

# The Weekly Observer

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## THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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### Weekly Almanack.

October—1834.	SUN	MOON	FULL
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.
23 WEDNESDAY	6 45	5 15	8 4
24 THURSDAY	6 46	5 14	8 53
25 FRIDAY	6 47	5 13	9 51
26 SATURDAY	6 48	5 12	10 57
27 SUNDAY	6 49	5 11	12 14
28 MONDAY	6 50	5 10	1 34
29 TUESDAY	6 51	5 9	2 58
30 WEDNESDAY	6 52	5 8	4 28
31 THURSDAY	6 53	5 7	5 54

Last Quarter 27th day, 11h. 49m. morning.

### NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 12 o'clock.

JOHN H. WILSON, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.  
Committee for October:  
R. M. JARVIS, G. T. RAY, M. H. FERLEY.

### Female Portraits.

By F. W. CROSBIE.

From the *White Rose of York*, a Midsummer Annual.

#### THE LITTLE MAID.

Mother of many sons, thy gentle breast,  
Still cherish'd fond, meek wishes for a daughter:  
Nor were thine orisons in vain address'd,  
Thy prayer was answered, and thy blessing  
Gave birth to a young maid, whose eyes  
Shine like the stars of heaven, and whose heart  
Is full of love and piety and true  
To the dear Father, who has made her  
Sweet home, and all the joys of life  
Are hers, and all the pains of death  
Are thine, O Mother, be thou blest,  
Who has so graciously thy prayer obey'd,  
And given me to thee, my dear young maid,  
To be thy dear mother's life thy summer bloom to see!

#### THE FIRST TEEN.

The little bosom has begun to bud,  
The little maid has glimmering of the dawn  
Of some new being. So, not understood,  
The chrysalis that soon shall rove the lawn,  
Feels yet for light, and for the world to see,  
Her vestal uncle's hand, to lead her on,  
As little maidens fondly come and go,  
And little maids' consciousness pass,  
But these disturb her gentle heart the while,  
With sudden thought, or wild vivacity,  
And quick replies to her wondrous ways—  
Her father wonders what her wondrous ways,  
And blesses her—her mother does but smile,  
Not yet forgetful of her own young days.

#### THE LAST TEEN.

The crowning trophy of triumphant Power  
Is perfected: the rose of beauty blazes—  
And sheds her light and fragrance, as the dower  
Triumphant glows in the creation flower.  
Man—be-are-below'd!—for lo! the heavenly flower  
Was gifted thus, and thus her gifts bestows,  
And thus she may win to deck the earthly lower,  
By love and faith, 'ere this celestial rose—

#### THE BRIDE.

So fondly wish'd, so coyly still delay'd,  
The hour is come. The holy days receive her,  
All feet and faith, on glides the gentle maid—  
Her vestal uncle's hand, to lead her on,  
As though her bridal veil might yet relieve her,  
Floating in virgin glory all around,  
From her dark tresses far above the ground,  
On to the altar moves the sweet believer,  
Like the young moon in under clouds impair'd,  
Seen but more brightly through her fairy shrine—  
And she has kneel'd, and pledg'd her holy vow—  
Would he, the best one! knows not if the world  
Or paradise is opening round him—How  
Can mortal trust such bliss, and say—This heaven  
Is mine?

#### THE YOUNG MOTHER.

'Tis not her infant's birth alone, Anon—  
As newly-born existence marks the day;  
The playful maiden is become a mother—  
And all is changed. The laughing bloom of May  
Is now a pallid rose on her pale cheek;  
The frolic hours have wing'd their far away;  
And she—the young, the bright, the ever gay—  
Sits all alone, with holy thoughts and meek  
On her fair forehead—O not all alone!  
For she with sweet companionship is blest,  
In the dear babe she treasures to her breast,  
And in her helpless being all her own  
Is sunk—her every thought a blessing, or a prayer—  
What love can match a mother's love?—What care  
A mother's care?

