

# The Weekly Telegraph.

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ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1839.

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## Weekly Almanack.

	SUN	MOON	FULL
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.
23 WEDNESDAY	6 25	5 2	5 21 Morn.
24 THURSDAY	6 26	5 1	6 5 0 16
25 FRIDAY	6 27	5 0	6 37 1 5
26 SATURDAY	6 28	4 59	8 1 1 52
27 SUNDAY	6 30	4 58	9 22 2 46
28 MONDAY	6 31	4 57	10 25 3 44
29 TUESDAY	6 33	4 55	11 37 4 50

Last Quarter 29th. 3h. 21m. morn.

**BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.**  
THOMAS LEASLEY, 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 three o'clock on the day immediately preceding the Discount Day.

**COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.**  
HENRY GILBERT, 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 one o'clock on Monday and Thursdays.

**BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.**  
WALTER BURNETT, Esq. President.  
R. H. LISTON, Esq. Manager.  
Discount Days... on Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.  
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be left before one o'clock on the day preceding the Discount Day.

**NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 11 to 3 o'clock.  
JOHN M. WILMOT, Esquire, President.  
Committee for September: B. P. HAZEN, JOHN HAMMOND, DANIEL ANSLEY.

**NEW-BRUNSWICK MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 11 to 3 o'clock.  
JAMES KIRK, Esquire, President.  
All applications for insurance to be made in writing.

**Bank of British North America.**  
NOTICE is hereby given, that in accordance with an arrangement concluded between the Directors of this Bank and those of the Colonial Bank, this Bank is now authorized to grant Drafts on the Branches of the Colonial Bank, to wit: Kingston, Montego Bay, Jamaica, Savannah-la-Trinidad, Barbados, Demerara, Trinidad, Antigua, Dominica, Grenada, Saint Lucia, Saint Vincent, Tobago, Berbice, Saint Thomas, Porto Rico, Saint Croix.

For sums of sterling money payable in the currency of the Colony on which they are granted at the current Bank rate of Exchange for Bills on London at 60 days' sight.

**ROBERT H. LISTON, MANAGER.**  
St. John, N. B., 11th August, 1839.

**NEW-BRUNSWICK Marine Insurance Company.**  
(Incorporated by Act of the Legislature.)  
CAPITAL, £50,000.  
With power to increase to £100,000.

The above Company having been organized, and agreed to the Act of Incorporation, will be ready to commence taking Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freight, on and after Monday next, the 20th instant, on the most favorable terms.

**JAMES KIRK, PRESIDENT.**  
St. John, 20th June, 1837.

**NOTICE.**  
ALL persons having local demands against the estate of the late DANIEL SCOTT, of this City, Tailor, deceased, are required to hand in their claims for adjustment, and all persons indebted are desired to make payment without delay.

**ANN SCOTT, EXECUTRICE.**  
GEORGE HARDING, Executor.  
Saint John, May 28, 1839.

**H. & P. McCULLOUGH**  
HAVE removed their stock of goods to the store on the corner of King and Germain streets, formerly occupied by the Foot Office, and invite the attention of the public to their extensive assortment of Silks, Woollens, Cottons, Linens, Made Clothes, &c., all at reduced prices.  
St. John, August 27.

**STEAM NOTICE.**  
**NEW ARRANGEMENT.**  
The Steamer Nova-Scotia will, on and after Monday, 10th instant, run to Eastport, St. Andrews, and St. Stephen's, returning on Tuesday, 12th instant, leaving St. John 2 hours before high water, returning on Wednesday, Friday, and on Digby and Annapolis, returning on Saturday.

For further particulars apply to Captain Reid, at the office of the said Steamer.

