

The Weekly Observer.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1839.

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REMARKS.

SEPT.—1839.	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
11	5 34	6 19	7 28	1 15				
12	5 39	6 17	8 2	1 24				
13	5 35	6 15	8 51	2 30				
14	5 37	6 14	9 7	3 4				
15	5 39	6 11	9 52	4 1				
16	5 40	6 10	10 47	5 16				
17	5 41	6 8	11 52	6 43				

First Quarter 10th, 9h. 20m. evening.

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THOMAS LEACH, Esq., President.
Discount Days:—Tuesday and Friday.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.

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* See Nelson's Catalogue of Cheap Books, 10th July.

V. H. NELSON.
New Goods.

Just received per weekly late Arrivals, an assortment of HARDWARE, consisting of

BRITANNIA Metal Tea and Coffee Pots; Soap Ladders, Inkstands, Drinking Cups, &c. A large assortment of Imperial Glass. The Dish Covers, singly or in sets; Song Tongs, Brass and Iron Castles, sets Fire Irons; cast Steel Mills; circular, crosscut, whip, hand and back Saws; blacksmiths, wood and besting Files, whips and hand-saw Files.

Jack, trying, smoothing, mending and heating Plates; Spades, Shovels, and Axes; Brazed Adze Bits; drawing, chopping and mincing Knives; Bricklayers' Trowels, Carpenters' Rules; Binoculars, capstan, chest, till, mortice, and drawer Levers; Rings, assorted; round and flat spring Bolts; brass and iron Box Door Springs; sets of Iron Weights, from 4 lb down to Tea Kettles, Saucepans, Italian Irons, box Coffee Mills, Griddles, Stoves and Spindles.

A case of Cast STEEL, assorted; Blacksmith's best light Vices; Under Sizers and Dust Pans; Cook's Lutes and Forks.

An assortment of Stone Pitchers, Teapots, Sugar Basins, Cream Pitchers, and Mustard Pots, with Britannia metal Covers.

Sets of iron handled Knives and Forks, black ditto, Jack and stag do.; do. do. Carvers; Jack and Penknives; Rodgers best pocket Knives, Scissors, Razors, Glass Lanterns, six-pointed Water Kettles, Teapots, Sugar Basins, and Cream Pitchers. Boxes soap, Mould and Dye Candles.

—SUN DRY—
An extensive assortment of Forks, registers, Grates, Cooking Stoves, wood and cast Iron Stoves, Cast Iron Ploches, wrought and cast Iron Mills, Cranks, Ship Calashes of an improved pattern, ships Sails, a new article of Ships Wholes, Capstans, Copper Signal Lanterns, Lead Scuppers, &c.

Narrow and Broad Axes; Carpenters' Adzes and Mallets.
The Ware of all descriptions kept constantly on hand. Ship and Mill work of all kinds made to order at the shortest notice.

The Garland.

MY NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

Farewell, my loved mountains, I bid you adieu; Now dim, in the distance, ye fade from my view, And you still towering forms now in majesty rise From your footstool, the earth, to your home in the skies.

Ye glorious forms, as the friends of my youth, I have loved and revered you in fondness and truth, And though manhood has stamped its dark shade on my brow, Still my fondest affections are knit round you now.

I have seen you when Summer alone sweet on your head, And when Autumn's pale mantle o'er nature was spread— When the mild breath of Spring loosed your veins from the frost, And when Winter your peaks by its wild winds had tossed.

And I've loved your dark forms as on all sides they stood, A front of defiance to weak things below, And your sky piercing peaks, where I often have stood, And gazed down with rapture on lowland and wood.

And while bounding in freedom your rills sides along, And listening the music that swells in your gorges, How glorious and grand seemed your summits of snow, When compared to the weak things far scattered below.

The fall may be rich with its plentiful grain, And fatter with plenty the hopes of the swain, But its soil must be torn by the spade and the plough, And its harvest is gained by the sweat of his brow.

But you the same rocks, the same ruggedness show, That was seen by our fathers long ages ago, And that health and those rude mountain solitudes lone, All unchanged, will be gazed at when we are long gone.

I shall love you, O Slieve, as darkly you stand, The monarch of mountains, in kingly command— Your throne is the hill top, your crown is the cloud, The tempest your music, when howling most loud.

The eagle looks down on your rocks as his own, As he wheels his slow course o'er your summit alone; The live, unpurged, bounds your pathways along, And the gay fox sleeps safely your caverns among.

And now, my loved mountains, farewell, for a while— I shall meet with fresh scenes, all my eyes to beguile— I shall look on dark hill tops, all river and wood, Where the stranger delights in his mountain and food.

But, though glorious the hills of the stranger appear, And though high in the sky their dark heads they may rear, And though far their red torrents down dashing may sound, And though fleetly the toe on their lone sides may bound—

Yet oft I gaze on each wild mountain scene, Then I'll think of what is and what often has been— Then I'll feel mist the scenes of the stranger I roam, And my heart will rush back to my own mountain home.

