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THE GARLAND.

THE BROKEN HEART.

I saw her when her cheek was bright,
And beautiful, and fair,
Love, joy, and all that was delight,
Which chains the heart or glads the sight,
Secured met together there—
The glow, the glance, from cheek and eye,
Her hair of curling jet;
The look, the smile, and stified sigh,
Her forehead arched, and white and high—
Methinks I see them yet!

I saw her on her bridal day,
Which hope upon her brow;
Her smile, her blush, was brightly gay,
And joy with his ethereal ray,
Was there to gild her vow,
The jest, the laugh, the social cheer,
All bitterness forbid;
Her heart was light, her cheek was clear,
And dark and long the lashes were,
Which fringed her fallen lid.

I saw her when her cheek was wan,
Her eyes looked dim and dead,
Her charms had faded on her face,
Her hair was bleached, her smile was gone,
Her every beauty fled.

She bowed beneath the misery,
Which hearts corroded know,
Her face had lost its gladning gleam,
And, sadly calm, she seemed to me
A monument of woe.

I saw her, in her winding sheet,
A senseless thing of earth,
An aged form was at her feet,
Her countenance with grief replete,
'Twas her who gave her birth;
Another, in a secret place,
From all the throng apart,
Was seen to glare upon her face,
Which, smiling, lay in Death's embrace—
'Twas he who broke her heart!

THE MISCELLANIST.

Extracts from "ADVENTURES IN THE RIFLES BRIGADE," by Captain Kincaid.

(From the London Literary Gazette.)

NIWELLE.—Towards the end of the action, Col. Barnard was struck with a musket-ball, which carried him clean off his horse. The enemy, seeing that they had shot an officer of rank, very maliciously kept up a heavy firing on the spot, while we were carrying him under the brow of the hill. The ball having passed through the lungs, he was spitting blood, and, at the moment, had every appearance of being in a dying state; but, to our joy and surprise, he, that day month, rode up to the battalion, when it was in action, near Bayonne; and I need not add, that he was received with three hearty cheers. A curious fact occurred in our regiment at this period. Prior to the action of the Niwelle, an owl had perched itself on the tent of one of our officers (Lieut. Doyle). This officer was killed in the battle, and the owl was afterwards seen on Capt. Duncan's tent. His brother officers quizzed him on the subject, by telling him that he was the next on the list; and it was joked that Capt. D. did not relish; and it was prophetic, as he soon afterwards fell at Tarbes.

Toulon.—In the attack on Toulon, we are told of one of the few good things said by Wellington during the war—

"The Spaniards, anxious to monopolise all the glory, I rather think, moved on to the attack a little too soon, and before the British division on their left were in readiness to co-operate; however, be that as it may, they were soon in a blaze of fire, and began walking through it, at first, with a great show of gallantry and determination; but their courage was not altogether screwed up to the sticking point, and the nearer they came to the critical pass, the less prepared they seemed to meet it, until they all finally faced to the right about, and came back upon us as fast as their heels could carry them, pursued by the enemy. We instantly advanced to their relief, and concluded that they would have rallied behind us; but they had no idea of doing anything of the kind; for, when with Cuesta and some of the other Spanish Generals, they had been accustomed, under such circumstances, to run a hundred miles at a time; so that, passing through the intervals of our division, they went clear off to the rear, and we never saw them more. The moment the French found us interpose between them and the Spaniards, they retired within their works.—The only remark that Lord Wellington was said to have made on their conduct, after waiting to see whether they would stand after they got out of the reach of the enemy's shot, was, 'Well, d—n, if ever I saw ten thousand men run a race before!'"