### Miscellaneous.

#### DISCOVERIES IN ASIA MINOR.

Two volumes of great interest, giving an account of travels in Asia Minor, by the Rev. F. V. Arundell, British chaplain at Smyrna, have just been published by Bentley, and will be gladly received by the classical and religious scholar. The scene of the Rev. Author's wanderings was that part of Asia Minor lying immediately behind and about Smyrna, and comprised within the thirty-sixth and fortieth parallels of latitude, a portion of the earth's surface which has undergone unequal vicissitudes. In some countries, as in Persia, the whims of despots have caused cities to rise and fall with a rapidity which gave them an existence scarce longer than that of a generation of man, but as the new replaced the old, the general condition of the empire to which they belonged continued the same. In others, as in Rome, prosperity departed and glory was extinguish'd; but yet both the people and the land retained much to indicate their future fortune—to link them with its greatness. But in Asia Minor, as in Greece, splendid cities were ruined never to be replaced—every sign of grandeur and refinement, almost of civilization, was trodden down into destruction—the very inhabitants of the land were barbarised, and so intermingled with the progeny of strangers, that every notion of the condition of their ancestors seems to have been obliterated from their meagre traditions and re-

ords. The ancient provinces of Lydia, Caria, Phrygia, Pamphilia, and Lycia, constituted one of the brightest portions of the Roman dominions, both in the days of the Republic, and the Empire, and it had previously its day of independent prosperity and honor. Its inhabitants were refined—its land fruitful—its cities numerous, and in several instances, of renowned beauty and opulence. But to the Christian these regions have still higher interest of having been early connected with the Gospel—of being the scene of the mission of Paul and Barnabas, and of their consequent sufferings, and, finally, of their fervid devotion to the faith which they preached. But, alas! in place of its secular greatness, wretched Turkish villages and small towns have grown up, while the relics of its noble cities lie in the midst of desolation, unvisited by those to whom their names and history are familiar, and uncares-for by the descendants of their former inhabitants.

#### THE WEST INDIAN SEAS.

The voyager, coming from the northeast, experiences a delicious change of climate when he enters the sphere of the trade-winds. The air has no longer any harshness or asperity; it feels soft and bland to the skin, and respiration is particularly slow and easy; mists and fogs are unknown; the sea is but slightly agitated; and the mind partakes of the tranquillity of nature and becomes reconciled to the imprisonment of a ship. Columbus appears to have enjoyed all this in his first voyage, for we find the following remarks in his journal soon after he had got within the influence of the trade-wind. "The air was mild and delightful, and we wanted nothing but the song of the nightingale; and the sea was as smooth as a river." In another place he says, "The sea was like the river Seville, thank God! the temperature was also moderate as all this is in the middle of April, and the air was so fragrant that it was a pleasure to breathe." In no part of the ocean are voyages attended with so much enjoyment as in the West Indian seas between November and May. The temperature of the air is then always regular and moderate; the sea-breeze blows steadily during the day, and the land-wind succeeds it at night. No sooner does the vessel lose sight of one island than she comes in view of another; and she often finds herself in the midst of three or four of them while her hour after hour new scenes of beauty unfold themselves to the eye: here the rich and cultivated Saranah is seen extending back from the shore; there forests, inaccessible by the sun, cover the plains and hills; or, in native cliffs rise precipitately from the smooth beach, and the masses of mountains appear far inland, their ridges sloping gradually to the edge of the sea, where the verdant mangroves conceal the strand, and are washed by the white surf of the advancing tide. \* \* \* Nowhere does the soil afford a greater variety of productions,

whether useful or luxurious. The forests abound with valuable timber, the mountains supply exhaustless streams of excellent water, and the plains and valleys are, during the greater part of the year, covered with rich pastures. The cultivated savannas produce the maize, or Indian corn, and, besides yams, potatoes of different kinds, cassava, and all the best European vegetables. Plantations of sugar-cane extend over a large part of the country; and groves of coffee, cocoa, and cotton trees flourish wherever they happen to be planted and nursed by the hand of man. The gardens contain an assemblage of the finest fruits in the world. From them the pine-apple, the mango, the orange, the avocado, the guava, the custard-apple, the banana, the shaddock, the fig, and the pomegranate attract the attention, and equally delight the eye and gratify the taste. The cattle and other domestic animals of Europe, as may be supposed, thrive in such a country, and afford abundant supplies of food, in addition to the small game which is more or less plentiful in all the cultivated districts.—*Houston's European Colonies.*

