## SAINT JOII OBSERVER.

|  |  |  |  |  | New Series.----Vol. I. No. 5. |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | NEW GOODS. <br> TAMES BURREIE <br> Corner of King \& Ciermain-streets, <br> Has received per St. John, Bellcarrigg, Miramichi, <br> and Eastern City, from Giasgow, Liverpool, Lon- don, and United States, a general assortment of <br> Staple and lancy | fourtuy. <br> LIFE'S EARVEST. <br> BY WM. EDWARD KNOWLES. <br> Ho, reaper of Life's Harvest, Why stand with rusted blade, And day begins to fade? | "maiden ant" affable in the extreme; and Angelica alwayreceived me with a smile, that I valued at a hightidprice than California and Australia to gether cond pay. <br> The Stqgers family led a quiet lire, with the $\left\lvert\, \begin{aligned} & \text { exceptionf } \\ & \text { cellars, no } \\ & \text { hill who haunted thentres and cider }\end{aligned}\right.$ cellars, ht harmonic meetings, and passed as disI seldom et any one at the Peeckham Villa bat | do not know how deeply and how devotedly," \&c. \&.c. I suppose it is quite unnecessary for me togive the remainder of the declaration, because no give the remainder of the declaration, bccause noone can be i innorant of the usual form of the words in these cases. Jt is as "stereotyped" ns an Ada little more, or what a $\boldsymbol{d}$ al of fibbing lovers must be puilty of when they come to the grand sceneof the domestic drama of "Jove!" Angelica hang her liead, and blushed, and pnnt- | have been successively cut off and removed to nake room for the new ones The largest one now measues 5 inchess ohy have been sent to Boston on exhibition. Every new leaf that appears henceforth will be accompanied by a flower <br> This rare and curious exotic has been visited during the past ow days by hundreds of persons whom Mr. Allen lias generously allowed to enter |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | LDLES' DRESS MATERIALS, in CachLustres, Cireassian Cloothe, Black and Coloured SATINS and Gros do Naps; Printed Mosilin DRESSES; <br> Paisley, satina and Cachmore Long and Square SH HWLS. broad cloths, <br> , Cassimeres, Doeskins, SatinGrey and White Cordto Molesk, Fancy and Twiled Tickings, Duck, <br> Tickings, Duck, Linens, Lawns,ITollands, Diapers, | And day begins to fade? Why stand ye idle, waitingFor reapers more to come! The golden morn is passing, | the family and occasionally a Signor Fidilini, who vas Angica's music and singing-master, and wassometime invited to ten in the evening, that he might dgght Papa-Staggers by piaying and sing |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | hand and began to cover it with kisses, when slie sna thed it from me in such haste, that her diamond and pearl ring scratched riy finger. I was |  |
|  |  | Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gather in the grain, | might dgght Papa-Staggers by piaying and sing ing duet with Angelica. I can't say I liked his doing sanyself, and alwavs considered his doublebass grol spoiled the silvery notes of lis pupil's | "Mr. Jones, I can listen no moic. I assure you | any of our readers visit it they will remember that off!" is the rule of propriety.-[Salem Observer. |
|  |  | And gather in the grain, The night is fast approanh ang And soon will cone again. | bass grol spoiled the silvery notes of lis pupil's voice; ad then I had a great oljection to seeing his jewlled fingers hopping about and jumring over Arelicic's on the piano, in some of thase |  | Mrs. Grumble's Soliloquy. <br> "There's no calculating the difiference between men and women boarrders. Here's Mr. Jones, |
|  |  | Thy Master calls for reapers, Thy Master calls for And shall he call in vain? | over Atedien's on the piano, in some of those musical rework pieces they played together. Buthe was very quiet, gentlemanly fellow, and remarkablitrespectitul in this manner to Angclica, so that theb could be no real cause for jealousy -but!-the word seemed quite absurd to use in such | "It is not that, sir : it is that I cannot reciprocate the attachment you profess for me." |  |
|  |  |  |  | "If you have any generosity in your heart, Mr. <br> Jones, you will cease this strain at once. You |  |
|  | Printed Corross, Cotton Warps ; Harness, Filled <br> Bordered Bookk Muslin; $;$, Rod Dnd white FLANNELS, Buslins, Bonnet and Cap <br> RIbBoas | In morning's ruddy glow, Nor wait until the dial | My fther pronounced me the ialest clerk he over $h$ h. I am not sure that he was quite wrong,but he tite suspected the cause. While I ought |  | tented as a pedagogue in vacation time. Take a woinan to beard, and (if it is perfectly convenient)she would like drapery instead of drop curtains; |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | ${ }_{\substack{\text { And paw } \\ \text { Draw }}}$ | ing facky portraits of Angelica ; while I should was etrrossing my thoughts ; instead of studying |  | she would like drapery instead of drop curtains sine'd like the windows altered to open at the top, |
