

Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818. Under the title of 'THE STAR.' Whole No. 1180.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1840.

Vol. XII. No. 39.

Published on Tuesdays, by DONALD A. CAMERON. Office in Prince William street, near the Market square, over the Marine Assurance Office. Terms—15s. per annum, exclusive of postage, half in advance.

Weekly Almanack.

MARCH—1840.		
	SUN	MOON FULL
	Rises.	Sets. Rises. Sets.
23 WEDNESDAY	5 59	6 19 1 26 3 28
24 THURSDAY	5 51	6 20 2 16 4 32
25 FRIDAY	5 47	6 22 3 58 5 49
26 SATURDAY	5 40	6 23 3 29 7 9
27 SUNDAY	5 35	6 24 3 57 8 16
28 MONDAY	5 31	6 25 4 21 6 8
29 TUESDAY	5 28	6 26 4 42 9 51

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
 THOMAS LEAVITT, Esq., President.
 Discount Days—Tuesday and Friday.
 Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.

COMMERCIAL BANK NEW-BRUNSWICK.
 HENRY GUNBAR, Esq., President.
 Discount Days—Tuesday and Friday.
 Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
 JOHN GARDNER, Esq., President.
 Discount Days—Tuesday and Friday.
 Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
 Office open every day, Sundays excepted, from 11 to 1 o'clock.
 JOHN BOND, Esquire, President.

NOTICE.
 All persons having any legal demands against the Estate of JAMES REID, late of the Parish of Hampton, Queen's County, farmer, dec'd., are requested to render their Accounts, duly attested, to the subscribers, within Three Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers.

MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS, AND PHENIX BITTERS.
WHO WANTS BETTER EVIDENCE?
 I would refer the reading public to the numerous voluntary letters published, recently in the Good Samaritan and other papers, relative to the happy and beneficial effects of the administration of MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.

Those who have perused the letters above referred to will observe that in almost every case they attest the fact, that no inconvenience of any sort attends the taking of these medicines in ordinary cases, but that the patient, without feeling their operation, is universally left in a stronger and better state of health than was experienced previous to being afflicted with disease; and in all cases of acute suffering great relief is obtained in a few hours, and a cure is generally effected in two or three days.

In cases of FEVER of every description, and all bilious affections, it is unnecessary for me to say what, as I believe, the LIFE MEDICINES are now universally admitted to be the most speedy and effectual cure extant in all diseases of that class.

The LIFE MEDICINES are also a most excellent relief in affections of the Liver and Bowels, as has been proved in hundreds of cases whose patients have come forward and requested that their experience in taking them might be published for the benefit of others. In their operation in such cases they restore the general functions of the digestive organs, and invigorate the general functions of the whole body, and thus become to both sexes (for they are perfectly adapted to each) an invaluable means of preventing disease and restoring health.

The Garland.
THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.
 As arranged to be Sung by all Her Majesty's Subjects.
 God save our gracious Queen!
 Long live our noble Queen!
 God save the Queen!

THE ROYAL BRIDE.
 WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF HER MAJESTY'S NUPTIALS, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN.
 With rosy goblets brimming,
 And wearing PLEASURE'S smile,
 We'll toast the lovely woman
 Of this our native isle.
 But chiefly will we honor
 Victoria, England's pride:
 Oh, blessings be upon her,
 Prince Albert's royal bride.

points the hour of the social gathering, and summons the sons of Caledonia to their patriotic vesper.
 The notion that St. Andrew suffered upon a cross of the form of the letter X, appears of considerable antiquity; but the oldest writers say that he was nailed to an olive tree. Others again claim the common form—that significant of the death of our Lord; and, curious to observe, they at one time kept, in the Church of St. Victor at Marseilles, a cross of this form, enclosed in a silver shrine, which was affirmed to be the identical one upon which he had been suspended.
 But the most interesting matter connected with the name of St. Andrew, is the tradition related by Fordun, the Scottish historian. He states that in the middle of the fourth century, the bones of the saint, which still remained in Patros, were in the custody of Regulus, a Bishop of the Greek Church. In the year 345, the Emperor Constantine H. gave orders that these precious remains should be brought to Constantinople, and on the third night before they were removed, an angel appeared in a vision to Regulus, and ordered him to abstract from the chest in which they were kept, the upper bone of one of the arms, three of the fingers of the right hand, and the pan of one of the knees. Some accounts add a tooth to the list of items. Regulus having done as he was commanded, was some years after directed by another vision to take his departure, with the relics, from Patros; and having accordingly set out, he was, after a long voyage, shipwrecked with his companions in the bay of St. Andrews in Fife-shire, then forming part of the territory of the Picts; Hungus, the Pictish King, received the strangers with great hospitality, and by their instrumental aid, he and his subjects were soon after converted, when a Christian Church was built at the place where the missionaries had been driven on shore, and was dedicated to the Apostle, the fragments of whose skeletons they had brought with them.
 Such is said to have been the origin of the city of St. Andrews, and of the assumption of St. Andrew by the Scots as their Patron Saint.

