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THE GARLAND.

From the Edinburgh Evening Post.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY J. MALCOLM, ESQ.
DEAR AS THE DOVE, whose wafing wing
The green leaf ransomed from the main,
Thy genial glow, returning Spring!
Comes to our shores again.
For thou hast been a wanderer long.
On many a far and foreign strand;
In balm and beauty, sun and song,
Passing from land to land.
O'er vine-clad hills and classic plains,
Of glowing climes beyond the deep;
And by the dim and mouldering fane
Where the dead Cæsars sleep;
And o'er Sierra's brightly blue,
Where rest our country's fallen brave,
Smiling through thy sweet tears, to strew
Flower-offerings o'er each grave.
Thou bring'st the blossom to the bee,
To earth a robe of emerald dye;
The leaflet to the naked tree,
And rainbows to the sky;
I feel thy blest, benign control
The pulses of my youth restore;
Opening the springs of sense and soul,
To love and joy once more.
I will not people thy green bowers,
With Sorow's pale and spectre hand,
Nor blend with thine the faded flowers
Of Memory's distant land;
For thou wert surely never given
To wake regrets for pleasures gone;
But, like an angel sent from heaven,
To sooth Creation's groan.
Then, while the groves thy garlands twine,
Thy spirit breathes in flower and tree,
My heart shall kindle at thy shrine,
And worship God in thee;
And in some calm, sequestered spot,
While listening to thy choral strain,
Past griefs shall be a white forgone,
And pleasure bloom again.

Thoughts and Fancies.

WHERE ARE NOT TO BE FOUND
The bones of ENGLAND'S dead?—
Go search the vast and wide earth round,
The wide earth is their bed.
Go search the caverns of the deep—
(That dark and dread profound),
Go climb the craggy mountain's steep,
There still they shall be found.
Traverse the wastes of the trackless sea:
In savage regions tread—
Go where ye may—ye still shall see
These relics of the dead!
No peaceful death, I wren, they died,
The brave of England's land—
They perished mid the battle tide,
With the warrior's glorie in hand.
See—Asia's fields yet reek with gore,
Poured forth from British veins—
And the wild and distant Western shore
Is red with warlike stains.
Where Egypt rolls his mighty flood,
The purple stream has run—
And Europe's soil still steams with blood,
The price of victory won.
Not on the land alone they've bled,
But on the circling wave—
The surface of the earth's their bed,
The deep blue sea—their grave.
Red Victory's shout was their funeral dirge—
Froud Honour's arms their shroud!
Then rest, ye brave, 'neath the ocean surge—
'Neath the burning sun, and the humid cloud.
Grenville, March 20, 1829. X. Y.

From the Winter's Wreath.

THE BLIGHTED HEART.
There is not on the pages which reveal
One sum of anguish, in the Book of Fate,
A pain severer than the pain we feel
When Friendship is deceived, or Love meets hate;
When warm affection coldly is reprieved,
Or hopeless misery condoned by lips we loved.

THE MISCELLANIST.

The following amusing adventure of Captain CLAPBERRY, the celebrated traveller, in Africa, will be read with interest. The scene of the transaction was at Wawa, near the Quorra, where MUNGO PARK perished:
"I had a visit, amongst the number, from the daughter of an Arab, who is very fair, calls herself a white woman, is rich, a widow, and wants a white husband. She is said to be the richest person in Wawa, having the best house in the town, and a thousand slaves. She showed a great regard for my servant Richard, who is younger and better looking than I am; but she had passed her twentieth year, was fat, and a perfect Turkish beauty, just like a walking water-but. All her arts were unavailing on Richard: she could not induce him to visit her at her house, though he had my permission."—p. 81.

This widow, it seems, was not disposed to waste time by making regular approaches, like those by which Widow Wadman underlined the outworks of the unsuspecting Uncle Toby, was determined to carry the citadel by storm.
"The widow Zuma has been kind enough to send me provisions ready cooked, in great abundance, ever since I have been here. Now that she has failed with Richard, she has offered Pascoe a handsome female slave for a wife, if he could manage to bring about matters with me. Not being much afraid of myself, and wishing to see the interior arrangement of her house, I went to visit her. I found her house large, and full of male and female slaves; the males lying about the outer huts, the females near the interior. In the centre of the huts was a square one of large dimensions surrounded by a verandah, with screens of matting all around except in one place, where there was hung a tanned bullock's hide; to this spot I was led up, and, on its being drawn on one side, I saw a lady sitting cross-legged on a small Turkish carpet, like one of our hearth rugs, a large leather cushion under her left knee; her gora pot, which was a large old fashioned English pewter mug, by her side, and a calabash full of