#### SKETCHES OF CONTINENTAL CITIES.

FROM MISS JARVIS'S SKETCHES ARRANGED BY N. B. BERRIDGE.

Nuremberg—with its long, narrow, winding, involved streets its precipitous ascents and descents, its completely public physiognomy—is by far the strangest city I ever beheld; it has retained in every part the dress of the middle ages. No two houses resemble each other, yet differing in form, in colour, in height, in ornaments of wood, in family likeness; and with peaked and carved gables, and projecting central balconies, and painted fronts, stand up in a row, like so many tall, gaunt, stately old maids, with the tapers and stomachers of the last century. In the upper part of the town, we find here and there a new house built, or rebuilt, in a more modern fashion, and an un-finished modern church; but these instead of being new cloth on a rich old brocade. Age is here, but it does not suggest the idea of dilapidation or decay, rather of something which has been put under a glass-case, and preserved with care. From all extraneous influences, the buildings are so anciently protected with veneration for themselves, and their city, that in few days that I spent there, I began to feel quite old—my mind was wrinkled up, as it were, with reverence for the past. I wondered that people could be so ready to talk of any event more recent than the thirty years' war, and the defence of Gustavus Adolphus, were forgotten in the fame of Albert Durer, Hans Sachs, and Peter Vischer; the trio of worthies, however, in the estimation or imagination of the Nurembergers, still live with the freshness of a yesterday's remembrance, and leave no room for the heroes of to-day.

Nuremberg was the gothic Athens; it was never the seat of independent and self-governed, and took the lead in arts and letters. Here it was the clocks and watches, maps and musical instruments, were manufactured for all Germany; here, in that truly German spirit of industry and simplicity, were many celebrated poets, and at once honoured as scientists, cultivated as handicrafts, each having its guild, or corporation, duly chartered, like the other ranks of this flourishing city, and requiring by the institution of the that, on the first discovery of printing, a literary press in his own name; (Hans Folz) set up a printing-press in his own name; and it was but the natural consequence of all this industry, mental activity and social cultivation, that Nuremberg should have been one of the first cities which declared for the reformation.

But what is most curious and striking in this old city, is to see it stationary, while time and change are working such miracles and transformations every where else. The house where Martin Balthus four centuries ago, invented the sphere and drew the first geographical chart, is still the house of a map-seller. In the house where cards were first manufactured, cards and watches were first seen, you may still buy clocks and watches. The same families have inhabited the same mansions from one generation to another for four or five centuries. The great manufactures of these days commonly called Dutch toys, are at Nuremberg. I saw the wholesale depot of Pessmayr, and it is true that it is not a poor figure compared to some of our great British show-rooms; but the number of waggons loaded and ship-loads of these trifles and gimcracks which find their way to every part of the known world, even to America and China, must interest a thinking mind. Nothing gave me a more comprehensive idea of the value of the whole than a complaint which I had heard from a Nuremberger, (and which, though seriously made, sounded a little like the falling off in the trade of London and Paris) had taken to paper-pill-boxes, the millions of wood or chip boxes which used to be annually sent from Nuremberg to all parts of Europe were no longer required; and he computed the consequent falling off of the profits at many thousand florins.

In the church of St. Sebald, now the chief Protestant church, I was surprised to find that most of the Roman Catholic symbols and relics remain undisturbed. The large crucifix, the old pictures of the perpetual light which has been reverently preserved, tapers ago by one of the Luther family, was still burning; and the altar, which had been consecrated by successive generations, and all revolutions of politics and religion, maintained and fed by the pious honesty of the descendants, it still shone on.