Waterloo.—The following is a short extract of Captain Kincaid's conclusion:—

"It will ever be a matter of dispute what the result of that day would have been without the arrival of the Prussians; but it is clear to me that Lord Wellington would not have fought at Waterloo unless Blücher had promised to aid him with thirty thousand men, as he required that number to put him on a numerical footing with his adversary. It is certain that the promised aid did not come in time to take any share whatever in the battle. It is equally certain that the enemy, had, long before, been beaten into a mass of ruin in condition for nothing but running, and wanting but an apology to do it; and I will ever maintain that Lord Wellington's last advance would have made it a victory had a Prussian never been seen there. The field of battle, next morning, presented a frightful scene of carnage; it seemed as if the world had tumbled to pieces, and three-fourths of every thing destroyed in the wreck. The ground running parallel to the front of where we had stood was so thickly strewn with fallen men and horses, that it was difficult to step clear of their bodies; many of the former still alive, and imploring assistance, which it was not in our power to bestow. The usual salutation on meeting an acquaintance of another regiment after an action was to ask, who had been hit? but on this occasion it was 'Who's alive?'"

Meeting one, next morning, a very little fellow, I asked what had happened to them yesterday? "I'll be hanged" says he, "if I know any thing at all about the matter, for I was all day trodden in the mud and galloped over by every scoundrel who had a horse; and in short, that I only owe my existence, to my insignificance." Two of our men, on the morning of the 9th, lost their lives by a very melancholy accident. They were cutting up a captured ammunition wagon for firewood, when one of their swords striking against a nail, sent a spark among the powder. When I looked in the direction of the explosion, I saw two poor fellows about twenty of thirty feet up in the air. On falling to the ground, though lying on their backs or bellies, some extraordinary effort of nature, caused by the agony of the moment, made them spring from that position five or six times, to the height of eight or ten feet, just as a fish does when thrown on the ground after being newly caught. It was so unlike a scene in real life, that it was impossible to witness it without forgetting for a moment the horror of their situation. I ran to the spot along with others, and found that every stitch of clothes had been burnt off, and they were black as ink all over. They were still alive, and told us their names, otherwise we could not have recognised them; and singular enough, they were able to walk off the ground with a little support, but died shortly after. Among other officers who fell at Waterloo, we lost one of the wildest youths that ever belonged to the service. He seemed to have a prophetic notion of his approaching end; for he repeatedly told us, in the early part of the morning, that he knew the devil would have him before night. I shall relate one anecdote of him which occurred while we were in Spain. He went, by chance, to pass the day with two officers quartered at a neighbouring village, who happened to be, that day engaged to dine with the clergyman. Knowing their visitor's mischievous propensities they were at first afraid to make him of the party; but, after schooling him into a suitable propriety of behaviour, and exacting a promise of implicit obedience, they, at last, ventured to take him. On their arrival, the ceremony of introduction had just been gone through, and their host seated at an open window, when a favourite cat of his went purring about the young gentleman's boots, who, catching it by the tail, and giving it two or three preparatory swings round his head, sent it flying out of the window where the parson was sitting, who only escaped it by suddenly stooping. The only apology the youngster made for his conduct was, "Egad, I think I astonished that fellow! but whether it was the cat or the parson he meant, I never could learn. About twelve o'clock, on the day after the battle, we commenced our march for Paris. I shall, therefore, leave my readers, at Waterloo, in the hope that, among the many stories of romance, to which that and the other celebrated fields gave birth, the foregoing unsophisticated one of an eye-witness may not have been found altogether uninteresting."

MATRIMONIAL SPECULATION.—If a man marry once for love, he is a fool to do so twice;—it cannot be therefore, I say, in the choice of a second wife, one scruple of prudence is worth a pound of passion. I do not assert that he should have an eye to dowry; for unless it is a great sum, such will keep all the family in gentility, I think a small fortune one of the greatest faults a young woman can have; not that I object to the money on its own account, but only to its effects in the air and vanities it begets in the silly maiden, especially if her husband profits by it. For this reason I did not choose my second wife from the instincts of fondness, nor for her parentage, nor for her fortune; neither was I deluded by fair looks. I had, as I have said, my first-born needing tendance; and my means were small, while my cares were great. I accordingly looked about for a sagacious woman—one that not only knew the use of needles and shears, but that the skirt of an old green coat might, for lack of other stuff, be a clout to the knees of blue trousers—and such a one I found in the niece of my friend and neighbour, Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins. * * I happened to fall in with this gentleman; and, without thinking of any serious purpose, I sometimes, of a sabbath evening, called at the house where he boarded with his family, and there I soon discovered, in the household talents of Miss Judith, his niece, just the sort of a woman that was wanted to heed the bringing up of my little boy. This discovery, however, to tell the truth quietly, was first made by her uncle. "I guess, Squire Lawrie," said he, one evening, "the squire has considerable muddiness on't since his old woman went to pot." "Ah, Rebecca! she was but twenty-one—"

