

The Glasgow Herald.

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Under the title of "The Herald."

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1841.

Vol. XLII. No. 47.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY
DONALD A. CAMERON.
TERMS.—1s. per annum, exclusive of postage, half in advance.

The Office is removed to the new Fire Proof Brick Building, owned by John Johnston, Esq., North West corner of the Market Square and Dock street, near the store of Mr. Shury, Chemist and Apothecary, and adjoining the "Victoria House."

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
THOMAS LEAHY, Esq., President.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be left at the Bank before Nine o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK.
LEWIS BROWN, Esq., President.
Discount Days, on Tuesdays and Fridays.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be left at the Bank before Nine o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
ALFRED SUTHERS, Esq., Manager.
Discount Days, on Tuesdays and Fridays.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Notes and Bills for Discount, must be left at the Bank before Nine o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
JOHN DOYD, Esq., President.

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
JAMES KING, Esq., President.

NEW BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
JOHN DOYD, Esq., President.

THE SAINT JOHN SAVINGS' BANK.
Office removed to the Commercial Bank Building, where it will be held.
May 4, 1841. D. JORDAN, Cashier, &c.

REMOVAL.
Gilchrist & Inches.
HAVING removed their Business to Mr. Mellic's new Brick Building, North side of the Market Square, May 4th.

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber has removed his Office to No. 2, Merritt's Brick Building, Water street, May 11.
ALEXANDER YEATS.

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber has removed to his Fire-proof Brick Store, in Nelson-street.
May 4, 1841.—W. M. CARVILL.

REMOVAL.
J. & H. KINNEAR have removed their place of Business to the new Brick Store adjoining J. V. Thurgate, Esq., North Market Wharf.—They offer to Let, part of the STORE they have lately occupied—head of Peter's Wharf.
May 4.

REMOVAL.
ALEXANDERS, BARRY & CO. have removed to their new Fire-proof Brick Building, Nelson-street Alley, North Wharf.
May 4.

REMOVAL.
EDWARD & BROTHERS have removed their Business for a few days to the building on the East side of Prince William street, formerly the Commercial Bank.
May 4th.

REMOVAL.
J. & H. FOTHERBY have removed their business to the North side of the Market Square next door, west of the LYNXON HOUSE.
On FRIDAY, A large assortment of SILKS, MERINOS, PRINTS, &c.
Expected in first arrival from Great Britain, a very extensive assortment of Goods, suitable for the Spring trade.
April 20.—W.

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April 20.—W.

REMOVAL.
THE VICTORIA BOOK STORE is removed to the Market Square, first door East of the London House.
13th April.

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber has recommended his Business in the second flat of Mr. R. M. Jarvis's Brick Building, North Market Wharf. Door next below E. L. Jarvis & Co.
April 13, 1841. E. L. THORNE.

REMOVAL.
THOMAS EDWARD MILLIDGE has removed from the South Market Wharf to the Fire-proof Store, in Nelson street, occupied by Messrs. Adam & Davidson, and offers for sale, at lowest rates:—
20 casks BROWN PORT WINE; 20000 CIGARS; 20 cases strong SPIRITS—20 per cent over proof; 200 lbs. RYE FLOUR and CORN MEAL; 75 do. Canada BEEF and PORK; 100 do. do. Sole Leather and Call Skins; 10000 feet GLASS, mostly in stock; Blacking; Casks Putty, White Lead, Solignum; PAINTS; CHAINS and ANCHORS; PORT and SHERRY WINES; HAMS; 10 casks MOLASSES; SOAPS; BATHS; MATERIALS for a Schooner of about 80 tons, saved from a wreck, &c. &c. &c.
Office upstairs. St. John, April 27th, 1841.

NOTICE.
JAMES SIMMONDS has commenced Business in this City, as a General Commission MERCHANT, and is now prepared to receive Consignments at his Store in Messrs. Adam & Davidson's Fire Proof Brick Building, Nelson street.
St. John, 27th April, 1841.

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber having taken these premises over from Messrs. Knowles & Thorne (South Market Wharf) tenders his services to his friends and the public as an AUCTIONEER and Commission Merchant.
THOMAS HANFORD.
April 27, 1841.

NOTICE.
CARPETING.—100 yds of various qualities of Carpeting, for sale very low.
25th May. JOHN KERR & Co.

The Garland.

DARK EYED GIPESEY.