Like the bright lamp that by in Kildare's holy fare,  
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm?

In this Protestant church, even the shrine of St. Sebald has kept its place, if not to the honour and glory of the saint, at least to the honour and glory of the city of Nuremberg. It is considered as the chief shrine of Peter Vischer, a famous sculptor and caster in bronze, contemporary with Albert Durer. It was begun in 1506, and finished in 1519, and is adorned with ninety-six figures, among which the twelve apostles, all varying in character and attitude, are really miracles of grace, power, and expression; the base of the shrine rests upon six gigantic snails, and the whole is cast in bronze, and finished with exquisite skill and fancy. At one end of this extraordinary composition the artificer has placed his own figure, not obtrusively, but retired, in a sort of niche; he is represented in his working dress, with his cap, leather apron, and tools in his hand. According to tradition he was paid for his work by the pound weight, twenty guilden (or florins) for every hundred weight of metal; and the whole weighs one hundred and twenty centners, one hundred weight.

The man who showed us this shrine, was descended from Peter Vischer, lived in the same house, which he and his sons had formerly inhabited, and carried on the same trade, that of a snail and brass-founder.

Beautiful, stately Dresden! not the queen, the fine lady of the German cities! Surrounded with what is most enchanting in nature, and adorned with what is most enchanting in art, she sits by the Elbe like a fair one in romance, wreathing her towery diadems—so often scathed by war—with the vine and the myrtle, and looking on her own beauty imagined in the river flood, which, after rolling an impetuous torrent through the mountain gorges, here seems to pause and spread itself into a lucid mirror to catch the reflection of her own magnificence. No doubt misery and evil dwell in Dresden, as in all the congregative societies of men, but no where are they less obtrusive. The city has all the advantages, and none of the disadvantages, of a capital; the treasures of art and science—the mild government, the delightful climate, the beauty of the environs, and the cheerful and simplicity of social intercourse, have rendered it a favorite residence for artists and literary characters; and to foreigners one of the most captivating places in the world.

That it is not only the natural beauties of the scene which strike a stranger; the city itself has this peculiarity in common with Florence, which it has been so often compared, that instead of being an accident in the landscape, a dim, smoky, care-buried spot upon the all-loyal face of nature—a discord in the soothing harmony of that quiet enchanting scene which steals like music over the fancy; it is rather a—  
—a fulfilling and complete chord. Its unrivalled elegance and modern refinement, its general air of cheerfulness combined with a certain dignity and tranquillity, the brilliant shapes, the well-dressed women, and the lively looks and good-humoured alertness of the people, who, like the Florentines, are more remarkable for their tact and acuteness than for their personal attractions; in these advantages Dresden, though certainly not the smallest, and by no means one of the richest capitals in Europe, is one of the most delightful residences of the men; for in Bavaria the intonation is broad and harsh, and the people, though frank and honest, and good-natured, are rather slow, and not particularly polished in their demeanour.

It is the general aspect of Dresden which charms us; it is not distinguished by any vast or striking architectural decorations, if we except the Italian church which, with all its thousand faults of style, pleases from its beautiful situation and its exceeding richness. This is the only Roman Catholic church in Dresden; for it is a curious enough, that while the national religion is Protestant, the court religion is Catholic; the royal family having been for several generations of that persuasion; but this has caused neither intolerance on one hand, nor jealousy on the other. The Saxons, the first who hailed and embraced the doctrines of Luther, seem quite content to allow their unappointed king to teach his own way, and though the king was their own ruler, and of course, mindful to keep up and I believe the most perfect of proselytism; religious matters prevail here. The Catholic church is almost always half-full of Protestants attracted by the delicious music, for the choir of deacons sing in the choir. High mass begins about the time that the sermon is over in the other churches, and you see the Protestants hurrying from their own service crowding in at the portals of the Catholic church, and taking their place, with looks of infinite gravity and devotion; the King being always present, it would here be a breach of etiquette to be absent. I have often seen the English behave in the Catholic church—precisely as if in a theatre. But if the good old monarch imagines that his heretic subjects are to be converted by Cæsar's divine voice, he is wonderfully mistaken.