|  |  |  |  |  | more nails and another shelf in her closet, and a beuch to put her feet on, and a little rocking chair, and a big looking-glass, and a peagreen shade for |
|  |  |  | was etgrossing my thoughts; instead of studying of my ittachment. To plead well my own cause |  | and a big looking-glass, and a peagreca shade for |
|  |  | ach out the golden pr o wild and wayward unt up the heights of nd crush each erro | with hrself and her father was the only sort of pleading I cared for; while the answer I might ret to my suit w.ig of tell thousand timea |  | tue rong, which hooks her nereses so, alto. |
|  |  |  | onseouence in my eyes than all the answers in all the fusty old Chancery-suits in all the lawyers' | lica. "There will je murder ; I know he'll fight, and you might kill- |  <br>  |
|  |  |  | Byronsupplied food to the mimed tiat ought to have been itent on Coke und Blackstone. Apollo, God |  |  |
|  |  |  | of Podry, and Venus, deification of Love, answer mithe a more weing, a more corppletely fish out of water individual than a lawyer's clerk in love |  | She can't digest a roast or a fried dish ; ;sio might possibly peck at an egg, if it were boiled with one |
|  |  |  |  | throw myself on your generosity. He is my husband !" <br> "Fidilini? -the devil !" I exclaimed. | eyeo on the wath. Patarty yhe enver ante unlessgie knows from what tinivy the but.cr cume whicl enters int oits composition. Every article of food prepared with butter, salt, pepper, mustard, vme. |
|  |  |  | After long and painful watcthing, I became convinced, in spite of a lover's fears, that Angelica wis not ins it |  |  |
|  |  | [From the New York "Albion.'] the crisis of my existence. | Was not insensibie to ny a attachment. Ane Mite bouquets I bugght for her at Covent Garden Mar- ket were received with a look that thrilled through |  |  |
|  |  | I'm not a sentimental man now. I have passed that state of existence long since, as a man whose |  |  |  |
|  | HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | did hose eyese se surounded |  | He thest of that evening Mr Mr suagers brourt | She in often atiticted with interesting inite eolda |
|  |  |  | poice as she adidressed me, different from the se.fpossession she displayed in conversation with | inform me, in a whisper, that his nerociations |  |
|  |  | and a aonly bacchanalian dithtalk of the most dinity | little signs, visible though indescribable, that An- <br> gelica staggers knew that I loved her and was | much surprised at the cool indifference with which I received this piece of information, for he littleknew how worthless were the consents of the pa- |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | through a quadrille in ringlets and clear muslin. "Horrid wretch"' I hear some lady reader exto throw down the book in disgust. Stay one | , | pas in the present instance. <br> Of all the artful little hussies that ever lived, | All you have to do is to wind them up in the morning with a powerful cup of coffee, give them acarte blanche to smoke, and a night-key, and your work is done." - Fanny Fern. |
|  |  | moment, fair lady, I beseech you, and you shall my "days of guid langentimental | but I was doubtful whether that was the most safe course to pursue in order to secure the prize. It | deciledly that girl is the most complete! thought I, as I watched the quiet and composed manner in which Angelica behaved during dinner, and |  |
|  |  | may throw down the book if you please and call me a "horrid wretch" if you can. What a pretty, little, gauty, fairy-like creaturewas Angelica Sta | crusty old gentlemen that look on a young fellow as little better than a pickpocket, who dares to |  | Hon. Edward Ever- |
|  |  |  | gaiu a daughter's affections without first askingher papa's permission to do so. On the other hand, I was quite aware that other ladies dont like th be | Soly | d |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | aded ; thero is two much of the Miahomed them- | strangled the fellow against all resistance. Id Id not sleep. |  |
|  |  |  the postman's rap at the street door. Bi' I staggers (it isn't a prety name, Staggers -but then, Ange: ica !) was a schooltellow of mine Schen $A$ nge |  | Next morning I was at the omee as usual, andreally trying to work hard to keep my thoughts really trying to work hard to keep my thoughtsfrom dwelling on Angelica. About ten o'clock my father rushed into the room where I was seat- | "No chapter of romance equals the interest in this expedition. The most fascinating of the worksof fiction which have issued from the modern press have to mv |