BY T. HAYNES BAILEY, ESQ.

Dark eyed Gipseey, come not blither
To unveil my future doom:
Tell me not in tranquil weather
Of the cloud that hangs o'er me;
Though e'en now the sun-beam leaves me,
Let me dream that it will last,
Till the happy future gives me
Some atonement for the past.

Temp't not with happy fictions,
I should listen with a sneer,
Chill me not with dire predictions,
I should listen with a tear:
Wave no wand of magic o'er me,
Vaunt not of your mystic skill;
Leave the veil that lies before me
Be impetuous still.

When the young and gay are near you,
Then indulge your magic mood;
How intently they hear you!
Credulous of all that's good!
Beast of all the bliss you've brought them,
Give imagination scope,
Disappointment hath not taught them
To mistrust the dreams of hope.

Miscellaneous.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGON.

Fred Power's Adventure in Philadelphia.

"Ireland, to be sure, is a beautiful country, but something would prove a very dull one to be quartered in, if it were not that the people seem to have a natural taste for the army. From the belle of Merion-square down to the innkeeper's daughter in Tralee, the loveless part of creation seem to have a perfect appreciation of our high equipments and advantages; and in no other part of the globe, the Touze Islands included, is a red coat more in favour. To be sure, they would be very ungartered if we were not the case; for we, upon our sides, leave no stone unturned to make ourselves agreeable. We ride, drink, play, and make love to the ladies, from Fairhead to Killybeg, in the way of great calculation to render us popular; and as far as making the time pass pleasantly, we are the boys for the 'greatest happiness' principle. Which of us serve our popularity. Which of us does not get over our heads and ears in debt with garbion balls and steeple-chases, picnics, regattas, and the thousand and one inventions to get rid of one's spare cash, so called for being so sparingly dealt out by our government. Now, and then, when the fair falls, we take a newly-jointed ensign, and make him marry some pretty but penniless lass, in a country town, just to show the rest that we are not jingling; but have serious ideas of matrimony in the midst of all our flirtation. If we are all like this the green isle would be a paradise; but, unluckily, every now and then, there is a condemnation to some infernal place, where there is neither a pretty girl to console the priest himself is not a good fellow; and long, ill-paid, struggling streets, filled on market days with booths of striped calico and cheap chert, are the only promenade; and a raiment of ragged, mouldy wals and a tumbling chimney, the only quarters."

"To sail, on your return from your morning stroll or afternoon canteer you look on the chimney-pieces for a shewer of visiting cards, and pink notes of invitation; in vain you ask your servant has any one called. Alas! your only visitor has been the ganger, who demands a party to assist in still-hunting, and that interesting class of the population, who, having nothing to eat, are engaged in despatching, and care as much for the life of a red coat as you do for that of a crow or a curlew. This was seen overhead, but I would ask you, were you ever for your sins quartered in that capital city of the Dog of Allen they call Philadelphia? Oh, but it is a coming spot. They tell you somewhere that much of the expression of the human face depends upon the objects which constantly surround us. Thus the inhabitants of mountain districts are smiling, as if with a certain bold and daring character of expression from the scenery, very different from the placid and monotonous look of those who dwell in plains and valleys, and I certainly credit the theory in this instance, for every man, woman and child you meet has a brown, baked, scuffy, turk-like face that, if Adam were formed of clay, the Philistines people were worse treated, and only made of bog mould."

