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THE GARLAND.

LINES FOR A FUNERAL.

By HENRY HEWER.

Beneath our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

Their bones are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And Fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly 'twixt the tomb—
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

Then, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

Turn, Christian, turn: thy soul apply
To truth divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for Hell or Heaven.

BROKEN TIES.

The Broken Ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze
Like a remembered dream;

Around us each a broken chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Untie those Broken Ties.

The parents of our infant home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms purchase may roam
To distant scenes removed;

Or we have watch'd their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sigh'd to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
Their too are gone or changed,
Or worse than all, their love and truth
Are darken'd and estranged;

They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong,
And mourn our Broken Ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain!

That hope the sovereign Lord has given
Who signs beyond the seas:
That hope unites our souls to Heaven
By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above;

And every pang that rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a savior rest,
And trust to holier ties.

LEES.

From "The Sorrows of Rosalie."

I have a rose, a faded rose,
Dearer than many fairer flower;
It will not freshen in the shower;
It will not freshen in the shower;

Where is the giver?
Where is the owner?

I have a heart, a lonely heart,
O'er which at evening stealing come
Sweet tones, which now might well depart;
Breathing of happiness and home;

Where is the speaker?
Where is the owner?

I have a future, lonely now,
Days which to me are dark as night;
A saddened soul, a gloomy brow;
Oh, thou! who mad'st that future bright;

Where art thou vanished?
Where is the owner?

THE MISCELLANIST.

ALL THINGS CONDUCE TO HAPPINESS.

"He never knew pleasure who never knew pain."—
Nature, all-bountiful, has so ordered it that all things
seem as if they were created for the use and enjoyment
of man, and man to enjoy them. True, indeed, man
is a crumbling, dissatisfied being, never contented,
but always looking for another species of happiness
than what nature has intended for him. This arises
from his propensity to live, not according to nature,
but in a manner contrary to nature, by which numerous
artificial wants are created which can never be
gratified, and man is thereby rendered dissatisfied
and unhappy. Were it not for this propensity, and did he
but know wherein his true happiness consists, man
would be the happiest being in the world, and his life
would be full of enjoyment. Our very inconveniences
are but the precursors of happiness, and are necessary
to produce a recurrence of it.

Every man might be happy if he pleased; he has in
himself the seeds of happiness, and it is his own fault
if he checks them in their growth. He has his appetites,
his feelings, his likings, his aversions, and what is
to hinder him from being happy? Every man might be
happy if he would only look for happiness to the right
source.—Why were these things given but for the en-
joyment of them? Let men prize themselves on the
provision nature has made for them, let them look to
that provision for their happiness, and every man will
find that he need wish for no more—that nature has
provided for him most skillfully.

Nature has created hunger and repletion. Now hunger
is by many not looked upon as a blessing. It is
endured with impatience, and most people are glad to
get rid of it. Yet hunger is a blessing, because without
it there would be no enjoyment in eating. All men
acknowledge the pleasure of eating; yet, unless a man
be moderately hungry when he begins to eat, he loses
more than half the pleasure of the meal. Set a man
down to a good dinner, who has dined already, and he
will pick some of the choicest bits, and mumble at
them, evidently proving that what all men else look
upon as a blessing is no blessing to him. But set a man
down to a who has been fasting for the last eight or
ten hours, and pretty actively employed out of
doors, he will not stop to select the titbits. Pray do
not vex him by asking him which part he prefers; send

him a plate well filled, it is sure to be the part he likes.
See how it disappears, mouthful after mouthful! Gods,
how he enjoys it! What mortal was ever happier than
that man at this moment? And where does his happiness
arise? From the viands before him? No; from his
previous hunger. Had he not been hungry, the table
might have smoked in vain for him; the very smell
of the meat, which now fills him with delight, would
have been offensive to his nostrils. But having, such,
as the proverb says, is the best sauce, has given him a
relish for his dinner, and made him as happy as man
can be.

