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PUBLISHED ON TUESDAY, BY DONALD A. CAMERON, Office in Prince William-street, near the Market square, over the Marine Assurance Office.

Weekly Almanack. Table with columns for Dec-1839, Sun, Moon, Full, and various astronomical data.

Full Moon 20th, 8h. 5m. morning. BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK. THOMAS LEAVITT, Esq., President.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK. HENRY GILBERT, Esq., President. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. SAINT JOHN BRANCH. R. H. LAYTON, Esquire, Manager.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 11 to 1 o'clock.

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY. Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 10 to 5 o'clock.

The Garland. From the Ladies' Companion. THE SNOW-DROP. BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

Erst the snow of winter dies, Ere golden clouds through the skies, Ere the brook has burst its chains, Little flower, thou art seen, In thy robes of emerald green— Waving in the bitter storm, Thy snowy sweets of tassell'd form.

When through the gloom of winter's sky, The morning peeps with cheerless eye, Thou, white gem, art first to greet His glance upon thy sweet; Harbinger of life and art, Type of Nature's sunny heart! Thou com'st through winter's gloom, To smoothe the smiles Of sunny skies and sunny eyes; And when thy white flag o'er the earth, Nurling of Spring and Summer birth, Elves that love the moon and stars, Form of thee that they adore, At thy sight, the Robin red, Quits his eve-hatched winter bed; Sings to thee his matin lay, Thanks again of winter's day, E'en the bee that haps to roam, From his honey-treasured home, Lured by stray flowers of the sky, Casts on thee his honeydew; And lighting on thy silver lip, Essays his draught of sweets to sip.

THE BRIDE. A Ballad, written by Charles Jefferys. Oh! take her, but be faithful still, And may the bridal vow Be sacred held in after years, And warmly breathed as now, Remember, 'tis no common tie, That binds your youthful hearts, 'Tis one that only Truth should weave, And only Death can part.

Hours of Idleness—No. II. Oh that the Dearest were my dwelling place, With one fair Spirit for my minister, That I might all forget the human race, And, hating no one, love but only her!

How beautiful, on a fine summer evening, in the American sky! The mighty king of day, in retreating behind the distant horizon, gathers his glories around him, and glides the heavens with the most gorgeous splendours. This of every low gradually appears, fade, change position, and die away, as the long twilight descends, while the luminous breathers around the enchanted stranger, the most delicious enjoyment.

approach of the young man of whom I have already given some account. "Ah!" he said, "I see that although a stranger, you have soon discovered these delightful walks. Permit me to tell you, however, that no man walks here as you do."

"O, there is no cause for alarm; this is Lovell's Lane, and perhaps the fattest of the town will merely suspect you of an intention to get married!" "If that is all," I said, "it will not disturb my dreams—By the way, talking of marriage reminds me of our conversation, which we agreed to discuss when we next met. Do you recollect that?"

"I do; and as we are both bachelors perhaps the further discussion of the subject may be an interesting thing to either of us. It is one of which I have thought a good deal, and however odd my opinions may seem, they are the result of mature reflection, and therefore such as I shall not be said to have changed."

"I mean only that children get their disposition, (and I might add their natural abilities) from their parents, not from the stars, as some persons suppose. And this fact is the most important, because their nature cannot be changed. You may instil good principles, you may inculcate good habits, but you cannot make good that which is naturally bad."

"You talk like a book," I said; "and as I am half inclined to believe there is something in what you say, pray allow me to request a more particular explanation of what you mean by stability of character. In the calm of life, the want of them, the deficiency will soon be apparent; the wife may even forsake her husband, and the husband desert his family and his home!"

"Well, supposing all this to be true, I see not what good is to be derived from believing it. The truth is that Cupid is blind, and has no disposition to see his could."

"It is precisely because Cupid is blind that I would fain see the eyes of philosophy; for with these he will be able to discover the existence of dangers which cannot be seen."

THE POWER OF GOD, AS ILLUSTRATED BY ASTRONOMY.

