

THE GLEANER.

And Northumberland, Kent, Gloucester, and Restigouche Schediasma.

Volume XIII.

Nec araneorum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

Number 42.

Miramichi, Tuesday Morning, July 5, 1842.

AUCTIONS.

On TUESDAY, the 5th July next, and following days, commencing at 10 o'clock each day, at the Stores of Messrs. JOHNSTON & CAIE, in Chatham, will be Sold by Public Auction—

The whole of the Stock in Trade, of JOHNSTON & CAIE, Merchants—consisting of—**DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE, GLASSWARE, PLATED GOODS; JEWELRY, &c. &c.**—Among which are Silks, Satins, Persians & Ribbons, in great variety—Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, Ladies' Dresses—handkerchiefs and Scarfs, Muslin, Lace, Edgings & Trimmings, Cottons, Drill, Duck, Osnaburg, Bed Tick, Travelling Bags, hearth Rugs, Carpeting, Table Cloths—Mens' Cloth Coats, summer Coats and Jackets, cloth Jackets and Trousers—Mens' Hats, Boys' Caps—Boots, Shoes, &c. &c.

Dish Covers, Gans, Reaping Hooks, Scythes—Locks, hinges, Screws, Sad and Italian Irons, Brushes of various kinds, Sauces and Pickles—Paints; Hay Seed, Turnip Seed; Boxes Raisins; Hops, Souff, Rice, &c.

A large assortment of **CROCKERYWARE**, including a Dinner Set, Butter Crocks, &c. &c.

GLASSWARE—consisting of Tumblers, Wine Glasses, Goblets, Decanters, Water Jugs, &c. 15 dozen Ale and Porter; 1 Case Champagne, 1 case Claret, 2 part Cases of Sherry Wine. Also the **SHOP FURNITURE**, viz 2 excellent Lamps, 2 Stoves and Pipes, Scales and Weights, Show Glasses, Measures—with a great variety of other Articles.

The Articles will be put up in Lots to suit intending purchasers, and are worthy the attention of Retailers. **TERMS OF SALE**—All sums under £20 cash, from £20 to £40 three months credit, and above £40 three and six months credit. Approved joint notes will be required.

By order of the Assignees of Messrs. Johnston and Caie.

JAMES JOHNSON, Auctioneer.

GRASS.

To be sold by Public Auction, on Wednesday, 29th inst., in front of Mr John Chalmers's Inn, Douglastown—

The GRASS

standing on the vacant **WILD MEADOWS**, situate on the several streams falling into the North West Branch Miramichi River, also on the Little and Big Bartibogue, Oyster River, Burnt Church, Tabisitac, Big and Little Tracadie, and Pocomouche Rivers—also on the vacant beaches and marshes from the Grand Downs to Shippegan.

M. CARRUTHERS.

Douglastown, June 20, 1842.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE.

GOODS.

H. C. D. CARMAN has just received by the Oxford, from Glasgow, part of his **SPRING SUPPLY OF BRITISH GOODS.**

—Consisting of—

Printed Cottons, Chintz Dresses, Mouslin de Lane Dresses, Jackett Muslins, Cambrics, Roll'd Jaconets, Cotton & Thread Edgings. Blond and Quilling Nets, Plain Bobinet, and Fancy do. Womens' Lace Caps, Mourning Collars, Sawed Muslin Collars, Cuffs & Frock Bodies, Printed Orleans, Black Lusting, Fancy and Stripe Ginghams, Twill'd Selesis, Tailor's Patent Canvass, Twill'd Regatta Shirtings, Printed Jeans, Grey Cottons, Furniture Prints, Scotch Fill'd and Worsted Shawls, Mourning Indiana Handkerchiefs, Light, Fancy & Printed Cotton do. Silk and Cotton Velvets (all colours) Black and Olive Brochilla, Patent Linen Threads, Irish Linens and Lawn, Linen Cambrick, Colored Cotton Table Covers.