Thirst, likewise, is looked upon by most people as
an inconvenience. They do not see it, or rather the
idea of enduring it, even in a slight degree. Gentle
reader, did you ever take a walk of twenty or thirty
miles in a part of the country where you had never
been before, on that not very summer's day? You set
out upon your journey, we will suppose, after
breakfast, and by one o'clock began to feel the effects
of thirst. You have passed, perhaps, two or three
public houses unheeded, but you now determine that
the next you arrive at you will stop and take some
refreshment, and you do so care how soon that public
house appears. As you walk along, you look with
some degree of anxiety at each side of the road for
the welcome intelligence on a signboard, that there is
"entertainment for man and horse." No such thing
appears, however, for the first mile or two. Your
thirst increases, and with it your anxiety to meet with
a public house. The sun is blazing in all its majesty
upon you, no friendly stream or rippling brook where-
to you might safely drink, and you begin to grow
wary as well as thirsty. Surely that house on
the top of the hill must be a public house, it has all
the appearance of one at this distance, and you hasten
to arrive at it. Arrived, you find it to be no such
thing. It is a farm-house. Your thirst, by this time,
is very great, and you ask at the farm-house if there is
a public-house near, in the hope that the inhabitants
may guess, from your inquiry, that you are thirsty,
and that, if they possess any of that spirit of hospitality
which is so much boasted of in the country, they
will have probably experienced in Lancashire, and
northward of it, they will offer you a jug either of beer
or of whey. But no, you are told "there's a public
house a little farther on," and you tread, looking
most wistfully for the promised house, and you feel
delightful anticipation the fanning tankard. You have
walked another mile, however, and no house appears.
Surely you cannot have missed it! You look back, but
no house is visible, and forward, but no place presents
itself, where you are likely to have your desired glass
filled. Onward you go, weary and sad, with no very
kindly feelings towards the farmer who forgot to offer
you a drop of his brown stout or buttermilk, but sent
you all this way in quest of what you now begin to
think does not exist, and the feelings of weariness and
refreshment you arrive at the next town, which is
yet six miles off, when lo!

ANECDOTE OF RALPH ERSKINE, THE FATHER OF THE SCOTTISH SECESSION.

The only amusement in which this celebrated man
indulged was playing on the violin. He was so great
a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled
his hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline
believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a
poet writes songs to a peculiar air. They also tell
the following anecdote connected with the subject.
A poor man in one of the neighbouring parishes,
having a child to baptize, resolved not to employ his
own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain
points of doctrine, but to have the office performed
by some minister of whose fame gave a better report.
With the child in his arms, therefore, and attended
by the full complement of old and young women,
who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded
to the Manse of —, some miles off (not that of Mr.
Erskine); where he inquired if the clergyman was
at home. "No, he is not at home yet," answered the
servant lass, "he's down to the barn fishing. But I
can soon cry him in." "Ye needna gie yourself the
trouble," replied the man, quite shocked at this
account of the minister's habits, "I'm a poor fisher-
man's minister, but I'll have you baptize my bairn." Off
he then trudged, followed by his whole train, to the
residence of another clergyman to the distance of
some miles.—Here on his inquiring if the minister
was at home, the lass answered, "Deed, he's not at
home the day; he's been out sax p' the morning at the
shooting. Ye needna wait, neither; for he'll be sue
made out (fatigued) when he comes back that he'll
not be able to say boo to a calf, let a-ba-kerse
a wean." "Wait lassie!" cried the man in a tone
of indignation, "wad I wait d'ye think, to hand up
my bairns before a minister that gangs out at six p'
the morning to shoot God's own creatures? I'll awa
down to guide Mr. Erskine at Dunfermline; and he'll
neither be out at fishing nor the shooting I think." The
whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline,
sure that the Father of the Secession, although not
now a placed minister would at least be engaged in
no unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for perform-
ing the sacred ordinance in question. On their reach-
ing, however, the house of this clergyman, which they
did not do till late in the evening, the man, in rapping
at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home
any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of
a fiddle proceeding from an upper chamber. "The
minister will not be at home," he said with a smile
to the girl who came to the door, "or your lad (sweet-
heart) wad nae be playing that gate t'ye on the fiddle."
The minister is at home," quoth the girl, "my bairn
is his own that's playing, honest man. He aye takes
a one at night, before gang to bed: there's a
nae lad o' mine can play that gate; it wad be some-
thing to tell o'f them could." "That the minister
playing!" cried the man, in a degree of astonish-
ment and horror, far transcending what he had ex-
pressed on either of the former occasions. "If he
does this, what may the rest do! Weel, I fairly gie
them up at thegither. I have travelled this half day
in search of a godly minister, and never man met
with mair disappointment in a day's journey. I'll tell
ye what, guide wife," he added, turning to the dis-
consolate party behind, "we'll just awa back to our
ain minister after a! He's no a'thegither sound
it's true; but let him be what he likes in doctrine,
I never kenned him to fish, shoot, or play on the
fiddle, a' his days!"—*Liverpool Times.*

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE STRELTZ.