**IRON, IRON, IRON.**  
250 TONS of Single and Double Refined IRON, of almost every description and size usually required, in store and for sale by  
J. & H. KINNAR.  
Sept. 10.—6w

**TEA WAREHOUSE.**  
JAMES MALCOLM offers for sale at his establishment in Prince William Street, 175 Chests fine Congo TEA; 35 do. Blackish Leaf ditto; 15 do. Souchong do.; 15 do. Hyson; 10 do. Twinkey and Young Hyson; 35 do. Hohea, in Congo packages; with an extensive assortment of fine and refined SUGARS, Mocha and Java COFFEE, FRUIT, SPICES, &c.

The qualities of the above Goods are all warranted to be what they are represented.

The very superior quality of J. M.'s ground Coffee is now generally admitted, and all or any of the above may be had wholesale or retail at his usual low prices.  
Sept. 24.

**TIMBER.**  
1000 TONS Sapling Red PINE, 600 do. Tobique White Pine, 173 inches average.  
400 do. Restock do. 193 in. average.  
For sale by  
RITCHIE & BROTHERS,  
17th September.

**PORK! PORK!**  
Now landing from the schooner Esperance, from Quebec.  
350 BLS. Prime PORK, which will be sold very low while landing.  
Sept. 7.  
W. M. HAMMOND.

## The Garland.

### HARVEST STANZAS.

The harvest! the harvest! how fast on each plain it waves in its golden luxuriance of grain; The wealth of a nation is spread on the ground, And year, with its joyful abundance, is crown'd; The barley is ripening on upland and lea, And the oatlocks are drooping, all graceful to see, Like the young yellow hair of a beautiful maid, Where it waves in the breezes unloosed from the braid.

The harvest! the harvest! how brightly the sun Looks down on the prospect—its loaves are begun, And the wheat sheaves so thick in the valleys are piled; That the land in his glorious profusion has smil'd; The reaper has shouted the furrows among— In the midst of his labour he breaks into song— And the gleaners laugh gaily, forgetful of care, In the glees of their hearts, as they gather their share.

The harvest! the harvest! once more we behold Fair plenty arrayed in its livery of gold; We are spared to exult in its harvest again; A year hath been granted, and shall we remain Forgetful of him who hath lengthen'd our days? Great God of the harvest to Thee be the praise! Thou hast prospered our toil, and given us increase; And established the land in abundance and peace.  
New York Mirror.

**Man from the Cradle to the Grave.**  
I saw him once a lightsome lad, From infant weakness just emerging, With smiling face so blithesome glad, Like my's of sunshine bright diverging, With heart elate, jocose and gay, His boyhood like an opening blossom, Luxuriant fair did well portend; His rising glow within his bosom.

I saw him twice—his manly cheek, His sparkling eye, bright, lucid, beaming, A noble mind mature did speak, A soul illum'd by Heaven forth gleaming, In martial costume bold array'd, Like heroes leave in faded array, Of warping hosts the van he led, And trod the embattled fields of glory.

I saw him thrice—the hand of time Progress o'er his face denoted, His silver locks, his vision dim, His tottering steps by staff supported, But grave, serene, in gray old age, A something tranquil, calm and holy, Hath quell'd the passions' fierce rage, With pleasing hopes of endless glory.

A fourth time—and his breathless clay, Enshrou'd in a sable coffin, Was borne by mournful friends away; The silent grave became his lodging, And when I thought of years gone by, As moved he in his sphere so splendid, A swelling tear suffus'd my eye, That death, stern death, hath led him.

## Miscellaneous.

**TRAVELLERS' CHIT-CHAT.**  
Travellers' rooms and the saloons of steam-vessels occasionally present specimens of a kind of conversation, which, though bold and uninformed in the highest degree, often furnishes me with more entertaining material than I could expect from the colloquies of a Coleridge and a Wilson. One pair of gentlemen who are strangers to each other, fall into talk. First, a hit upon some topic which may not be pleasing to each other from profession, connections, or otherwise, they restrict themselves to commonplace and uninteresting subjects, in which it is inevitable that either can feel the least interest, but which they nevertheless discuss with an air of the most profound gravity. On they will thus go for hours, apparently quite content with the conversation; and when they at last rise to go upon deck, it is with a look of the greatest possible edification. Such a conversation as this I lately overheard at the dinner-table of a steamer; the interlocutors being a young gentleman and a young lady—no particular sort of persons, but simply a young gentleman and a young lady. I shall do my best to report in eclogue fashion, what was said, not unhelpful that my hero and heroine will be thought about as rational as any Menalos or Amalrys of their age.