Hourly expected from London and Liverpool the remainder of his Spring Supply—which together with his General Stock on Hand, will comprise an excellent Assortment, and will be sold at his usual low prices for Cash

In Store,
1000 Bushels of SALT.

May 31, 1842.

COALS.

The Subscriber has on hand, and offers for Sale, cheap for Cash,

200 Tons Superior Smiths' Coal, On a Wharf convenient for delivery, either in Carts or Scows.

WINCK ALLAN.

Newcastle, 9th June, 1842.

THE GLEANER.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

[We take the following extract from a Discourse delivered by the Rev. E. H. Chapin, at Boston.]

"But can ye not discern the Signs of the Times?"—Matthew xvi.: 3.

Can ye not discern the Signs of the Times in pecuniary and business affairs? We are a money seeking, money loving community. May I not say inordinately so? At least, are we not so to the neglect of better ends?—And that this is one of the Signs of the Times may be seen in our extraordinary gloom and depression, in a time of monetary scarcity and perplexity. That this should trouble us is no matter of surprise; but that it should trouble us as though it were the stagnation of our highest interest, is, or should be, matter of surprise. It plainly marks this, that property is too deep a consideration with us, or at least that we lack a devout and cheerful faith. My friends, suppose that the great bulk of personal property were swept away to day—our houses, our clothing, our money, our implements of labour. What then? Would we not still be human beings? Would we not still have faculties, hearts, minds? And would not God's genial heaven bend above us? Would not the old sun bathe with its warm splendor, and the burdened clouds roll over and moisten our fields? While God is can we ever be wholly destitute? And yet what groaning, what murmuring, what clamor of woe, when the monied interest of a community is pressed hard and shaken! As if this were our *all*—our life—our soul!

And here I may ask, if we are not prone to exaggerate somewhat, in our complaints of hard times! If we do not throw over the aspect of affairs too gloomy a cast, and suffer the evil to stand out too prominently in contrast with the good? We do not enough notice the good that comes upon our lives, because it is so regular and common. But the moment that regularity is broken, we utter the sharp cry of complaint, and forget all in the evil of the present hour. Let us avoid this. Let us in life's darkest seasons bring thoughts of its many bright days to illuminate the scene, and let our lament for the present at least be duly tempered by our gratitude for the past and the common.

But it is not chiefly because we complain of hard times that I speak—but because we make so much of the source of complaint, and exhibit so little trust, so little religion. We have health, we have families, we have friends; yea, and often while we murmur a competency; but what seems so to touch the very life of our happiness as that which affects our money? It is I am afraid, because we are too much devoted to money, because we too much set our hearts upon it and garner up our happiness in it. There are higher interests. Virtue is a higher interest, and health and honor and truth, and knowledge and love and truth, are all higher interests. And if we considered the mercies we possess in having any or all of these, we should often be constrained to turn our lamentation into thanksgiving. And oh! if we thought of and cultivated some of those more and more, we would learn to depend upon something more stable than wealth. A loving, trusting, religious spirit is better than wealth. It shall be with us when wealth fails. We can stand up in the strength of it, amid the ashes and wreck of fortune, and smile through our tears, and go forth with a better energy to new toil—believing that He who hath given life and the capacity for enjoyment, will gratify these to all wise ends. And when, at such a time as this, there is so much consternation and murmuring, I ask is it not a sign that we think too much of money—rest too many of our best hopes upon it? And is it not a sign that we think too little of God, trust too little in him? Perhaps hard times have a lesson for us that we have not been accustomed to read, and that now, upon this day of reflection, may open to our eyes.