"Well, one fine morning, poor Tom and myself were marched off from Birr, where one might live and love for ever, to take our quarters at a sweet spot. Little we knew of Philadelphia, and, like my friend, the adjutant there, when he laid siege to Derry, we made our entrance with all the pomp we could muster, and though we were no better, our drums and fife did duty for it; and brushed about through our creels and wicker baskets of new brogues that obstructed the street till we reached the barracks, the only testimony of admiration we met with being, 'I feel bound to admit, from a ragged urchin of ten years, who, with a wattle in his hand, imitated me as I marched along, and, when I cried 'halt,' took his leave of us by dexterously adding his thumb to the side of his nose, and stretching his fingers, as if thus to convey a very strong hint that we were not so far fellows as we thought ourselves. Well, for four months summer months of hot sun and cloudless sky went over, and still we lingered in that vile village, the everlasting monotony of our days being marked by the same brief morning drill, the same blue-legged chicken dinner, the same smoky Longue-reux whiskey, and the same evening stroll along the canal bank, to watch for the Dublin packet-boat, and peepers, on their way to the west country, as though the demand for such colonial productions in these parts were insatiable. This was pleasant; you will say, but what was to be done? We had nothing else. Now, nothing says a man's temper like cannon. The cranky, peevish people one meets with, would be excellent folk if they only had something to do. As far as I'll venture to say, two men more disposed to go pleasantly down the current of life, we were hard to meet with; and yet, such was the consequence of these confounded four months sequestration from all other society, we became sour and cross-grained; oversteeringly disputing about trifles, and continually arguing about matters which neither were interested in, nor indeed knew anything about. There were, it is true, few topics to discuss; newspapers we never saw; sporting there was none; whether, the drill, the return of duty, the probable chances of our being ordered for service, were all daily subjects to be talked over, and usually with mutual asperity and bitterness. One point, however, always served us when hard pushed for a bone of contention, and which began by a mere accident at first, gradually increased to a subject of dispute, and finally led to the consequence which I have just mentioned in the beginning—this was no less than the respective merits of our mutual servants; each invariably indulging in a tirade against the other, and, with a readiness, flexibility, and readiness, charges, I am bound to confess, most simply proved on either side."

"To which he would reply, 'Bad enough he is certainly; but I don't think of only that of your Hottentot, I feel grateful for what I've got.' Then ensued a discussion, with attack, rejoinder, charges and recriminations, till we retired for the night, wearied with our exertions, and not a little ashamed

of ourselves at bottom for our absurd warmth and excitement. In the morning the matter would be rigidly avoided by each party, until some chance occasion had brought it on the tapis, when hostilities would be immediately renewed, and carried on with the same vigour, till it ended as before."

"In this agreeable state of mind we sat one warm summer evening before the mess room, under the shade of a canvass awning, discussing, by way of recreation, our eighth tumbler of whisky punch: we had as usual been jiving away about every thing under heaven. A lately arrived post-chaise with an old stiff looking gentleman in a queue, had formed a kind of God-send to our debate, as to who he was, whether he was going, whether he really had intended to spend the night there, or that he only put up because the chaise was broken; each, as was customary, maintaining his own opinion with elaborate and glowing feelings, laughed at, though at the time, we had few misanthropic thoughts about the matter."

"As the debate waxed warm, O'Reilly asserting that he positively knew the individual in question to be a United Irishman, travelling with instructions from the French government, while I laughed him to scorn, by asserting that he was the rector of Tyrrell's pass; that I knew him well; and moreover, that he was the worst preacher in Ireland. Singular enough it was, that all this while the disputed identity was himself standing coolly at the inn window, with his hands on his hips, and a look of intense interest on his face, leisurely examining us as we sat, appearing, at least, to take a very lively interest in our debate."

"Come now," said O'Reilly, "there's only one way to conclude this, and make you pay for your obstinacy. What will you bet that he's the rector of Tyrrell's pass?"

"What odds will you take that he's Wolfe Tone?"

"Five to one against the rector," said he exultingly.

"An elephant's molar to a toothpick against Wolfe Tone," cried I.

"Ten pounds even that I'm nearer the mark than you," said Tom, with a smother of his fist upon the table.

"Done," said I, "done; but how are we to decide the wager?"

"That's soon done," said he at the same instant, he sprang to his legs and called out, 'Pat—lay 'em out!—I want you to pay my respects to—'

"No, no, I'm sorry that—no ex-parte statements. Here, do you like to have the way?—I want you to deliver a message. Do come here, Pat. Just beg of—"

"He blundered in, the confounded fool; so I don't, by the way, were compelled to pass another night in the cabin and hold of the steamer. The beleaguered passengers at length started at four o'clock on Saturday morning, and were landed at the Broomfield, in the course of the forenoon, in a rapid flight. The holiday garments which had never been shifted for two days and nights were, as they were, and the whole of the men had beads of a hermit's longitude, after a weary pilgrimage. At twelve, the islanders were as glad to get rid of the Glasgow folks, as the latter were to get away, and the incident is not likely to be soon forgotten by either party. It is only fair to state that the accident which caused this annoying result on the part of the Sir William Wallace was not the fault of either party, but was solely due to her, she had her hair, but, slight as it was, there was no means of tearing it at hand.—Glasgow Paper.

