

The Weekly Observer.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1839.

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LUNAR EPHEMERIS.			
Nov.—1839.	SUN.	MOON.	FULL.
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.
20 WEDNESDAY	7 1 4	29 55	11 24
21 THURSDAY	7 3 4	28 44	10 41
22 FRIDAY	7 5 4	27 33	10 0
23 SATURDAY	7 7 4	26 22	9 53
24 SUNDAY	7 9 4	25 11	9 46
25 MONDAY	7 11 4	24 0	9 39
26 TUESDAY	7 13 4	22 49	9 32

Full Moon 20th, 9h. 21m. evening.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
Private Lending Office.
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 5.
Bills of Exchange on London, payable in three months, at the rate of 10 per cent. above the bank rate.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
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Hours of Business, from 10 to 5.
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BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
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The Garland.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

BY THE HON. JOHN Q. ADAMS.

The occasion for the following verses was the two hundredth annual gathering of the Old Church, at Quincy, Mass.

Alas! how swift the moments fly!
How flash the years along!

Secure hours, yet gone already by;
The burden of a song.

See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age with tresses long;

Time wears—Time shall be—Time shall be—
But where in time is now?

Time is the measure but of change,
No present hour is found;

The past, the future fill the range
Of Time's unceasing round;

Where then is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb;

But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wane;

To God let voice accents rise;
With truth, with virtue live;

En all the days that Time denies,
Eternity shall give.

The Land of our Birth.

There is not a spot in this wide peopled earth
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth;

'Tis the home of our childhood—the first of our life,
Which memory retains when all else is hid.

May the blessings of God
Ever hallow the soil,

And its valleys and hills by our children be trod.
Can the language of strangers in accents unknown,
Send a thrill to our bosoms like that of our own?

The fore may be fair and smiles may be bland,
But it breathes not the tone of our dear native land.

There's no spot on earth
Like the land of our birth,
Where heroes keep guard o'er the altar and hearth!

How sweet is the language which taught us to blend
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Which taught us to lip on our mother's soft breast,
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Miscellaneous.

From the Baltimore American.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

At the present crisis, when the Ottoman power is

retreating perhaps to its final overthrow, it may be in-

teresting to look back for a little while over the his-

tory and career of a people who from small begin-

nings, succeeded gradually in possessing themselves

of the finest portions of Asia and Europe, and in

building up a dominion the most extensive that has

yet existed in the world since the downfall of the Roman

Empire. The Turks, or *Turkoman*, are of Tartar

origin, and came from the regions beyond Mount

Taurus and Casius. Like the rest of their race, they

were a nomadic people, living on plunder and with-

out any very permanent residence; but, fierce, daring,

and warlike beyond other tribes. These qualities

rendered them formidable, and enabled them to con-

quer the Arabian Nights, employed a large body of

Turks as a body-guard. Like the Phoenician

and the Roman Empire, the Ottoman Empire, as

it is called, began to interfere in affairs of state; and

taking advantage of some dissensions between two

opponents to the empire, was raised upon the

ruins of the latter. It was first a petty principality

in 1055. Before the close of the eleventh cen-

tury we find them on the borders of the Caspian

Sea. In process of time, extending their conquests

up both sides of the Bosphorus, they came to the

strait of Constantinople, one of the most impor-

tant and fertile of the Ottoman Empire. These ter-

ritories included Persia, Syria, Egypt, and the

northern portion of Africa, now known as the

Belgian States, together with the greater part of

Asia Minor; and in the reign of Osman, prepara-

tions were made to attack the Greek Empire, of

which Constantinople was the capital—the last re-

maining fragment of that stupendous dominion which

the Roman power had for a time held in the

east. The threatened invasion was a time

averted by means of an alliance with John Can-

tinus, the Greek emperor, fought about between

his daughter and young Orhan, the son of the Turk-

ish Sultan. At length, under Bajazet, grandson of

Orhan, the Turks not only entered the city, but

laid siege to Constantinople itself, which was

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Where then is now? In realms above,
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But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wane;

To God let voice accents rise;
With truth, with virtue live;

En all the days that Time denies,
Eternity shall give.

The Land of our Birth.

There is not a spot in this wide peopled earth
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth;

'Tis the home of our childhood—the first of our life,
Which memory retains when all else is hid.

May the blessings of God
Ever hallow the soil,

And its valleys and hills by our children be trod.
Can the language of strangers in accents unknown,
Send a thrill to our bosoms like that of our own?

The fore may be fair and smiles may be bland,
But it breathes not the tone of our dear native land.

There's no spot on earth
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