harbour Island,  
the Building  
s, the Site to be  
e, to be wall  
the roof Shins-  
Ends and Sides  
er Floor, to be  
floor with the  
be placed in  
two Windows  
Contract to  
to the Build-  
R. J. Connis-  
Sioners

# The Standard, OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

VOLUME 11

NUMBER 92

Price 15s. in Town]

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1844.

[15s. sent by Mail.]

## The Great Western. VISIT OF THE LADIES OF NEW YORK.

We think the lovers of light reading will find some amusement in the following graphic description of the visit of the ladies of New York to the Great Western on her first arrival in that city. It is certainly drawn to the life.

A day of days—a sight of sights!—May ye never see such another, or rather may we see many such, provided always that the ladies are to be seen more in detail and less en masse.

Ye gentlemen of England, and ye ladies, too, listen to the description of the visit of the ladies of New York to inspect your truly magnificent monster steamship.

So Saturday was spent by Capt. Hosken for the ladies—and long before sun-rise on Saturday morning, eleven thousand ladies were up and dressed, with their breakfasts in their hands—no matter, where; they breakfasted.

At seven, Capt. Hosken rose, shaved, dressed, and sat for Geo. Downing and his father to superintend the ceremonies. Now, Downing, says the captain, do your best—have all our best plate got out—our best wines—our best every thing—and bring on the best New York can afford, and bring on board the best you can find, and every delicacy of the season—spare no pains nor expense—this is the ladies' day—and let them see that the Great Western is worthy the favor of the people of the Great Western Nation. Accordingly Downing and his son did their best, and all know well they can do—and by 10 o'clock all in the splendid saloons were covered with wines, fruits, jellies, cakes and all that could please the palate of the most fastidious female gourmand.

So far, so good! The vessel was as clean as a new pin, everything was in apple pie order. The young gentlemen, middies, cadets, apprentices, two hundred-pounders or whatever else they are called, were all well dressed and ready at their stations.

The saloon, particularly the ladies' boudoir, looked a scene of enchantment,—it carried one back to the days of Elizabeth and Essex, and Raleigh and Leicester—or the splendid scenes at the court of the merry monarch.

By ten o'clock, ladies, most elegantly dressed, might be seen running down steps, running up stairs, running into carriages, running out of house doors, running here, and running there, running into any where, running everywhere, in pairs, in trios, in half-dozen clusters, in bunches of a dozen together, with husbands, brothers, cousins, sweethearts that were, sweethearts that had been, and sweethearts that hoped to be.

All kinds of men were pressed into the service of all kinds of ladies; so many smiles so much laughter, so much crying, scolding, requesting and entreating, were never seen in any one city, on any one day before.

Then, my son, you must stay at home, today, and escort me and your sister to the Great Western.

I can't mamma—I've got three notes to take up.

Let the notes lay over—a protest is not half so bad as a disappointment.

Shaven, my dear, take me to the Great Western!

My dear, there's the devil to pay in Wall-street—and if I don't sell those stocks to-day they will be down seven per cent, to-morrow.

Well, I'd rather lose cent per cent than a sight of the steamship.

Oh, dear Charles, do take us to the Great Western.

If you'll promise to marry me next month, and go to the Far West.

I'd go to the end of the world with you in the Great Western.

Patrick, my jewel, ye'll be after taking Kathleen and your own Judy to the same ship.

It's me that will, and get stamped into the bargain.

Such and various were the sayings through out the city. About 11 o'clock the wharf was crowded with ladies. Then the rush to get on board was truly tremendous. The steamer, from the end of her jib-boom to her tail, was decorated with colors, flags of all nations, up her stays, and at her mast head, in the peak floated proudly the ensign of England, and the star-spangled banner, side by side. The brass band was playing in front of the poop several lively airs—the morning was fine—the air balmy—the faces of the females beaming with smiles anticipative of the promised pleasure. But the pressure on the wharf was distressing. A narrow straggling, attended by officers led to the deck, where young Phillips stood to hand down every lady—and during the day he handed down 10,743; from 11 to 4. As he observed at the close, he had the handling of more American girls than any man since the world was created.

Distressing as was the pressure—the scene was absolutely ludicrous.