"Now, squire, you see," continued Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, "that ere being the circumstance, you shall be a-making your calculations for another spec'"; and he took his segar out of his mouth, and trimming it on the edge of the snuffer-tray, added, "Well, if so be as you're a-going to do so, don't you go to stand like a pump, with your arm up, as if you would give the sun a black eye, but do it right away." I told him it was a thing I could not yet think of; that my wound was too fresh, my loss too recent. "If that isn't particular," replied he, "Squire Lawrie, I'm a pumpkin, and the pigs may do their worst with me.—But I ain't a pumpkin, the squire he knows that." I assured him, without very deeply dunking the truth, that I had met with few men in America who knew better how many blue beans it takes to make five. "I reckon, Squire Lawrie," said he, "is a puffing of a parley voo, but I sell no wooden utnags. Now look ye here, squire. There be you, spinning your thumbs with a small child that

ha'n't got no mother; so I calculate, if you make Jerusalem fine nails, I guess you can't a hippen such a small child for no man's money—which is tarnation bad." I could not but acknowledge the good sense of his remark. He drew his chair close in front of me, and taking the segar out of his mouth, and beating off the ashes on his left thumb-nail, replaced it. Having then given a puff, he raised his right hand aloft, and laying it emphatically down on his knee, said in his wonted slow and phlegmatic tone, "Well, I guess that 'ere young woman, my niece—she be'n't five-and-twenty—she'll make a heavenly splice!" I have known that 'ere young woman 'liver the milk of our thirteen cows afore eight a mornin', and then fetch crumple and her calf from the bush.—Dang that 'ere crumple! I never had no such heifer afore—she and her calf cleared out every night, and wouldn't come home on no account, no never, 'till Judy fetched her right away, when she done milking 't'other thirteen." "No doubt, Mr. Hoskins," said I, "Miss Judith will make a capital farmer's wife in the country, but I have no cows to milk— all my live stock is a sucking bairn." "By the gods of Jacob's father-in-law! she's just cut for that. But the squire knows I ain't going to trade her. If she suits Squire Lawrie—good, says I—I shan't ask no, nothing for her; but I can tell the squire as how Benjamin S. Thuds—what is blacksmith in our village—offered me two hundred & fifty dollars—gospel, by the living jingo!—in my hand right away; but you see, as how, he was an everlasting boozey, though for blacksmithing a prime hickmer.—I said no, no, and there she is still to be had—and I reckon Squire Lawrie may go the whole hog with her, and make a good operation." Discovering by this plain speaking of Mr. Hoskins how the cat jumped to use one of his own terms—we entered more into the marrow of the business, till it came to pass, that I made a proposal for Miss Judith, and soon after a paction was settled between me and her, that when the Fair American arrived from Palermo, the Fair American married; for she had a share in the codfish venture by that bark, and we counted that the profit might prove a nest-egg; and it did so, to the blithesome tune of four hundred and thirty-three dollars, which the old gentleman counted out to me in the hard on the wedding day.—Lawrie Todd, by J. Galt, Esq.