Aye, my heart will rush back to old Erin's loved shore, And in fancy I'll stray o'er green Connaught more; And in quietude old Slieve and Douglas shall seem Again in the bright light of Summer to be before me.

M. Y. V.
Miscellaneous.

THE REVERSES OF A SEASON.
The evening of Thursday, the fifteenth of February, was one of the most delightful I ever remembered to have spent. I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting no checks or impediments in its current, and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and brilliant hopes.

My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without? The rain was pattering upon the skylight of the staircase; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—

as the heart's joy yielded to the pressure of my foot, while beating time to my own music, I sang in rather a louder tone than usual, my favourite air of "Judy O'Flanagan"—

the whistling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain, only served to enhance, in my estimation, the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from my evening engagements. Men—married men—may expatiate if they will, in good polished sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles; but I do not hesitate to affirm that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess, not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself, than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it.

We have their dinners, without the expense of them; we have their parties without the fatigue of those interminable domestic discussions, which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements of their homes, when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and economy; and, having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory illusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant change of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his own house and fireside, and furniture, and presume to exercise the rights of a master over them, unless he be independent of the fetters of wedlock.

No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life, unless he is a young unmarried man, with an attached elderly relative to wait upon him. I am so thoroughly convinced of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for you, Maria, could persuade me to relinquish my "unbound, free condition."

Nothing but my adoration of such an union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but under my peculiar and most favored circumstances, I only pass from a lower to a higher state of happiness.

True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of laboring to secure an angel's happiness, beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown, which, by-the-by, is of the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen—a large running pattern of gold birds, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pampadour-colored ground—and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued—

"There never can have been, as large a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria addresses me—Maria, Maria! To be sure she's detested at Brighton, but I hear from her every morning by the post, and we are bound to be united for life in a fortnight. Who was ever so loved for his love? Then again John Fraser—my old school-fellow! I don't believe there's any thing in the world he would not do for me—I'm sure there's no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except, perhaps, his old uncle Simon, and his black mare."

I had by this time returned to the fireplace, and, resenting myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland dog, having partook of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug as it digested. "And you, too, my old Neptune, art't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?"

Neptune finding himself addressed, awoke leaping from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

"Ay, to be sure you are, and a capital swimmer too!"

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail, first to the right hand, and then to the left.

"And is he not a fine, faithful fellow and does he not love his master?"

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation by again sinking into repose.

"That dog's a philosopher," I said; he never says a word more than is necessary;—then, again, not only blest in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, in these times too, that old lumbering house of my father's, with its black, bare, billi acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down on the very day the bargain was concluded.

By-the-by, though I had forgot—I may as well write to Messrs. Drax and Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately into Counts—mighty honest people and all that; but, faith, no solicitors should be trusted or trusted to!

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"Good heavens! can such cold-hearted treachery really be?"

"And so," continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculation, "and so I told Mr. Robert that I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got everything nice about them; but when they're broke up, or anything of that kind, then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle or make in their concerns."

(To be continued.)

John O'Grady's House.—Every one has heard of John O'Grady's house—every one has read *Diary of a Gentleman* from addressed to Captain O'Grady—

"How kind of you and brother Scott, Free Malton Kirk to John O'Grady's."

But though the phrase "John O'Grady's" is in every body's mouth, scarcely one in every hundred knows anything of its history and locality. I recollect having seen the following account of it in an old number, and I am certain that the publication of it would be a delicious morsel to a large majority of your readers. Here it is:—

In the parish of Oshesby, in Galway, which owes its name to the circumstance of the land, that to us event which it may not be improper to relate, as it illustrates a useful lesson of morality. In the reign of James IV. three brothers, Malcom, Gavin, and John de Great, settled in Galway from Ireland, with a letter from that Prince, recommending them to the courtesy and protection of his loving subjects in the county of Galway. These brothers purchased some land near Dingsby-head, and, in a short time, by the means of their families, who had been prepared of the land, that to us event which it may not be improper to relate, as it illustrates a useful lesson of morality.

These eight families, having lived peacefully for a number of years, established a meeting to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their ancestors. In the course of the festival, one of the necessary and agreeable means respecting the right of taking the dog, the head of the table, and such points of interest, (each containing for the solemnity and civility) which increased to such a degree as would not only have proved fatal, had not John de Great, in the midst of the banquet, which he was engaged to quell among themselves, their neighbors would fall upon them, and expel them from the country. He therefore expulged them by the use of blood and their mutual safety, to repair to the town, and he pledged himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedence, and prevent the possibility of such disputes at their future anniversary meetings. They acquiesced and departed in peace. In due time, John de Great, to repair to the town, and he pledged himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedence, and prevent the possibility of such disputes at their future anniversary meetings. They acquiesced and departed in peace.

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