Take your elbow out of my mouth sir, do get off my corns.

Oh heavens! you've crushed my bonnet  
Papa, that tall man's knee has almost  
broke my back.  
Push ahead.  
That lady has turned her back and is pushing  
Mary.

Young's trod on my lady's feet sir.  
Ladies should put their feet in their pocket  
such a day as this.  
Let me get out.  
Let me go back.  
Oh! heaven.  
I'm squeezed all to pieces.  
Edward, that man's hugging me.  
Is he, my love; I'll kick him.  
No you won't, I could'n't help it,—if ladies  
will come into such a squeeze they must get  
jammed.

Thinking of jam—oh dear, I'm melted to  
a jelly.  
I was a fool to bring my old woman here.  
There's a lady fainted—take her away—  
that's a good luck—makes more room.  
Tread on that plank, ma'am.  
Murder!

That lady's fell down  
Never mind, fall over her—we can't stop  
to pick her up.  
Here there was an immense screaming  
out that the bridge had broke.

'Oh! heaven, if I once get safe home—  
oh, mercy! all the back part of my dress is  
all torn away!'  
These and ten thousand other remarks fell  
from the 10,000 who got on board. They  
filled the vessel—jammed and blocked her  
up. The entrance place was just abaft the  
main chains, the place of exit was just  
forward of the fore chains.

Once on deck, the gentlemen and ladies  
parted company—the ladies only were admit-  
ted to the saloon; this place was crammed;  
the ladies are all set before them—their  
fright made them hungry—they drank 346  
bottles of wine, the ladies did—but there  
were 10,000 to drink. In that day seven  
women shall lay hold of one man, says the  
Scriptures. On this day one man laid hold  
of 7000 women. They got jammed below  
while eating jame—they decoured—the jellies,  
and came on deck squeezed almost to a  
jelly.

'Oh, dear,' said a good old lady, on reach-  
ing deck—it's as bad as being ground  
through a mill—I never was so squeezed  
since the hour I was married—I mean  
born.

After seeing the saloon: there was the  
same squeezing crying, crushing and jam-  
ming to get on shore; and it is truly aston-  
ishing that no accident occurred. As it was,  
at four o'clock, the mate cried out, 'Cast  
off the staging aft,' and 2000 ladies remained  
on the dock, unable to get on board; and so it  
would have been had five days been set  
apart, instead of five hours.—New York Her-  
ald.

## HAYING.

But few persons have commenced haying  
made preparations for that purpose, though  
some have commenced in a small way under  
trees, and where grass has lodged.

Success in this important and most press-  
ing business in New England, depends much  
in being well prepared with all the various  
implements of the best style, and a good  
steady team, always near at hand. Scythes,  
sneads, rakes and forks should be light,  
strong and neat. In these things we have  
late great improvements, and yet the prices  
are moderate.—Light and well constructed  
implements that save much hard labour may  
now be obtained at the price farmers used to  
pay for coarse heavy bungling articles,  
which they would not use now if furnished  
gratis.

No farmer makes a sned now, as he can  
buy a good one all rigged at less cost than a  
single set of irons can be made.—Most  
sneds are spotted by the manufacturer. If  
not, the best rule that we have ever found  
for this operation, is to make a small spot by  
guessing, at which the Yankees are good, and  
then hang the scythe by using a large ring,  
and if not right vary the spot till the scythe  
hangs well, then finish the spotting and make  
the tang hole. In this way a scythe may be  
hung precisely as desired, if the operator  
knows when he is well suited.

Horse rakes make a great saving of time,  
as a man with a horse will rake as fast as  
half a dozen men with the hand rake. Besi-  
des this economy in time, a great saving is  
often made by securing hay from a rain,  
which could not be accomplished without  
this labour saving implement.

Boys should be furnished with tools suit-  
able to their size and strength. Small boys  
cannot work to advantage with implements  
adapted to men. Yet some farmers make no  
other provision for their boys, though they  
expect much from them. When boys be-  
gan to mow, they are often furnished with  
scythes, and needs not only large enough for  
men, but which are so poor that men have  
laid them aside, and without experience in  
keeping a scythe in order, or instruction in  
mowing, and with an implement that men  
will not use, they are complained of for not  
making good work, or attempting to 'mow

before they know how. In this way the  
youth is discouraged and his enterprising  
spirit depressed instead of aided and encour-  
aged.

