

The Weekly Observer

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR:

ESTABLISHED IN 1818.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1830.

Vol. III. No. 10.

Office in HATFIELD'S Brick Building,
Market-square.

The Garland.

THE SCATTERED HOUSEHOLD.

"How the world's aspect changes."

The family group is gathered,
And all are happy there;
The cheerful smile and dance pass round,
For life with them is fair,
A full unbroken household;
It is a pleasant sight;
The Mother's smile is sweeter than—
The Father's glance more bright.

There is another gathering,
But one is wanting there;
The youth who sat beside his sire
Comes not to fill his chair;
The grave yard bears another stone—
The miss'd one sleeps beneath;
The cheerful smile doth yet pass round—
But thou art Peter, O Death.

Again there is a gathering;
But where is she whose smile
Was wont to make our young hearts glad,
Our father's care and mother's aid,
In vain we list a Mother's voice—
'Tis still'd in the tomb!
The happy smile is now no more—
Where mirth was now is gloom.

Once more there is a gathering;
Once more an empty space
Proclaims that Death has been at work
To fill a Brother's place;
His grave is in a distant Isle,
Made by a stranger's hand;
Oh! hard it is to die away
From one's own native land!

That group may never gather more
Around that kindred heart—
'Tis broken up—what Death has left
Are scatter'd o'er the earth;
And where that humble mansion stood,
There now is not a stone
To mark the spot and tell of those
Who to their graves have gone!

THE GYPSY'S PROPHECY.

By E. L. L.

Lady thine back thy raven hair,
Lay thy white brow in the moonlight here,
I will look on the stars, and look on thee,
And read the page of thy destiny.

Little thanks shall I have for my tale—
Even in youth thy cheeks will be pale;
By thy side is the red-roose tree—
One lone rose drops withered, so thou wilt be.

Round thy neck is a ruby chain,
One of the rubies is broken in twain;
They on the ground each shattered part,
Broken and lost, they will be like thy heart.

Mark you star—'t is shone at thy birth;
Look again—'t has fallen to earth;
Its play has passed like a thought away—
So, or yet sooner, wilt thou decay.

Over yon fountain's silver fall
Is a moonlight rainbow's coronal;
It shines of light will melt in tears—
Well may they imagine thy future years.

I may not read in thy hazel eyes
For the long dark lash that over them lies;
So in my art I can but see
One shadow of doubt o'er thy destiny.

I can see thee but dark revelations
Of passionate hopes and wasted feelings—
Of love that passed like the lava wave,
Of a broken heart and an early grave.

Miscellaneous.

"We endeavor by variety to adapt some things to one reader, some to another, and a few perhaps to every taste."—Pity.

ALGERS.—The climate of this country is described as soft and salubrious; the seasons follow each other in the gentlest succession; the heats of the earlier autumn are excessive, but generally tempered by northerly winds. Few diseases are peculiar to the Algerine territory; it has not been visited by the plague for many years, though in the mean time raging with much violence in the neighbouring Island of Malta.

The mineral riches are supposed to be great, but iron and lead are the principal metals which have yet been discovered. Gold is said to exist among the mountains of Atlas; other minerals and mineral springs are numerous, and great quantities of the most beautiful corals are found on the coast. It is, however, in the fertility of the soil that the chief riches of the country exist: a happy combination of warmth and humidity gives great vigor and magnificence to the vegetable productions; wheat and Indian corn are extremely abundant, and the vines grow to a prodigious height. The olive tree is indigenous; all fruits common to the south of Europe are of the most exquisite flavor; and the oaks, in many places grow to an immense size. The hills are covered with thyme and rosemary; and in many places there are extensive tracts thickly planted with roses, for the distillation of the famous essence so well known in Europe. The climate has at all times been greatly favourable to the culture of sugar cane, which grows with great vigor and is thought by many to be indigenous, and to have supplied the plants with which the cultivation was first established in the West Indies. The horses of Barbary have long been celebrated for their beauty and symmetry. Beasts of prey are numerous, and the desolated state of the country favours their propagation.

