

Goods...
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Goods, comprising a
of Seasonable Articles,
General Assortment of
the whole of which
Cash, or other appro-

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City of Ship Bread,
w.
T. TURNER
requests those persons,
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the first day of No-
placed in the hands of
15, 1844.

ILL.
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to be for this purpose
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1844.

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London via St. John
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and Pale Ale Qs.
Mould CANDLES,
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Ready, Mottell and
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WEDNESDAY, BY
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EMENTS.
Trist, Moore Esq.
Jas. Brown Esq.
Mr. J. Goadery
Mr. Clarke Hanger
Mr. T. Conagrove
Mr. D. Gilbourn
Wilton Fisher Esq.
Mrs. Henry S. Bush

The Standard, OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Price 16s. in Town]

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1845.

[15s. sent by Mail.]

From Arthur's Ladies Magazine. THE SEWING SOCIETY.

BY MISS HARRIET KING.
There's a ring at the bell, I do believe—
exclaimed Priscilla Longley to her sister, as
they sat at work, one November morning.
So it is. How provoking. Who in the
world can it be so early? How very dis-
agreeable it is, to be ably only to afford one
fire, we are sure to be disturbed here.
By this time the unwelcome visitor was
admitted, and, before another minute, a
neat dark bonnet, appeared at the parlor
door.
Good morning, Sally, said Priscilla, jump-
ing up and letting her work fall on the floor.
Good morning! Come in, do. You must
take us as you find us all in confusion.
How are you, Priscilla? how are you
Emeline? and giving each proffered hand a
vigorous shake. Miss Sally Thompson took a
seat near the fire.
I hope I don't disturb you.
Oh no! We are only at our sewing.
What are you making?
I am turning my old cloak. Ma will not
let me have a new one, this winter, and I
am trying to fix this one up. I think, with a
little fur round it, it will be quite smart. As
to Emeline there, she is covering a bonnet
see! is it not pretty?
Yes, very. Oh, they wear such gay things
now.
Too gay, entirely. Did you see Sarah
Lewis in church, last Sunday? Really!—
such a hat as she had on, orange and blue,
and red, and green. I saw Mr. Allen's eyes
fixed on her several times, whilst he read
prayers. I actually felt ashamed of her.
By the way, do you know Mr. Allen?
No, we don't. I wish we did, he is very
handsome.
Yes, indeed; we are very fortunate in be-
ing able to get him for our church. He had
called to the East, West and South, he told
Pa, Pa called on him when he first came
here, it was but civil, you know. He re-
turned the visit last Thursday week, and I
can assure you he is a great deal handsomer
in a room, than in the pulpit. His eyes are
not blue at all, but a lovely hazel.
Oh, I wish we knew him. We live so very
retired, and see so little company.
But I am forgetting what I came for; it is
to ask you to come and join our sewing so-
ciety in the vestry room. We meet there
every Friday and sew for the poor. Really,
it is very pleasant. There are fourteen of us
now, and the elder members say that is not
half enough. Do join, would you?
I should like like to, very much, would
not you Emeline?
No, replied Emeline, I cannot say that I
would.
Oh, you foolish thing! why not?
She does not know how pleasant it is—
Why child, you will hear more news there,
than at any place in the town.
That is the very reason why I should de-
cline going. I once heard a sensible and truly
pious old lady remark, that every young wo-
man had an obligation to sew for the poor,
but that the experience of many years had
taught her that this duty could be as well
performed, and even better, at her own home,
than in a vestry room. I myself, have never
attended any of these meetings, but from all
that I gather, I think there is more news stir-
ring than industry. Is it not so?
I wonder you can talk so, Emeline! Why
it is really delightful, and they say Mr. Al-
len intends to visit the Society, once a month
at their sitting.
Does he? How pleasant! I really want
to see him close. Does he always wear that
ring on his finger?
I think he does; but you will join us, will
you not, even if Emeline is so silly?
Yes, I will, indeed, returned Priscilla,
with animation.
Put on your bonnet, then, and come with
me. I am going round to two or three houses,
to get the girls to join.
Priscilla got ready, and the two friends
set off in haste.
Let us stop here at Seldon's, said Sarah
Thompson. I think Ellen will join. She'll
make a pleasant member; she's so talka-
tive.
Ellen Seldon soon promised to be in the
vestry room, at half past ten, the next Fri-
day, and Sarah Thompson enlarged upon the
pleasures she was to expect.
Mrs. Elters will be there, next week; she
is very entertaining. She was a mantu-
maker before she was married you know, and
used to go out to work by the day; and, of
course she saw a good deal. She knows all
the particulars of Mrs. John Smith's case,
three years ago.
I remember, yes.
She says she was there one day sewing,
and Mrs. Smith did nothing but cry.
I should like to see somebody who knew
all about them. One hears such different
stories. I want very much to know whether
it was her family that disappeared of the