Perhaps in mercy they teach us to think more of spiritual and eternal interests. Perhaps they arrest the wheel of the factory, the hammer of the mechanic and the implement of the artisan, to teach us if we rest only here we are liable to be deceived; and to tell us moreover, while the processes of nature last, and while God is, we need never fear an utter abandonment and desolation. Such times cannot continue for ever. But they may have blessed ministrations. From that cloud so dark, shall yet fall drops of precious truth upon our fields of labour, and, passing off, shall leave them in tears and sunshine. And when we have thus earned to see Him who presideth over all, as much in the shadow and the

storm as in the light and the calm, then shall we go out to work in the sphere of our daily toil, thinking more of, and depending more upon Him who has merciful designs for our souls behind every dispensation, and who, while weaving from the darkness and the shower the garment of the rainbow, bids us labor not alone for the meat that perisheth.

I look abroad through our country, and I am constrained to notice that its mightiest interest is a *monetary* interest. For this rises the click of a million hammers, for this mingles the roar of a million wheels, for this our white sails dot the sea, for this our trains of flame and iron cleave the land. For this the restless spirit abandons the associations of childhood, the familiar home and the hallowed graves. For this the emigrant opens a path in the darkling forest, and leaves his brow in streams that flow westward to a different ocean from that whose murmurs broke his boyhood's morning dreams. For this, this mighty interest, the peopled city rises on the track of the hunted red man, and bright spots clothed with harvest, wave like isles of light on unknown lake and prairie. And because this is a mighty interest I do not complain. But I do complain because it is almost our only interest. And I say, when there comes a time like this—when a shock of revulsion strikes the main shaft of all our industry and jars the remotest wheel, is it not well for us with a reverent spirit, to learn a lesson of wisdom and of strength? Is it not well for us to think of other dependencies and other hopes, and to look upward with a better desire and a calmer trust—to take up our implements of toil and bring them to the Altar of our God, that they may be consecrated there, and henceforth used with high and holy aims, and then with repentant and lighted brows, stand ready for whatever issue He shall send! Can ye not discern the Signs of the Times? Whatever may be the immediate causes of our pressure and alarm, is it not certain that money is too much an absorbing interest with us? Is it not plain that we pursue it with too great a dependance on this hand, too little trust on that?

I may proceed to speak of the Signs of the Times as evinced in our *social state*. I would allude especially to the amount of crime among us. Whoever will glance over, or whoever remembers the record of the journals of the past year, will perceive that violence and fraud have held a dreadful sway. What means this? Laws we have, moral teachings we have. Never has there been such a movement for the reformation of that dark vice which has been the main spring of so much guilt and woe. What then is the meaning of this sign? Why is murder so common that its blood stained hands are lifted up in almost every community? Why is suicide so frequently chronicled? And fraud—how is it working under the fairest respectabilities and destroying every confidence between man and man! I ask again why is this? Is it not plain that with all our diffused knowledge and boasted reforms, the nation needs a better heart?—that we must go deeper than formal protestation and outside pledge, and apply a vital Religious power to the souls of men? Oh! worse than the broken clamor of anarchists and the feeble efforts of unbelief, is that want of an active religious sentiment that our communities evince. Men may profess and men may affirm, but we must also have *principle*—principle that is at midnight as at noon day—that is as conscientious between man and man in every day transactions, as in the closet or the temple. That there is deeper and more spiritual life working among us, I am prone to believe—that men are making the discovery that religion is not a dogma but a life, seems somewhat evident. But still we need a much wider diffusion of the fact that religion is the whole life—is life in the market and in the store, and in the social circle, as well as in the place of devotion; I say, that we need a wider diffusion of this truth is plain. And we must have it—or all reforms, all excitements, are abortive. The individual must learn the weight of his responsibility, must feel that ever is the Eye of Omniscience upon him, and that however hollow towards men, not a fibre, not a wish of his heart can escape that awful vision. And then, he must love goodness,—goodness for its own sake, goodness for its air and light—a vital and abiding principle. This is the only remedy that will check vice and crime, that will purge the lazar house of sin, and reign with the law in its hand more as a symbol than a terror.