The Algerines, to a proverb, are a barbarous people; but, though unlettered and unlearned, they are in a state of civilization far above the Indians of the interior of the continent, or the Negroes of America. They are, in fact, rather a rude than a savage race. Some of their manufactures are beautiful, and worthy of imitation. They dress, with costly stuffs, in a better style and taste than either the Greeks or Turks, and they have that grand distinction of civilized society, an organized police, and laws, and a judiciary. The French have, therefore, not gone to take possession of a wild country, merely on account of the soil, as we have done in North America and Australasia, but to conquer a State of no inconsiderable resources—and the people interested in their success. They propose to regenerate the country; and, perhaps, to scheme to relieve France of a portion of her dissatisfied population could have been

devised superior, for although the acquisition would be important, yet without some object beyond the conquest, such is the state of the Moors—a military people—that it could hardly be expected to pay the expenses of the garrison necessary to preserve it. As the site of the colony, however, it would be difficult, on the map of the world to point out one more eligible to France. The voyage is short, and the climate is so little different, that the French would scarcely be able to discern there that they had changed countries. The French Government have not disclosed their colonial intention; but it is well known, and, doubtless, as soon as the city of Algiers surrenders, the plan of colonization will then be made public.

NAUTICAL HOAX.

Among the passengers on board the packet ship *George Canning*, on her late voyage from New-York, was a gentleman who had resided some years at New-Orleans, in the capacity of agent for the great Leviathan of the London Stock Exchange. For some action of this gentleman, his fellow-passengers conceived that he would be a good subject on whom to play off a hoax. They determined, therefore, to get up one on the first favourable opportunity. A suspicious looking schooner having one evening passed close to the packet, a fear was feigned by some of them that the schooner was a pirate, and that an attack might perhaps be made by the crew, in the course of the night, on the *George Canning*. Measures were accordingly taken to give the pirate a warm reception, should the feigned attack actually be made. Whilst the passengers generally were to assist the crew of the packet, the gentleman in question was to remain below to guard the ladies, five in number, from the monsters of the deep. The conspirators having prepared the plot, and several of them having dressed themselves in sailors' clothes, the alarm of the ship being attacked by pirates was raised, the parties flew to their posts, and the first act of the hoax commenced. Upon the deck the deception was carried on by the firing of pistols and the clashing of cutlasses; whilst two gentlemen, disguised as sailors, and rendered ferocious-looking by bushy whiskers and shaggy hair, rushed down into the cabin, armed with pistols and cutlasses. There they found the hero of the hoax, who, on seeing his assailants, rushed into the ladies' cabin, the fair ones keeping up the deception by screaming most lustily. Here he was seized by the supposed pirates, who, after pulling him about, and frightening the poor sinner nearly out of his senses, ran off. A loud cheer was now raised on the deck, to mark the defeat of the pirates, the leader of whom, it was affirmed, had been shot dead in attempting to reach the schooner's boat. The second act of the hoax was played off on the next day. Our hero, who had been congratulated, by all his fellow passengers, on the courage which he had displayed in defending the fair, was ushered into the presence of the ladies, who, with the ceremonies usually attendant on the bestowal of knighthood in the times of chivalry, made him kneel down before them; they then bestowed on him the honour of knighthood, placing on his head a crown of their own manufacture, and giving him a medal, made by impressing a dollar on a piece of leather, on the reverse of which was an inscription, commemorative of his heroic and knightly conduct on the occasion of the packet ship being attacked by pirates. He took the captain's place at the head of the table, wearing the crown on his cap, and proposed the opening of a subscription to reward the crew for their heroic courage in defending the ship, handing out his own ten sovereigns towards the fund! The farce was kept up from that day to the end of the voyage, the poor simpleton believing, all the time, that the *George Canning* had been actually attacked by pirates, and that he, by his own personal courage, had saved the ladies from being murdered; he related the story wherever he went; and to crown the hoax, the *Morning Herald*, of Thursday, contained an account of the piratical attack on and plunder of the packet ship *George Canning*, on her passage from New-York to Liverpool!

