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THE GARLAND.

THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK, including Australia. By T. K. Hervey.

This is a complete collection of Mr. Hervey's poems, and no one can peruse them without feeling struck with the great beauty of most of the pieces it contains. Tenderness is the writer's forte. There is little of the grand or spirit-stirring. The following, entitled "Wishes," is very pleasing.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Oh! for the wings we used to wear,
When the heart was like a bird,
And floated still through summer air,
And painted all it looked on fair,
And sung to all it heard,
When fancy pass'd the seal of truth,
On all the promises of youth!

Oh! for the wings which which the dove
Flies to the valley of her rest,
To take us to some pleasant grove,
Where hearts are not afraid to love,
And truth is sometimes blest,
To make the spirit mount again,
That time has bow'd, and grief, and pain!

It may not—oh! it may not be!
I cannot soar on fancy's wing,
And hope has been,—like thee, like thee!
These many weary years, to me,
A test and martyr's trial;
Are there no pinions left to bear
Me where the good and gentle are?

Yes, rise upon the morning's wing,
And, far beyond the furthest sea,
Where Autumn is the mate of Spring,
And Winter comes not withering,
There is a home for thee!
Away—away—and fly thy lead
In the low valley of the dead!

THE BREWSTER; A Poem, in Three Cantos.

In this poem, which is said to be the production of a youthful author, we discern much promise, and not a little of able performance. To avoid altogether the track and process of Byron in a serio-comic poem of the octavo stanza, is doubtless no easy prescription; but in the present example, if we are sometimes reminded of the above great authority, it is chiefly by the snatches of powerful thought which occur from time to time, and seldom by the mere formalities of imitation.—The subject, (the catastrophe of the Brunswick Theatre), is one that offers no very obvious invitation to poetical treatment; but perhaps our aspirant has found a pleasure in the contest with arduous materials. We select from the second Canto, four stanzas, and evince a vivid force of recollection and expression.—*Ibid.*

Some early rush into life's ocean—
But later farrow'd to domestic joys;
But, soon or late, the hour is sure to come,
Which all our earthly bloom of life destroys.
Me, ling'ring long in the sweet lap of home,
Fancy and Hope long met with their voice,
Long kept me strange to the sickening strife,
And all the cold realities of life.

But ah! full soon, the disencumber came,
And all at once the fairy vision broke;
Fleeting was the voice of hope, the dream of time,
And bright romance was shiver'd at the stroke.
The rounds I then around me saw the same,
But where the charm in every voice that spoke?
Gone, gone forever, with the light which shone
Within my breast—the charm was there alone!

What was my heart before?—a joyous dwelling,
Whom chambers echoed to a sparkling throng,
Where infant Hope highland'd his gleaming ring,
While all the pastorist listened to his song.
Where music on voluptuous gale was swelling,
And life in one bright stream was borne along;
Fancy was there, and Love his garlands wreathing,
And all the flow'rs of life their sweets were breathing.

Behold it after!—many a dreary taken
In scatters o'er the walls where gladness rung,
Gay garlands wither'd, and proud arches broken,
And lighted instruments of joy unstrung;
And many a wish that was in rapture spoken,
Hath died away with thoughts no longer young;
While torturing memory, like a gloomy ghost,
Yet lingers there, and murmurs, "All is lost!"

THE MISCELLANEOUS.