I value reforms,—I value them for what they have done, and for what they will do. They are the signs of awaking from death in life, from a dead sensual habit. May I not employ the illustration reverently?—they are voices of preparation in the wilderness. But more must follow. True, all pervading reli-

gious life must follow. Each man will be a good man, a true man, in proportion as he is a religious man. Let us be candid here. Not in proportion as he follows the idea of any abstract religion—but in proportion as he *lives out* that pure and undefiled principle that visits the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and keeps the soul unspotted from the world.

This is a great nation! It is no Fourth of July zeal, no pompous pride of country, that makes me say so. With all its faults, glaring, some of them enormous—no one can look abroad and consider how it has issued from the bosom of that night in which it lay veiled for ages—how it has become the home of teeming millions, of lofty souls, of glorious institutions, and see it, as its destiny opens up into the illimitable future; no one I say, can look upon this country thus, with a warm hope for humanity, and progress and religion, and not feel that it is a great nation. But the power that may make us great and good, may also make us terrible in evil. Import the licentiousness of foreign courts, give us that practical atheism of the heart that is doubly hideous on professed religious lips,—give us laxity of principle, carelessness of vice—and what shall we be? In what shall we end?

Oh then, Religion of the Gospel, whose spirit kindled in the hearts of our fathers—who, though they in much misunderstood thee, and made thee narrow and stern, still breathed enough of thy lofty faith to seek a free home, and gave to us institutions founded upon their eternal rock;—Faith of our mighty and our good! yet go forth—penetrate the hearts of their children—fall with a serene light than that which entered their forest homes upon our fire sides and altars—stand with calm dignity at the door of our institutions—breathe thy merciful spirit into our laws; and, working by thy great influence in all our souls deliver us from fear, from temptation, and sin—bear us upward and onward in the path of Heaven's favor and Heaven's blessing!

Do we not need that it should be so, my friends? Can ye not discern the Signs of the Times?

I will detain you but little longer. In alluding to the Signs of the Times, I have only touched upon topics that are of a nature to suggest regret and reformation. This course I deem appropriate to the day. There are other Signs of the Times—signs mighty, signs joyous, signs not only for our land, but that go up like stars in Heaven, tokens for all nations. But it is a day for appropriate reflection on our national sins. Let the hour that we have thus passed be remembered. Let not the topics of this occasion be lightly dismissed from our souls. However we may hold the observance of this day in the sanctity of individual conscience, it certainly should not be a day of formality, or of mere amusement, of jesting and dissipation. Have we not cause as a nation to observe it with seriousness. Let it be somewhat of a thoughtful time, with our spirits a prayerful time. We stand on the threshold of what may be called a new business year. The labors of another season are just opening upon us. The uncertainty of the future shadows the vista that opens to our expectations. We depend on Providence for a reward to our toils, for a harvest to our labours. Let us in our souls feel that dependence. Let us in our souls acknowledge it. Let our hearts go up in prayer to Him for his blessing upon us—as individuals—upon our country. And may He crown our labours with success! May He who is the father of men and of nations, keep, deliver, guide and bless us, as individuals, as a people—saving us from the evil, richly bestowing the good.

And now, my friends, let us not forget that all that has been said has application to us, ultimately, only as individuals. This is the capacity in which we must ever act—whatever our stations or our connections. Is there national sin? Inasmuch as we sin—inasmuch as you or I sin, we contribute to that guilt. So are there evils to be reformed? If we in anything maintain evil, let us, in our own sphere, set about reforming it. How much then—let each one ask himself—how much do I contribute to the evils alluded to? In so much as you do, nearer, you are to repent and strive. Remember this—it is a deep and solemn truth—remember this!

Finally, as an individual, hearer, do you not discern the Signs of the Times? Signs there are that have been ever speaking to you—ever lifting up their great light, or casting out their deep shadow. Signs of your sin, or of your progress in goodness—signs of your mortality, and of your endless being. Have you rightly discerned them? Have you acted upon them? Wait not for a voice from Heaven, wait not for flashing radiance or shadowy hand. Consult the oracle of Books, the open world, the monitor within. What say they? Signs,