**Young Gentleman.** "Please, ma'am, a little tongue to your love?"  
**Young Lady.** "Much obliged. Thank you, sir."  
"Our voyage promises to be a pleasant one."  
"I think it does, sir."  
"Are you a good sailor, ma'am?"  
"Oh no—such a bad one. I hope it won't be stormy, or I shall be so ill, I know I shall."  
"Were you ever in any of the steamers which go to the Mediterranean?"  
"Oh no."  
"You have no idea of sea-sickness here, ma'am. The Bay of Biscay is the place for sea-sickness. The vessels are much larger than there, and the passengers have a cabin which dines a hundred passengers with comfort. She goes to Gibraltar. The fare is eighteen guineas."  
"How expensive?"  
"Yes, indeed, for only six days, or so. But then the wines are superb. Champagne every day at dinner. Finger-dishes, too, always put down."  
"They give very good provisions on board the vessels between Leith and London. The charge is three guineas."  
"Yes; I went down in one of them about three weeks ago. The Monarch is a very good vessel, and Captain Bain a fine old fellow. We did in forty-one hours what I suppose you have been spending some time in Scotland?"  
"Only making a little tour in the Highlands. I have had very bad weather. Rain every day almost."  
"Where did you go?"  
"I went to the Trochard, Dunkeld, and Inverness. I also saw Abbotsford and Melrose. I could only spend a day in Edinburgh."  
"Have you been pleased upon the whole?"  
"Yes—tolerably. Disappointed in Abbotsford. The house is paltry. They show his coat and walking shoes, and his hat nailed against the wall. The show-rooms are fine, but the bedrooms very little, and poorly furnished. Melrose was much less than I expected. After Tintorn or Farnhill, it is nothing. All the Scotch geese are swans now. Edinburgh is a pretty town, but the winds are cruelly cold. I had a bad day at the Trochard, and saw nothing but mist and a few bushes. Dunkeld is a pretty place. I came from Staffa and Iona. Staffa very fine, but the boatmen charge dreadfully for rowing in. I was last at Glasgow. It is a fine city, but there is no place any where like London. I am returning there by Liverpool."

"I suppose you will go by the railway?"  
"I intend so. I am told you now breakfast at Liverpool, and get to a late dinner in London. They only take nine or ten hours."  
"What a wonderful thing steam is!"  
"Yes, ma'am. You may really say that. Who could have thought of all this a few years ago? Railways will soon be everywhere. You may whirl round the island in a day. Steam navigation is also going to a great pitch. I have a friend in the Great Western this last trip. He has accepted an invitation to dine in New-York on the 6th of next month. No four he will be there in time, for he sailed on the 20th of this. Average passage fourteen days. I hear the company has advertised her days of sailing for the next four years. The fare is very high—thirty-five pounds. But opposition will soon bring it down. When it is twenty, I shall go and see the Yankees myself!"

"Nothing like opposition for bringing down prices." "Very true, ma'am. But opposition sometimes does mischief too. When I was at Dunkeld, there were opposition coaches to Perth, going at the same hour. The fare had been three shillings, which was a fair thing for fifteen miles. The new coach ran at one shilling, and the old coach now did the same. One had placards with the words, 'The Duke of Perth's coach for Perth,' and the other had a flag with the words, 'The Duke of Perth's coach for Perth.' The Duke of Perth was a very good man, and the Duke of Perth's coach was a very good coach. The Duke of Perth's coach was a very good coach, and the Duke of Perth's coach was a very good coach."