A very slight view of the planetary system is sufficient to impress our minds with an overpowering sense of the grandeur and omnipotence of the Deity. In one part of it we behold a globe, 14 hundred times larger than our world, flying through the depths of space, and carrying with it a retinue of worlds in its swift career. In a more distant region of this system, we behold another globe, of nearly the same size, surrounded by two magnificent rings, which would enclose five hundred worlds as large as ours, winging its flight through the regions of immensity, conveying along with it seven planetary bodies larger than our moon, over a circumference of five thousand seven hundred millions of miles.

Were we to suppose ourselves placed on the nearest satellite of this planet, and the satellite supposed to be at rest, we should behold a scene of grandeur altogether unexampled in the visible heavens, encircled by its immense rings, and surrounded by its moons, each moving in its distinct sphere and around its own axis, and all the same time flying before us in perfect harmony, with the velocity of twenty-two thousand miles an hour. Such a scene would far transcend every thing we now behold from our terrestrial sphere, and all the conceptions we can possibly form of motion, of sublimity and grandeur.

Contemplating such an assemblage of magnificent objects moving through the etherial regions with such astonishing velocity, we would feel the force of the sentiment of admiration: THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT! His power is irresistible; his greatness unsearchable; wonderful things doth he which we cannot comprehend. The motions of the bodies which compose this system convey an impressive idea of the agency and the energies of Omnipotence.

One of these bodies, eighty times larger than the earth, and the slowest moving orb in the system, is found to move through its expansive orbit at the rate of fifteen thousand miles in an hour; another, at twenty-nine thousand miles in the same period; another, it is more than a thousand times the size of our globe;—another, at the rate of eighty thousand miles; and a fourth, with a velocity of more than a hundred thousand miles every hour, or thirty miles during every least of our pulse.

The mechanical force requisite to produce such motions, surpasses the mathematician's skill to estimate, or the power of numbers to express. Such astonishing roundings of his axis and around his pole, extending its influences far beyond the limits of our system, and retaining by its attractive power all the planets in their orbits, is an object which the limited faculties of the human mind, however improved, cannot form a full and comprehensive idea of its grandeur.

A Visit to Fauxhall.—In the evening we visited a large garden, beautifully lighted up, and the fireworks which we saw here made us forget what we had already seen. A garden, a heaven, large adorned with roses of different colours in every direction, the water was running on the beautiful green, the trees were young moonly, and the sky was clear.

Field of Waterloo on the Day of the Battle.—On a surface of two square miles it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxuriant crops of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments; lance-caps and highland bonnets; uniforms of every colour, plume and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles; but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field? each and every display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

the bootless essay, by the masquetry of the inner fires. Farther on, you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Alby's chivalry. Where the Highlander and trapper lay, side by side, together with the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon the helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish Lancer. On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with dead, and trodden feet lock-deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favoured corps, on which his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen.

France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford thus for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up; and here the bayonet closed the contest.—[Maxwell's Victories of the British Army.]

Bonaparte's Burial Place.—The solitude of Napoleon in his exile and his tomb, has thrown another kind of spell over a brilliant memory. Alexander did not die in sight of Greece; he disappeared amid the pomp of distant Babylon. Bonaparte did not close his eyes in the presence of France; he passed away in the gorgeous horizon of the torrid zone. The man who had shown himself in such powerful reality, vanished like a dream; his life, which belonged to history, co-operated in the poetry of his death. He new sleeps forever, like a hermit in a parin, beneath a willow, in a narrow valley, surrounded by steep rocks, at the extremity of a lonely path. The depth of the silence which presses upon him, can only be compared to the vastness of that tumult which had surrounded him. Nations are absent, and through has retired. The bird of the tropics, harnessed to the car of the sun, as Buffon magnificently expresses it, speeding his flight downwards from the planet of light, rests alone, for a moment, over the ashes, the weight of which has shaken the equilibrium of the globe.

