

The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

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THE GARLAND.

From the Atlantic Souvenir, for 1830.
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.
BY WILLIAM LEGGERT.
The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing ideas in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play.
And thus the friends that gather near
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.
But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains,
And chirps amidst the blast.
Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

THE MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New-York Observer.
The following beautiful lines, says the Albany Argus, were written by a gentleman, and handed to an intelligent deaf and dumb youth, (William Darlington), who, on being asked if poetry was not too difficult for the deaf and dumb? replied upon his state, as follows: "I think the minds of those who cannot hear, may perceive the beauties of poetry; your lines, though I have only read them over hastily, I observe are intended to describe the happiness of the deaf and dumb in the future state, when after this life they shall be received into heaven with great joyfulness and open ears."
The deaf shall hear and the dumb shall speak,
In brighter days to come,
When they pass through the troubled scenes of life,
To a higher and happier home.
They shall hear the trumpet's fearful blast,
When it breaks the sleep of the tomb,
They shall hear the righteous Judge declare
To the faithful, their blessed doom.
And the conqueror's shout, and the ransom'd's song,
On their captiv'd ears shall fall,
And the tongue of the dumb, in the jubilee of praise,
Shall be higher and louder than all.
Oh! those, whose still voices can find no rest,
To the heart its message to bear,
Who can hear the unutter'd reply of the heart,
As it glows in the favor of prayer.
Look in thy purity and power, on these
Who only they can hear,
And heed to the call of their speaking hearts,
Thine ever listening ear!

SCOTLAND AND SCOTT.

Over the face of creation the genius of Scott has thrown a mighty spell; he has spread a witchery around almost every scene, whether quiet or agitated; sunny, lowering, or dark. It has been beautifully remarked, "that every gentle swelling of the ground, every gleam of the water, every curve and rock of the shore, all varieties of the earth, from the rarest crag to the soft grass of the woodland walk, and all the changes of the heaven, from morn to noon, from noon to latest eve, are placed before us, in his words, with a distinctness beyond that which the painter's art can attain, while we seem to breathe the mountain air, or drink in the freshness of the valleys." There is a boundless variety in the sketches with which Sir Walter Scott has presented us. There are numberless fine changes in the landscape which awaken surprise, inspire tranquility, or command unmingled admiration. I know few things finer, for what has been designated "soft beauty," than the description of the ruins of St. Ruth; the sweet and quiet lake among the hills, to which the cave of Donald Bean approached; or the secluded and enchanting spot where Nora meets Mordant. Many sketches in Gay Manner are uncommonly graphic and vivid—most beautifully and eloquently depicted. I remember being considerably delighted with several choice specimens of romantic Highland scenery in Rob Roy; and the sublime and terrific representation of the visit of the sea on Fairport sands, and the perils of Sir Arthur Wadour and his daughter, produces an impression that is almost overwhelming. But the labour of specification would be endless. The works of this great writer abound in natural, vivid, and original descriptions of scenery, which no author has ever surpassed. And there is one circumstance which has always occurred to me, he produces the impression by a few bold, original, and graphic touches, not by any minute, elaborate, and tedious detail. What loveliness and interest has he imparted to the scenery of Scotland! His genius has beautified her Highland cottages, and illuminated the vast hills of purple heath in which she abounds. "He will scarcely leave a brook—a mountain ash—or a lichen on the rocks of her shore—without due honour." All is remembered—admired—and loved. He may be designated the genius of Scotland. He has communicated to her a poetic interest. The imagination lingers among her scenes. Scotia is rendered hallowed and enchanted ground. It has been poetically observed, "that he has peopled his glens with sylphs, and over his heath and terrific precipices, moves the majestic spirit of departed years." The love which Scott bears to his country is intense; and he delights not only in her rich and luxuriant scenery, but even her bare earth, her mountains wild, and her grass in the unfruitful field, are associated in his mind with peculiar charms. Now all this is very amiable and beautiful. It inspires tranquillity; it awakens the sweetest associations; and a native of the country of Rob Roy, when marking his fine delineations, would fully enter into the sentiment of the Poet—
"He call'd up each scene, and joy fill'd my heart,
And the tear of remembrance did flow;
I gaz'd with intenseness on each sunny spot,
"Twas beauty and freshness above and below."

Northumberland Place, 1829. [Bath Journal.]