BLOOD-LETTING.—Blood-letting is a very simple operation, so simple considered, that I have known youths during the first week of their apprenticeships suffered to perform the operation upon the living body, without any idea, however slight, of the relative situation or importance of the parts which might be injured, and without instruction or any other initiation than that derived from seeing an awkward fellow-pupil perform the operation.—Many such operations have been performed without accident. Wherefore, then should you enter into minute details and a long string of precautions on so simple a subject? Need I answer, that the accidental opening of the artery of the arm, when that of the vein was alone intended, has been known, not in a solitary case, but in many instances, to be attended with fatal consequences; that what by ignorance or want of skill has happened, may again happen, unless guarded against; that the artery and vein are in many instances so contiguous; that a difference of one-twentieth part of an inch in the depth and direction of the incision may make the difference between safety and the loss of life! and that in endeavouring to establish precautions, by which dangers have occurred, may in future be avoided, I do no more than he who erects a light or a beacon to warn the mariner of his approach to shoals or rocks, which, without such friendly warning, might prove more destructive. At an early period of my studies, I witnessed an unfortunate case, which has left an indelible impress on my mind. A fine athletic young man, a brewer's drayman, pinched (by the edge of a cask coming in contact with a post) the skin which connected the little and the ring fingers to each other. He applied to a public institution, where he was attended to by a pupil, who did not even direct him to rest the limb; swelling and pain of the hand succeeded; from pupil he was transferred to house-surgeon;—he still went on badly; from house-surgeon he was transferred to assistant surgeon, and from the assistant-surgeon at length to the principal surgeon, under whose care he had been nominally admitted from the first.—Abscesses formed first in the hand, afterwards a great extent in the fore-arm. In opening one of these abscesses, the ulnar artery was wounded—the hemorrhage was great—the mouth of the divided artery could not be found—the recurrence of hemorrhage became so alarming that it was deemed necessary to tie the humeral artery. The operation was performed in the night, and it was supposed that the artery had been secured; nevertheless the bleeding from the forearm again returned, and the unfortunate patient expired! The limb was privately removed, injected and dissected, when the afflicting truth was discovered, that the ligature had not surrounded the artery which it was intended it should secure, but had included the radial nerve (the Median of Monro) which was in contact with the artery! The fatal results of error or want of skill in the ordinary duties of the surgeon are unfortunately very numerous. The drawings now shewn mark the progress of a case of bleeding from the arm, in which the artery was unintentionally wounded. Repeated and alarming hemorrhages succeeded, and several were performed, to guard against the recurrence of hemorrhages; at length amputation of the arm took place; and the sufferer did not long survive. Another instance, which

from the holding of an inquest after the death of the patient, came under the notice of the public, must be fresh in the recollection of many now present; it also occurred at a public institution, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was—"Died from the accidentally opening an artery in the arm, and from the want of proper attention."—From Lectures on Practical and Medical Surgery, by Mr. Alcock.

CONTRAST PRODUCED BY THE SUN'S INFLUENCE.—There are few contrasts in nature more striking than some of the consequences of different intensity of the sun's influence; that, for instance, of the inhabitants of India, at mid-day, in the hot season, with the thermometer at 120°, running to the shade of their bungalows, darkening their windows, hugging wetted mats upon the walls and roofs and sprinkling the floors, fanning themselves with ever-moving punkas, and feeling the slightest covering or exertion too much; while, on the other hand, the dwellers in Greenland, with the thermometer below zero, are loaded with furs, and are seeking the direct sunshine or heat from a fire, as their life and comfort. Again, there is the contrast observed on passing, as the author once did, in ten days, from such a paradise as Rio de Janeiro, with all its vegetable riches to Tristan da Cunha, and the Isle of Desolation in the Southern Ocean, which exhibit only cold and naked rocks; but yet, where the scene was swarming with its appropriate inhabitants, the sea with seals, and the air with clouds of sea fowl, playing over the never-resting waves like flakes of eddy snow. Were a person for a moment to doubt whether the sun be the real cause of such differences, and of certain creatures being found only in certain zones of the earth, let him reflect on the extraordinary migration of animals, which have their home not in any fixed region, but wherever the sun has, for a time a particular degree of influence, and which accordingly follow the sun in the changes of season. We have the swallow, in such numbers, coming to visit the British isles in the spring, to play over our woods and waters in pursuit of the insects which the heat then breeds in the air, welcome harbingers of the coming summer and its riches; and in autumn the same creatures are seen congregating on our shores, to wing their flight back in united multitudes to more southern countries, where, in turn, there is a temperate influence of the sun. The same season brings to England the nightingale, and makes our woodlands resound with the note of the cuckoo. In the waters of our bays and coasts, again, there appear with the seasons the vast shoals of fish, as the herring and mackerel, which prove such abundant food for millions of human beings; and the salmon, at stated times, penetrates from the ocean far, up the mountain streams, to deposit its spawn for future supply, all, by their movements, contributing to the harmonious and beneficent system of the universe.—Amit.