match, in the first instance, or his.
His I believe; but I will ask Mrs. Elters,
and I know she will tell you all about it, for
she was Mrs. Smith's intimate friend at the
time.
And will she speak of it to any one?
Oh, yes, replied Sarah, to any one at all.
But you have agreed to join us; have you
not?
Yes, I think so, I think from your account
it must be a pleasant place.
I know nothing about it except what Sa-
rah has been telling me.
Oh! said Sarah, you will soon both know
as much as you please about our proceedings,
we do a great amount of work. By the way
did you know that Emily King's step-mother
treats her very badly?
No; I did not.
Nor I.
Oh, yes. Jane Foster was telling us about
them last Friday. They live next door you
know, and some of Mrs. King's goings on, she
says, are really awful!
Come Sarah, said Priscilla, we are stay-
ing here too long, if we are to go any where
else.
So we are! I forgot. Who is there Ellen,
in this neighborhood, that would be likely to
join?
Let me see; there is Miss Simpson on the
other side of the way, a very active person in
Bible Societies and Sunday Schools; sup-
pose you go over there.
So over to Miss Simpson's Priscilla Long-
ley and Sarah Thompson went. Being shal-
tered into the parlor they found Mrs. Simp-
son a very old lady, sitting entirely alone. She
was so infirm as to be unable to rise to meet
them.
My daughter is out, young ladies, but rit
down, if you please. She may be in soon, or
she may not. I cannot tell. She went out
before I was up, to attend a Sunday School
meeting, I believe, and I have been very lone-
ly; but so it is now, young people are al-
ways at their societies, and the old and help-
less are left alone. They say it is religion;
well, may be it is—in that case I ought not
to complain; but my dear young people, it
does seem hard to me; after having brought
up my daughter, that her duties should every
day call her away from me.
But do you disapprove of these societies,
madam? asked Priscilla.
Not entirely so; but, moderation in all
things is a good rule. God has said that the
poor shall never pass from the face of the
earth. But our duties to the poor are not
our only duties. Now, as to these sewing
societies, let me tell you that if every one of
you instead of going with your thimble and
scissors, to a meeting for the purpose of sew-
ing for the poor, would do the same amount
of work at home, it would be much better.
My daughter is scarcely ever at home with
me, and if I say anything the answer is, 'The
business of the Society must be attended to.'
At this moment Miss Simpson entered.
I am only come for a minute, mother!—
How are you young ladies! and sitting un-
easily down, she panted as if it were July.
After a few minutes general conversation,
our young ladies entered upon the object of
their visit.
Oh yes to be sure, replied Miss Simpson, I
shall be delighted to attend, although I have
my hands full already. Friday at ten o'clock
I am glad it is not Saturday, for the Sabbath
School teachers meet then. You may ex-
pect me, though I shall be there. Does Mr.
Allen intend visiting the society at their
work?
It is really he does, and Sarah and Priscilla
rose to go. Miss Simpson accompanied them
a part of their way, and then left them, to at-
tend a meeting having for its objects a mis-
sion to the South Sea Islands.
Punctually at half past ten, on the next
Friday, the ladies met in the vestry room of
the Church. The following is a sum-
mary of all that was done:—
Fifteen coarse muslin garments cut out,
and five ladies at the other end of the town
discovered to be very extravagant and care-
less housekeepers—one of them actually dirty.
These facts were proved beyond a doubt by
the repetition of conversations held with ser-
vants, who had lived in their families.
Eight night caps finished, all but the
strings, and a gentleman set down as posi-
tively meaning nothing at all by his atten-
tions to Miss Patton poor thing! who was so
delighted with him, she could not keep it to
herself.
The question of woolen or cotton stock-
ings was then entered upon with great vehe-
mence, together with the probability of Mr.
Allen's choosing a wife out of his own
congregation.
An account was given by the visiting de-
partment, of the state of destitution exist-
ing among a number of families, in the suburbs,
and a recital made of the great anxiety occa-
sioned to old Mrs. Lee, by the conduct of her
sons, one lady hinting, that, to her certain
knowledge, the married one was no better
than the rest, as his unfortunate wife was a
perfect slave to him.
Eleven yards of hemming done, during
which numerous anecdotes were repeated,