I once heard a gentleman make a very witty reply to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the whole world: "Sir," said he, "it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world, but it is quite possible that some one man may know himself."

CONSTITUTIONAL.—Mr. Cobbett is at present engaged in publishing, periodically, a work which is likely to be productive of more benefit to the country than most of his other voluminous writings. He ought, however, and we trust, he will, have discretion enough to avoid most carefully the introduction of politics into a work of the nature of the one now before us, as doing so would only have the effect of limiting its circulation and consequently circumscribing its usefulness. We with pleasure extract some sensible observations on dress, which are peculiarly worthy of observation at the present moment:
"Extravagance in dress, in the haunting of play houses, in horses, in every thing else, is to be avoided; and in youth and young men, extravagance in dress particularly. This sort of extravagance, this waste of money on the decoration of the body, arises solely from vanity, and vanity of the most contemptible sort. It arises from the notion that all people, in the street for instance, will be looking at you as soon as you walk out; and that they will, in a greater or less degree, think the better of you on account of your fine dress. Never was notion more false. All the sensible people that happen to see you will think nothing at all about you: those who are filled with the same vain notion as you are will perceive your attempt to impose on them, and will despise you accordingly; rich people will wholly disregard you, and you will be carried and hated by those who have the same vanity that you have, without the means of gratifying it. Dress should be suited to your rank and station; a surgeon or physician should not dress like a carpenter; but there is no reason why a tradesman or merchant's clerk, or clerk of any kind, or why a shopkeeper, or merchant, or manufacturer, or even a merchant—should dress in an expensive manner. It is a great mistake to suppose that they derive any advantage from exterior decoration. Men are estimated by other men according to their capacity and willingness to be in some way or other useful, and though with the foolish and vain part of women, fine clothes frequently do something, yet the greater part of that sex are much too penetrating to draw their conclusions solely from the outside show of a man; they look deeper, and find other criterions whereby to judge. And, after all, if the fine clothes obtain you a wife, will they bring you in that wife frugally, good sense, and that sort of attachment that is likely to be lasting? Natural beauty of person is quite another thing; this always has, it always will, and must have some weight, even with men, and great weight with women. But this does not want to be set off with expensive clothes. Female eyes are, in such cases, very sharp; they can discover beauty though half-hidden by beard, and even by dirt, and surrounded by rags; and take this as a secret worth half a fortune to you, that women, however personally vain they may be of themselves, despise personal vanity in men."

It is somewhat singular that the passion for dress, amongst males, is almost exclusively confined to tradesmen and persons in the lower ranks of life.—There are no people in the world who dress so plainly as our House of Peers and House of Commons. Indeed, there are but few members of these august bodies who in a Fleet-street shopman would not turn up his nose at in the street. There are many people, who are not yet aware, that in good society it is considered a mark of vulgarity to be dressed particularly well.—*London Weekly Times.*

AMERICAN FIREMEN'S SCENE, New-York.

I was scarcely well asleep again, before a second and far more furious alarm brought all the world to the windows. The church bells were clanging violently on all hands, and the car could readily catch, every now and then, a fresh sound chiming in with the uproar with much musical discord, and all speaking in tones of such vehemence as satisfied me that now there would be no disappointment. On opening the street door, I saw in the east a tall column of black smoke, curling and writhing across the cold morning sky, like a great snake attempting to catch the moon, which, in her last quarters, was moving quietly along, as if careless of the increasing tumult which was fast spreading over the city. On the top of the City Hall, one of the finest of the numerous public buildings which adorn New-York, a fire-warden or watchman is constantly stationed, whose duty, when the alarm is given, is to hoist a lantern at the extremity of a long arm attached to the steeple, and to direct it towards the fire, as a sort of beacon to instruct the engines what course to steer. There was something singularly striking in this contrivance, which looked as if a great giant, with a blood-red finger, had been posted in the midst of the city, to warn the citizens of their danger. I succeeded, by quick running, in getting abreast of a fire-engine; but although it was a very ponderous affair, it was dragged along so smartly by its crew of some six-and-twenty men, aided by a whole legion of boys, all hawling as loud as they could, that I found it difficult to keep up with them. On reaching the focus of attraction, the crowd of curious persons like myself began to thicken, while the engines came dashing in amongst us from every avenue, in the most gallant and business-like style. Four houses, built entirely of wood, were on fire from top to bottom, and sending up a flame that would have defied a thousand engines. But nothing could exceed the dauntless spirit with which the attempt was made. In the midst of a prodigious noise and confusion, the engines were placed along the streets in a line, at the distance of about two hundred feet from one another, and reaching to the bank of the East River, as that inland sea is called which lies between Long Island and the main. The suction hose of the last engine in the line, or that next the stream, being plunged into the river, the water was drawn up, and then forced along a leather hose or pipe to the next engine, and so on, till, at the tenth link in this curious chain, it came within range of the fire. As more engines arrived, they were marshalled by the superintendent into a new string; and in about five minutes after the first stream of water had been brought to bear on the flames, another was sucked along in like manner, and found its way, leap by leap, to the seat of the mis-