Though all the grass cannot be cut at pre-  
cisely the best time, yet we should ascertain  
the best time and come as near to it as possi-  
ble. We often begin to mow a week or so  
before the grass is fit, and then not get  
through till 2 weeks past the best period,  
when nearly the whole crop needs cutting  
about the same time. Clover should be cut  
when about one third the heads have turned  
brown: if very stout and lodged, the sooner  
it is cut the better. Some cut herd's grass  
when in blossom, others let it remain till the  
seed is quite or nearly full grown. From ex-  
perience and observations we prefer the latter  
period.

## POETRY.

From Punch, or the London Charivari.  
THE WHITE SLAVE.

Oh! weary weary are the maids who scrub  
the dingy floor,  
And sorely weary are the maids who scrub  
for evermore;

It's scrub, scrub from Monday morn, right  
on to Friday night,  
Scrub, scrub as soon as daylight breaks—  
scrub, scrub by candle-light,  
I'm sick to death of cleaning, with its ever-  
lasting rout—

I'm sure my life's no good to me 'cept on my  
Sunday out,  
All folks may talk of factory girls, and what  
they have to do,  
And make a dreadful fuss about the women-  
minders too—

And bring in bills to Parliament, and talk  
a lot of stuff—  
They'd better let them all alone—I'm sure  
they're well enough,  
If they have extra work to do, don't they get  
extra pay?

But here my mistress thinks there is no ex-  
tra to the day,  
She rings me up at five o'clock, and often  
three or four,  
And keeps me scrubbing till I drop asleep  
upon the floor,  
The factory engines and their din can't be  
as bad as I'm clear,  
As mistress's screaming, scolding voice for  
ever in my ear.

Those mines must be a Paradise down un-  
derneath the ground,  
With nothing in the world but coals, or dirty  
stones all round!

There's not a bit of scrubbing there, no  
chests or tables bright—  
For dirt can't be distinguished in the dingy  
candle light,  
And nobody would think of cleaning, even  
if it were,

Oh dear!—be what there might to do, I  
wish I could be there!  
If gentlemen would look at home who talk  
of factory work,

They'd see their household servants slave  
worse than the heathen Turk,  
They'd better mend their own concerns, and  
lighten servants' cares.

Than lay down laws for other men about  
their own affairs  
And while they talk of needlework, and  
manna-makers too,  
Calling the nation's eyes to look at what  
those women do,

Bidding young ladies calculate the cost of  
each new dress,  
By weary hands and worn out eyes, and so  
on, I confess—  
I wish when such sit down at home, in nice-  
ly furnished rooms,  
They'd count the cost of cleanliness in work,  
instead of brooms—

And recollect that where they lounge, so  
pleasantly at ease,  
White slaves have toil'd and moil'd for  
hours, sometimes upon their knees,  
I wish I were the scrubbing brush itself, I  
do declare,

For then I might scrub all my life, and ne-  
ver know or care,  
But now I am so weary, that I cannot enjoy  
my bed;

I go to sleep the very instant I lay down my  
head,  
And as to lying there at morn—why I'd defy  
the lark

To wake before my mistress rings; I wish  
that bell—hush!—  
I hear her voice upon the stairs, she's com-  
ing up this way,  
My goodness! if she comes in here what  
ever will she say!

I'm sure I shan't get this room clean'd be-  
fore the clock strikes two,  
And she expects it done by twelve—she's  
here! what shall I do!

Loss of the Steamship Manchester.—This  
vessel, sailing between Hull and Hamburg,  
has been lost, with every soul on board.  
She left Hull under the command of Cap-  
tain Dudley, on the 10th, with a miscellane-  
ous cargo, and, on arriving on the oppo-  
site coast, struck on the Marble Sand, on the  
coast of Holstein, about twenty-five mi-

from the shore, during a hurricane, and be-  
came a complete wreck. The sands are de-  
scribed as formed of quick; and are said to  
be as formidable to the mariner off that coast  
as the Goodwin on the English shore. The  
numbers of persons who perished by this ca-  
strophe is twenty-eight, twenty-two of  
whom formed the crew, the remainder be-  
ing passengers. The passengers were, Mrs.  
St. George Smith, Miss Emily Smith her  
daughter, Mr. St. George Smith, Mr. Roth-  
ery, a wool-merchant of Leeds, Mr. W. Frost,  
of Manchester, and another gentleman whose  
name is unknown.

