

## SCHEDIASMA.

## MIRAMICHI:

TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1840.

## ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL.

The Courier with the Southern Mail, arrived here on Saturday morning, at 6 o'clock.

## THE SEASON.

THE weather is most delightful; the sleighing good; and such as are not borne down by the pressure of the times, resulting principally—we may say solely—from the scarcity of money, are, like wise men, enjoying the pleasures of the season; and the music of the sleigh bells is constantly heard in all directions. We perceive that a number of the inhabitants of Halifax have formed themselves into a 'Tandem Club.' What impediment is there to the formation of a similar club here? It would be a very social way of spending an afternoon or two during a week, besides conducive to health. We trust some of our friends will bestir themselves in this matter.

## CLOSING OF STORES AT AN EARLY HOUR.

We perceive by late Quebec papers, that the young men engaged in the stores of that city, have recently held a meeting, at which an address to their employers was adopted, soliciting that the stores should be closed during the winter months, at seven in the evening. From this address, we extract some of the reasons adduced, why their request should be granted.

"That the little business transacted during the winter evenings scarcely repays the expense attendant on the keeping open the shops.

"That the principal business of the year being crowded into the short summer months, and consequently more exertion being required, renders a little relaxation in the winter highly necessary.

"As young men, they feel that sufficient time is not allowed for the cultivation of the mind, and general improvement.

"That the general adoption of the plan, while it would prove advantageous to employers, would result in incalculable benefits to the employed.

"That the success attending the general adoption of the plan in Great Britain, and throughout the Provinces, proves the expediency of its adoption in this city."

By later papers we learn that the request of the petitioners has been unanimously complied with. As the system complained of in Quebec, is in operation here, we would suggest to our young men, the adoption of similar measures. We are confident they would meet with ready acquiescence, and prove highly beneficial to all parties concerned.

## THE ICE IN THE RIVER.

We understand that the ice in the river, as far as Point Cheval, suddenly broke up, during the rain storm on the morning of Thursday last. An eye witness to this disruption, informs us that, large masses of ice are piled up on the Grand Downs in several places, from twenty to thirty feet high. A small Schooner, laden with fish, lying off Oak Point, was carried down by the ice. There was, fortunately, no person on board.

## ASSAULT ON THE HIGH SHERIFF.

Our Sheriff had a very narrow escape on Thursday last.

On returning home from Newcastle on the ice, a short distance from the establishment of W. Abrams, Esq. he met a man of the name of Murphy, whom he had several times before endeavoured to arrest, on a writ; and on accosting him, Murphy took from under his coat a pistol barrel, which was fastened to a temporary stock, of rude workmanship, and cautioned the Sheriff not to advance. He, however, persisted. Murphy then cocked the weapon, took deliberate aim, and fired. It fortunately flashed in the pan. The Sheriff then seized him, and after contending with him for some time, in which he obtained several bruises, a man of the name of Cahill, came to the assistance of the Sheriff, who succeeded in taking Murphy into custody. He was then conveyed to Newcastle; and after an examination before the proper authorities, was committed to Jail. The charge of the weapon which the prisoner had, was drawn, and consisted of three balls, and a good charge of powder.

## CHAPTER ON CARE.

The New York Sunday Atlas contains the following most admirable homily on Care, which we strongly recommend to the serious consideration of our readers:

"Laugh and grow fat," is a very old adage, and there is much sound philosophy in it.—It

is true that as Bobby Burns, the heather poet says:—

"There's naught but care on every ban." But the Care is nothing in itself. It would be nothing worth talking about, if it were not so confoundingly nursed and petted, that finally it grows into a good large care, and gets so comfortably settled with its kind entertainer, that it is next to impossible to displace the 'varmint' at all. Care nothing for Care—snap your fingers at him, laugh in his face, mock him, deride him. If he takes you by surprise, and steals into your house suddenly, swear that you have two jolly friends coming, called Wit and Good Humor, and that you cannot entertain such a miserable, contemptible carmudgeon as he is—then show him the door, and if he is still disposed to linger, kick him out, as they say in the classics, *villey nilley*.

"Weigh the matter seriously. What good can Care do for you? He cannot after your condition. He cannot make you laugh, look pleasant or feel comfortable. Care can do you no good. But care can do you much evil. He can purse up your mouth, he can wrinkle your brow, he can cause you to be sour to your wife, beat your children, curse your servants, kick your dog, and damn the mutton for being cold, when you want it hot, and hot when you want it cold. He can turn your house out of the windows, and finally your carcass into the river. Avoid him, cut his acquaintance. See what a blowing up we give him.