The following touching description, is an extract from "Master Humphrey's Clock," by Dickens, and describes the interest of a young and beautiful child, whose sweetness of disposition, and purity of character are calculated to interest deeply the heart of every reader.

"Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to one old man, where she had many and a many a time sat nursing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the window, and a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light, some fall upon her grave. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped its little wreath, many a stilled sob was heard. Some—and there were not a few—were silent, and the villagers mourned their dead, and the grave before the pavement stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another said, how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she, should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on the tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave—on that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts seem with assurance of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are hushed in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God. Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lessons that such a death teaches; but let no man reject it, for it is one of the most solemn, and in a mighty, unvoiced truth. When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in a flash of mercy, charity, and love to walk the world, and bless it. Oh! every year that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes, in the destroyer's steps there spring up

bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven."

Hope.—Hope is the sweetener of every bitter draught in the cup of life, and cheers the desolate, sustains the sinking, animates the drooping spirits of inconspicuous despair, comforts the afflicted, and consoles and supports the dying. Through the pilgrimage of life it gives strength to our fainting courage, and inspires us with a heavenly and abiding faith, as it lures us by the prospect, and stimulates us by the desire for a better, and a happier world. To the weary of foot, and the desolate in heart, to the poor and the wretched, Hope, like a precious restorer, comes to pour balm into their wounds, and to assuage and mitigate their griefs. At the same instant with the primeval curse pronounced upon the sinfulness of our first parents, Hope was born into our world, the companion of sorrow, suffering and ill. Hence, wherever the shaft of affliction darts its poisonous sting, the Hope is ever to be found; and with this first thing born into our world, to cheer poor fallen humanity through its chequered course of existence, so, as Roche-faulest beautifully said, it is the last thing that dieth in man. Mourner, whoever thou art and what ever be the source and the character of thy grief, let this win a smile from thee, in the midst of thy tears, that when the box of Pandora was emptied of its fancied treasures, and misery and evil were spread over the earth, Hope yet lingered in the depository of pain, to soothe our sorrows, and to lighten our burthen of care.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.—Dr. Andrew Combe lately wrote a treatise upon the subject of the Physiological and moral management of infancy, which has the reputation of being a work of great merit. The following extract is valuable, as showing the culpable neglect of mothers in obtaining the knowledge requisite for the proper management of their children:

"Even in the best regulated families," says Dr. Combe, "it is rare to meet with a mother, who before becoming such, has devoted the least attention to the study of the infant constitution, to the principles on which it ought to be treated, or to the laws by which its principal functions are regulated. The parent, in fact, enters upon the important charge intrusted to her care with less previous preparation for its proper fulfilment, than if it were a plant or flower which God had committed to her management, instead of a living being in whose existence and happiness her whole soul is centered. If a rare or curious flower be presented to her, she will inquire minutely about its natural habits, the time and manner of watering it, the best exposure in which to place it, and the admission or exclusion of the external air; and she will set upon the information. But when a human being is committed to her, the same person, without asking a single question about the necessary treatment, and will rely implicitly on the misty experience of an un-informed nurse for guidance in her most difficult and deeply interesting duty. It is true that there are some nurses well qualified by strong natural sense and much experience to direct the mother in her arduous undertaking; but these are, unhappily, the rare exceptions to a general rule, and can never justify the parent's neglect of a duty imposed upon her, not less by her own maternal feelings, than by the laws of the Divine Creator."

COMBINATION OF CHARACTER.

History shows that the progress of humanity has been constantly promoted by the reciprocal action and re-action of two nations, or two races, sometimes friends, often enemies, or rivals. The most general fact in the history of our civilization is, the struggle between the East and the West, from the expedition of the Argonauts and the war of Troy, to the battle of Lepanto and the siege of Vienna by the Turks. In this great drama, it was not devoid to shed rivulets of blood, that Providence has dashed against each other European and Asiatics, Greeks and Persians, Romans, Carthaginians and Parians, Saracens and Franks, Venitians, Turks, and Poles; blows have not been the only thing exchanged between Europe and the Orient. If you wish to know what the West has gained from contact with the East, even when they met sword in hand, look around you: most of the fruit trees which enrich your fields, the vine which gladdens the heart, the silk and cotton that adorn your houses and your persons, these are the spoils of their eastern wars. Sugar and coffee, the cultivation of which has changed the political balance of the world, were brought into Europe from the East, the one by yourselves, the other by the Arabs, when they made themselves masters of Spain. The mariner's compass, which has given a new continent to civilization, and established the dominion of man over the before unconquered deep, was the gift of the East. Your arts and your sciences are of oriental origin: the secrets of Algebra were stolen from the Moors of Spain by a monk; your system of numeration, the basis of all your financial improvements, bears the name of the Arabs; your chivalry was brought from Asia by the Crusaders. Christianity, the mother of Modern Europe, would not have existed in the West, had not the Roman legions conquered Judea which contained its germ, had not the Roman empire contained the school of Alexandria in which that germ could put forth, and had not the Rome of the Caesars been raised as a pedestal for the successors of