"Bless me, that is dreadful!" "They give fine breakfasts in the Highlands, ma'am. I like the fish and the honey. But I have not got reconciled to the mountain dew as yet. It tastes so good. The Highland times are very good. We never wanted for anything when we were at the Caledonian Hotel at Inverness in a superb house. I could not have believed it. Were you ever at Plymouth, ma'am?"

"The Royal Hotel there is, I dare say, the largest and finest in the world. It is so large that a theatre about the size of the Haymarket is only a part of it. It contains a splendid ball-room. The stables would, I am confident, accommodate two hundred horses; and they make down from thirty-five to seventy beds. It is like a town in itself."

"Bless me!" "It is surprising, ma'am. One feels quite lost in such a house. But it is a comfortable hotel too—the greatest attention and civility to every body. When I was there once, I had to get up at five, to go off by coach at six. Well, there was a cup of hot coffee for me, just as if it had been any common house. No charge for it of course."

"That was very kind. I could not have expected it of such a house." "The head waiter there makes a thousand pounds a-year, ma'am. He never wears any thing but one of the best suits of black, with any thing but the gentlemen who frequent the house rarely subscribe to present him with a piece of plate?"

"Oh, yes, it is common to do so." "Have you seen Mr. Wilson, the vocalist?" "I have seen him. He is a very good man. He is gone to America, I hear. Jonathan takes away all our best talents. He says so much better than we do. The great favourite in Edinburgh?" "Believe so. No he was too well known in the Londoners, but not all of them. I think Hamlet his finest character."

"This is generally allowed. I like his Othello too." "His Othello is good, and so is his Sir Giles Overreach, but not so good. He bears a high price for his characters."

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"I understand that young Keen is performing in Liverpool at present." "He is a favourite there." "He is a great favourite in Edinburgh?" "Believe so. No he was too well known in the Londoners, but not all of them. I think Hamlet his finest character."

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"No, I never met them. I knew the Thunder-gasts very well. We went to Dargle together. You did not visit the Dargle I suppose?" "No, that is a pleasure to come. They speak much of it in Dublin; but having seen Tern and Tiwoh, I am prepared not to be much surprised."

"Still the Dargle is very fine. I visited it in the month of June. We had a lunch beside the river old Duke FOR EVER, for it was called the Duke of Devonshire when they started you can't imagine what a splutter they made. The coachmen swore at each other like maniacs. Off they went at a gallop, quite heedless of danger, while all the people stood looking after them in wonder. The old Duke said he was determined to run the opposition off the road; but one day he was literally run off the road himself by the other, and landed with all his passengers in a ditch, so much shattered that he could not show face again for a week. It will come to claymores at last, I believe."

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**RESPONSIBILITY OF MOTHERS.**—They, as the guardian angels of man's infancy, are charged with a mission—to them is committed the implanting that heavenly germ to which God must, indeed, give the increase, but for the early culture of which they are answerable. The importance of early impressions—of home impressions—is proved by the extreme difficulty of eradicating or counteracting them, if bad. Conscientious teachers of youth can bear ample testimony to this fact. They have often occasion to lament, with grief and humiliation, the powerlessness of their most devoted endeavours to remove early bad impressions, or to do anything more than just palliate the effects of unfavourable domestic influences—of an unhealthy domestic atmosphere. It is the mother, who, as the source of moral influence, is the former of the moral atmosphere. But it is not enough that mothers should attend to the moral training of their children; they must aim at preserving an intellectual superiority, else their influence cannot be lasting. The error is a very lamentable one, into which some very conscientious women fall, who, on entering life, allow themselves to be so engrossed by the present duties as to forget their former intellectual attainments, which the maturity of their children will entail upon them. They forget that, though they are mothers of infants now, they will be mothers of men and women by and by. High moral principle and devoted maternal love will make them safe and efficient guides for childhood, but they will possibly have to be guides for early manhood, and here intelligence must add devotedness. Mothers are apt to forget that not to advance is to retrograde, and that the maturity of their children, which the maturity of their children will entail upon them. They forget that, though they are mothers of infants now, they will be mothers of men and women by and by. High moral principle and devoted maternal love will make them safe and efficient guides for childhood, but they will possibly have to be guides for early manhood, and here intelligence must add devotedness. Mothers are apt to forget that not to advance is to retrograde, and that the maturity of their children, which the maturity of their children will entail upon them. They forget that, though they are mothers of infants now, they will be mothers of men and women by and by. High moral principle and devoted maternal love will make them safe and efficient guides for childhood, but they will possibly have to be guides for early manhood, and here intelligence must add devotedness.