Care, thou art man's worst enemy! Like a slow poison, subtilty Thou creep'st through his system till All healthful pleasures thou dost kill. Thou steal'st the flash from beauty's eye From beauty's cheek thou suck'st the dye. Thou mak'st the smooth brow wrinkles wear To silvery white, turn'st raven hair. On young step's elasticity, Thou stamp'st sad decrepity. From the glad voice thou tak'st the fire, From the young heart thou pluck'st desire. Thou killest laughter—strangled mirth, To unrelenting grief giv'st birth. And in the anguish thou do'st shed, Makest the earth the hell we dread."

Mr Alexander Dick, of Napan, a short time since, killed a Hog, 17 months old, which weighed 560 lbs.

## TO OUR READERS.

As we shall enter upon Christmas before we again put the Gleaner to press, we avail ourselves of the present opportunity to wish our subscribers the complements of the season. We sincerely hope that the coming year may have, for each of them,

"Many happy days Slumbering in its bosom."

## ARRIVALS AT NEA'S HOTEL.

December 12.—Captain Gourley, from Bay du Vin. 15th—Rev. H. Pickard, Richibucto. 16th—Mr James Black, Dorchester; Mr Joseph Black, do. 17th—Mr Samuel Black, Sackville; Mr Edward Patten, Carlton. 21st—Mr David S. M'Almon, Richibucto.

The Inferior Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions for this County, will be held on the second Tuesday in JANUARY next. This is in accordance with the new law; formerly the first session in the year was held in March.

Such of our subscribers who pay us in wood, are hereby informed that the same must be brought on or before the last day of January next. After that period Cash will be demanded. We do not like the notion of having to purchase wood, when there is sufficient due to supply our necessities.

## MARRIED.

On the 3rd Dec., by the Rev. Samuel Bacon, Rector, Mr ROBERT FORREST, to Miss SARAH JACKSON, both of the parish of Chatham.

## DEATHS.

Very suddenly, on Tuesday, the first December, at Campbelltown, Ristigouche, Dr JOHN REEVES, of Exeter, England, (late Surgeon in the East India Company's Service), in the 38th year of his age; his remains were interred in the burying ground at Ristigouche, numerous and respectfully attended. By this melancholy bereavement, a widow and three children have been suddenly deprived of a kind, affectionate husband and parent, and left in a strange land to mourn their irreparable loss. Dr Reeves has been but a few months, (since the spring) settled with his family in Campbelltown, where he had been practising the various branches of his profession; and from his many virtues, kind heartedness, attention and gentlemanly conduct, had justly endeared himself to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance; his death, which was occurred by the bursting of a blood vessel in the lungs, will be severely felt by the community as a loss not easily to be repaired.

## A DISAPPOINTMENT—NO MAIL.

As the English December mail was due to day we kept our columns open until four o'clock, in the hope we should be enabled to present our readers with some British news. In this we have been disappointed, as the stage has not arrived, and are therefore compelled to fill up with miscellaneous matter.

Smoked Friends.—The following is from a late publication: 'Every master and mistress in the United Kingdom knows what a maid servant's friend is. (Sometimes he is a brother, sometimes he is a cousin), and sometimes a father, who really wears well, and carries his age amazingly! He comes down the area—in at the window—or through a door left ajar. Sometimes a maid servant, like a hare, has many friends. The master of the house, after washing his hands in the back kitchen, feels behind the door for a jack-towel, and lays hold on a friend's nose. Friends are shy; Sometimes the footman breaks a friend's shins while plunging into the coal cellar for a shovel of nubblys. We speak feelingly—our own abode having been once turned into a Friend's meeting-house—a fact we became aware of through a smoky chimney—but a chimney will smoke, when there is a journeyman baker up it.'

Great Progress. Human Nature Regenerated, and other facts equally improbable.—The spirit of reform has waked up in our land. There is an under swell of something that continues heaving, and heaving, and heaving in the community, which threatens to immortalize muddy patriots and philanthropists, if nothing happens to prevent it. On one hand, the pill makers are straining every nerve to get as many as possible down the throats of individuals, while the Graham societies are bent on bringing the human system to such a state of perfection, that there will be no need of pills, bitters, or treacle and castor oil. These are stirring times, and one must employ hands, feet, head, and mouth, in order to keep pace with the mighty reform that is deluging the land, and bringing on the period of the millennium with a rapidity heretofore unparalleled. We hail the formation of every new reform society with enthusiasm, as it is but one long frog leap towards the blissful era of general regeneration. What then must have been our delight to have learned that a new society has just come into being, having for its design the regulation of winking. It is easily proved by this society that no healthy person need wink more than ten times per minute, whereas there are many inconsiderate persons who go it at the rate of thirty times per minute. What a vast amount of unnecessary labour might, therefore, be saved if people would regulate their winking, according to rules established by this society; and people will be obliged to do so, as signers are now coming forward to petition the different legislatures for a law, with a heavy penalty attached, respecting the inordinate winking now going on in the world.—The gentleman who set on foot this great reform appears to have been raised up especially for the achievement of this enterprise, and his name will be mentioned with praise and reverence, when those of Napoleon, Washington, and Pop Emmons, are obliterated by the dust of thousands of ages. The great pioneer in this winking business is a gentleman of Boston, by the name of Ralph Squal.—His phrenological developments are extraordinary and betoken innate greatness—especially his under lip, which is astonishingly well adapted to play on the Jewsharp. In point of intellect, he is nearly seven feet high, and so lean that he would require very little bribing to make a good skeleton; and having lived on Graham diet, he is so strong that he never goes out without his overcoat.—He was born and raised in Vermont, and having been employed for some years in killing toads and snakes on new farms, it is thought that he acquired his reform habits from his occupation.