A GIANTIC BIRD.—In the course of the day I had an opportunity of shooting a condor; it was so satiated with its repast on the carcass of a horse, as to suffer me to approach within pistol-shot before it extended its enormous wings to take flight, which was to me the signal to fire; and having loaded with an ample charge of pellets, my aim proved effectual and fatal. What a formidable monster did I behold in the ravine beneath me, screaming and flapping in the last convulsive struggles of life! It may be difficult to believe, that the most gigantic animal which inhabits the earth or the ocean can be equalled in size by a tenant of the air; and those persons who have never seen a larger bird than our mountain eagle, will probably read with astonishment of a species of that same bird, in the southern hemisphere, being so large and strong as to seize an ox with his talons, and to lift it into the air, whence it lets it fall to the ground, in order to kill it and to prey upon the carcass. But this astonishment must in a great degree subside, when the dimensions of the bird are taken into consideration, and which, incredible as they may appear, I now insert verbatim from a note taken down with my own hand. "When the wings are spread, they measure sixteen paces (forty feet) in extent, from point to point; the feathers are eight paces (twenty feet) in length, and the quill part two paces (eight inches) in circumference. It is said to have powers sufficient to carry off a live rhinoceros."—Temple's Trav.

LOFTY FLIGHT OF THE CONDOR.—The region which may be considered as the habitual abode of the Condor begins at a height equal to that of Etna, and comprehends strata of air at an elevation of from 9,600 to 18,000 feet above the level of the sea. The largest individuals that are met with in the chain of the Andes of Quito are about 14 feet from the tip of one wing to that of the other, and the smallest only eight. From these dimensions, and from the visual angle under which this bird sometimes appears perpendicularly above our heads, it may be judged to what a prodigious height it rises when the sky is clear. When seen, for example, under an angle of four minutes it must be at a perpendicular distance of 6,876 feet. The cave of Antisana, situated opposite the mountain of Chusulongo, and from which we measured the bird soaring, is situated at a height of 12,958 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean. Thus, the absolute height which the Condor attained was 20,834 feet, an elevation at which the barometer scarcely rises to 12 inches. It is somewhat a remarkable physiological phenomenon that this bird, which for hours continues to fly about in regions where the air is so rarefied, all at once descends to the edge of the sea, as along the western slope of the volcano of Pinchincha, and thus in a few minutes passes as it were through all the varieties of cli-

mate. At a height of 20,000 feet, the air-cells of the Condor, which are filled in the lowest regions, must be inflated in an extraordinary manner. Sixty years ago, Ulloa, expressed his astonishment at the circumstance that the vulture of the Andes could fly at a height where the mean pressure of the air is only 14 inches. At heights like these man in general finds himself reduced to a most painful state of debility. In the Condor, on the contrary, the act of respiration appears to be performed with equal ease, in mediums where the pressure differs from 12 to 30 inches. Of all living beings, it is without doubt the one that can rise at will to the greatest distance from the earth's surface. I say at will, because, small insects are carried still higher by ascending currents.—Probably the height which the Condor attains is greater than that which we have found by the calculation mentioned above. I remember that on Cotopaxi, in the plain of Sunaguaco, covered with punice, and elevated 13,578 feet above the level of the sea, I perceived the bird at such a height that it appeared like a black dot. The transparency of the air of mountains is so great under the equator, that in the province of Quito, as I have elsewhere shewn, the puncho or white mantle of a person on horseback is distinguished at a horizontal distance of 84,032 feet.—Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