INCONVENIENCES OF RANK.—In the newspaper accounts of the newly elected pope, it appears that nothing could exceed his repugnance to be chosen. He begged and even wept to be let off. You are to consider, he is an old man labouring under a mortal disease (which is one circumstance that led to his elevation)—to be taken from the situation of cardinal (in itself a very enviable one), and thrust violently into a mass of business, of questions and cabals which will distract him, and where he can gain no thanks and may incur every kind of odium. It is true, he has an opportunity of making the fortunes of his family; and if he prefer them to himself, it is all very well, but not else. To persons of a restless and aspiring turn of mind, ambition and grandeur are very fine things, but to others they are the most intolerable tax. There is our own KING—there is no conceiving the punishment that those processions and public show-days are to him—he might almost as well have to appear naked in public—and then as to all the pomp and glitter that we so much admire, it is to those who are accustomed to it and who see behind the curtain, like so much cast-off rags and tinsel of Monmouth-street finery.—They hold it in inconceivable scorn, and yet they can hardly do without it, from the slavery of habit. Then the time of such people is never their own—they are always performing a part (and generally a forced and irksome one), in what no way interests or concerns them. The late King, to whom rank was a real drag, used to stand buried in a pile of papers, so that you could not see those on the other side of the table, which he had merely to sign; and when he had written his name till his fingers ached, then he would beg to go and take a walk in the garden, and come back to work at them for three hours more. It is no wonder kings are sometimes seen to retire to a monastery where religion leaves this asylum open to them, or are glad to return to their shepherd's crook, or again, look at those labourers at the top of the house yonder, working from morning till night and exposed to all weathers for a bare pittance, without hope to sweeten their toil, and driven on by necessity—when we look at others, whether those above or below us, we have little reason to be dissatisfied with our situation in life. But, in all cases it is necessary to employ means to ends, be the object what it may; and where the first have not been taken, it is both unjust and foolish to

repine at the want of success. The common expression, "Fortune's Fools," may seem to convey a slur on the order of providence; but it rather shows the equality of its distributions. Are the men of capacity to have all the good things to themselves? They are proud of their supposed superiority; why are they not contented with it? If a fool is not so rich, the next thing would be that none but men of genius should have a coat to their backs, or be thought fit to live. If they were left to them to provide food or clothes, they would have none for themselves. It is urged as a striking inequality that men like Sir Robert Peel, for instance, should rise to great wealth and honours, while thousands of manufacturers are labouring hard at one or two shillings a day; but we are to recollect, that if it had not been for men like Sir Robert Peel, the working classes would have been perishing for want; they collect the others together, give a direction and find a vent for their industry, and may be said to exercise a part of *sovereign* capacity. Every thing has its place and due subordination. If authors had the direction of the world, nothing would be left standing but printing-presses.—*London Atlas.*

AMUSING ECCENTRICITY OF A WITNESS.

The following account is given, in a Bath paper, of a whimsical witness examined at Gloucester Assizes in a case *Nicholas vs. Storer*.—It was an action to recover the sum of £24, for goods sold and delivered.—Mr. Taunton said that the plaintiff was a cooper, and the defendant a publican, and it being admitted that the goods were delivered.—Mr. Phillips for the defendant, said he should prove that the plaintiff had agreed to accept 4s. 6d. in the pound, in common with the defendant's other creditors; and that he had actually been paid to that amount. He then called as a witness

Joseph Pope, a respectable looking man, about 40 years of age, rather dark complexion, and curly hair. On entering the box he exclaimed, Here am I, Joseph Pope.

Mr. Godson—What are you, Mr. Pope?

Witness—I am an auctioneer when I am at Bristol—here I am a witness.

Some of the counsel made remarks upon the oddity of this answer, in a low tone to each other, upon which he, in an under tone also, seemed to be lecturing them upon the impropriety of interfering in any way with a witness under examination.

Mr. Godson—Did you assist in compromising with the creditors of the defendant?

Witness—How could I refuse it when he was in distress?—"Joseph" says he—that's to me, "Joseph," says he, "it is all up."—"Well," says I, "how up? I suppose you are dish'd?"

(Here the witness, as he proceeded, kept tapping the point of his fore-finger into the palm of his hand.) My Lord you see, dish'd in our country means done up—clean done—all up.

The risible faculties of the whole court, which from the time he entered the box were in a state of excitement, were now giving way to uncontrolled laughter.

Mr. Godson—Did you apply to Hopkins to sign the agreement?

Witness—You shall hear. (A laugh.) "Storer," says I, "avoid the law—I have nothing to do with the law." (Much laughter.) I will endeavour to settle the business for you.

Mr. Baron Vaughan—But this is no answer to the question.