**RELIGION ENHANCES ENJOYMENT.**—We may see how completely religion is adapted to the nature of man, by observing that even the elements of enjoyment (and they are many, though fleeting) which this world contains, are never fully tasted but by religious persons. Those abundant sources of pure delight which are to be found in the heart, the intellect, and the imagination, are never realised in their fullness but by—and why?—because they are the germs of their future and more glorious being, and can only flourish in a soil akin to that ultimately destined for them. In a worldly mind, like plants removed from their original soil and climate, they exist, indeed, but with a blighted existence and produce—but how degenerate is the production! Everything that wants religion wants vitality. Philosophy without religion is crippled and impotent; poetry without religion is that which is not; powers; life without religion is a complex and unsatisfactory riddle; the very arts which address themselves to the senses never proceed so far towards perfection as when employed on religious subjects. Religion, then, can be no obstacle to enjoyment, since the only sources of it which are confessedly pure are all enhanced by its possession. Even the ordinary avocations of the world, what the low and sordid spirit of the petty passions and paltry feelings which abound in it.

**A MOTHER'S LOVE.**  
Happy is he who knows a mother's love.  
What is so pure? The patriot expects fame, the friend sympathy, and the lover pleasure. Even religion, while she waters her faithful tears, looks forward to the best fruit of her love. But maternal affection springs from the breast; it is the touch of interest. Its objects are the weak and woful. It haunts the cradle with its gentle pain, or hovers near the couch of the faint and forsaken. Its sweetest smiles break through the clouds of misfortune, and its gentle tones arise amid the sighs of suffering and of sorrow. It is a limpid and fountain of feeling which gushes from the heart through selfish designs and sordid passions, immingling and unswayed.

**What is so firm?** Time, misfortune, poverty and persecution, hatred and infamy, may roll their dark waves successively over it, and still its smiles unchanged, or the more potent allurements of fortune, opulence, and yet she is unmoved! A Mother "loves and loves forever."

**What is so faithful?** From infancy to age, through good report and through evil report, the dew of maternal affection are shed upon the soul. When heart-stricken and abandoned, when branded by shame, foretold by scorn, her arms are still open, her breast still kind; through every trial that love us in disease, smooth the pillow of pain, and moisten the bed of death.

Happy is he who knows a mother's love.

**Statue of Sir Walter Scott.**—A statue of Sir Walter by Mr. Ritchie, was on the 15th instant set up at St. Kirk's. The statue (7½ feet high) is a striking likeness of the poet. Sir Walter is in the costume of the Sheriff, in his gown, with a roll of papers in his left hand, his right hand resting on his trusty staff. The following is the inscription upon the statue:—

"Erected in August, 1839, in proud and affectionate remembrance of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Sheriff of the County from 1800 to 1802.

"By Yarrow's stream still let me stray, Still feel 'twould guide my weary way; Though it would chill my withered cheeks, On the several ideas of the pedestal are Sir Walter's arms—the bush on the burghs—on the other the poet's emblem—the winged harp, with the word 'Waverley' under it, and a thistle on Scotch thistle on another. Glasgow paper.