Bonaparte crossed the ocean, to repair to his final exile, regardless of the beautiful sky which delighted Columbus, Vasco de Gama, and Camoens. Stretched upon the ship's stern, he perceived that unknown constellations were sparkling over his head. His powerful glance, for the first time, encountered their rays. What, to him, were stars which he had never seen from his bivouac, and which had never shone over his empire? Nevertheless, not one of them has failed to fulfil its destiny; one half of the firmament spread its light over his cradle; the other half was reserved to illuminate his tomb.—Chateaubriand.

Depend upon your own Exertions for support.—This is an excellent principle for the working man to adopt; and one which is scarcely understood. Notwithstanding the many ties that connect a man with society, he nevertheless has imprinted on his forehead the original doom, that he must chiefly be dependent on his own labour and exertions for support. It is an incontrovertible fact, founded upon general experience, that where a man trusts to his own exertions in life, he generally succeeds; if not in amassing a fortune, at least in obtaining a comfortable living. On the other hand, he who depends upon others for his success in life, often finds himself woefully disappointed. Nothing gives so good an assurance of well-doing as the personal activity of a man daily exerted for his own interest. But should the same individual find himself suddenly opposed a heritage or supposed heritage of some antediluvian claim to property, which he thinks it necessary to prosecute, it is ten to one that he ceases to be industrious from the moment, and is finally ruined.

DEATH OF DR. WOODVILLE.—Medical men are said to meet their end with composure! When Dr. Woodville was supposed to be dangerously ill, his friends called upon him and endeavoured to excite his hopes of recovery; "I am not so silly," said the doctor, "as to mind what they say; I know my own case too well, and that I am dying; a younger person with a better stomach, might think it hard to die, but why should I regret to leave such a diseased worn-out carcass as mine?" The carpenter with whom he lodged had not been always on the best terms with Woodville. The physician said he should wish to let the man see that he died in peace with him; and as he had never much occasion to employ him, desired he might be sent for to measure him for his coffin. "This was accordingly done; the carpenter came, and took the measure of the doctor, who begged him not to be more than two days about it," for, said he, "I shall not live beyond that time;" and he did actually die just before the end of the next day.—Physic and Physicians.

The Dark Side of Matrimony.—Lately, a slave in the West Indies who had been married to another slave by one of the missionaries, at the end of three weeks brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desired him to take her back again. The clergyman asked, what was the matter with her; "Why, massa, she no good. The book says, she obey me. She no wash my clothes, massa, nor do what I want her to do." The minister: "But the book says, you were to take her for better or for worse." "Yes, massa, but she all worse, and no better. She hab too much worse, and no good at all."—American paper.

THE BLESSINGS OF HOPE.—I advert not at present to those immortal objects to which he poe points beyond the confines of this world. Hope is to man even in reference to his present state of being a treasure of inestimable value. Without it existence would be intolerable. The crime of suicide would prove a curse. A large, if not the larger proportion of human life is derived from this conviction. At certain periods of our life, our hope are more than ordinarily sanguine. We feel, it were, that we have entered on a new and brighter era of our existence, and reason ourselves into the persuasion—oftentimes very delusive one—that days and weeks and months of almost unmingled and uninterrupted felicity are before us. And, strange as it may seem, we tenaciously cling to this anticipation of a happy future, notwithstanding the innumerable disappointments our former hopes have encountered, until we feel ourselves enclosed in the rude and repulsive arms of death.

A RESPONSIBLE MAN.—As a great deal is said in these times about various kinds of responsibility, we think we cannot do better than relate a provincial anecdote, in illustration of the signification of the term in the view of honest Dutchmen at Lunenburg. Some years ago, that very active man and very good Governor, Sir James Kemp, was taking a ride through the county of Lunenburg, as was his wont mixing and conversing familiarly with the people as he went along. In passing through a settlement which shall be nameless, he stopped a night at the house of an honest Dutchman, who, like most of his class, was a trinitarian as regarded his employment; most of his time being spent in a about due proportions between fishing, farming and coasting. After breakfast on the following morning, Sir James put various questions as to the state of the settlement, and its wants and prospects, and concluded by asking his host if he knew of any respectable and responsible man in the neighbourhood, who was fit to be made a magistrate of.

