The Wietly Observer,

Established in 1818, Under the title of "THE STAR," Whole No. 1133.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1840.

VOL. XII. No. 33.

DONALD A. CAMERON.

Office in Prince William-street, near the Market square, over the Marine Assurance Office.

Teams—15s. per annum, exclusive of postage, half in

Meetly Almanack.

FRB.—1840.				Sun Rises. Sets.							
12	WEDNESDAY			7	5	5	24	3	28	7	18
13	THURSDAY			7	4	5	26	4	34	8	39
14	FRIDAY		-	7	9	5	97	5	97	0	90
15	SATURDAY			7	0	5	29	6	8	10	25
16	SUNDAY		-	16	28	5.5	30	6	39		200
17	MONDAY			6	56	5	31	Ri	ses.	11	87
18	TUESDAY			6	54	5	32	7	0	M	rn.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK, TROMAS LEAVITY, Edg., President, Discount Days Tucsday and Fridays, Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Norrs for Discount, must be left at the Bank befor oftence on the days immediately preceding the Di

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STANZAS, BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

True.—all we know must die,—

Though none can tell th' exact appointed hour;
Nor should it cost the virtuous heart a sigh,
Whether death crush the oak, or nip the oper
flower?

The Christian is prepared,
Though others tremble at the hour of gloom;
His soul is always ready on his guard,
His lamps are lighted 'gainst the bridegroom come.

It matters not the time, When we shall end our pilgrimage below; Whether in Youth's bright morn, or man Or when the frost of age has whiten'd o'er our brow

The Child that blossom'd fair.

And looked so lovely on its mother's breast—
(Fond source of many a hope, and many a prayer!
Why murmer, that it sleeps, where all at last murgest?

Snatch'd from a world of woo (Where they must suffer most, who longest dwell!) It vanish'd like a flake of early snow. That melts into the sea, pure as from Heaven it fell.

The youth whose pulse heats high,
Eager through glory's brilliant course to run;
Why should we shed a tear, or breathe a sigh,
That the bright goal is gained—the prize thus early
won?

Unstain'd by many a crime,
Which to maturer years might owe their birth;
In summer's earliest bloom, in morning's prime,
How blest are they who quit this chequer'd scene of
earth!

And shall no tear be paid,

To har the new-made Bride, the envied fair;

On whose fond heart, Death's withering hand is
laid,
Checking each pulse of bliss Hymen had waken'd
there?

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