We subjoin the account given of the above occurrence in the *Herald*, to which paper, doubtless, it was furnished by Sir John S.—

"We give the following extraordinary statement, which was obtained from one of the passengers of the *George Canning*, without note or comment:

"The *George Canning*, Captain Allen, bound to Liverpool, from New-York, was boarded at Sea, on the night of the 21st of June, by pirates. Six of them kept station on deck, and four entered the large cabin. One fellow presented a pistol at the head of a gentleman (a passenger) who placed himself against the door leading to the ladies' cabin, and thus prevented them effecting an entrance. The pirates threatened him with immediate death if he did not move out of the way when another of the party, dressed as a sailor, came down, and looking at the gentleman, desired the party holding the pistol not to fire, as he knew him. The passengers and crew armed themselves, and fired at the pirates—two or three of whom were wounded.—They succeeded, however, in regaining their boat, having obtained a small amount of money from one of the passengers. This must have taken place very near the English coast. The ladies have subscribed a sum of money, in order to present the gentleman by whom they were so gallantly defended with a gold medal, which is now manufacturing in Liverpool.

TURKISH.—The first of these fowls, called by the English Turkeys, and by the French poules d'Indes, were said to have been brought from Mexico, and were, in the year 1570, served up as a great rarity at the nuptial feast of King Charles IX. of France.

THE LIFE OF JAMES WILSON, BLIND FROM HIS INFANCY; AUTHOR OF ORIGINAL POEMS. (From the *Liverpool Mercury*.)

We have perused this little memoir, of thirty six pages, with much interest, and strongly recommend it to the public, as a source of amusement to the readers, and of remuneration to the author, a deserving man, who has claims upon the sympathy of his more fortunate fellow-creatures. His work, which evinces piety without cant, cheerfulness without levity, gives evidence of an original and strong mind, improved, under every possible obstacle, by extensive reading and close study. We shall here transcribe a passage from Mr. Wilson's little volume, as a specimen of his style. Speaking of novel reading, the writer says,—

"My present dislike to this kind of reading I do not entertain without reason: for, first, a great deal of precious time is thereby spent that might be more usefully employed; secondly, the judgment is left without exercise, while the passions are inflamed; and, thirdly, those who are much in the habit of novel reading, seldom have a taste for books of any other kind; and hence their judgments of men and things must differ as far from his who has seen the world, as the most of novelists differ from real life. It is well aware that some of them are well written, and display ability in the author,—have the circumstances well disposed, the characters ably delineated, and the event preserved till the final close of the last scene, which generally proves interesting and affecting. But to what does all this tend? (except in recording the customs and manners of the times which they represent,) only to mislead the imagination, to foster a morbid sensibility to fictitious woes, and a romantic admiration of ideal and unattainable perfection, without strengthening the judgment, cultivating active benevolence, or a just appreciation of real worth. In contrasting the characters of Tom Jones and Sir Charles Grandison, with those of the Duke of Sully and Lord Clarendon, we observe a striking difference between the real and fictitious personages; yet, the mere novel reader is neither wiser nor more improved in his judgment, nor does he acquire the habits of sympathy and benevolence, which the lives of these illustrious characters, while the tear of sympathy stains his cheek as he pores over the imaginary sorrows of his heroes and heroines. There are, I know, many novels to which the above observations do not apply, particularly some of modern date, which are very superior to most of the former; but still the best, even of these, present overcharged pictures of real life, and in proportion as they are fascinating, they incite the mind to more serious reading."

