

L. Parkinson

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER:

BEING

A NEW SERIES OF THE STAR.

Vol. I.

SAINT JOHN : TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1828.

No. 3.

THE OBSERVER.

PROSPECTUS.

HAVING purchased from Mr. YOUNGHOOD, the Copy Right of the Star Establishment...

It is assumed as a duty, an undertaking, as the conducting a Public Journal, it is necessary a few words be said, with regard to the line of conduct we intend to pursue.

It is attached to our Mother Country and her noble Constitution, we shall at all times be proud to announce her advance.

In order to render the OBSERVER acceptable to, and worthy the patronage of, the Public, no pains shall be spared.

The cultivation of the soil, being one of the most honourable and important pursuits in which a man can engage, shall receive particular attention.

It is the opinion of some, that since the tumult of War has in a great measure subsided, and the accounts of carnage and bloodshed have been superseded by those of a more peaceful character, a Newspaper has lost its relish.

"The Act that prescribes Art's"—In that period, what has it accomplished? It has blunted the edge of persecution's sword.

As we intend putting our Paper to press, as early as three o'clock, we would respectfully request advertising friends to hand in their favours on Monday, if possible, or as early on Tuesday morning, as convenient.

THE GARLAND.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Why wouldst thou leave me, oh! gentle child? Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild.

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play; Through the long bright hours of the summer day; They find the red cup-moss where they climb.

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest; She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast; Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more.

"Is my mother gone from her home away? But I know that my brothers are there at play; I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell.

"Fair child! thy brothers are wanderers now; They sport no more on the mountain's brow; They have left the fern by the spring's green side.

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill? But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still; And the red-deer bound, in their gladness free.

"The following anecdote of the celebrated surgeon, Abernethy, are from the Kaleidoscope, a Liverpool periodical publication of some merit.

"Mr. B. a gentleman of fortune near Huddersfield, went to London to consult Mr. Abernethy for an inward complaint of long standing; but, the moment he entered the room, the latter said, 'You need not come to me, Sir; you are a dead man; you have not half-a-hour to live; and rousing the bell, asked for the next in waiting, coolly concluding with—'Relief in your case is entirely out of the question.'"

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JOHN LOCKE.—A little volume, containing three discourses, translated from Nicolle by John Locke, has just been published by Dr. Hancock, for the first time, from a manuscript of the celebrated translator.

Method of Cleaning Silks, Woolens, &c.—Grate raw wools into a fine pulp in clean water, then pass the liquid mass through a coarse sieve, into another vessel of water; then pour the mucilaginous liquor from the sieve, and preserve the liquor for use.

FLYING-FISH.—On approaching the coast of Barbadoes, numerous shoals of flying fish darted from under the ship; raising themselves a few feet above the surface, for a distance of sixty or one hundred yards at a time.

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THE REFLECTOR.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border.

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GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE & OMNISCIENCE.

Keep silence all created things, And wait your Maker's nod; The mass stands trembling while she sings The honours of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown, Hang on his firm decree; He sits on no precarious throne, Nor bows leave to be.

My God, I never longed to see My fate with curious eyes, What gloomy lines are writ for me, Or what bright scenes shall rise.

In thy fair book of life and grace May I but see my name, Recorded in some happy place Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

"The task of working improvement on the earth, is much more delightful to an undebauched mind, than all the vain glory which can be acquired from ravaging in the most uninterrupted career of conquest."

"The history of this plant is strikingly illustrative of the omnipotent influence of authority; its introduction received, for more than two centuries, an unexampled opposition from vulgar prejudice, which until Louis XV. wore a bunch of the flowers of the potatoe in the midst of his court, on a day of festivity the people then for the first time obediently acknowledged its utility, and began to express their astonishment at the apathy which had so long prevailed with regard to its general cultivation; that which authority thus established, time and experience have fully ratified, and scientific research has extended the numerous resources which this plant is so well calculated to furnish."

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