"Come here, Sir James," said the Dutchman; and leading the way into another room, took the key of a strong box, and throwing up the lid, exposed to the Governor's astonished gaze such a pile of dollars and blue notes as he had not seen for many a day. "There, Sir James," said the Dutchman, "there is the responsibility, and the man that has got them is the best man for a magistrate."—Halifax Pearl.

BEAU NASH AND JOHN WESLEY.—When Mr. Wesley was preaching at Bath, Beau Nash entered the room, and approaching the preacher, demanded by what authority he was acting? Mr. Wesley answered, "By that of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid his hands on me and said—Take thou authority to preach the Gospel!" Nash then affirmed that he was acting contrary to law. "Besides," said he, "your preaching frightens people out of their wits." "Sir," replied Mr. Wesley, "did you ever hear me preach?" "No," said the Master of the Ceremonies. "How then can you judge of what you never heard?" "By common report," replied the Beau. "Sir," said Mr. Wesley, "is not your name Nash? I dare not judge of you by common report." Nash, finding himself a different person in the meeting house from what he was in the pump room, thought it best to withdraw.—Jb.

THE PLAYER AND THE PREACHER.—The Rev. J. Kinsman one day meeting Sluiter, the actor, in Portsmouth, said he had been preaching so often and to such large congregations, that Dr. Fothergill advised a change of air to avert a threatened illness. "And I," said Sluiter, "have been acting till ready to die; but, oh, how different our conditions. Had you fallen, it would have been in the arms of God; but in whose service have my powers been wasted? I dread to think of it. I certainly had a call once, while studying my part in the park, and had Mr. Whitefield received me at the Lord's Table, I never should have gone back; but the cruelties of the great, who, when unhappy, want Sluiter to make them laugh, are too seducing. There is a good and moral play to-night, but no sooner is it over, than I come in with my farce of A Dish of all Sorts, and knock all the moral on the head.—Jb.

WINDOW GLASS. THE subscribers have received the ship Countess of Durham, J. Kelly, Master, from Newcastle.— 50 Boxes Crown Window GLASS, 17 by 11. 100 Ditto ditto ditto, 16 " 11. 100 Ditto ditto ditto, 15 " 11. 100 Ditto ditto ditto, 15 " 10. For sale low by BARLORS & KETCHUM. October 28, 1839.

COOKING STOVES, Franklins, Ploughs, &c. THE subscribers have now on hand at their Warehouse, corner of Mill and Pond streets, a great variety of COOKING STOVES of the most approved pattern. Franklins' Stoves, Tin Ware. An assortment of PLOUGHS, of most improved models, being entirely new articles in this market. They are also prepared to furnish to order at the Phoenix Foundry, Ship's Castings, Mill and Engine Work, of every description. THOMAS BARLOW & CO. St. John, Oct. 8, 1839.

