

Established in 1818. Under the title of "The Star." Whole No. 1210.

Published on Thursdays by DONALD A. CAMERON. TERMS—15s. per annum, exclusive of postage, half in advance.

The Observer Office is removed to the new First Floor Brick Building, owned by John Johnston Esq., North West corner of the Market Square and Dock street, adjoining the "Victoria House."

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK. Discount Days... Tuesday and Friday. Hours of Business, from 10 to 2.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK. Discount Days... Tuesday and Friday. Hours of Business, from 10 to 2.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. Discount Days... Tuesday and Friday. Hours of Business, from 10 to 2.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 10 to 2 o'clock.

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY. Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 10 to 2 o'clock.

INDIA HOUSE. Wholesale and Retail Tea, Wine, and General Grocery Establishment.

REMOVAL. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS, have removed to their new range of Stores in Nelson-street, where they offer for sale a large stock of goods.

Marine Assurance. THE Subscriber continues to effect Insurance on Marine Risks at moderate rates, and will be happy to devote a part of his time to making Statements of Averages.

NOTICE. JAMES SIMONDS has commenced Business in this City, as a Commission Merchant, and is now prepared to receive Consignments at his Store in Messrs. Adams & Davidson's Fire Proof Brick Building, Nelson-street.

NOTICE. THE Business hitherto carried on by HOLLDSWORTH & DANIEL, will in future be conducted by the subscriber. All persons having demands against the Firm are requested to present their Accounts for adjustment, and those indebted will oblige by an early settlement.

NOTICE. THE Subscriber begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he still continues to purchase all Silver at 4s. per oz., old Copper at 6d. per lb., Brass at 4d. per lb., old Lead at 11d., and old Iron at 3d. per lb.—He further states, that he will not purchase from any person or persons under the age of maturity, and that they must identify that they are legally entitled to dispose of the same, and give in their names and places of abode.

NOTICE. ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of JOHN FERGUSON, Esquire, late of this City, deceased, are requested to hand in their claims for adjustment at the Office of JOHN KEAN & Co., and all persons indebted are desired to make payment without delay.

TURNING, CARVING, &c. THE Subscriber having engaged an experienced Workman, is prepared to execute all kinds of Turning & Carving, at the shortest notice. He keeps constantly on hand Mahogany in Logs, Scouting, Plank, Boards, and Timbers, which, with a general assortment of CABINET FURNITURE, Hair Mattresses, &c. he offers for sale on favourable terms, for approved payment.

The Garland.

EARLY WOOD AND WON.

BY MRS. ARBY.

Early wood and early won, Was never repeated under the sun!

O! sigh not for the fair young bride, Gone in her opening bloom,

Far from her kindred, loved and tried, To glad another home;

Already are the gay brief days Of girlish triumph done,

And tranquil happiness repays The early wood and won.

Four shall invade her peace no more, Nor sorrow, and the least,

Her passing rivalries are o'er, Her passing doubts at rest;

The glittering haunts of worldly state Love whippers her to shew,

Since scenes of purer bliss await The early wood and won.

Here is a young and guileless heart, Confiding, fond, and warm,

Unweary'd by passion's storm, Unweary'd by the world's vain mart,

In "hope deferred" she hath not pined, Till Hope's sweet course was run;

No chains of ad remembrance bind The early wood and won.

Her smiles and songs have ceased to grace The halls of festal mirth,

But woe's sad self-dwelling place Is by a true one's heart;

Her hours of duty, joy, and love, In brightness have begun;

Peace be her portion four and seven, The early wood and won.

OR BEING THE STATUE OF A SPINNING GIRL AT THE SEAT OF THE DUKES OF DEVONSHIRE.