Witness—My Lord I will answer every thing like an honest and upright auctioneer, as I am. (Great laughter.) Suppose now sir, you were in distress, and you come to me and say, "Joseph, my friend Joseph, it's (immense laughter)." "What is it?" says I, "you are not answering the question, did you tell Hopkins that it was all up with Storer?"

Mr. Godson—You afterwards valued the goods of Storer?

Witness—Certainly, I did.

Mr. Godson—Were there not two casks of beer missing which had been taken to Mrs. Williams's?

Witness—I am no drayman. (A laugh.)

Mr. Godson—I did not say you were, but you call them if two barrels of beer were not missing?

Witness—Two casks were found absent, as we say in our country. (A laugh.) I heard that they were found at the Swan Inn.

Mr. Godson—Does not Mrs. Williams keep the Swan Inn?

Witness—She does. I beg your pardon, no! The Swan Inn keeps her. (Great laughter.)

Mr. Baron Vaughan—Sir, we wish for your answers and not for your wit.

Witness—I beg your Lordship's pardon, but I wish to be correct. (Immense laughter.)

Mr. Godson—Now, Mr. Pope, tell me if you remember any thing about the payment of seven sovereigns to Mr. Hopkins?

Witness, (after a pause)—Must I speak the truth about this matter? (Great laughter.)

Mr. Godson—Yes, indeed, you must.

Witness—Well, then I will tell the whole affair candidly, like an honest appraiser, as I am. I went to Hopkins, and I said, "Hopkins, you ought to sign this agreement, because it will be of double use to you, as you can afterwards serve both Storer and Mrs. Williams again." Mr. Hopkins knowing me, and feeling my pulse, intimated that it would be right to have something in hand. I said, "I will give you seven sovereigns if you sign the agreement." And, good God, my Lord, if you were in distress, and came to me as a friend, could I do less than endeavour to bring you through it? (Roars of

laughter.) "I will give you seven sovereigns," said I. "Dab, says Daniel," cried he, and the thing was done in a moment. (There was an elderly gentleman, with a bald head, sitting close to the witness box, and underneath the witness, who had an uncommon share of action to all his words. "As he uttered the words," "Dab, says Daniel," he slapped his open hand upon the bald head of the gentleman beneath him, who was altogether unprepared for such an event. The witness, quite unconscious of what he had done, went on talking as if nothing was the matter, while the whole court were convulsed with laughter.)

Mr. Godson—Did you commit this conversation to writing?

Witness, (indignantly)—Sir, a man's word is as good as his oath. (A laugh.)

Mr. Godson—Now, my good friend, did you commit this to writing?

Witness—I told my friend Storer, "Don't go to law Storer," says I; "I don't go to law, or you'll be ruined." (A laugh.) A paper was handed to the witness, and he was asked if he had ever seen it before, and he answered in the affirmative. Mr. Phillips—

I do not wish you to read it—give it back to me—give it me—sir, do you hear, give it to me—I insist on your giving it.

The witness all this time kept reading the paper, holding it about two or three inches from the learned counsel's hand and gradually moving it away as he stretched for the purpose of catching it, and never taking his eyes off the paper the whole time. At length, when Mr. Phillips's tone became imperative, he handed his back the paper with a most polite and submissive bow.

Mr. Phillips—Did not the plaintiff sign this agreement?

Witness—Yes, they all signed it at my auction rooms, No. 25, Baldwin-street, Bristol. (Great laughter.)

The witness being now done with, attempted to take off his spectacles, but one of the hands became entangled in the curls of his hair, and in his efforts to detach it as he left the box he made so many faces, as to set the court once more in a roar. We have here given but a faint sketch of one of the most extraordinary witnesses in a court of justice. No words can convey an adequate idea of the eccentricity of manner which pertained to every thing he said and did while giving his evidence.

Another witness was called, who proved that the defendant owed him £24, and gave him £16 in order to induce him to sign the agreement, which he did. He afterwards received his dividends, so that he got £20 out of his £24. Verdict for the plaintiff.