NOTICE. ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late DANIEL SCOTT of this City, Talbot, deceased, are required to hand in their claims for adjustment, and all persons indebted are desired to make payment without delay. GEORGE H. BARDING, Executor. Saint John, May 26, 1839.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Carlton, on the 8th instant, ESTERIZ, wife of Mr. Henry Went, in the 54th year of her age.—A brief account of the happy and triumphant departure of this excellent and highly favored female from the chequered path of mortal life to the heavenly state of endless peace and felicity, cannot be too widely circulated for the benefit and encouragement of those who still inhabit this dangerous and uncertain world. It may be truly said of her, that she lived a quiet and peaceable life; always proving herself a steady and uniform conduct to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a kind neighbour to all around. She lived a stranger to the sweet manifestations of the pardoning love of God by her soul until it pleased the Lord, (who by various ways and means bringeth his straying sheep to the fold of the good Shepherd), to remove by death, in 1838, one of our dear children, then in infancy; this bereaving providence so depressed her spirits, that all things in this world seemed to wear a gloomy aspect; and the awful solemnities of dying and appearing before the Judge of quick and dead in an unprepared state, so deeply quickened her mind, that she had no peace nor rest, until the Good Samaritan, (who came down from heaven to seek and to save that which was lost, Mat. 18, 11)—To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, Luke 42, 7; came by, and with the balm of his precious blood healed up the bleeding wounds of her soul; Luke 10, 33, 34; and with a look of love (such as softened the heart of Peter, and caused the tears to gush from his eyes, after he had denied his Lord and Master before men, Luke 22, 61, 62, and filled the heart of the dying thief, when hanging on the fatal wood, with the uttering voice, Luke 23, 42, 43) said unto her, "Thy sins are forgiven, go in peace," Luke 7, 48, 50. This happy change was soon made known to the christian friends in the vicinity of her residence, with whom she lived in the closest bonds of friendship and christian fellowship to the day of her death. As she made the interest and welfare of her family her daily study through life, she was not unmindful of them, when on her dying bed: before she took her leave of them she gave them most wholesome counsel about how they should live and conduct themselves after her departure; and with respect to her burial, she expressed special and repeated directions, that before her mortal remains were deposited in the silent tomb, she should first be taken down to the meeting house on Spring Point, and that Mrs. Bond should deliver a discourse on the occasion. It was there, she said, that the wonders of redeeming love, and the mysteries of the cross had often been unfolded to her view; that doubts and fears, clouds and darkness, gloom and sorrow had been removed from her mind, under the soothing sound of a free, full, and finished salvation; "was there that her soul had been nourished with the precious realities and rich consolations of the bread and water of everlasting life. Her dying words were granted; the last tribute of respect was paid, agreeably to her own directions, and the grand subject for edification on the occasion was, the precious promises of the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, who is the resurrection and the life in whom who haveverly presence she now dwells.

A few days before she departed, she said to some christian friends present, "My Lord will not leave me now; I have been for a long time creeping to Jesus; he is precious to my soul; he hath given me songs in the night of affliction; but now I long to depart and be with him, where he is, in that peaceful land, where the inhabitants complain no more of sickness, Isa. 33, 24, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away," Isa. 35, 10. On Sunday afternoon, December 8th about 8 o'clock, after taking leave of her relatives and friends, she turned herself from all sublunary objects, and with anticipation and joy leaning in her countenance, she lifted her eyes and hands towards heaven and said, "Come, Lord Jesus—I see I see my coming,"—and without a struggle her immortal spirit took its happy flight from the prison of its earthly tabernacle, to the bright regions of eternal day.

NEW-BRUNSWICK Marine Assurance Company, (Incorporated by Act of the Legislature,) CAPITAL, £50,000. With power to increase to £100,000. THE above Company having been organized, according to the Act of Incorporation, will be ready to commence taking Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freight, on and after Monday next, the 20th instant, on the most favorable terms. JAMES KIRK, PRESIDENT. St. John, 20th June, 1837.

Bank of British North America. NOTICE is hereby given, that in accordance with an arrangement concluded between the Directors of this Bank and those of the Colonias Bank, this Branch is now authorized to grant Drafts on the Branches of the Colonial Bank. Kingston, Grenada, St. Vincent, Barbados, Demerara, Trinidad, Antigua, Dominica, St. Kitts, St. Lucia, St. Kitts, St. Vincent, Tobago, Barbados, St. Thomas, Porto Rico, Saint Croix, For sums of sterling money, payable in the currency of the Colony on which they are granted at the current Bank rate of Exchange for Bills on London as 60 days sight. ROBERT H. LISTON, MANAGER. St. John, N. B., 11th August, 1838.

ONE WHEEL, with Iron Tiller, suitable for a Vessel of 600 Tons, for sale by Dec. 3, 1839. EDWARD DOLBY.

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