Spin on, most beautiful—

There's no man to mock Thy simple labour here. Majestic forms

Of high renown, and brows of classic grace, Whose sculptural features speak the breathing

soil, Rise in illustrious ranks, but do not scorn The lowly toil—

Even so, it was of old, Of patient industry and honest toil,

Reproachless wrought, twining the slender thread From the light distaff—or in skillful loom,

Weaving rich tissues, or with glowing tints Of rich embroidery, plumed to decorate

The mantle of her lord—And it was well, For in such shelter'd and congenial sphere,

Content with duty dwelt—

Yet few there were, Sweet Filtrix—who in their earnest task

Found sweet retreat, and hush of classic grace, And sparkling fountains, and umbreguous trees,

And parks for stretching, where the antler'd deer Forget the loud and horn—

And we, who roam 'Mid all this grand enchantment—proud saloons,

And galleries radiant with the gems of art, And princely chapels uttering praise to God—

Or lose ourselves amid the wildering maze Of plants and flowers, and fragrant woods,

For their amenity to Him—delighted lay This slight memorial at thy snowy feet.

L. H. SHOUENRY.

Chatsworth, October 7th, 1840.

Miscellaneous.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY GEORGE B. BENTLEY.

I have seen the infant sinking down, like a stricken fowler, to the grave—the strong

man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle—the miserable convict standing

upon the scaffold with a curse quivering on his lips—I have viewed death in all its forms

of darkness and vengeance—but I could not look on woman feeling away from the earth

in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountain of life

turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible—but when a form of angel beauty is

passing off to the silent land of sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely in the universe

is ceasing from existence, and broods with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely

thoughts, that come up like spectres from the grave to haunt our midnight musings.

Two weeks ago, I took up my residence for a few years in a country village in the eastern

part of New England. Soon after my arrival I became acquainted with a lovely girl,

apparently but 18 years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest

love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death

on her brow. I first met her in the presence of the faithful—her brow was garlanded

with the young year's sweetest flowers; her yellow locks were beautiful and hung low

upon her bosom—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating and unearthly

grace, that the bewildered gazer almost looked to see her fade into the air, like the creation

of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful even and gay; yet I saw that her gaiety

was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, yet there was something in her

smile which told that his mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear—and her

eyes, at times, closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that

was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene

of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her head down upon the fresh

green earth, and poured out her soul's grief, till it mingled with the eternal fountain

of life and purity. I have lately heard, that the beautiful girl, of whom I have spoken, is dead. The close

of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking breeze that lingers

for a time around a bed of roses, and then dies as "where from very sweetness."

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a

bubble cast up by the Ocean of Eternity, to float a moment on its waves, and sink into

darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that high and glorious aspirations, which leap

like angels from the temples of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied?

Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty

that is not of the earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded

loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which "hold their festivals around the midnight

throne," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their un-

approaching glory? And finally, why is it that the light forms of human beauty are

presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our

tears to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny

than that of earth. There is a realm, where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will

spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the Ocean; and where the beautiful

beings, which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.

Bright creature of my dreams—in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy lot

image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams

are glowing in the light of the many stars, the world would be much happier and much

better than it is. Henry Clay and his noble household give us an example worthy of all

imitation.—N. Y. Express.

A COAT OF MANY COLOURS.—It is to this day the custom in the East, to adorn favoured

or beautiful children with a garment of many colours. Crimson and purple, and other

colours, are often sewed together. A child having a garment of this description, it is

believed that no evil spirit will injure him. Children seldom wear them after their

eight years of age; but it must have been the custom of the ancients referred to in the

Bible to have worn them longer, as we read of Tamar having "a garment of divers

colours upon her, for with such robes were the king's daughters that were bestowing apparel."

The reason given for Israel bestowing a dress of this description on Joseph was, that "Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age; and he made him a coat of many colours."—Robert's

Illustrations of Scripture.

MANUFACTURE OF TAR.—The machinery of the world could scarcely go on

without tar, yet we seldom think of acquiring how it is made. Fir-trees (pinus

silvestris) which are stunted, or, from situation, not adapted for the saw mill, are

peeled of the bark a fathom or two up the stem, this is done by degrees, so that

the tree shall not decay and dry at once, but for five or six years should remain

in a vegetating state, alive, but not growing. The sap thus checked makes

the wood richer in tar; and at the end of six years, the tree is cut down, and is

found converted to be almost entirely into the substance from which tar is distilled.

The roots, rotten stumps, and scorched trunks of the trees felled for clearing land,

are all used for making tar. In the burning or distilling of the tar, the weather,

rain, or wind, in packing the kiln, will make a difference of 15 or 20 per cent. in

the produce of tar. The labour of transporting the tar out of the forest to the

river side is very great. The barrels containing tar are always very thick and

strong, because, on the way to market, they have often to be committed to the

stream to carry them down the rapids and waterfalls.—Lainig's Tour in Sweden.