#### NEW PICTURES AT THE AMERICAN ACADEMY.

An exhibition was opened last week at the academy in Barclay-street, which combines a high degree of merit, and more than common interest. It consists of five paintings. The first is a panoramic view of London, from a point east of the London docks, presenting at once, the whole expanse covered by that immense metropolis, with the river winding through its centre, apparently, but really dividing it from the extensive and populous suburb on the Surrey side. The resemblance is most faithful, and so minute in its details, that every narrow street, and court, and alley, and even single buildings may be recognised. We have never met with any representation or description of the great city, which gave so just and striking a perception of its amazing magnitude. In the same room with this picture are two others, one representing the burning of the Kent East-India man, and the other, from a design by West, the destruction of the city and the temple of Jerusalem, by the Romans. In another apartment is a large and splendid specimen of architectural perspective; it is a view of the interior of Trinity Chapel in the cathedral at Canterbury; a wonderful display of the skill and power with which the eye can be deceived by the devices of the scenic art. It is almost impossible to convince yourself, as you stand, that the flat surface of painted canvas, so perfect is the effect of distance and projection. You feel tempted to walk forward and gain a nearer view of the rich carvings and the splendid colored windows. The remaining picture, however, is perhaps the most interesting of them all; it represents an interview between Captain Ross with two of his companions, and a tribe of Esquimaux, who had never before seen a white man; and the scene is a faithful representation of the winter quarters of the expedition in 1830. It was painted under the inspection of the gallant navigator, and besides its merit as a work of art, which is very great, it possesses an additional interest from the accuracy of the portraits. The pleasure of the visitor is much enhanced by the presence of four large figures, of the size of life, which stand like sentinels upon the staircase, arrayed in complete and splendid suits of ancient armour.

If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous man—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthy his morning, how sober his night, how most his mouth, how joyful his heart—they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious, and the hearts of the ambitious.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

#### A CHINESE PHILOSOPHER'S DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

A Chinese writer, speaking of the ignorance of Chinese females, and consequent unamiableness of wives, exhorts husbands not to desist from teaching them, for even "monkeys may be taught to play and dogs may be taught to tread a mill, rats may be taught to retrieve water, and parrots may be taught to repeat verses; much, then, it is manifest that even birds and beasts may be taught to understand human affairs, how much more so may our wives, who, after all, are human beings." This is a Chinese philosopher's defence of women.

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## HINTS TO ORATORS.

The speeches of Mr. Hill at public meetings were not less original than the imagery of his sermons described in the last chapter. His addresses on these occasions were invariably short, and not infrequently contained an innocent philippic against those long harangues by which the patience of hearers is so often exhausted. He used to tell the following story of what he said on one occasion. "His Royal Highness the Duke of—was in the chair, and kindly desired me to sit next him. A man absolutely had the bad taste to spin out his dull tedious oratory for more than an hour. Some of the people, tired to death, as well they might, went away. His royal highness whispered to me, 'Really, Mr. Hill, I do not think I can sit to hear such another speech as this; I wish you would give one of your good-natured hints about it.' It was my turn next; so I said, 'May it please your royal highness, ladies, and gentlemen, I am not going to make either a long or a moving speech. The first is a rudeness; and the second is not required to-day, after the very moving one you have just heard—so moving, that several of the company have been moved by it out of the room—may, I even fear such another would so move his royal highness himself, that he would be unable to continue to sit the chair, and would to the great regret of the meeting, be obliged to move off.' This tickled his royal highness and the assembly, and we had no more long speeches that day." As he grew older, Mr. Rowland Hill's impatience of the length to which some people venture to speak did not at all diminish.—*Sidney's Life of the Rev. Rowland Hill.*

#### CURIOS COINCIDENCES.

When the Kent East Indian man was on fire in the Bay of Biscay, the second in command, the present Lieutenant Colonel M'Gregor, when all hope of relief had expired, wrote a letter describing his situation, which he enclosed in a bottle, and committed to the deep. Soon after his providential escape, and return to England, he was appointed to the command of the 93d Highlanders, then stationed at Barbadoes, to which place he proceeded immediately. Before his arrival, or soon after it, the identical bottle was picked up by one of the men of the 93d on the coast of the island, and its contents brought to the very man who had written them.