THE TEST OF GRUTTON.—(From the *Notes of Blackwood*).—North. Is there any test of Gruttons, James?—Shemuel. Watch 'twain! As lang's there's a power of, or capacity of amilin on their cheeks, and in and about their eyes, every lang's they keep lookin' at you and round about the table; attend to it, or joinin' in the talks, or the speekin' rawn, as lang's they keep frequently dain' on the servant lad or lass for a clean plate;—as lang's they glow on the framed picture or prints on the wall, and keep askin' if the tane's original and the ither proofs;—as lang's they offer to mure the tongue or turkey—depend on it, they're no in a state of guttun; but are devoutly theit serps, fish, flesh, and lowly, like men and Christians. But as some's their chin gets creasy—their cheeks rank, sallow, and clunk-clunk—by their nostrils wide—their een fixed—their faces close to their trencher; and themselves dummies;—then you may see a specimen of the immoral and unintellectual abandonment of the soul o'man to his gustative nature;—then is the fast, fool, salfeder a guttun; the maist disgustful creature that sits—and far beneath the level of them that feed on a' fowers, oat v' trochs, on garbage.

The following extraordinary effect of the earthquake at Lima, in 1823, was witnessed by an officer of His Majesty's ship *Vulgate*.—At half-past seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th of March, a light cloud passed over the ship—at which moment the noise usually attendant on earthquakes is that of a cask, resembling heavy distant thunder, was heard. The ship was violently agitated; and, to use the words of the informant, *fell as if placed on trucks, and dragged rapidly over a pavement of loose stones*. The water around it hissed as if hot iron was immersed in it; immense quantities of air-bubbles rose to the surface, the gas from which was offensive. Numbers of fish came up dead along-side. The sea, before calm and clear, was now strongly agitated and turbid; and the ship rolled two or three strakes, say fourteen inches, each way. A cry of "There goes the town!" called the attention of the crew towards it. A cloud of dust, raised by the agitation of the earth and the fall of the houses, covered the town from view, whilst the tower of thearrison chapel, the only object visible above the dust, rocked for a few seconds, and then fell through the roof; and, from the high perpendicular rock at the north end of the island of St. Lorenzo, a slab, supposed 30 feet thick, separated from the top to the bottom of the cliff, and fell with a tremendous noise into the sea. The wharf, or pier, was cracked three parts across, shewing a chasm of eighteen inches wide; the chronometers on shore, except those in the pocket, and most of the clocks, stopped, whilst the rates of chronometers aboard were in many instances altered. A great number of lives were lost; among them were four priests killed in the churches, one of them by the falling of an image, at whose base he was at prayer. The *Vulgate's* chain cables were lying on a soft muddy bottom in thirty six feet of water; and, on heaving up the best power anchor

to examine it, the cable thereof was found to have been strongly acted on, at thirteen fathoms from the anchor and twenty-five from the ship. On washing the mud from it, the links, which are made of the best cylinder wrought iron, about two inches in diameter, appeared to have undergone partial fusion for a considerable extent. The metal seemed to run out in grooves of three or four inches long and three eighths of an inch diameter, and had formed (in some cases at the ends of these grooves, and in others at the middle of them) small spheroidal lumps or nodules, which, upon scrubbing the cable to cleanse it, fell on the deck. The other cable was not injured, nor was any similar occurrence heard of amongst the numerous vessels then lying in the bay. The part of the chain so injured was condemned on the vessel's being paid off at Portsmouth, and is now in the sail-field of the deck-yard.