WESTPHALIA HAMS.—The celebrated Westphalia hams derive their superiority

from the manner in which they are smoked. This is performed in the third or

fourth stories of buildings, to which the smoke is conducted in tubes from oak

or maple chips, in the cellar of the building; in passing this distance the vapor which

smoke usually holds, is deposited, and the hams are perfectly dry and cool during

the whole process.

The Hampshire bacon, from England, is made from pork not scalded in dressing,

but deprived of the hair by quick fires of straw; this smoking is repeated two or

three times, as the case may require, when the hog is cut up, pickled, and carefully

smoked; the hams are particularly hard and fine, which is attributed to the skin

not having been softened by scalding.

The great defects in smoking commonly are, the meat is placed too near the fire,

and the condensation of the vapor keeps them damp; dryness, while smoking, is indispensable to good bacon.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.—The Duke found that one of his tenants,

a small farmer, was falling year after year, into arrears of rent. The Duke rode to the farm,

saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was really an experienced and

industrious farmer, totally unable to manage it, from poverty. In fact, all that was on the

farm was not enough to pay the arrears. "John," said the Duke, as the farmer came

to meet him as he rode up to the house, "I want to look over the farm a little."

"I will be glad to do so, if you will," said he, "everything is in very bad case. This won't do. I see you are quite under

me. I will tell you what I must do. I must take the farm into my own hands

you shall look after it for me, and I will pay you your way." Of course there was

no saying nay—the poor man bowed assent. Presently there came a reinforcement

of stock, the loads of manure at the proper time seed, and wood from the

plantations for repairing gates and buildings. The Duke rode over frequently

to a red; and by adding a little of the solution of soda to the red, it will assume a fine green;

"hold their festivals around the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our limited

faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproaching glory? And finally, why is it that the light forms of human beauty are

presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our tears to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our

hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm, where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will

spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the Ocean; and where the beautiful beings, which here pass before us like

visions, will stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of my dreams—in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy lot

image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars,

the world would be much happier and much better than it is. Henry Clay and his noble household give us an example worthy of all

imitation.—N. Y. Express.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—We heard Mr. Clay in a debate a day or two since, upon the Loan Bill, remark that for twenty or thirty years,

he had not his wife had owed any man a dollar. Both of them, many years gone by,

had come to the conclusion, that the best principle of economy was this, "never to get

into debt." To indulge your wants when you are not able to indulge them. The example is not only an excellent one for itself,

but comes from a high source. To represent the nation as the wisest, safest, and most necessary principles of political economy. It

prevents not only the dangerous practice of living beyond the means, but encourages the safe precedent of living within them. If all

who could, would live within their means, the world would be much happier and much better than it is. Henry Clay and his noble household give us an example worthy of all

imitation.—N. Y. Express.

A COAT OF MANY COLOURS.—It is to this day the custom in the East, to adorn favoured or beautiful children with a garment of many

colours. Crimson and purple, and other colours, are often sewed together. A child having a garment of this description, it is believed that no evil spirit will injure him.

Children seldom wear them after their eight years of age; but it must have been the custom of the ancients referred to in the Bible to have worn them longer, as we read of Tamar having

"a garment of divers colours upon her, for with such robes were the king's daughters that were bestowing apparel."

The reason given for Israel bestowing a dress of this description on Joseph was, that "Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age; and he made him a coat of many colours."—Robert's

Illustrations of Scripture.

MANUFACTURE OF TAR.—The machinery of the world could scarcely go on without tar, yet we seldom think of acquiring how it is made.

Fir-trees (pinus silvestris) which are stunted, or, from situation, not adapted for the saw mill, are peeled of the bark a fathom or two up the stem, this is done by degrees, so that

the tree shall not decay and dry at once, but for five or six years should remain in a vegetating state, alive, but not growing.

The sap thus checked makes the wood richer in tar; and at the end of six years, the tree is cut down, and is found converted to be almost entirely into the substance from which tar is distilled.