| First Spring Importations. |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | , resed to hive an interview with Sli. Staggers, | " Iou young scoundrel!" screamed my father <br> I was really alarmed, for I thought that both those respectable elderly gentiomen must have gone mad. I stared, in open-muuthed astonish. inent. | have tomy tuet no natrection compared with he |
|  | legs are painless, without scain or scars, and her sleepsound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the suf |  | Uwo horses that hay never been uroke that had been loaded for ten years? Did he ever walk through long grass notoriusty Iull one horse over stoney |  |  |
|  |  | went into his father's counting-room in the city, and I into my father's office in Gray's Inn, the mat- |  |  | Irving and Prescott, the last two enjoying the advantage over the great Scottish historian of pos- sessing the lately discovered journals and letters of y discovered journais and |
|  |  aleviating the sufferiugs of f fellow rraume WULMA GALPIN. | $r$ was different. <br> me to his fimily. This consisted of his papa, a pompous old fellow who |  |  | mbus himself. The departure from Palos Te a few years before lie had begred d morseel |
|  | a person to years of age cured of a bad <br>  |  |  | "Answer, sir "" shouted my father, as I looked |  |
|  |  |  | ladies in the presence of the ladies themselves, and before he had at all "primed" himself? Did he |  | ries; his entrance upon the trade winds which then for the first time filled a European sail ; the portentous variation of the needle, |
|  |  |  |  | "I don't know," I replied. <br> "You lie, sir," cried Staggers. <br> "Yiou are quibbling, sir" aided my tather |  |
|  |  |  | across a chasin some hundreds of feet in depth : witness to the fact that he has had some experience | you know what we mean. <br> "Is she married!" said Staggers: "answer that." | ward, day after day and night after night, over theunknown ocean ; the mutinous and ill-appeased crew ; at length the tokens of land, the cloud- |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| duare, |  | pinched in her nose, pinched in her mouth, and and in her views of things in general ; and lastly of the daughter of the house-the divine | of nervous work; but if he has never been backparloured with a grave, pompons old father, of whom he | " Really, I- <br> "Answer plainiy, sir, and without shuffling" cried me father. | crew; at length the tokens of land, the cloud-banks on the western horizon, the logs of driftwood, the fresh slirub floating with its leaves and herries, the flocks of land-birds, the shoals of fighthat inhabit shailow water, the indescribable smell |
|  |  |  | whom he is about to ask his daughter's hand, then, I say his experience of real, genuine, " nervous work" is but infantile after all. Naking a decla- | cried my father. <br> I beliere she is," I answered <br> "Believe! why you young villain, when you |  |
|  |  | Angeice herselfferibe Angeliea as ffrst saw her | work" is but infantile after all. Making a decla ration to the lady herself is nothing to it, thoug a little embarrassing too; but then you know that | knove whether you thave mu mrined her or not, hour dare you tallis abont what you beliece <br> in surprise <br> her! I'm not married to her '" I cried <br> What <br> he- -does all this mean :" exclaimed | Lhe shore, the mysterious presentiment that ever <br>  |
|  | a dreadfle bad breast clred in one Extract of a Letter /rom Mlr. Fmederick Tirner, of Pens | afternoon, dressed in the most charming of muslin negligre dresses, reclining in a large easy chair, | a litite embe is in as much trepidation as yourself and not watching you with a coid calculating eye, weighing your expressions, and drawing conclu |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | toving light seen by the lleepless eye of the uiscover intuself fom tuse deck of ne san rin, and in the morning the real undoubted |
|  |  | and embroidering on a frame a pair of worsted slippers for ler papa? How haill I ever oive an slippers for her papa? How shall 1 ever give an accurate picture ef her beaatiful, light, golden hair that literally glittered in the mys of the sunshin |  | my father, losing all patience. "Miss Staggers has un off from her fatier's huuse-with you, it's sus |  |
|  | the best medical attendance, hut alt to no use. Having before healed an au ful wound in my own leg by your un- rivalled medicine, I determined again to use your fills and |  |  |  |  |
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