The following anecdote is related by a friend and contemporary of the lamented Dr. Godman:—"Some years ago, in conversation with us, he said that in a voyage to sea, in early life, he had seen a lad who had just begun to be a sailor, going out to some projecting part of the rigging. His arms were supported by a spar, and he was looking below him for a rope which ran across, on which his feet should be. The rope flew from side to side, and it was evident that the poor fellow was becoming dizzy, and in danger of falling, when the mate shouted to him with all his force, 'Look aloft! you sneaking lubber!' By thus turning away his eyes from the danger, the dizziness was prevented, and he found his footing. And this incident, the Doctor said, often recurred to his mind in after life, when his troubles grew heavy upon him, and he hardly could find ground whereon to tread. At such times he heard the mate's shout in his ears, and turned his eyes 'aloft' to the prize upon which he had fastened his hopes. We cannot part with this beautiful illustration without asking each of our readers to apply it to a still nobler purpose; to steady themselves in all the tempests of adversity by looking toward that life in which there is rest and peace evermore; and when our flesh and heart shall fail us, and we can find no support under our feet, to seek it by 'looking aloft,' to Him, 'who is the strength of our hearts, and our portion for ever.'"

It is related of the celebrated Diderot, that, on rising one morning, he found himself without a single sous, or the means of obtaining the smallest nourishment. After wandering about all day, and suffering the severest pangs of hunger, he returned to his inn, where his illness (arising from exhaustion) becoming apparent to his landlady, she gave him a little wine and toasted bread. "That day," said he, afterwards, "I swore, if ever I possessed any thing, never to refuse an intelligent person's request, that I might not be instrumental to their passing so dreiful a day as I had done;" and which oath he is said to have most religiously observed.

Lord Byron thus describes Cadiz: "Cadiz, sweet Cadiz, is the most delightful town I ever beheld; very different from our English cities in every respect, except cleanliness, (and it is as clean as London) but still beautiful and full of the finest women in Spain, the Cadiz belles being the Lanashire witches of their land!"

COLONIAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Letter in the Foreign Literary Gazette.

The improvements in our colonies constitute a topic which, as regards the literature of the mother country, may strictly be said to be new. I have been placed in circumstances which have enabled me to know the facts of this. While we have, from time to time, been admiring and wondering over the grand schemes of other nations for their internal improvement, we have been entirely unaware that undertakings of far greater magnitude have been going on in our own Colonies than the most splendid in Europe, since the abolition of Bonaparte's undertakings which are not to be surpassed even by those of the United States.

A college, not inferior to any seminary in the United States in point of edifice grandeur, has been recently erected in the small island of Guernsey. The whole continent, within the same period, cannot present the establishment of any institution for the benefit of the people equally superb. This was effected on the means of an ancient endowment, by Sir John Colborne the late Governor.

In Nova Scotia, under the patronage of Lord Dalhousie, another college, upon a large scale, has also been established. By a bequest of a Mr. St. Gill, the means for establishing a third college of princely magnificence, in Montreal, have been provided. And for Upper Canada a truly royal endowment has been procured from the crown by Archbishop Strachan of York, in that Province, for a university, unequalled worthy of the ancient founders of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. The expense for the building of this college is not estimated at much less than that of King's College, London.

Since September, 1824, a Roman Catholic church has been erected in Montreal, which, for magnitude, has not a parallel in all the ecclesiastical structures raised in Christendom since the denunciation of the Jesuits. It is calculated to contain ten thousand persons; is adorned with six lofty towers, three on each side, and the two on the west front with, when finished, be nearly as high as those of Westminster Abbey.—The eastern window at the high altar is sixty-four feet in height; that of York Minster is, I believe, not more than twenty-two. In point of ornament and curious carving, such as adorn the cathedrals of the old countries, it is certainly inferior; but in distant effect, from its situation and its towers, it is equal to any of them.

I have only thus incidentally noticed these things, because among ourselves they are but little known, in order to apprise the public, that in our own empire vast public edifices have been quietly constructing while our attention has been drawn to far inferior undertakings among our neighbours. All the paper-trumps of the United States would have proclaimed the superiority of their progress, had such a building as the Montreal Minster been only projected among them.

Mr. J. H. ...