The roots, rotten stumps, and scorched trunks of the trees felled for clearing land, are all used for making tar. In the burning or distilling of the tar, the weather,

rain, or wind, in packing the kiln, will make a difference of 15 or 20 per cent. in the produce of tar. The labour of transporting the tar out of the forest to the river side is very great.

The barrels containing tar are always very thick and strong, because, on the way to market, they have often to be committed to the stream to carry them down the rapids and waterfalls.—Lainig's Tour in Sweden.

WESTPHALIA HAMS.—The celebrated Westphalia hams derive their superiority from the manner in which they are smoked.

This is performed in the third or fourth stories of buildings, to which the smoke is conducted in tubes from oak or maple chips, in the cellar of the building;

in passing this distance the vapor which smoke usually holds, is deposited, and the hams are perfectly dry and cool during the whole process.

The Hampshire bacon, from England, is made from pork not scalded in dressing, but deprived of the hair by quick fires of straw;

this smoking is repeated two or three times, as the case may require, when the hog is cut up, pickled, and carefully smoked; the hams are particularly hard and fine, which is attributed to the skin not having been softened by scalding.

The great defects in smoking commonly are, the meat is placed too near the fire, and the condensation of the vapor keeps them damp; dryness, while smoking, is indispensable to good bacon.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.—The Duke found that one of his tenants, a small farmer, was falling year after year, into arrears of rent.

The Duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was really an experienced and industrious farmer, totally unable to manage it, from poverty.

In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears. "John," said the Duke, as the farmer came to meet him as he rode up to the house, "I want to look over the farm a little."

"I will be glad to do so, if you will," said he, "everything is in very bad case. This won't do. I see you are quite under me. I will tell you what I must do. I must take the farm into my own hands

you shall look after it for me, and I will pay you your way." Of course there was no saying nay—the poor man bowed assent.

Presently there came a reinforcement of stock, the loads of manure at the proper time seed, and wood from the plantations for repairing gates and buildings.

The Duke rode over frequently to a red; and by adding a little of the solution of soda to the red, it will assume a fine green;

"hold their festivals around the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproaching glory? And finally, why is it that the light forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our tears to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm, where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the Ocean; and where the beautiful beings, which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of my dreams—in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy lot image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, the world would be much happier and much better than it is. Henry Clay and his noble household give us an example worthy of all imitation.—N. Y. Express.

ly. The man exerted himself, and seemed really quite relieved from a load of care by the change. Things speedily assumed a new aspect. The crops and stock flourished; fences and out-buildings were put into good order. In two or three

months, it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was making its way. The Duke on his next visit said, "Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again; you shall be tenant again, and, as you have your head fairly above water, I hope you will be enabled to keep it there." The Duke rode off at his usual rapid rate; the man stood in astonishment; but a happy

followed he was, when, on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm just as it stood in its restored condition. I will venture to say, however, that the Duke himself was the happier man of the two.

—W. Howitt.

AN IDEA ABOUT DANCING.—When I saw the sylph-like English floating through the night, I could not refrain from sighing at the thought that grace and elegance like hers should be doomed to know the withering effect of time; and that those agile limbs should one day become as stiff and helpless as others.

An old dance is an anomaly. She is like an old rose, rendered more displeasing by the recollection of former attractions. Then to see the figure bounding in air, habit and effort effecting something like that which the agility peculiar to youth formerly enabled her to execute almost *à contre*; while the laggard feet, and distorted smile revealing yellow teeth, tell a tale of departed youth. Yes, an old dance is a melancholy object; more so, because it is cared for than the broken-down raver, or worn-out hunter.—The Iller in France.

"Speak to a child—any child—in a calm, positive, clear voice, and he will be sure to obey you, if you speak once; and only once."—Mrs. Sigourney.

THE OBSERVER.

FIRST BATTALION CITY MILITIA.

The very imposing ceremony of presenting new colours to the Battalion, took place immediately after His Excellency came on the ground.

The Battalion was drawn up in line facing the Barracks, and received His Excellency at open order—the Battalion presenting arms and the Artillery firing a salute. After His Excellency had passed along the line, the ranks were closed and the Battalion formed three ranks square, the Left Flank Company in the front, the Right Flank Company in the rear, and the Battalion in the middle.

</





