

wring his neck for him; and I am sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all!" Reader, did you ever take a shower bath?

A Lay Sermon.

PROFANE SWEARING.

Text! And swear not by thy own weak name! For thou art but a slave, Of sorrow, sin and shame, Of glory and the grave. Thy basted body is but clay, Born of the dust you tread; And soon a swift approaching day Shall lay thee with the dead.

My Hearers—profane swearing is practised to a great extent, not only in the community, but all over the world. There is no doubt in my mind but we could get along without half so much of it; and I am not certain that society would suffer very materially were we to dispense with the practice altogether. Pushing hardinage aside, and to come out as blunt as a beetle, I assert, my friends, that a habit of swearing, in defiance of that holy injunction which says, "Swear not at all," is worse than that of chewing tobacco or drinking rum; as no divine prohibition is placed upon the two latter, neither are they recommended by the Almighty nor by men of sense and soberness. A man will never get fat by feasting upon any admiration whose voracity is so weak as requires to be fortified with innumerable oaths. If he wishes to put forth a declaration in a strong and effective manner, there are surely legitimate words enough in the lexicon of knowledge sufficiently expressive for his purpose without having recourse to such as contaminate the atmosphere of decency, and smell worse in the nostrils of Heaven than a dead horse on the top of Mount Ararat. Some defiled, simple minded sons of sin may think it fashionable to swear; but it is more respectable to be seen with a dirty shirt on one's back and a clean moral reputation beneath it, than with an oath staped character wrapped up in broadcloth.

My friends and fellow companions in iniquity! There are more sins already saddled upon us than we can safely carry into eternity without taking upon our shoulders that heaviest of all sins, profane swearing. In our pilgrimages through life let us go as lightly laden as possible, lest when we get to be old and decrepid, our loads become too weighty to be borne, and the recollection of former follies and vices sit as solid upon our consciences as raw turnips on a dispeptic's stomach. "Take not my name in vain," said He, in whose grasp we puny pigmies, are of no more account than a pitiful mouse in the paw of a Numidian lion. How dare men then laugh his Maker to scorn and insult him with mockery I don't know—and yet there are thousands who have the pluck and presumption to try it. Finding it fits very well, I suppose inasmuch as they are not immediately swept from the surface of the globe by a blast of Omnipotent ire—they grow bolder and bolder in their wickedness, till they become callous to Divine fear or favour, and finally go swearing out of the world like a regiment of troopers! What a sad picture of human temerity!—Swear not, O man of vanity by the holy Heaven! for it is the throne of the King of Kings, and often, of an autumn sunset, are disclosed in all their splendour, the crimson, the scarlet, the purple, and the gold that surrounds it, while the star of the Evening, the brightest diamond in the crown of crowns, adds glory unspeakable—showing how dull and sombre is the magnificence that surrounds the thrones of earth's emperors to the gorgeousness that glows in the boundless hall of heaven. Swear not by Earth, for it belongs to God—it is the footstool of his power. He gave it birth in the beginning, and he can dissolve it with a breath. When thou swearest old Ocean rolls out like a loud rebuke, "Swear not!" the little birds of the air say, "Sing praises to heaven, rather than swear," and the very beasts of the field say it is better to be dumb than open their mouths in profanity.

Oh, insignificant man! swear not by thy own weak name! for, remember, thou art but an abject slave of thy heavenly Master—that the fetters of sorrow and shame are often fastened upon thee—that thou art inclined to sow the seeds of sin in thy own bosom, and made to partake of the bitter fruits that spring there from—that while hastening ambitiously onward in the path that leads to glory, you may fall into the monstrous mouth of Death, who lies, with his jaws extended, by the wayside, waiting to catch such insects as we are even as the alligator lieth upon a log, waiting for bugs and flies to make themselves familiar.—Frail son of earth! That body of which you boast as being made after the image of him in whom is perfection perfected, and which you say is susceptible of no improvement whatever, is but a parcel of paltry clay after all. Born of the dust you tread, a weak, powerless creature, without a shield to protect you from the foils of Fate, you are daily, nay hourly, in danger of being crushed, like a worm, back into your native dust, to crawl no more along the paths of ambition, honour, renown, and—misery. Yes, the day will soon come that is to lay thee with the departed dead—with those whose hopes and fears are hushed in the silent sepulchre—the light of whose smiles is extinguished in the darkness of the tomb—and whose tears are forever absorbed by the cold that covers their carcases. You are bound to come to the scratch, as well as they; and notwithstanding you may do your prettiest to kick all round the bucket, you will be compelled to hit it a dig at

last. You would not dare, at that awful moment, to curse God, and quit the world with half dozen oaths stuck in your gullet. No—I know you wouldn't.—Then swear not at all; for to day's sun may shine upon your death bed, and the cold earth receive you to-morrow with the soul's garments wholly unwashed, and as dirty as the blanket of a journeyman chimney sweep.