Turnips—Insects.—The turnip flies. It  
appears that the history of these little pests  
for a long time puzzled not only the practi-  
cal agriculturalist, but the man of science  
likewise; but it is now better understood.—  
They hibernates, or live through the winter  
in a torpid state, and may be found under  
the bark of trees, &c.; but, inactive as they  
are, during the winter, on the first indica-  
tion of spring, they quit their winter quar-  
ters for sunny situations, and feed in gardens  
on cabbage plants as early as March, and in  
April they get away to the fields. May and  
June, in England, are the periods when they  
are to be most dreaded by the farmer, just  
as the young turnips are coming into leaf.  
The sexes pair between April and Septem-  
ber, and the female lays her eggs, about one,  
daily, on the under side of the leaf. It re-  
quires about thirty days to carry the insect  
through its various stages; up to the time  
when it becomes a perfect fly or beetle. It  
remains an egg about ten days, a maggot  
six days, and a chrysalis fourteen days. It  
is however in their last and perfect stage  
these insects are most to be dreaded. It is  
the beetle that destroys the two first smooth  
leaves of the turnip by piercing them like a  
sew, destroying the cellular tissue, and  
stopping the growth of the plant. The lec-  
turer then alluded to the effect of lime, sul-  
phur, soot, fumigation, and many other re-  
medies recommended, but did not think they  
could be depended on. He believed that  
thick sowing, and the use of artificial ma-  
nures drilled in with the seed, were more ef-  
fectual, as the turnip, when in rough leaf, is  
not in any danger from the attack of the bee-  
tle; therefore it is evident our first care must  
be to force the young plants growth, and  
this can only be done by proper manures.

Just after the turnips have outgrown the  
attacks of the fly, they are liable to the rav-  
ages of the caterpillar, which the lecturer  
considered as only a less formidable enemy,  
because there are fewer seasons which pro-  
duce them in sufficient abundance to injure  
a crop materially,—for when they do become  
numerous, there is no greater pest. With  
respect to the remedy, the lecturer said that  
the only one which he knew was picking them  
by hand. He knew of some fields that  
had been cleared of caterpillars by means of  
a flock of ducks driven on them; but there  
are some kinds which ducks refuse.

About the same stage of its growth the  
roots of young turnips are exposed to another  
formidable enemy—the wireworm,  
which is the most troublesome of all insects  
to the agriculturalist. It appears that we  
are yet imperfectly acquainted with these  
insects; it is stated that there are upwards  
of sixty different species of them. It is pro-  
bable that a very considerable portion of  
these feed upon our most valuable cultivated  
plants. The rook will destroy them; but  
these birds, while searching for other prey,  
pull up sound and mutilated plants indis-  
criminate, so that both worms and turnips  
are united in one common destruction. We  
should say, 'Save me from my friends.'—  
Agri. Lec.

The public affairs of Charlotte County  
have been so long directed by a certain  
Clique, who have preyed without mercy up-  
on their unresisting victims, that we now see  
the people borne down with taxes, what few  
privileges they had wrested from them, and  
they themselves disheartened and discourag-  
ed—without so much as enquiring, Why is  
it so? Let the public mind no longer re-  
main inactive. Let the people demand the  
protection of their privileges, and a faithful  
account of the conduct of those who delight  
in exercising their "little brief authority."

We will venture to assert that were the  
County accounts for the last few years, hon-  
estly published, it would appear that many of  
the Officials have been receiving from the  
County Revenue more than double the sum  
the law allows for the services performed.  
This is one of the reasons why the Accounts  
are kept secret.

Remedy for the Bite of Mad Dogs.  
1st. Plunge into cold water daily for 20  
days, keep under as long as possible. This  
has cured many in England, and in one in-  
stance particularly, a dog bitten on the leg  
by a mad dog.