tending to demonstrate the meanness of Mrs.
H.'s dress, the stupidity of Mrs. B.'s hus-
band, the wretched complexion of the whole
R. family, and Miss S.'s misgivable voice;
Miss V.'s cloak was judged not to be in good
taste, and Mrs. A.'s coat to have now seen
seven winters, which was deemed extraordi-
nary, considering the high rent she paid, and
the expense she was at in educating her
children, actually putting them to one of the
best schools in the place.
Oh! Emeline, said Priscilla Longley to
her sister, upon her return home, how mis-
taken you were in not joining us this morn-
ing. We really had a very pleasant
time.
I am glad to hear you were pleased.
It is very well for you to look so grave,
and to profess to disapprove; it is an excel-
lent excuse for lazy people, who prefer stay-
ing at home and doing nothing.
I am not lazy, Priscilla. Because I do
not sew at the society, it does not follow
that I must do nothing at all for the poor,
does it?
But will you?
To be sure I will. You know mother is
in the habit of making up a great deal of
clothing every fall, for several families, with
whom she has long been acquainted. I am
going to assist her, in this, and have already
put by a portion of my allowance for the
purpose.
During the day, Priscilla could not resist
the temptation of repeating some of the a-
musing anecdotes, related in the morn-
ing, until checked by Emeline, asking—
Did you hear all that, at the society?
Shortly after, Mr. Allen called upon every
family in his congregation. But contrary to
the expectations of the sewing society, he
never visited them at their weekly meeting—
this somewhat decreased the ardor of the
members.
A few weeks after the events we have de-
scribed, Miss Simpson called upon the Long-
leys to state that a meeting had been held in
the Sunday school room for the considera-
tion of a proposition made by her, namely,
that the members of the sewing societies
should assemble, not at the house of the cler-
gyman, because he was a bachelor but at
that of one of the members, for the purpose
of making him a new gown, an attentive ob-
server in the front pew having detected sev-
eral thread-bare places in the one now worn
by him.
I would like, says Miss Simpson, to have
at our house, but another would not hear
of it—old people are so strange. She said
she had no objection if the gown were really
wanted, to pay for the making of it, but that
she would not have the meeting held at her
house.
I think your mother is perfectly right,
said Emeline. Would it not be much bet-
ter to give this piece of work to some poor
woman, and pay her for it?
Oh, no, we cannot afford that; there are
so many calls upon the society, already.
Come, Priscilla say, shall we hold our
meeting here?
I should be very glad, but I do not know
what mother will say; I will go up and ask
her.
Mrs. Longley yielded to her daughter's
entreaties, and the meeting was held at her
house, the next day. Thirteen young ladies
with thimbles and scissors, made their ap-
pearance, and the work went on fast; so did
the conversation, the subject of which was
Mr. Allen.
Some wondered why in the world he was
never seen to pay attentions to any body;
others were afraid he never would, and all
agreed the coveted post was a very desirable
one.
When the labour was nearly completed, a
messenger came in haste to notify Miss
Simpson that her aged mother had been se-
ized when alone, with a sudden and violent
illness, and her death was hourly ex-
pected.
The gown was presented to Mr. Allen,
with becoming grace, and received with
thanks, deemed by some of the donors inad-
equate to the occasion; and fears were enter-
tained that he thought the ladies' activity
not sufficiently active. Preparations for a
fair were immediately set on foot for the be-
nefit of western missions. It was thought,
from the amount of work to be done, that it
could not be held before six weeks. Great
was the search for ribbons, silk and velvet,
gold thread, etc.
Will not you help us, Emeline? asked
Priscilla. See how much there is for us to
do. I, myself, have ten workbaskets to trim
this week. Look! this is the way I do
them.
I really do not think I shall have time. I
have a great deal to do, just now, for poor
Mrs. Reeves, and her seven little children;
they cannot wait much longer for their win-
ter clothing.
You are always so disobliging, it is too
bad. I wonder what in the world, Mr. Allen
would say, if he knew that when all the con-
gregation are so industrious, you alone re-
fuse to take the smallest part in the proceed-
ings.