THE MECHANICAL AGE.—Were we required to characterise this age of ours by any single epithet, we should be tempted to call it, not an heroic, devotional, philosophical or moral age, but, above all others, the mechanical age. It is the age of machinery, with its whole undivided might, forwards, teaches, and practises the great art of adapting means to ends. Nothing is now done directly, or by hand; all is by rule and calculated contrivance. For the simplest operation, some help and accompaniments, some cunning, abbreviating process is in readiness. Our old modes of exertion are all discredited, and thrown aside. On every hand, the living artisan is driven from his workshop, to make room for a speedier, inanimate one. The shuttle drops from the fingers of the weaver, and falls into iron fingers that ply it faster. The sailor furls his sail, and lays down his oar, and bids a strong, unweaned servant, on vapouring wings, bear him through the waters. Men have crossed oceans by steam; the Birmingham Fire-king has shifted the fabulous east; and the genius of the Cape, were there any Camoens now to sing it, his again been alarmed, and with far stranger thunders than Gana's. There is no end to machinery. Even the horse is stripped of his harness, and finds a fleet fire-horse yoked in his stead. Nay, we have an artist that hatches chickens by steam—the very brood-hen is to be superseded! For all earthly, and for some unearthly purposes, we have machines and mechanic fortifications; for minding our cabbages; for casting us into magnetic sleep. We remove mountains, and make seas our smooth highway; nothing can resist us. We war with rude nature; and, by our resistless engines, come off always victorious, and loaded with spoils.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE FRENCH PRESS.—A French paper (*Le Compilateur*) in a recent number, has an article on the state of the Press in France, by which it appears that there are now in Paris 152 journals, literary, scientific, and religious; and 17 political—in all 169. Of all these papers 48 are constitutional, or, as they are called, liberal—the 18 others being more monarchic in their spirit. The 151 constitutional journals have it is stated, 197,000 subscribers, and 1,600,000 readers; and produce an income of 1,150,000 francs; the 16 others have 21,000 subscribers, and 193,000 readers, with an income of 437,000 francs. It goes on to give the names of the editors of the principal papers, and their circulation by which it appears that *Le Moniteur*, the official paper, has from 2,500 to 4,000 subscribers, principally public functionaries; *Le Constitutionnel*, 18,000 to 20,000 subscribers; the *Journal des Debats*, 13,000 to 14,000 subscribers; *Quotidiennes*, 5,000; *Courrier Francais*, 4,500 subscribers; *Journal du Commerce*, 3,500; *Gazette de France*, 700 subscribers; and the others published in the capital, have from 1,500 to 2,000 subscribers. Those printed in the provinces it calculates at 75 journals, exclusive of papers for advertisements, and ministerial bulletins. Of these 66 are constitutional, supported only by subscribers of the same way of thinking. One, *Mémorial de Toulouse*, is supported by the archbishop of that House; four are, it is asserted, paid from the secret funds of Jesuits; the other four are described as monarchic, but of little influence.

THE CAT.—One of the most remarkable properties of a domestic cat, is the anxiety with which it makes itself acquainted, not only with every part of its usual habitation, but with the dimensions and external qualities of every object by which it is surrounded. Cats do not very readily adapt themselves to a change of houses; but we have watched the process by which one, whose attachment to a family is considerable, reconciles itself to such a change. He surveys every room in the house, from the garret to the cellar; if a door is shut, he waits till it is opened to complete the survey; he ascends the relative size and position of every article of furniture; and when he has acquired this knowledge, he sits down contented with his new situation. It appears necessary to a cat that he should be intimately acquainted with every circumstance of his position, in the same way that a general first examines the face of the country in which he is to conduct his operations. If a new piece of furniture, or even a large book or portfolio is newly placed in a room which a cat frequents, he walks round it, smells it, takes note of its size and appearance, and then never troubles himself further about the matter. This is, probably, an instinctive quality; and the wild cat may, in the same way, take a survey of every tree or stone, every gap in a hedge, every path in a thicket, while in the ordinary range of its operations. The whiskers of the cat, enable it to ascertain the space through which its body may pass, without the inconvenience of mainly attempting such a passage.—The memory of a cat must be very strong, to enable it to understand this great va-

riety of local circumstances, after a single observation. The same power of memory leads this animal, much as its affection may be doubted to know the faces of individuals. We have seen a cat exhibit manifest delight upon the return of its master, or of a person from whom it had received peculiar kindness. There are several instances of strong attachment to the human race in cats, though in number and intensity they fall far short of the attachment of the dog. They have sometimes, also, great affection to other animals, which becomes a reciprocal feeling. The celebrated stallion, the Godolphin Arabian, and a black cat were for many years the warmest friends. When the horse died in 1753, the cat sat upon his carcass till it was put under ground; and then crawling slowly and reluctantly away, was never seen again till her dead body was found in a hay loft. Stubbs painted the portraits of the Arabian and the cat. There was a hunter in the late King's stable at Windsor, to which a cat was so much attached, that whenever he was to the stable, the creature would never leave her usual seat upon the horse's back; and the horse was so well pleased with the attention, that to accommodate his friend, he slept, as horses will sometimes do, standing. This horse was found to injure his health; and the cat was at length removed to a distant part of the country.