water to wash her mouth out, as she alternately kept eating goora and chewing tobacco snuff, the custom with all ranks, male or female, who can procure them: on her right side lay a whip. At a little distance, squatted on the ground, set a dwarfish, hump-backed female slave, with a wide mouth but good eyes; she had on no clothing, if I except a profusion of strings of beads and coral round her neck and waist. This personage served the purpose of a bell in our country, and what, I suppose, would in old times have been called a page. This lady herself was dressed in a white coarse muslin turban; her neck profusely decorated with necklaces of coral and gold chains, amongst which was one of rubies and gold beads; her eyebrows and eyelashes blacked, her hair dyed with indigo, and her hands and feet with henna: around her body she had a fine striped silk and cotton country cloth, which came as high as her breast, and reached as low as her ankles; in her right hand she held a fan made of stained grass, of a square form. She desired me to sit down on the carpet beside her, which I did, and she began fanning me, and sent Hump-back to bring out her finery for me to look at; which consisted of four gold bracelets, two large paper dressing cases with looking glasses, and several strings of coral, silver rings, and bracelets, with a number of other trifling articles. After a number of compliments, and giving me an account of all her wealth, I was led through one apartment into another, cool, clean, and ornamented with pewter dishes and bright brass pans. She now told me her husband had been dead these ten years, that she had only one son, and he was darker than herself; that she loved white men, and would go to Boussa with me; that she would send for a malem, or a man of learning, and read the fatha with me. I thought this was carrying the joke a little too far, and began to look very serious, on which she sent for the looking glass, and looking at herself, then offering it me, said, to be sure she was rather older than me, but very little, and what of that? This was too much, and I made my retreat as soon as I could, determined never to come to such close quarters with her again."—pp. 85, 86.

SENSATIONS BEFORE AND DURING A BATTLE.—I have heard some men say, that they would as soon fight as eat their breakfasts, and others, that they "dearly loved fighting." If this were true, what blood-thirsty dogs they must be! But I should be almost illiberal enough to suspect these boasters of not possessing even ordinary courage. I will not, however, go so far as positively to assert this, but will content myself by asking these terrific soldiers to account to me why, some hours previous to storming a fort, or fighting a battle, are men pensive, thoughtful, heavy, restless, weighed down with apparent solicitude and care?—Why do men on these occasions more fervently beseech the Divine protection and guidance to save them in the approaching conflict? Are not all these feelings the result of reflection, and of man's regard for his dearest care—his life, which no mortal will part with if he can avoid? There are periods in war which put man's courage to severe tests: if, for instance, as was my case, I knew I was to lead a forlorn hope on the following evening, innumerable ideas will rush in quick succession on the mind; such as, "for ought my poor and narrow comprehension can tell, I may to-morrow be summoned before my Maker." "How have I spent the life he has been pleased to preserve to this period? can I meet that just tribunal?" A man, situated as I have supposed, who did not, even amidst the cannon's roar and the din of war, experience anxieties approaching to what I have described, may by possibility, have the courage of a lion, but he cannot possess the feelings of a man. In action man is quite another being; the softer feelings of the roused heart are absorbed in the vortex of danger and the necessity for self-preservation, give place to others more adapted to the occasion. In these moments there is an indescribable elation of spirits, the soul rises above its wonted serenity into a kind of phrenzied apathy to the scene before you, a heroism bordering on ferocity; the nerves become tight and contracted; the eyes full and open, moving quickly in their sockets, with almost maniac wildness; the head is in constant motion; the nostrils extended wide, and the mouth apparently gasping. If an artist could truly delineate the features of a soldier in the battle's heat, and compare them with the lineaments of the same man in the peaceful calm of domestic life, they would be found to be two different portraits; but a sketch of this kind is not within the power of art, for in action the countenance varies with the battle; as the battle brightens, so does the countenance become gloomy. I have known some men drink enormous quantities of Spirituous liquors when going into action, to drive away spirits; but they are short-lived as the ephemera that struggles but a moment on the chrysal stream, then dies. If a man have not natural courage, he may rest assured that liquor will deaden and destroy the little he may possess.—From the Memoirs of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in His Majesty's 87th Regiment.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.—From practical observation of its effect, I can most solemnly affirm, that flogging is and always will be the best, quickest, and most certain method that can be devised to eradicate from the bosom of a soldier his most laudable and loyal feelings. During the whole of my career, which included