"Like all malcontents, the Strelitz believed that dis-
content was universal. It was this belief which, in
Moscow itself, and a few days before the departure
of their sovereign, emboldened Taki and Sukanin,
two of their leaders, to plot a nocturnal conflagration.
They knew that Peter would be the first to hasten
to it, and in the midst of the tumult and confusion
common to such accidents, they meant to murder him
without mercy, and then to massacre all the fore-
igners who had been set over them as masters.

SWIMMING OF FISHES AND FLYING OF BIRDS.

The actions of birds, swimming, flying, and those of fishes, in these kindred qualities, both classes stand apart from quadrupeds, and the other land animals. Swimming and flying are, in truth, only the same act performed in different fluids. The effective instruments, organs, and movements, which produce or modify these acts, are similar, or, at least, analogous. From this remarkable relation, we may expect to find many secondary analogies between the habits of fishes and birds. The wing of the bird and the fin of the fish, differ much less from one another than might be supposed at first sight; and hence the ancient Greek and Roman naturalists, as well as many in later times, have called them by the same name. Both present a considerable surface relatively to the size of the animal, which it may enlarge or diminish at pleasure. The fin

accommodes itself to these expansions and contractions, because it is composed like the wing, of a soft, flexible membranous substance; and when it has received the size suited to the immediate want of the animal, it presents, like the wing, a resisting surface, it acts with precision, it strikes with force, because, like the instrument of flying, it is sufficed with small cylinders, solid, hard, and nearly inflexible. Though unprovided with feathers, it is sometimes strengthened with scales that possess the same texture as the feathers of a bird. The weight of birds does not greatly exceed that of their own bulk of air; the density of fishes is very little different from water, especially that of the sea. Birds are furnished within organization, which renders a great volume very light. Their lungs are very largely developed; great air-bags are placed in the interior of their bodies; their bones are hollow and perforated, so as to receive with ease into their cavities the atmospheric fluid. Although fish have a peculiar bladder, which they can expand with air at pleasure, without adding sensibly to their weight. The tail of birds serves as a rudder, and their wings are hollow and perforated, so as to receive with ease into their cavities the atmospheric fluid. The atmosphere is the ocean of the first; and the sea that of the second. But fishes enjoy their domain much more fully than birds; for they can traverse it in every direction, rise to the very surface, sink into the abyss, or repose themselves in any part of the fluid itself.

THE WILLOWS OF BABYLON.

The banks of the river of Babylon, as the learned Bochart informs us, were so thickly planted with willows, that the whole country was thence called the Vale of Willows; and on these trees were suspended the lyres of the captive Hebrews, neglected and unstrung.—*Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies.*

MAKING OF WILLS.

The editors of the London Morning Herald, say the following from Blackwood's Magazine for April, is one of the best articles they have read on this subject:—"North.—The man who has not made his will at 40 is worse than a fool—almost a knave. Shepherd.—I ken nae better test o' wisdom—wisdom in its highest sense—than a just last will and testament. It begetteth generations yet unborn. It guardeth and strengtheneth domestic peace—and maketh brethren to dwell together in unity. Being dead, the wise testator yet liveth—his spirit abideth invisible, but felt over the root tree, and delighted, morning and evening, in the thanksgiving Psalm. North.—One would think it were easy to act well in that matter. Shepherd.—One would think it were easy to act well, Sir, in a' matters. Yet how difficult! The sowl seems, somehow or ither, to lose her simplicity; and instead o' lookin' her twa natural een staunch forrits along the great, wide, smooth royal road o' truth and integrity, to keep restlessly glourin' round and round wi' a thousand artificial ogies upon a' the cross and by paths leadin, nea single body keens whither, unless it be into brakes, and thickets, and quagmires, and wilderness o' moss where ane may wander wearily and drearily up and down for years, and never recover the rich road again, till Death touches him on shoulder, and doom he fa's among them, that we leavin' a' that looked up to him; for his effies in doubt and dismay and desolation, wi' sore, and bitter hearts, on certain whether to gie vent to their feelings in blessings or in curses, in execration or prayer."