CAICATROP OF VALINCO.—From Spoleto we went to Terni, and saw the cascade of the Valinco. The glaciers of Monteverde and the source of the Arveiron is the grandest spectacle I ever saw. This is the second. Imagine a river sixty feet in breadth, with the volume of water, the outlet of a great lake from the higher mountains, falling 300 feet into a sightless gulf of snow-white vapor, which bursts up and forever from a circle of black crags, and these leaping downwards, make five or six other cascades, each fifty or a hundred feet high, which exhibit on a smaller scale, and with beautiful and sublime variety, the same appearances. But words (or far less could painting) will not express it. Stand upon the brink of the platform of the cliff, which is directly opposite. You are the ever-moving water streaming down. It comes in thick and tawny folds, flaking off like solid snow sliding down a mountain. It does not seem hollow within, but without it is unbroken, and as if a huge mass were rushing down your eye follows it, and it is lost below—not in the black rocks which it is bound to, but in its own foam and spray, in the cloud-like vapors boiling up from below, which is not like rain, nor mist, nor spray, I ever saw before. It is as white as snow, but thick and impenetrable to the eye. The very imagination is bewildered in it. A thunder comes up from the abyss wonderful to hear, for though it ever sounds, it is never the same, but modulated by the changing motion, rises and falls intently; we passed half an hour in one spot looking at it, and thought but a few minutes had gone by. The surrounding scenery is, in its kind, the loveliest and most sublime that I ever saw. In our first walk we passed thro' some of its groves of large and ancient trees, whose hoary and twisted trunks leaned in all directions. We then crossed a path of orange trees by the river side, laden with their golden fruit, and came to a forest of bearing boughs were intertwined over our winding path. Around, hemming in the narrow vale, were pine-trees of lofty mountains of pyramidal rock which rose up by all ascending and the noise and the perfume of the pines, and the music of the gurgling brook that flows near by, or broken by the occasional shrill and hollow notes of the gentle and fearless birds, which seem themselves loving members of this loving household; if then, whether traveller or sojourner, your heart is not touched with this charming and not unusual picture of rural felicity, you are to yourself a man. If still you sigh for the bustle and the noise and the confinement of the city, with its impure air, with its offensive odor, with its despicable afflictions, with its heartless formalities, with its violent excitements, with its midnight festivities, with its utter destitution of sympathy, with its low estimate of human life, with its squalid poverty, its multiplied forms of wretchedness, its crime, its pride, its vanity, its ambition, its pomptness, its severity; if then go back to your gilded prison house, and to the gaols, which an uncorrected and refined taste accustomed to drink in the free air of heaven, and to appreciate its freshness, its purity and its salubrity, you will find no occasion to covet or envy. The man who by his cultivation and good husbandry presents such a picture to the passer-by, shall he not be called a benefactor to the community? Has he not done much more to improve and bless society by his example? Has he not raised a monument to his own honor, more eloquent than the marble?