I cannot help it, Priscilla; if the mission-
ers need money, I shall, of course consider it a
duty to devote a part of my allowance to
them, but I cannot find time to make kettle
holders, and knit bags for the fair.
As you please, but you do not know how
much pleasure you miss. One gets so inter-
ested in every separate article, and so anx-
ious for the next thing to sell well.
For the next six weeks, more than twenty
young ladies spent every moment of their
time in working for the fair. We do not
mean to say, that, during the space of more
than a month, they never slept, ate, or drank,
but that this was the business of their lives,
to which every other duty was sacrificed,
on Sundays hands and eyes rested, but not
tongues—coming home from church what
was talked of but the fair? Miss Simpson's
mother died in a few days after her attack,
so that this indefatigable young lady was pre-
cluded from a share in the preparations,
precluded even from being a buyer.
At last, the important day, came. The
Sudby school room was hung with ever-
greens, and tables covered with varieties of
pretty things, useful and ornamental, were
arranged in two lines. A confectioner sent
a large cake, and everything was in a state
of readiness. By eleven o'clock the ladies
took their stands behind their respective ta-
bles, and awaited the approach of customers.
Customers came in crowds—bought a
great many things they did not want, for
which they paid enormous prices, having nei-
ther the satisfaction of getting their mone-
y's worth, nor the pleasure of giving.
Mr. Allen had promised to come to the
fair, and more than one lady shopwoman for
the day watched the door with anxiety, hop-
ing to fix him permanently on this occasion,
but twelve, out, two, and three o'clock pass-
ed and Mr. Allen did not make his appear-
ance.
Where can he be? asked Miss Mason of
Priscilla Longley.
Where in the world? I wonder.
He certainly said he would be here.
So he did, what can have happened to
keep him away? said another.
It is really very surprising! Can he be
paying a visit of condolence to Miss Simp-
son?
Perhaps he is. Is not Miss Simpson older
than he?
Five years at least.
He could not have such bad taste.
He may—who knows!
At this moment Mr. Allen came in, and
passing up one line of tables and down an-
other, spoke a few words to every lady, and
then went away in a very short time. It was
remarked by the ladies as they left the scene
of their labours, just before night, that Mr.
Allen appeared suddenly, and joining Priscilla
Longley, walked home with her.
Have you heard the new engagement, asked
Miss Simpson of two or three female
friends, who paid her a visit in a darkened
chamber, a few days after the fair.
No, said they.
Mr. Allen, to be sure!
Mr. Allen! screamed the visitors.
Yes, Mr. Allen. I wonder you have not
heard it.
To whom?
To Emeline Longley.
It is impossible. I don't believe he knows
her to speak to.
Perhaps you mean Priscilla. He walked
home with her for the fair.
I mean Emeline. I had it from her own
mother who was here this morning.
Emeline Longley! it is very extraordinary.
She that never came to the Societies, nor
stirred a step in any charitable matter!
That would not sew a stitch for the fair,
nor even come there to buy any thing.
No other.
Come, said one visitor, rising to go, come,
I have several visits to make this morning.
Emeline Longley!—Well, I do declare!