WILLS OF SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—The last will and testament of the three greatest men of modern ages are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen, together at Doctors'-common. In the will of the bard of Avon is an intercession in his own hand-writing. "I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture." It is proved by William Byrd, 22d of July, 1616. The will of the author of *Paradise Lost* is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. "The will of Napoleon, to whom future ages, in spite of legitimacy, will confer the epithet of "le grand," is signed in a bold style of hand-writing; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits then the weak state of his body.

COACHES.—These vehicles were introduced into England by the French in the reign of Elizabeth, in 1580; and the first seen in public belonged to Henry, Earl of Arundel. In 1601, the year before the queen's death, an act passed to prevent men riding in coaches, as being effeminate, but they were in common use in London about the year 1605. Twenty years afterwards hackney-coaches were introduced. They were prohibited in 1653, and in 1637 only fifty hackney-coaches were allowed. The number of coaches was increased by degrees, and in 1770, as many as 7000 were licensed. The duty in 1778, the number then being 23,000, amounted to 117,000*l.* The total duty of coaches in 1785, was in England, 184,988*l.* in Scotland, only 9000*l.* Post-horses and stages were introduced in 1483. The French also invented the post-chaise, the use of which was brought into England by Tall, the well-known writer on husbandry.

ELEGANT COMPARISONS.—The writer of some lengthy letters in a morning paper, on Australia, speaking of the abstinence of the natives from flesh meat, as being the cause of preserving their teeth from decay, selects one female as a paragon of perfection in this respect, whom he describes as having "sound, strong, white, separate teeth like those of a young dog, sed upon oatmeal; and her breath as sweet as that of a sucking donkey."

THE FRENCHMAN'S FAITH.—He that professes himself thy open enemy, smites thee against the evil he means thee; but he that assembles himself thy secret friend, strikes behind caution, and wounds above cure; from the first thou mayst deliver thyself; from the last good lord deliver thee.—*Quarles's Enrich'd.* 25d cent. 68.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.—We never, in the whole course of our recollections, met with a Christian friend, who bore upon his character every other evidence of the Spirit's operation, who did not remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy. We appeal to the memory of all the workers who are now lying in their graves, that eminent as they were in every other grace and accomplishment of the new creature, the religiousness of their sabbath-day shone with an equal lustre amid the firm assemblage of virtues which adorned them. In every Christian household, it will be found that the discipline of a well-ordered Sabbath is never forgotten amongst the other lessons of a Christian education; and we appeal to every individual who now hears us; and who carries the remembrance in his bosom, of a father's worth, and a father's piety, as, on the coming round of the seventh day, an air of peculiar sacredness did not spread itself over that mansion, where he drew his first breath; and was taught to repeat his infant hymn, and kiss his infant prayer. Rest assured, that a Christian bearing the love of God written in his heart, and denying the Sabbath's place in his affections, is an anomaly that is so rare as to be found. Every Sabbath image and every Sabbath circumstance, is dear to him. He loves the church-bell sound which summons him to the house of prayer. He flies to join the chorus of devotion, and to sit and listen to that robe of persuasion which is lifted in the hearing of an assembled multitude. He loves the leisure it brings along with it, and sweet to his soul is that hallowed hour, when there is no eye to witness, but the eye of Heaven; and when his solemn audience with the Father, who seeth him in secret, he can, on the wings of celestial contemplation, leave all the cares, and all the vexations, and all the singularities of an alienated world behind him.—*Dr. Chadwick.*

Mr. J. P. ...

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