**Passion of Arden.**—The Rev. W. Thorpe, of Womblesley, has discovered a perfect antidote for the most fatal poison, which is to be made known to all the faculty of the United Kingdom. It is, we believe, the common rattle used by the shepherds to mark their sheep, and which is made at Mickleburgh, from a mineral substance called haemette.—Glasgow Chronicle.

A weekly newspaper for the West was established at Paisley, in Scotland, on the 15th March last, for the use of the blind. It is called "The Consolator de Ciechi"—literally, "The Consolator for the blind." The letters in which it is printed are of course, relieved, and are read by the blind by using the finger over the line.

**BRITISH OFFICERS.**—All through the summer just closed, Canada has been so tranquil, that the officers of the British Army stationed in Canada have had no chance to kill any of our sympathizing longers; they therefore left their weapons of war behind them, and crossed the line to capture the hearts of some of our beautiful women. Whether they have been successful or otherwise, the coming winter will witness; but it is certain that a score of them at least lost their hearts, if not their epaulettes in the attempt. However, they have been delighted, and astonished at much refinement, such beauty, wit, natural grace, ease and elegance of manners, as our fashionable summer resorts presented. The consequence has been that they induced numbers of their brother officers to leave Canada for the season, and travel all over the United States. The crack officers of the Guards and other distinguished regiments have joined this tour of observation; and as they will re-ascend our country, their institutions, and doubt they will induce numbers of the British nobility, with whom many of them are closely connected, to spend next summer in the United States.—New York Herald.

**LINCOLN DESCENDANT OF WILLIAM WALLACE.**—At Baltimore I met and conversed with an elderly gentleman of the name of Wallace. In early life he had attended the classes at Edinburgh, and studied under Dr. Black and others. He boasts of being the only remaining lineal descendant of William Wallace, and still uses the arms and motto of that hero. He mentioned to me that he was once in an engraver's shop in Edinburgh, giving the requisite instructions for cutting his seal, when the Earl of Buchan who was accidentally present, examined the arms and motto, and said: "Sir, there is only one family remaining entitled to these, and that family is in Virginia." This confirmation of his innocent and praiseworthy claims from the lips of a stranger, must have given him great satisfaction. He is a very cheerful, communicative old gentleman, and I was really pleased to indulge in a friendly grasp with a hand, the veins of which might be enriched even with a drop of the Wallace blood.—Murray's Travels.

**Pursuit of Wealth.**—This insane and insatiable passion for accumulation, ever ready, when circumstances favour, to seize upon the public mind, is that "love of money which is the root of all evil," that "covetousness which is idolatry." It springs from an undue and idolatrous estimate of the value of property; many are feeling that nothing—nothing will do for them or their children, but wealth; not a good character, not well-trained and well-exercised faculties, not virtue, not the hope of heaven—nothing but wealth. It is their god, and the god of their families. Their sons are growing up to the same worship of it, and to an equally blind and unreluctant reliance upon it; they are rushing into expenses which the divided property of their father's house will not enable them to sustain; and they are preparing to be in turn and from necessity, slaves to the same idol. How truly it is written, that "they that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which draw men in destruction and perdition!" There is no need that they should be rich; but they will be rich. All the noblest functions of life may be discharged without wealth, all its highest honours obtained, all its purest pleasures enjoyed; yet I repeat it—nothing will do but wealth. Disappoint a man of this, and he mourns as if the highest end of life were defeated. Strip him of this, and this, and I shall not be unacquainted with his life!—Deacy.

**Race-Horses.**—From the period of the restoration the breeding of race horses entirely from foreign blood was cultivated with great spirit by King Charles, as well as by private individuals. The King himself was a great importer of foreign horses and mares, and bred largely. This, surely, was a better direction for the rival energies of the rich and powerful to take than the promotion of civil wars; a race-course to say the least, being a place where many a man may run him, without doing quite as extensive mischief as he has done in the field of battle.—[Sports Chronicle.]