2d. Or mix the ashes of trefoil, or oak  
ashes, with hog's lard, and anoint the part bit-  
ten as soon as possible; repeat twice or  
thrice, at six hour's intervals. This has  
cured even after the Hydrophobia was be-

gun.  
3d. Or mix a pound of salt with a quart  
of water; squeeze, bathe and wash the wound  
with this brine for one hour; then bind some  
fine salt on the wound for 12 hours.

And yet another valuable remedy for Hy-  
drophobia, the bite of Rattlesnakes, Chuck-  
leath or Pilot snake, Spider, &c.: Take a  
white onion, cut it cross the grain into four  
equal parts; sprinkle fine salt on the onion;  
and apply it by bandages to the wound as soon  
as possible after being bitten, by dog, snake,  
or spider, and the poison will run up into the  
onion; repeat every half hour with a new  
piece, or until there is no discoloring of  
poison in the wound, and the poison extracted.  
Then a healing plaster may be used and the  
wound healed.—Tribune

Nine of the advantages of going to Sun-  
day School.  
1. If I do not how to read, I can learn.  
2. I am taught to sing hymns and repeat  
Scripture.  
3. I am taught the great truths of religion  
which I must know, if I would hope to be  
saved.  
4. If I believe well, I gain good friends,  
who may be of great service to me.  
5. I have the free use of a good Library.  
6. I am kept from evil company and Sab-  
bath breaking.  
7. I set a good example to those around  
me.  
8. I prepare myself to become a teacher of  
others.  
9. I obey God's commandment:—"Take  
fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep  
her, for she is thy life."—Prov. iv. 13.

Credit.—Peter the First, King of Portugal,  
to restrain luxury, and prevent the ruin of  
families, absolutely forbade all his subjects  
to buy or sell any of their commodities with-  
out immediate payment, and made the se-  
cond commission of that offence, death!

Brandy, Loaf Sugar,  
Tea &c.

The Subscriber has just received per the  
barque Brunswick, from Liverpool:  
1. HINDS best Cognac Brandy, and  
Islands Gin.  
2 do. Superior Old Port Wine,  
8 Chests Cognac Tea,  
64 Kegs Best White Paint,  
50 Boxes Y. Soap,  
60 Boxes best Poland Sugar,  
2 Hhds. Refined Sugar,  
Bbls. and 1/2 Bbls. Pot Barley.

J. W. STREET.  
April 30, 1844.

FARM FOR  
SALE!

THE Subscriber offers for Sale by Stipulation  
a FARM containing one hundred acres, sit-  
uated in the parish of St. Patrick's on the East  
side of the Digdigash River, in what is common-  
ly called the Irish Settlement contiguous to a  
Church a Great and Saw-mill. There is a good  
dwelling House first floor cellar, complete Barn  
and never-failing Spring well on the premises—  
It yields from eight to ten tons of Hay per annum.  
TERMS liberal. Apply to the Subscriber on  
the premises.

JAMES COCKBURN,  
St. Patrick's, June 7th, 1844.

HARDWARE, &c.  
Ex Ship Caledonia.

By the ship Caledonia, from Liverpool,  
the Subscriber has received,  
7 Casks, Comprising a very general  
1 Case, assortment of Hardware,  
1 Cask Bright Trace Chains,  
12 Casks best Ox and Horse Nails,  
18 Bags Wrot Nails, Assorted,  
2 Sheets 2 1/2 and 4 lb. Lead,  
24 Bundles Sheet Iron,  
Camp Ovens, Covers, &c. &c.  
Which with his former Stock on hand,  
he will dispose of on reasonable terms.

JAMES W. STREET.  
St. Andrews, June 25 1844.

Shipping Lumber.  
500 M. feet Merchantable PINE BOARDS  
and PLANK piled on a Wharf, in this Har-  
bour, apply to  
WM. WHITLOCK.  
St. Andrews, April 8, 1843

CANVAS, &c  
Ex "Brangwick," from Liverpool.  
70 BOLS GUYARD CANVAS,  
Sons, Tanners &c.  
For Sale by  
J. & W. JARVIS  
MAY 8, 1844