The immortal bard hath declared that "there are more things in heaven and earth than men in their philosophy ever dreamed of;" which is certainly the case with this gentleman, who was never dreamed off by any one, until he started up as a reformer—until he leaped like a frog into the midst of the moral arena, unbidden, unexpected, and unknown. But we predict that inexpressive renown awaits him, and that generations yet unborn, with words not to be uttered, will exult to the skies the name of Squal.

—N. Y. Sunday Atlas.

The Wedding.—A wedding is a cere-

mony of mingled pain and pleasure, in which anticipation prevents the pain from being positive pain, and recollection precludes the possibility of unmixed pleasure.—The very bells, merry as their peals are intended to be, convey a tender melancholy, which is, to us, inseparable from the sound of a village bellfry, whatever be the occasion of their being put in motion.—Then the banquet, the wit, the repartee, the joke, are not continuous—a little life sparkles upon the surface of the conversation—but like the effervescence of the champagne, which fills the glasses of the party, it soon subsides into sober tranquility. There are anxious hearts under smiling countenances. The parents look at their daughter, and feel how great, how rich a treasure they are losing, and confiding to another's care. Their minds glance back to her days of infancy, the progress of her childhood, and now dwell with anxious solicitude upon her entrance into the duties of womanhood.

None but a parent can know what parents feel upon occasions like this. And then the bride gazing with a filial and grateful spirit upon the faces of those under whose parental kindness she has been fostered still trembling at the magnitude and irrevocability of the step she has taken and which must give a colour to the whole of her future existence.—Then turning her eyes upon her new-made husband, with a glance, which seems to say—'and now I must look for husband, parent, all in you,' the reciprocal glance re-assures her—she drinks in confidence and reliance as her eyes bend beneath his—a thousand new feelings agitate her bosom—and anticipation gets the better of recollection. The future for a moment banishes the past, and she feels secure on the new throne, which she has erected for herself, in the heart of the man to whom she has confided her happiness—her all.

Ignorance and Knowledge.—In the hurry and bustle of daily life, when every man is seeking for stuff to put into the pot, and for material to keep it boiling, it is advisable to pause at times and take a view of our social condition and look back upon the world for a century or two and contrast our truly blessed position with the position of men in the olden time. If our reflections have any effect at all, they will undoubtedly have a great effect upon the future, and they will spur us up to a duty that we are imperatively called upon to perform. The great blessings we enjoy in our civil and political liberties are owing to knowledge, which has spread itself over a considerable portion of the earth, and dispelled the darkness of ignorant minds, lighting them up with heavenly rays. They are owing to the school master, who has gone abroad like a skilful oculist removing the scales from the eyes of the benighted, and enabling them to look into their own hearts and see of what stuff they were made—how they came out of the hands of the great creator—how they will return, and of the rights that are theirs in common with all his creatures. If, as tradition says, his imperial highness Nickodemous Sathanus, Esq., president of the lower regions, and electioneer extraordinary for mortal votes on this lovely little planet, did invent the printing press—he certainly never did a more devilishly foolish thing for his own interest. He must have been in a burning rage at his own folly ever since. He deserves a premium at the hands of the Mechanics' and American Institutes, and the thanks of the world at large. That press has cut off millions of religion mongers, who were his creatures, and who traded directly between him and the ignorant portion of the community, which comprised about three fourths—that press has hurled down tyrants, enfranchised whole communities, and taught man to look direct to God.

Knowledge has done every thing for us, but it can do still more. It is for our own interest to disseminate it as fast as possible in every way we can. Our political rights will then, and not till then, be perfected. When all men are well informed they will be all good and choice voters. Whatever their opinions may be as a mass, they will be honest. They will act from judgment. They will not be brought to the polls, influenced by the jargon—the cunning, and sometimes the deceit of political orators, who appeal to their worst passions to influence their votes. Orators will then have to appeal to the judgment of their hearers, and the coarse abuse with which each side, on the principle

'Since 'tis throwing dirt

We'll try who best can spatter.'

vomit upon one another will not be endured—or will injure instead of benefiting the cause of the speaker.—N. Y. Sunday Atlas.