a period of above thirty years, and the length and nature of which afforded me opportunities for extensive inquiry and accurate information, I never knew but one solitary instance, in which the punishment which is the subject of my remarks, recovered self-respect and general reputation.—One wintry morn, when the black wind whistled along the ranks of a regiment paraded to see corporal punishment inflicted, every eye was turned in pity towards the delinquent, until, the commanding officer, with Stenorian lungs, pronounced the awful words, "Strip, Sir." The morning was bitter cold; the black clouds rolled along in quick succession; and the weather altogether was such, that the mere exposure of a man's naked body was itself a severe punishment. The crime of this was repeated drunkenness. When the offender was tied or rather hung up by the hands, his back, from intense cold and the effects of previous flogging, exhibited a complete blue and black appearance. On the first lash, the blood spirted out some yards; and after he had received fifty, his back, from the neck to the waist, was one continued stream of blood. The sufferer never flinched not a jot, neither did he utter a single murmur, but bore the whole of his punishment with a degree of indifference bordering upon insensibility, chewing all the while what I was afterwards informed was a piece of lead. When the poor fellow was taken down, he staggered and fell to the ground. This unfortunate creature afterwards shot himself in his barrack-room, in a sad state of intoxication, and was borne to his solitary pit, and buried like a dog. The poor wretch had scarcely ever looked up from the date of his first flogging; his prospects as a soldier had been utterly destroyed; and his degradation had been so acutely felt by him, as to paralyse his best efforts towards amendment, and at length to sink him into a state of worthlessness and despair.—*Id.*

A MEDITERRANEAN SQUALL.—As we were seated at breakfast a sailor put his head within the door, and saying briefly "that it looked squally to windward," hurried again upon deck. We all followed, and on coming up saw a little black cloud on the verge of the horizon; towards the south, which was every instant spreading over the sky and drawing nearer to us.—The captain altered his course instantly, preparing to scud before it; and in the meantime ordered all hands aloft to take in sail. But scarcely an instant had elapsed ere the squall was upon us, and all grew black around; the wind came rushing, and crisping over the water and in a moment the ship was running almost gunwale down, whilst the rain was dashing in torrents on the decks. As quick as thought the foresail was torn from the yards, and as the gust rushed through the rigging, the sheets and ropes were snapping and cracking with a fearful noise. The crew, however, accustomed to such sudden visitants, were not slow in reefing the necessary sails, trimming the rigging, and bringing back the vessel to her proper course; and in about a quarter of an hour, or even less, the hurricane had all passed by; the sun burst again through the clouds that swept in its impetuous train: the wind sunk to its former gentleness; and all was once more at peace, with the exception of the agitated sea, which continued for the remainder of the day rough and billowy.—*Emerson's Letters from the Aegean.*

THE STROCCO.—The strocco seldom blows with force; it is rather an exhalation than a wind. It scarcely moves the leaves around the traveller, but it sinks heavily and damply in his hair. A stranger is at first unaware of the cause of the mental misery he endures; his temper sours as his spirits sink; every person and every circumstance annoys him; it effects even his dreams, and sleep itself is not a refuge from querulous peevishness; every motion is an irritating exertion, and he trudges along in discontent and unhappiness, sighing and thinking of home, and attempting to philosophise on the arrant folly that could induce him to leave England for an hour, to come to such a dismal, miserable, uninteresting banishment as the Levant.—*Id.*

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.—I may here mention an incident that occurred a few years past at one of our line-kilns, because it manifests how perfectly insensible the human frame may be to pains and afflictions in peculiar circumstances; and that which would be torture if endured in general, may be experienced at other times without any sense of suffering. A travelling man one winter's evening laid himself down upon the platform of a line-kiln, placing his feet, probably numb with cold, upon the heap of stones newly put on to burn through the night. Sleep overcame him in this situation; the fire gradually rising and increasing until it ignited the stones upon which his feet were placed. Lulled by the warmth, he still slept; and though the fire increased until it burned one foot (which probably was extended over a vent hole) and part of the leg, above the ankle, entirely off, consuming that part so effectually, that no fragment of it was ever discovered, the wretched being slept on; and in this state was found by the kiln-man in the morning. Insensible to any pain, and ignorant of his misfortune, he attempted to rise and pursue his journey, but missing his shoe, requested to have it found; and when he was raised, putting his burnt limb to the ground to support his body, the extremity of his leg-bone, the tibia, crumbled into fragments, having been calcined into lime. Still he expressed no sense of pain, and probably expe-

rienced none, from the gradual operation of the fire and his own torpidity during the hours his foot was consuming. This poor drover survived his misfortunes in the hospital about a fortnight; but the fire having extended to other parts of his body, recovery was hopeless.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

