e Weekly Gbserber.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1850.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "Tue STAR." Whole No. 1654.

The Observer.

blished on TUESDAY, by DONALD A. CAMERON at his Office, corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messre. Jar-line & Co. — TERMS: 15s. per annum, half in the new streets.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applica tions for Insurance against FIRE upon Build-ngs and other Property, at the Office of the sub-criber. I. WOODWARD. St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. Steretary

FALL GOODS! Per " Snowdon," " Lisbon," &c.

MORRISON & CO.

Prince William-street. MORRISON & CO, are now opening an ex-

FALL TRADE, which have been carefully selected in the bes English and Scotch Markets, led in the best

y a person thoroughly conversant with the styles suited to this market.

DRESS GOODS.

PLAIN ORLEANS, Lostres, and COBURGS, SHOT CHAMELEONS, COVENANTERS, Striped Glacies, Poplin Eustres, CASIIMERES and DELAINE'S, &c. &c. SHAWE DEPARTMENT. Plaid, Wool, Printed Cashmere, Paisley, NORWICH, BEN NEVIS. MAUDE, GALA and CLOTH SHAWLS, LONG SHAWLS.

CLOAK MATERIALS. Gala Plaids, all Wool PLAIDS, TWEEDS, Napoleons, BALMORALS, &c. FANCY GOODS.

BNGLISH and FRENCH RIBBON, VELVETS, PLUSHES, TERRIES, Black and White LACES, Fringes, GIMPS, HOSIERY and GLOVES, NECK TIES, SASH HIBBONS, Black Grode Naps, Ture Satin. FUE DEPARTINES.

Boas, Cardinals, Cuffs, Victorines, Ridin Boas, &c., in every variety of Fur. FURNISHING GOODS. Witney, Bath and Point BLANKETS, Counterpance, Quilts, Sheetings, Damasks, MORBENS, FRINGES, TABLE LINEN.

DOMESTIC GOODS. White, Red, Blue and Yellow FLANNELS. BAXONYS, in white, coloured and check'd, TWILLED FLANNELS,

PRINTED COTTONS in great variety, Grey, White, and Striped COTTONS, COTTON WARPS.

Gentlemen's Department. Brond CLOTHS, Kerseymeres, Rich Vestings, PHOT and BEAVERS in all colors, New Fancy Trowserings, BRAUES, Neck Ties, Scarfs, GLOVES and HOSE,

LAMBSWOOL VESTS, DRAWERS, &c. with an endless variety of other seasonable Goods, all of which will be offered to the purchaser at the lowest market rates. O tober 2.

HARDWARE, &c.

[From the Ohio State Journal.] The following lines are touchingly beautiful. We have seen nothing of late that has so moved our sympathy. The man who can write such poetry, who has such thoughts, cannot be utterly depraved. The curse of intemperance, with its attending Jownward influence, has here done its work, and a spirit, noble, and generous, that might and should be the pride and ornament of the social circle, is now the degraded convict within the walls of a penitentisy. How will that fond mother's heart bleed, if she shall hear of her darling boy, the in-nate of a prison in a foreign and. THE CONVICT TO HIS MOTHER.* Pre wandered far from thee, mottriet. Far from my happy home. I've left the land that gave me birth, In other clinnes to roam; And time since then has rolled its years -And marked them on my brow, Yet I have often thought of thee---I'm thinking of thee now.

The Garland.

I'm thinking on the day, mother, When at thy tender side You watched the dawning of my youth, And kissed me in your pride; Then brightly was my heart lit up With hopes of future joy, While you bright fancy honors wove To deck thy darling boy.

Pin thinking of the day, mother, When with such anxious care, You hifed up your heart to heaven----Your hope, your trust was there. Fond memory brings thy parting words White tears stole down your check; Thy long, last, loving look, told more Than ever words could speak.

Un far away from thee, mother, No friend is near me now, To routhe me with a tender word Or coul my burming brow; The dearest ties affection wore, Are all now torn from me. Thry left me when the trouble came, They did not love like thee.

Fin lon-ly and foresteen now, Unprired and unblest, Yet still I would not have thee know How screiy Pm distressed ; I know you would not chide, mother, You would not give me blame, But southe me with your tender words, And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother, How brightest hopes decay, The tempter with his baneful cup Has dashed them all away; And shame has left its venom sting, To rack with anguish wild--Yet still would not have thee know The sorrows of thy child.

Oh! I have wandered far, mother, Since I deserted thee, And left thy trusting heart to break, B-yond the deep blue sea : Oh! mother, still I love thee well, And long to hear thee speak. And long gain thy bulky breath Upon my care-worn cheek.

But, ah! there is a thought, mother, Pervalues my beating breast, Then thy freed spirit may have flown To its etermal rest; And while I wipe the tear away, There whispers in my car A voice that speaks of Heaven and thee, And bids me seek thee there.

Ohio Penilentiary, Jan. 17, 1850. ALPHA

[From the Ohio State Journal.]

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