My friends—be careful how you shape your conversation, for the sake of the rising generation. Children having hereditary sin in their little gizzards, are naturally prone to evil, inasmuch as they are always inclined to adopt the vices and discard the virtues of adults; but for all this, they are flexible and pliant—and if their young tendrils are directed to cling to praiseworthy objects, they will hold on with firmness, and climb up as steep places to fame as ever gained by older and more mature ambition. Then set them no bad examples, neither by word nor by action. I preach to man and not to women; for the lips of the later are comparatively free from the stain of profanity. None but the wretched few who wander at midnight homeless and unfriended, without the gates of virtuous society, ever indulge in those horrid imprecations which the nobler and wickeder sex have so generally had the rashness to assume. To see a beautiful piece of feminine frailty whose once pure breath has become tainted with vice and redolent with oaths is a melancholy if not a disgusting sight. It shows how far into the mire of hate and disgust a lovely object descends, when it suddenly falls from the highest eminence of admiration. But, my friends, profane swearing, in either male or female is highly reprehensible, and ought to be put down.—If you are determined to swear your way through life, you may get to the end of the journey before you are aware of it; and, when you come to rummage round for a few crumbs of hope and comfort, you will find hardly enough left to swear by. Let your thoughts be pure, and your rivulet of words will be limpid—let your hearts be virtuous, and your deeds be moral, your days will be happy—and if your days be happy, your deaths will be glorious. So smote it be.

Communications.

Solution to Homespun's Enigma in the Gleaner of the 28th September.

The County referred to is "Gloucester," and by reference to the names of the Magistrates you will find, that the initials of the Surnames which denote number, if arranged as follows, will appear thus—

Table with 2 columns: Initial, Number. M 1000, M 1000, D 500, D 500, D 500, D 500.

Table with 2 columns: Year, Number. Present Year 1844, Year of the World 5944.

AN ORIGINAL ENIGMA.

Take the name of a country o'er which Bonaparte reigned, And the name of a City for learning once famed; One fifth of a weight used in Avordupoise, And the wister amusement of young men and boys, A plant for which numbers have laid down their lives, T'ge delight and the solace of old maids and wives; The initials arranged, will name speedily, A stout Corporation in Miramichi.

HOMESPUN.

AN ORIGINAL ENIGMA.

Take the time that must pass before day is begun, And the name of the planet that's third from the sun, Take that state of Religion which Scriptures condemn, And that sacred time anti-christians condemn. Take the name of a British republican brave, And the place where M. Park found his watery grave; By joining the initials of these you'll be led, To find out a Hero that Britain has bred; The honors of Albion he did boldly maintain, And humbled the power of France and of Spain: He seized on their laurels with one lucky pull, And decked most gratefully the brow of John Bull: His name is enrolled on the Historian's page, And his fame is transmitted from age unto age; Yea, the parent with pleasure relates to his son, The battles he fought, and the conquests he won:

And when Death, cruel Death, caused this Victor to sleep, Great Britain in anguish—yes, Britain did weep, She wept for her son—for her national boast, Who vanquished her foes, and extended her coast; The self-restrained power of Britannia unfurled, And expanded her fame through a wondering world; He conquered—but conquered this hero was never; And his name is retained on the Miramichi River.

H.

Napan, Nov. 15, 1844.

Mr. Pierce,

Notwithstanding the communications that have appeared in the Gleaner from time to time, respecting the long snout gentry, they are still doing their Statute Labour to perfection, on the highways. It is disgraceful to any community to see such herds prowling about, as there are in this town. Let me inquire, Sir, who are to blame. In the first place, the Hog Reeves, no doubt, for if they would but do their duty, it would be quite sufficient to have remedied the evil; but they want to shift the blame from their own shoulders to that of the Magistracy, because they say they were prevented from taking up the pigs by a number of old women. What a set of heroes, to be deterred from doing what is right, by such frivolous excuses. If they were energetic and determined, all opposition would very soon vanish into thin air.

I must now call your attention to another set of public functionaries—I mean the Commissioners of Highways. Is it not part of their duty to see that no injury is done to the public roads. Can they be blind to the fact of seeing every day, in every street, lane and turn, hogs turning up those places; and do you hear one of them complain of it—not one. What culpable negligence; are they not amenable for such apathy and indifference. It is in vain for any one to make improvements about his place, when his neighbour's pigs come along and pitch it to the winds. All this sits very lightly on the mind of our worthy commissioners.

While on this subject, I must draw your attention to another grievance, which I think the public has a just right to complain of—that is, Scraping the Streets after every shower of rain. Is not what is taken away, a part of the road, and would settle down again when the weather would become fine. If this is tolerated much longer, you will find a host of persons turning out to do the same, and then good bye to road making. Were I a commissioner I would let them scrape the streets on condition that for every cart load taken away, they would put as much thereon of gravel or good sand. If the commissioners do not set their faces against it, it will also be a fertile source of envy, grudgings, and heart burnings, for no one likes to see another come before his door to take away what he erroneously thinks he has a better right to.

Your obedient servant,

ONE OF THE INJURED PUBLIC.

Chatham, 13th November, 1844.

POST OFFICE AFFAIRS.