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH OF THE HONOURABLE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

As Hawthorne, in *Love in a Village*, says, "There is no necessity for a man to be a conjuror who has ten thousand a year income," so by the same rule it may not be absolutely necessary that this bloated and insatiable body of monopolists should be deeply versed in antiquarian research, or any other kind of literary pursuit. The following anecdote is to be found in the *Recollections*, &c., by John Nichols; vol. II, p. 13:

"I was informed by the late Warren Houstons that while he was Governor-General of Bengal, he sent a present to the Directors of the East India Company of one hundred and seventy-two Darrees. They had been found buried in an earthen pot on the bank of a river in the province of Benares. The Darree is a gold coin of the ancient Persian empire, deriving its name from the Persian Emperor Darius, and having on its reverse an archer. In allusion to this reverse, Agreilus, King of Sardinia, said "he had been driven out of Asia by 30,000 archers" by which expression he meant he had been forced to relinquish his expedition by the efforts of those archers in the different republics of Greece who had been bribed with Persian money. Perhaps the Darree is the most rare gold coin that is come down to us from ancient times. There is one in the British Museum, and I believe there is another in the collection of coins belonging to the King of France. I never heard but of one more, and I forget in whose collection it exists. Mr. Hastings told me that when he sent these coins to the Court of Directors, he considered himself as making the most magnificent present to his masters that he might ever have in his power to send them. Judge of his surprise when he found on his arrival in England that those Darrees had been sent to the melting pot! I do not know the names of the Directors of that year; they were fortunate in not having been tried for this act by a jury of antiquarians."

There is no place, perhaps, in the world where the inhabitants live so advanced an age as in the Shetland Isles. Instances of individuals attaining to upwards of 120 years of age in these islands, and being able to go about their ordinary employment to the last, are of frequent occurrence. Chamberlayne in his "Present State of Great Britain," says, "They (the Shetland Islanders) are generally healthy, commonly live to five, six, or seven score years of age." The same author, in another part of his book, mentions that at the time he wrote, he knew of one woman upwards of 140 years of age, who then retained the full exercise of her faculties, and constantly attended to the occupation in which the greater part of her life had been spent.

On Saturday evening, while Mr. Wombwell's wild-beasts were at feed, one of the tigers quietly walked out of his den, the door of which had been accidentally left open for a moment, and, by a single bound, placed himself in the centre of the arena, and in the midst of a hundred trembling spectators. There was, of course a great deal of hurrying to and fro among the gentlemen, but the object of their alarm conducted himself with the greatest propriety; and, after dancing a simple sort of minuet in the midst of them, suffered himself to be caught and reconducted to his den. There are some of the tigers, however, which are not quite so good-natured as the one we have just immortalized. On Tuesday forenoon an inquisitive rogue of a boy crept under the wheels of one of the carriages, and put his face close to a hole in one of the dens, in order to reconnoitre his inmates—a privilege which the state of his pocket did not allow him to enjoy in a legitimate manner. In the midst of his extasy, at having discovered so excellent a peeping hole, a huge claw was dashed in his cheek, and bit off a bit of his nose. A friend of our's, who chanced to be loitering near by when the poor fellow crept under the wheels, instantly took him to Dr. Nesting, who humanely sowed up the laceration, which we regret to add, will occasion a disfigurement for life.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

THE FIRE-IRONS; OR, FAMILY QUARRELS.

(From *Jacob Jones's* *Prose* for *Capit N. Hymen*.)

Mr. Chase was gravely reading the original *Hafen* *Slowkenberg*, at one side of the fire, and Mrs. Chase sat downing worried snuffings at the other. By some unaccountable accident, the *Iron* was all on Mrs. Chase's side. "My dear," said Mr. Chase, "how much it makes me to gaze on any thing that looks more than a little like a fire!" "How can I be so silly?" said Mrs. Chase, who was busy taking a long stitch at the time, replied "I'll give it you presently, my love." "Say, please, put me out of pain at once," he absolutely quitted his reading to my eye—the fire-iron looks like a row with one eye!" "O foolish! How can you be so whimsical?" "How can I be so whimsical?" "Lord, man, don't be so plucky lightly!" "No, madam, I am no such thing!" "Pray, don't put yourself into such a pester!" "I'll tell you I am not in a pester!" "I say, sir, you are for shamed! How can you throw yourself in such a pester?" "I am in a pester!" "Yes, sir, you are!" "Is that all?" 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