

The Daily Observer

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1830.

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Office in HARFIELD'S Brick Building, Market-square.

THE GARLAND.

THE MOTHER'S CALL.

Come, sweet ones, come to the fields with me, I hear the hum of the honey bee, I hear the call of the gray cuckoo...

THE MICKLAWAY.

From the Edinburgh Evening Post.

THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY.

The Dominie's Legacy. By the author of the Sectarian. 3 vols. London: Wm. Kidd.

Mr. Picken, to our estimation, stands very high in the scale of Scottish novel writers; and should his tales be objected to on the score of their being mere sketches, we have for answer, they are one recommendation if they are true to the life...

One day, Davis, who at this time a lad of fifteen, had been sent by his stepmother, with a verbal message to a friend of the father end of the town...

among the women. There was also in the town a particular dashing lady, and to say the truth of her, she was an uncommonly pretty woman...

Now, among these officers was a Captain Palmer, one of the handsomest men of the whole, who seemed peculiarly favoured by Mrs. Templeton...

His parents were so deeply engaged upon the subject of Captain Palmer and Mrs. Templeton, that they did not observe Davis slip into the room...

What news have you brought me? come, come, Davis, one of your Wonderful Magazine stanzas this time, it won't do.

"I am sure I thought I saw myself, father, among the crowd, talking to your Ballie Matrim.

But are you sure it's true, Davis?" said his step-mother, looking suspiciously across, for she was almost too delighted to be authentic.

At length the dreadful moment arrived, and Mr. Peterkin having adorned himself with a clean cravat and gaiters, and fastened up his watch and pocket-book...

"James Peterkin," said the Provost with snarling severity, "you are accused of having maliciously spread abroad certain false and scandalous reports...

"I am sorry to see you standing at that disgraceful bar, Mr. Peterkin," said little Ballie Shuttleton...

Peterkin, however, only gave an inward groan for an answer, and looked round for Davis.

How could you, Sir, be guilty of spreading such a scandal?" said Ballie Farrier next, who was by no means uninterested in this affair...

"But you told the story to my son Davis," said Peterkin, with great courage and even triumph. "Come forward, Davis, lad."

Young Davis, said the Provost, "hold up your head, and never be ashamed to tell the truth. Did William Dore, who is here present, tell you last week the particulars of this story?"

"No, your worship's honours, he did not," said Peterkin, with a gasp, and then he looked at his son...

FEMALE BEAUTY.—The secret of preserving beauty lies in three things—Temperance, Exercise, and Cleanliness. Under these few leads we shall find much good instruction...

"You are not a woman, you're entirely a man," said the Provost, "if that's the case, my lad, said the Provost. "It is the perfect fact, your worship," said Davis...

fair skin assumes a pallid rigidity or a bloated redness, which the vain possessor would still regard as the roses of health and beauty...

New York.—The city of New York derives a peculiarity in the eye of a stranger from the very lack of that distinctness which marks and characterizes most of her sister cities...

The Misses BORN.—Our readers will recollect the romantic but unhappy story of these unfortunate Hanoverian sisters;—of the five, two drowned themselves in Switzerland...

A SOLDIER'S FEELINGS AFTER A BATTLE.—There is nothing in life half so enviable as the feelings of a soldier after victory. Previously to the battle, there is a certain sort of something that pervades the mind, not easy to be described...

REGIMENTAL SYSTEM.—The number of recruits raised annually is estimated at 4800 in Britain, and 2200 in Ireland, in all 7000, and the levy money or bounty is £4 each...

GIANTIC EEL.—If the Americans excel in sea-serpents, the inhabitants of New South Wales carry all before them in the magnitude of their eels. The following paragraph is from a recent Hobart Town paper...

LIBEL.—Henry IV. being importuned to allow the prosecution of a person who had written a libel on him, magnanimously said, "I cannot in conscience do any harm to a man who tells the truth, although it may be unpalatable."

FORMATION OF SHOT.—It is the cohesive principle which gives solidity to grains of shot; the liquid metal is allowed to fall, then rain, from a great elevation...

THICKNESS OF SOAP BUBBLE.—Newton succeeded in determining the thickness of very thin laminae of transparent substances, by observing the colours which they reflect...

MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS.—Dr. Arnott states that the crew of a ship sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of sight of land, heard, distinctly, a ringing of bells, whenever they stood on a particular place on the deck...

COFFEE.—Benton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, says, "The Turks have a drink called coffee, made from a berry as black as soot, and as bitter. This he imagines might have been the Lacedaemonian black broth."

SCALE OF ANIMAL LIFE.—The following is a scale of the average duration of animal life, extracted from the works of the most celebrated writers on natural history. A hare will live ten years—a cat ten—a goat eight—an ass thirty—a sheep ten—a ram fifteen—a dog from fourteen to twenty-five, and sometimes, though not often, more—a bull fifteen—an ox (a curious fact) twenty—twice twenty-five—a pigeon eight—a turtle-dove twenty-five—a partridge twenty-five—a raven one hundred—a goose one hundred.

PATENT MOWING MACHINE.—A machine was exhibited in this town last week, which excited some curiosity, from the novelty of its design; it was an apparatus for mowing by horse power. It consists of an axle-tree, with two wheels, and on the axle-tree, is a drum of smaller dimensions, from which a band extends to the hub of another large vertical wheel, situated in front of the axle-tree...

AN ACCURATE DESCRIPTION.—A certain bellman, not 100 miles from this town, who prides himself on his intellectual abilities, whilst crying a strayed dog, and describing its colour, said, "It was all black, with a white face, and a brown nose!"—Stockport Advertiser.

The Charleston City Gazette, tells a tale of one of its old Patrons! whose capacity to read, had outgrown his capacity to pay, and who, after receiving the paper for years, without affording *quid pro quo*, gave formal notice of withdrawal, assuring the proprietor he could no longer afford the "expense of a paper."

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