Mr. Editor,

'Tis truly strange, with what avidity the public lay hold of every opportunity to "pounce" upon the Post Office Department. Whenever the barren brained Editor of some twopenny thing called a Newspaper, is minus an Editorial, he at once supplies the want by spinning out a tissue of abuse against the Post Office! Who is blamed if the Printer's Devil, in copying from a long string of subscriber's names, omit the name of one or two subscribers, as very frequently happens? Why the delivering Post Master! If a correspondent mentions in his letter just received "I intend also to send you with this a newspaper," but falls down and forgets his promise, who must bear the rebuke ever inflicted under such circumstances? Why the poor delivering Post Master, to be sure. Now, Mr Editor, my firm belief is, and I venture the opinion after the experience of many years, spent in this and the mother country, that in no portion of the British Dominions, are the duties of the Deputy Postmaster performed more faithfully than in New Brunswick, and yet in no part of the world are Postmasters so badly paid as in these Colonies!! So far, however, but no farther, do I proceed in this strain, for altho what I have said, be strictly true, I am by no means ignorant of the many and great grievances to which, owing to ignorance, mal-arrangement, or something worse, on the part of Mr Lang, the Young

Inspector, lately 'sent out' from England, this section of the province has been shamefully subjected. To expose these abuses, and show how they may be remedied, if the aforesaid Inspector will but condescend to apply the remedy prescribed, is the object I contemplate in preparing this communication.

Among the many and great abuses to which I refer, I shall notice First, the late Reform measures of Mr Lang, and their consequences.

About 8 months ago, a mighty hubbub arose in the land, and "hope rose high," when it was announced that all (3) the McBeaths, were on the eve of being kicked off from the Post Office, and that the Mails instead of crawling along, snail like, at the rate of three or four miles an hour, were ere long to speed along at the swift rate of Six—"including stoppages." It was also announced, and by some "Wisecracs" deemed a "Wondrous Wise" affair, that as a substitute for the old fashioned habit of paying Couriers a reasonable remuneration for their wearisome, short-lived services, it had been discovered by a "modern," that he—or it mayhap she—who among the living sons or daughters of Adam and Eve, would agree to carry Her Majesty's Mails for least Cash, was of necessity the fittest and best qualified for that duty.

The former contractors, by reason of the low rate at which they undertook to carry the mails between Dorchester and Chatham, were ruined; but lo, among the new aspirants, one turns up, who will undertake the Route, at precisely half price; and nearly £100—I believe—under any of the other competitors. Now does not all this look marvellously well, and moreover is it not the very essence of Reform? The old Couriers, weather-beaten as they were, after a servitude of nearly 20 years, with their empty pockets and "concasey" constitutions, have been at one blow, "lopped off"—a speed of six miles promised the public for three or four, and £125 per annum, economised on a distance of only 90 miles! Who will not exclaim "Well done Lang!" Why Sir, as I am no great Reformer, "if this be Reform" I for one will make no such exclamation.

Without saying a word as to the cruelty and injustice of coldly casting off an old servant on the mere pretext of being able to "Fee" another at a "Wee thing smaer Wage"—as Swithern Sandy would say, let us see how Mr Lang's New Schemes have worked, after the test of six months.

When the McBeaths were the Contractors for the route to and from Dorchester, the mail, which then left Halifax on Saturday, arrived here on Monday, being little more than two days. By the present arrangement the mails leave Halifax on Tuesday morning at six (they might with equal propriety leave the night previously), and do not reach Miramichi—"tell it not in Gath," till Friday! When the McBeaths held the Couriership, our mails for Halifax left Chatham on the afternoon of Friday, and arrived at Halifax early on Monday, being little more than 2½ days; they now leave this place (Newcastle) on Monday night, and do not reach Halifax—proclaim it not in the streets of London—till Friday afternoon, being four days!

Let Mr Lang attempt to gainsay the truth of a syllable of this, and I will prove, that his present Contractors—instead of being required by him, to come up to the very spirit and letter of their "Tenders," have never been expected to travel at a rate exceeding 4½ miles an hour; and prove also that Grassie, the "Sub" of the late James M. Kelly—(altho' a most deserving and industrious fellow) has already been ten hours behind his proper hour of arrival; and why? just for this plain reason—poor pay, very soon makes poor Horses! Money alone "makes the mare to go." But such Sir, is the nature of their Security Bond, that I maintain were all the Couriers in New Brunswick, to be hours too late every trip, no penalty could be recovered from the Sureties: Nor could Mr Lang, or any one else, wrest the appointment from them sooner than six months, from the date of their earliest delinquencies. Any "Novice" can concoct a cause for such delays; he can assert, a "Wheel came off—the Britchen broke—or the Horse lost a shoe;" and who is prepared to prove the assertion false? or who prepared to prove "damages" sustained, under these circumstances? Rest assured Sir, that the safest security which can be obtained for the faithful performance of a Postman's duty is alone to be found in the value he places upon his situation,—if that situation be such as that he fears its loss, he will take good care not to endanger it by delays, if more cattle or better feed can prevent it;—if it be not "Self" will mount the Box, instead of duty, and at the end of six or nine months—"laughing in his sleeve"