#### SNUFFING A CANDLE WITH A BALL.

The snuffing of a candle with a ball I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River not far from a large pigeon roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during a dark night and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen tall, stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf, by torchlight, of which I shall give you an account somewhere else. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance, which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the snuff, as well as to light the candle; while others gradually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and generally snuffed the candle, whilst all the other shots either put out the candle, or cut it immediately under the light.—*Adams, the Ornithologist.*

#### FACTS.

#### Law and Law Officers.

At the Insolvent Debtors' Court, Wakefield, on Tuesday week, some merit was excited by the familiar examination of Mr. James Lister, a respectable sheriff's officer, by Mr. Maule, sen. The officer was speaking of the arrest of one of the insolvents, and had adverted incidentally to the circumstances, when the following colloquy ensued:—*Commodore*—"You seldom read matters where you go, James, do you?" *Officer*—"Something like you for that, Sir." *Officer*—"Mr. Maule—I dare say you are pretty nearly right. I am sure you are; law is a bad salva for my soul, and no yoke when rubbed on with the rough hand of a sheriff's officer!"

#### Anecdote of Rowland Hill.

One morning the footman ushered in a most romantic-looking lady. She advanced with measured steps, and with an air that caused Mr. Hill to retreat towards the fire-place. She began—"Divine shepherd," "Pon my word, Ma'am!" "I hear you have great influence with the royal family." "Well, Ma'am, and did you hear any thing else?" "Now, seriously, Sir—my son has the most powerful poetic powers. Sir, his poetry is of a sublime order—noble, original, fine." "Well, I wonder what will come next," muttered Mr. Hill, in a low tone. "Yes, Sir, pardon the liberty; and, therefore, I called to ask you to get him made poet laureate." "Ma'am, you might as well ask me to get him made archbishop of Canterbury!"

#### Turn About.

Some little time ago, a pair of willows, seemingly anxious to become united in the silken bands of wedlock, made their appearance before one of the city elegants in Glasgow, who, finding the requisite certificates all right, proceeded with the ceremony till he came to that part of it where the question is put to the bridegroom if he is "willing to take this woman to be his wife?" To this necessary query the man, after a considerable hesitation, answered "No!" "No!" said the minister, with a look of surprise, "for what reason?" "Just," said the poor embarrassed simpleton, looking round for a door, "because I've ta'en a scunner (disgust) at her." On this the ceremony, to the evident mortification of the fair one, was broken off, and the parties retired. A few days after, however, they again presented themselves before his Reverence; and the fastidious bridegroom having declared that he had got over his objection, the ceremony was again commenced, and proceeded without interruption till a question similar to the above was put to the bride, when she in her turn replied by a negative. "What is the meaning of all this?" said the elegants, evidently displeas'd at the foolish trifling of the parties. "O, nothing, Ma'am," said the blushing damsel, tossing her head with an air of resentment, "only I have just ta'en a scunner at him!" The two again retired to their lonely pillow, and lonely it would seem they had found them, for the following morning, met the foolish couple once more on their way to solicit his services. "It's a' made up now," said the smiling, fair one, "O yes," said he, interposed, "it's a' settled now, we want you to marry us as soon as possible." "I will do no such thing," was the grave and strolling reply to the impatient question. "What for?" cried the fickle pair, speaking together in a tone of mingled surprise and disappointment. "O, nothing, Ma'am," said his Reverence, passing on his way, "but just I've ta'en a scunner at ye both!"—*Kilnrock Joke.*