LOSS OF LIFE IN BATTLE.

The following is a general estimate of the losses sustained by the English army, under the command of Lord Wellington, from the time of his appointment to it, in Portugal, until peace. In the campaign of 1808, 69 officers, and 1,015 men fell; 1809, 243 officers and 4,688 men; 1810, 78 officers and 524 men; 1811, 429 officers and 7,384 men; 1812, 816 officers and 11,030 men; 1813, 1,025 officers and 14,966 men; 1814, 400 officers and 4,791 men; 1815, 717 officers and 9,485 men. Total, 3,807 officers and 54,283 men killed or wounded. This total does not include the Brunswickers, Hanoverians, Portuguese nor Spaniards. It is remarkable, that at Salamanca the proportion of the killed to the combatants was one to ninety; at Victoria, 1 to 74; Waterloo, 1 to 40; while at the battle of the Nile, the ratio was 1 to 36; at Trafalgar, 1 to 41; at Copenhagen, 1 to 39.

DIVISION OF LABOUR IN THE EAST.

The subdivision of labour is here (Ceylon) carried almost to infinity; there is no such thing as a "servant of all work"; your dressing-boy will not light or extinguish the lamp, nor will your palanquin-bearer hold the reins of your horse, or if he does, he will be sure to let them go; nor will your cook clean his own mess-tin; nor will any of these do the work of a cook or porter. The poorest female in the bazaar cannot wash or mend her own clothes; she must employ the washerman and tailor. No man must shave his own beard, for that would be an infringement of the barber's prerogative; and the man who supplies you with milk cannot supply you with butter, for these are two distinct offices that must on no account be confounded. So, again, your butler must have his matey, your house-keeper his grass-cutter, your gardener his water-drawer, your washerman his ironing-man; and, if a carpenter or a locksmith comes to do a job at your house, each is accompanied by a boy or cooly to assist him. At the Indian presidencies are several other ramifications and subdivisions among these menials. Now, however gratifying it may be to a man's vanity to have a number of domestics and others at his command, the worst of it is, that all these people must be paid; and what we are not half so well served as in England by a quarter of the number of persons.—*Letters from an Eastern Col.*

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

We feel some reluctance in telling even to our professional readers, what we once met with; but it is an illustration of the evils of tight lacing, and we may therefore venture. At a large and somewhat formal dinner-party, shortly before the ladies left the room, a loud report, like that of a pistol, suddenly startled the whole company; conversation at once dropped—a dead silence ensued—contemplation sat on every countenance, and the guests whispered to each other all round the table, "what could that be?" At length the deep crimson blushes of a young lady fixed the eyes of every one upon her. It was not, however, till many weeks afterwards that the explanation of this singular phenomenon came out, and we had it, not from the young lady herself, but from "auntie"; that one of the fat secrets of her stays, situated over the region of the stomach, had suddenly snapped, and thus given rise to the mysterious explosion.—*Medical Gazette.*

A FINE WOMAN.

It is very pleasant to observe how differently modern writers and the inspired author of the book of Proverbs, describe a fine woman. The former confine their praise chiefly to personal charms and ornamental accomplishments, the latter celebrates only the virtues of a valuable mistress of a family, of a useful member of society; the one is perfectly acquainted with all the fashionable languages of Europe; the other opens her mouth with wisdom, and is perfectly acquainted with all the uses of the needle, the distaff, and the loom; the business of one is pleasure; the pleasure of the other is business; the one is admired abroad, the other at home. Her children rise up and call her blessed, and her husband also praiseth her. There is no name in the world equal to this, nor is there a note in music half so delightful as the respectful language with which the grateful son or daughter perpetuates the memory of a sensible and affectionate mother.

EARTHQUAKES.

Earthquakes.—Earthquakes have been very rare in the Netherlands; not above a dozen, at most, are upon record: it is therefore rather remarkable, that so fewer than three occurred in that country in the course of the last year; the first, which was also the most violent, on the 23d of February, the second on the 21st of March, and the third on the 30th of December. It is a very singular fact, that at the time of the last shock the barometer at Brussels rose considerably.

Mr. J. B. ...