NUTRITIOUS SUBSTITUTE FOR FLOUR.—Amongst the most useful and nutritious substitutes for wheat, and which has the advantage of correcting the unwholesome properties of bad flour, is rice. During the scarcity of wheat in July, 1795, one of the measures adopted at the Foundling Hospital, with a view of lessening the consumption of flour, was the substitution of rice puddings for those of flour; which, by the table of diet, were used for the children's dinner twice a week. The flour puddings, for each day, had taken about 168lbs. weight of flour; the rice puddings, substituted in their place, required only 21lbs. of rice, to make the same quantity of pudding; the result of the experiment being that if a baked pudding made with milk, one pound of rice will go very nearly as far as eight pounds of flour. Rice contains a great deal of nutriment in a small compass, and does not pass so quickly off the stomach as some other substitutes for wheat do.—It is a good ingredient in bread. Boil a quarter of a pound of rice till it is quite soft; then put it on the back part of a sieve to drain it; and when it is cold, mix it with three quarters of a pound of flour, a tea-cupful of yeast, a tea-cupful of milk, and a small table-spoonful of salt.—Let it stand for three hours; then knead it up, and roll it in about a handful of flour, so as to make the outside dry enough to put into the oven. About an hour and a quarter will bake it and it will produce one pound fourteen ounces of very good white bread.—It should not be eaten till it is two days old.—*Companion to the Almanack.*

SHERWIN THE PAINTER.—"Of all the men I ever knew, Sherwin was the most difficult to get money from, as he generally lost it in gambling as soon as he got it. His manoeuvres to rid himself of a dun were sometimes whimsically ingenious. I recollect a purblind engraver of the name of Roberts, the artist who etched the fifty small views round London, from drawings made by Chatelet, and who had frequently importuned him for cash, being prevailed upon to partake of a bottle of wine, in order to drink success to the arts, before he paid him. Sherwin, after the second glass wishing to leave him, and knowing that Roberts could not see correctly beyond the bottle, moved his lay figure upon which he had put an old coat, from the corner of the room, and placed it as Roberts's companion; but before he stole out of the studio, he requested Mr. Roberts to keep the bottle by him, and to finish it whilst he wrote answers to some letters for the post. Roberts who had no idea of his having quitted the table, now and then, as he took an occasional glass, silently bowed, respectfully acknowledging the presence of his host. At last, after some time had elapsed, he ventured to observe that he had a great way to go; but receiving no remark, he got up and walked round the table, and modestly requested payment. Upon no answer being returned, he went close enough to whisper the real state of his situation, when, discovering the trick, he left the house indignantly. However Sherwin, who had been that evening lucky at play, upon our informing him of poor Roberts's distressed situation, sent him the money early the next morning, with an additional guinea for the time he had lost, with which he was desired to drink the king's health."—*Nollekens, and his times.*

EATING OYSTERS.—Though, in the progress of refinement, we are surprised at the Abyssinians eating raw flesh, scarce two centuries ago the French nation were equally surprised at our eating oysters; for Diderot, ambassador to Henry III. of France, being asked by that monarch what he had seen remarkable in England, answered, that, besides drinking out of boots, viz. black jacks, and stewing their best rooms with hay, they actually eat some of their fish alive.—*London paper.*

CATERPILLAR.—An experiment has been tried for three years to preserve gooseberry plants from the ravages of the caterpillar, by brushing the stems with a soft brush dipped in common train or fish-oil, about the time of their first appearance, or any time when infested, which appears to destroy or greatly to annoy them. It also much improves the growth and productiveness of the tree the following year, and clears it of moss. This communication is made public, in the hope of exciting experiments to prove how far it may be useful for the preservation of other trees.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

USE OF THE HORSE CHESTNUT.—If the value of this nut was more generally understood, it would not be suffered to rot and perish without being turned to any account as at present. The horse chestnut contains a sponaceous juice, very useful not only in bleaching, but in washing linens and other stuffs. The nut must be peeled and ground, and the meal of twenty of them is sufficient for ten quarts of water, and either linens or woollens may be washed with the infusion without any other soap, as it effectually takes out spots of all kinds. The clothes should however be afterwards rinsed in spring water. The same meal steeped in hot water and mixed with an equal quantity of bran, makes a nutritious food for pigs and poultry.