CITY OF CARACAS.—The ancient city of Caracas is the Republic of Colombia contains one of the most curious and interesting objects that can gratify the sight, and at the same time fill the mind of the beholder with the most awful and sublime emotions.
 The great Earthquake of 1812 will long be remembered as one of the most melancholy and heart rending events of modern times, no less than sixteen thousand were swallowed, or buried beneath the masses of its fallen ruins.
 The greater part of the people were at prayers when the terrific occurrence took place. Every church so lately the pride of the eye and the boast of the architect, was in a few brief moments a shapeless mass of stones, broken timber, and crumbling mortar—the bellry of the Cathedral alone stands as a monument of the former grandeur of their Temples of devotion, and as if intending that all future generations should know the hour and minute when the dreadful shock occurred, the hands of the clock stood still at seven minutes past four, the very instant that the rumbling noise was heard, and it still remains with its hands pointed to the hour as a fearful memento of the past and an awful warning of the future.
 The superstitious reverence paid to this clock secured it an eternal repose, it would be considered the height of sacrilege to desecrate it by human touch.
 THE YEOMAN.—The man who stands up on his own soil; who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of the world, the pride of the land in which he lives; his power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his;—his, in the centre of the globe; and he feels himself, in its round, the genius; and he feels himself connected by a visible link, with those who preceded him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone on their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the daily scene of his labors. The roof which shelters him, was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favourite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood, by the side of the brook,

For weakness, deficiency of natural strength, and relaxation of the vessels, by too frequent indulgence of the passions, this medicine is a safe, certain, and invaluable remedy.
 Those who have long resided in hot climates, and are languid and relaxed in their whole system, may take THE LIFE MEDICINES, with the happiest effects; and persons removing to the Southern States, or West Indies cannot store a more important article of health and life.
 The following cases are among the most recent cures effected, and gratefully acknowledged by the curers benefited:
 Case of Jacob C. Hunt, near Windsor, Orange County, N. Y.—A dreadful tumor destroyed nearly the whole of his face, nose and jaw. Experienced less relief from other Medicines, than from this in less than three months was entirely cured. [Case reported, with a wood engraving in a new pamphlet now in press.]
 Case of Thos. Purcell, sen'r, 84 years of age—was afflicted 18 years with swellings in his legs—was cured by taking 42 pills in 3 weeks.
 Case of John Dalton, formerly of Ohio—rheumatism five years—entirely cured—had used the Life Medicines for worms in children, and found them a sovereign remedy.
 Case of Lewis Austin—periodical sick headache—always relieved by a small dose—now entirely free from it.
 Case of Adon Ames—cured of a most inveterate and obstinate dyspepsia, and general debility.
 Case of Adam Adams, Windsor, Ohio—rheumatism, gastric liver affections, and general nervous debility, had been confined seven years—was raised from his bed by taking one box of pills and a bottle of Bitters—a most extraordinary cure—she is now a very healthy and robust woman—attested by her husband Samuel Adams.
 Cure of Mrs. Badger, wife of Joseph Badger—heavily afflicted with the same.
 Case of Benjamin J. Tucker—severe case of Fever and Ague—cured in a very short space of time. Directions followed strictly.
 Case of Amos Davis—Affection of the Liver—after trying doctors' remedies in vain for a long time, was cured by the Life Medicines without trouble.
 Extraordinary case of Lyman Pratt, who was afflicted with Phthisis 20 years—effected a perfect cure in 24 hours by the use of the Life Medicines.
 Thousands of persons afflicted in like manner have, by a judicious use of MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS, been restored to the enjoyment of all the comforts of life. The Bitters are pleasant to the taste and small, gently straining the fibres of the stomach, and give that proper tension which a good digestion requires. As nothing can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, so there is nothing more generally acknowledged to be peculiarly efficacious in all nervous, wasting, and melancholy, and all kinds of hysterical complaints were gradually removed by their use. In sickness of the stomach, flatulencies, or obstructions, they are safe and powerful, and as a purifier of the blood they have not their equal in the world!
 For additional particulars of the above medicines, see Moffat's 'Good Samaritan,' a copy of which accompanies the medicine; a copy can always be obtained of the different Agents who have the medicine for sale.
 Prepared and sold by WILLIAM B. MOFFAT, 375 Broadway, New York.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.
 BY LORD MACAULAY.
 "There is a God," all nature cries;
 A thousand tongues proclaim
 His arm almighty, mind all-wise;
 There's not a thing but glories in
 To magnify his name.
 Thy name, great Nature's Sire divine,
 Assiduous we adore,
 Rejecting gods and those who shrine
 Behind them heads of blood and wine
 In vain voluptuous pour.
 Yon countless worlds, in boundless space,
 Myriads of miles each hour
 Their mighty orbs as curious trace
 As the blue circles stud the face
 Of that emerald's flower.
 But thou too madest that flower gay
 To glitter in the night;
 The hand that fired the lamp of day,
 The lightning comest launch'd away,
 Paused the velvet lawn.
 "As faint a spark to the ground,
 Obedient to thy will,
 By the same law those golden wheels round,
 Each drawing each, yet all still bound,
 In one eternal system bound,
 One order to fall."