St. Peter, from whom they might rule over the East and the West."

Behold the Roman people, its public career was a continual succession of wars, followed by as many incorporations of the conquered alliances, real marriages, which always give it new vigour. It begins with the double figure of Romulus and Remus, then follow the Romans and Sabines, then Rome and Alba, next Rome and the Latins, and next Rome and Carthage. Scarcely had a young Sullan, who carried off a captive at the point of the sword, and made her his favorite until he grew tired of her, or until he finds another more worthy of his love. It goes on in this way, changing, and daily rising in the successive subjects of its choice, until it meets with Greece, which becomes not an object of a passing caprice, but a favorite ally, the ally of the Greek and Roman natures gave its splendor to imperial Rome, and rest to the world. Its destiny once entwined with that of Greece, the Roman people passed to enjoy; and with this purpose, substituted the rule of the Caesar for the republic's constitution, and Greek rhetoricians and philosophers, and that of Solon, Aspasia, and Aeschylus.—United, they acquired an indomitable energy, and supported the shock of all Asia. Unfortunately, they had too little feeling of common nationality, and too much of local jealousy; almost perpetually divided, they never completely extended their sway over Greece itself; and when the Greek race was about to reach its zenith, neither was destroyed, nor did it higher, but Providence raised up a man in the North, before whom the earth was silent.—Chevalier.

ADVICE TO MEN IN DEBT.

Ascertain the whole state of your affairs. Learn exactly how much you owe. Do not gully of deceiving yourself. You may thus awaken suspicions of dishonesty, when your intentions were far otherwise.

Deliberately and fully make up your mind, that come what will, you will practice no concealment, or trick, which might have the appearance of fraud. Openness and candor command respect among all good men.

Remember that no man is completely ruined among men, until his character is gone.

Never consent to hold as your own one farthing, which rightfully belongs to others.

As you are at present in circumstances of great trial, and as many eyes are upon you, do nothing rashly. If you need advice, consult only a few. Let them be disinterested persons of the most established reputation.

Offer frequent and fervent prayer to Almighty God. If you have, by any fault of your own, been brought into your present embarrassments, humbly seek forgiveness of God and hope in his mercy.

Beware of feelings of despondency. Give not place for an hour to useless and enervating melancholy. Be a man.

Reduce your expenditures to the lowest possible amount. Care not to figure as others around you.

Industriously pursue such lawful and honest arts of industry as are left to you. An hour's industry will do more to begot cheerfulness, suppress evil rumours, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's mourning.

If you stop business, do it soon enough to avoid the just charge of an attempt to involve your unsuspecting friends.

Learn from your present difficulties the utter vanity of all earthly things.—Witchman of the South.

AND BE DEER.—It is reported of one, that, hearing the fifth chapter of Genesis read, so long lives, and yet the burden still, they died.—Seth lived nine hundred and twelve years, and he died; Enos lived nine hundred and five years, and he died; Methuselah, nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died; he took a deeply the thought of death and eternity, that it changed his whole frame, and turned him from a voluptuous, to a most strict and pious course of life. How small a word would do much, when God sets it into the heart! But surely this one thing would make the soul more calm and sober in the pursuit of present things if their term were truly computed and considered. How soon shall youth, and health, and carnal delights, be at an end!

LAZINESS.—One fiery day a farmer went into his mowing lot, where he had hired a half a dozen men to cut down the grass. He came upon them suddenly, and found them all laying down under an apple tree.

"Well," said the indignant farmer, "I'll give an extra half dollar to the laziest fellow among you." All jumped upon their feet to claim the reward, but one man who laid still, "Ah!" said the farmer, "that fellow has won the money." To which indolence replied, "Well, you put it in my pocket!"