tub or barrel with rock salt, and on it place
a layer of meat, and so on till the tub is fil-
led. Use the salt liberally, and fill the bar-
rel with strong brine, boiled and skimmed,
and then cooled.
AMUSEMENTS FOR FARMER'S BOYS.—Be-
ing lately at the residence of one of our
most intelligent farmers, our attention was
attracted to the door of a small room in an
out-building, which was labelled, "office."
On enquiry, we learned that this was a room
given up to the boys. Entering, we found it
fitted up with miniature implements of
husbandry, seeds of different kinds, a few
plants, and branches of evergreen; the walls
decorated with portraits of celebrated
horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry;
while on some shelves, were some geological
specimens, and several juvenile books,
of character calculated to inspire a taste for
rural life, and at the same time, to teach
correct modes of husbandry, horticulture,
&c., the whole arrangement in agreeable
order. It struck us as an excellent plan,
and we would suggest its general adoption.
It furnishes the means of both amusement
and instruction. How infinitely better it is
to allow boys an opportunity of spending a
part of their time, in thus cultivating a taste
for the investigation of those subjects, by
which their knowledge of nature and the
world around them is increased, than in mix-
ing with rude company, and becoming con-
taminated with their vices.
POETRY.
The Editor of the British Critic says that
the following Prayer was written by one of
the most distinguished authors now living,
for the use of his own little daughter. Its
beautiful simplicity will recommend it at
once to every parent:—
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my Prayers to say;
O God preserve my Mother dear,
In health and strength for many a year.
And oh, preserve my father too,
That I may beat my thoughts employ,
And I may beat my thoughts employ.
To be my parents hope and joy.
O likewise keep my brother's both
From evil doings and from sloth;
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father and our mother,
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
Till after my sleep, I may
Awake to thy eternal day.
None Dust on Pasture Lands.—There is,
perhaps no county in England where the
pasture lands (particularly the poorer soils)
have been so much improved during the last
ten or twelve years, as in Cheshire; and this
principally by the application of what is termed
bone dust. This extraordinary manure has
a peculiar effect upon the poor clay land
pastures, for, on the application of boiled
bones, a sudden change takes place in the
appearance of the fields, and instead of the
carnation leaved or pink grass, which so
much abounds on this kind of land, a luxuri-
ant herb presents itself, consisting of red and
white clover, trefoil and other grasses, of
which the cattle are so fond, that they eat up
almost every thing before them; even thistles
and rushes are very much eaten off by
the stock after the pastures have been bone
dusted.—Correspondent English Agricultural
Society.
Effectual Method of Preserving Furs from
the Ravages of Moths.—Wash the fur on
both sides with a mixture of twelve grains
of corrosive sublimate dissolved in half-pint
of spirits of wine. To make it dissolve more
readily corrosive sublimate should be reduced
to powder in a marble mortar. If moths
have harbored in the lining wool of muffs, it
must be replaced by new wool that has been
well saturated with the above preparation.—
The mixture is colorless, and will not injure
the most delicate furs, feathers or woolen ar-
ticles of any kind.—Mark Lane Express.
French Savoury Sauce.—To 4 lbs. of veal
fat, from the kidneys, cut small, add 1-2 lbs.
of ham 1-2 lb. rasped bacon, 5 or 6 chop-
ped carrots, 8 small onions, a large bunch of
parsley, 3 cloves, 2 bay leaves, some thyme
basil, made, 3 lemons, (sliced without peel or
seed) and 1 lb butter; boil them in a weak
broth, skin, simmer for five or six hours,
strain and keep the liquor for use.
For Tetter and Itchworms.—Procure
the roots of the yellow or narrow leaf dock,
bruise them and soak them in good apple ac-
t vinegar, and rub the tetter or itchworm three
times, till the cure is effected. This is a
certain remedy, except where the nails of the
fingers are also ited.
Another.—Bruised mullein leaves and vin-
egar constitute an excellent remedy. It is
said to be a sure restorative of the hair,
particularly if the patient does not become
weary in well doing.