ST. ANDREW.
 From the N. Y. Scottish Patriot.
 ST. ANDREW.
 St. Andrew, our patron Saint! we must invoke thy protection, if, in noticing thee first, we provoke our patrons. We have in boyhood gazed with curious scrutiny on thee, with thy cross—emblematic of thy death—wondering at its import; we have listened with awe to the recital of the events of thy life, thy death and posthumous history; and even now feel interested in recalling these recorded facts.
 We learn from St. John the Evangelist, that Andrew was a follower of Jesus the first, we provoke our patrons. We have in boyhood gazed with curious scrutiny on thee, with thy cross—emblematic of thy death—wondering at its import; we have listened with awe to the recital of the events of thy life, thy death and posthumous history; and even now feel interested in recalling these recorded facts.
 St. Peter's at Rome.—What shall I say of the modern city? Rome is the capital of the world. It is a city of Palaces and Temples, more glorious than those of any other city contains, and of ruins more glorious than they. Seen from any of the eminences that surround it, it exhibits domes beyond domes, and palaces and colonades interminably, even and mighty, which stand by their own desertion, in the midst of the fumes of living religions, and the habits of living men, in sublime loneliness. St. Peter's, as you have heard, the loftiest building in the world. Externally, it is inferior in architectural beauty to St. Peter's; though not wholly devoid of it; internally, it exhibits littleness on a large scale, and is in every respect opposed to antique taste. You know my propensity; to admire; and I tried to persuade myself out of this opinion, in vain. The more I see of the interior of St. Peter's, the less impression as a whole, does it produce on me. I cannot even think it lofty, though its dome is considerably higher than any hill within fifty miles of London, and when one reflects, that it is an astonishing monument of the daring enterprise of man. Its colonnade is wonderfully fine, and there are two fountains, which rise in spiral columns of water to an immense height

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THE WALSH STEAM FLOUR MILLS.
 THE Subscribers beg leave to inform their friends and the public of their having after much unexpected delay and disappointment, brought their WALSH STEAM FLOUR MILLS, at Reed's Point, into complete and successful operation; and now offer at said Mills, and at the Store of J. & H. KINNEAR, FLOUR of the following description and quality, equal if not superior to any imported from the United States.
 Superior Flour, per Barrel, - 40s.
 Fine, - - - - - 37s. 6d.
 Middlings, - - - - - 20s.
 and in bags at proportional prices—the bags to be 1s. 6d. each or returned.
 Hops Feed, - - 2s. 6d. per bushel.
 Bran, - - - - - 1s. 3d. ditto.
 CORN MEAL of very fine quality, being unkiln-dried, and more suitable for family use than the imported, at 12s. 3d. per Bag, or in quantities of 5 Bbls. or upwards, 25s. per Barrel.
 C. H. JOUETT & CO.
 St. John, Feb. 18, 1840.—67

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STOVES, STOVES.
 Just received and lying from acts. James Clark and Boston from Boston
50 ASSORTED STOVES—consisting of Rotary, Nos. 2 and 3; [pattern, Great Western, No. 2 & 3—a new and improved Prospect, and Phoenix, Nos. 2 & 3; James, Nos. 5; Cooking Stoves, Nos. 1, 2 & 3; Vermont Parlour Stoves, with Dumbos to match, And a variety of other patterns, suitable for every situation required.
 B. ATON, BURNHAM & CO.
 31st December.

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VALUABLE WATER LOT.
 FOR SALE.
 THAT valuable BUILDING LOT owned by the Subscriber, situated at the corner of the North Market Wharf and Nelson-street—having a front of 30 feet on the former, by 50 feet on Nelson-street—Apply at the Count's House of THURGAR, Corner of Water and Duke streets, 11th February, 1840.

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