THE SHORTEST DAY.—Why does the shortest day give more pleasure than the longest? Not because of its gloom, and cold, and dreariness, as contrasted with the brightness and warmth of the sunny days of June; but because that day opens the gate of Hope. At the summer solstice, we look on the sun as about gradually to estrange himself from us, and the prospect of shortening daylight and coming winter embitters the enjoyment of the longest and loveliest day in the year. At the winter solstice, we hail "the eye and soul of this great world," as beaming the kindly rays of returning affection; and we rejoice as when the crisis of a fever is past, and the recovery of the patient is certain. In either case we look along the vista of half the year, and in the one case we see darkness at the extremity, in the other we see light. So admirable is the influence of hope, that it makes us forget present ill in the prospect of future good—makes us pass cheerfully through the longer half of winter, with all its storms and darkness, in certain anticipation of a cheerful spring and glorious summer beyond. How supremely happy the man, who, in the winter of age, though benumbed by its frosts and darkened by its gloom, can look forward with the eye of faith and hope to the endless day and unclouded light of heaven! And how miserable he, who, whilst revelling in the brightest day of pleasure, has no prospect for the future but "the blackness of darkness!"

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—From Lacon.—"Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, desolates and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance."

COFFEE AND CYDER.—Dr. Thornton in his botanical lectures says, no individual who continually uses coffee, can be subject to putrid fevers, and in the east of Europe, it is considered as the only certain remedy for the cure of the plague. The berry grew originally in Arabia Felix, and what is there produced is termed Mocha coffee, and is certainly the finest in the world, and possessed of the greatest perfume. It was then transplanted to Martinique, and subsequently to the East Indies, in both of which climates it now flourishes. The smaller the berry, the better the coffee. Those persons who are desirous of guarding against fever, should always take coffee. It is a most delightful beverage, when it can be obtained fresh. I would recommend every one to drink this most exhilarating infusion for breakfast at this time of the year. The doctor now showed the section of an apple, beautifully painted on glass, and in allusion to the virtues of that fruit, said, that cyder was an excellent medicine, for the cure of dyspeptic complaints. He had known instances where periodical (daily) head-aches were completely cured by the use of cyder as a common drink, and nothing was better adapted to reduce corpulent habits than free use of cyder.

The brain is larger in man than in any other known animal. Its general weight is, according to Sommering, from 2lb. 5½ oz. to 3lb. 3½ oz. I have weighed several at 4lb. The brain of the late Lord Byron (without its membranes) weighed 6lbs. and contained more medullary substance than ordinary.—*DeWhurst's Essay on the Formation of Man.*

YOUTH.—We have so much fire, so much imprudence, in our first youth, we dart forward in life with so much vivacity. The mind however cultivated, will never supply the want of years; for though we may learn to talk as if experienced, we act not according to our perceptions; we have a kind of fever in our ideas, which does not permit us to conform our conduct to our reasonings.

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.—The first lighthouse built on the Eddystone rocks, was one chiefly of wood, raised by Mr. Winstanley, in 1688, which was swept away by a hurricane in 1703. Its builder perished in it. The second was finished by Mr. Radyard in 1709; but, from the quantity of timber in it, was consumed by fire in 1755; its inmates having a narrow escape of sharing in the destruction. The present fabric was completed by Mr. Smeaton, in 1759, and is nearly as solid as if it formed part of the rocks themselves.

SWALLOWING A CHICKEN.—To such straits where they reduced for eatables of some kind, that I heard of a cavalry officer of high rank, who, having been most unwelcomely warned by his messmate that the egg which he was about to discuss had a chicken in it, instead of checking his hungry jaws in the infanticidal act, immediately swallowed the savoury mouthful, with the exclamation, "I wish it was a goose!"—*Twelve Years' Military Adventure.*

Lord Erskine, when at the bar, and at the time when his professional talents were most eminent and popular, having been applied to by his friend Dr. Parr for his opinion upon a subject likely to be litigated by him, after recommending the Doctor to "accommodate the difference amicably," concluded his letter by observing, "I cannot scarcely figure to myself a situation in which a law-suit is not, if possible, to be avoided."

Mr. J. W. H. M. M.