chief. I moved about amongst the hazing hoses till driven back by the police, who laboured hard to clear the ground for the firemen alone. On retreating reluctantly from this interesting scene, I caught a glimpse of a third set of water playing away upon the back part of the fire; and on going round to that quarter, discovered that these energetic people had formed a third series, consisting of seven engines, reaching to a different bend of the river, down some alley, and not quite so far off. The chief things to find fault with on this occasion, were the needless shouts and other uproarious noises, which obviously helped to exhaust the men at the engines, and the needless forwardness, or it may be called fool-hardiness, with which they entered houses on fire, or climbed upon them by means of ladders, when it must have been apparent to the least skillful person, that their exertions were utterly hopeless. A small amount of discipline, of which, by the way, there was not a particle, might have corrected the noise; and the other evil, I think, might have been removed by a machine recently invented in Edinburgh, and found to be efficacious on like occasions.—*Captain Hall's Travels in the United States.*

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—No foreigner, unless he be a resident in the United States, can take out a copyright in America, either openly or by indirect contrivance. An American publisher, therefore, who succeeds in obtaining a copy of a book written in Europe, may reprint and put it into circulation, without sharing the profits with the author, or having any connexion with him at all.
"Here extent of sale, it may be observed, is the grand object aimed at by the American publishers; and as nothing secures this but low prices, competition takes the direction of cheapness alone. This circumstance affords a sufficient explanation of the miserable paper, printing, and binding, by which almost all reprinted books in that country are disgraced."
Undoubtedly a vehement passion pervades America for reading books of a certain light description; but there does not exist the smallest taste, that I could ever see or hear of, for collecting books, or even for having a few select works stored up for occasional reference. Messrs. Carey and Lea, of Philadelphia, the republishers of the Waverley Novels, always get over, at some considerable cost, the proof sheets from England, and having printed a large quantity, throw them into the market before any other English copies can have reached the country.

These spirited publishers are sure of a certain amount of profit, in consequence of the avidity with which the works in question are welcomed by the public; the number printed being generally, I believe, about ten thousand. A Waverley Novel, which in England is printed in three volumes, at 31s. 6d., is republished in two volumes, at 3s. 6d. In the course of a few days afterwards, however, it is often re-published on coarse paper, in a smaller size, for several shillings less, and before many weeks have elapsed, copies are sold for a dollar, or 4s. 3d. and sometimes even cheaper. The price of the American edition of Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, reprinted in three vols. octavo, was 4s. dollars, or about 20s. In England it was 94s. 6d. Within a short period after its first appearance it was again re-published and put into circulation for 2s. dollars, or about 10s. 6d., being little more than a ninth part of the original English cost. The materials and the execution of these works, compared with those of the original, bear a pretty fair proportion to the above difference in price. But if the original publishers at Philadelphia were to attempt to get up the works in question in a more respectable style, consequently at a higher price, the edition might lie on their shelves till doomsday!

The sale of a book does not go on from month to month, or from year to year, as with us—the whole being over in a few weeks, or at the most, months; consequently, the printer who is most expert, and most ingenious in cheap devices, makes the most profit while the public curiosity remains alive. The precaution used by Messrs. Carey and Lea, of getting out the sheets of any new and popular work before its appearance in England, does not always afford them even a temporary security against competition. Upon one occasion, indeed, they very nearly sustained a heavy loss.

They had received, by various opportunities, all the sheets of a Waverley Novel but one, and as fast as they received them, printed off about ten thousand copies of the work. The sheet in which this unfortunate last sheet was despatched, sailed from Liverpool on the first of the month, up to which time the book had not been published. But it happened, perversely enough, that a ship which sailed from Liverpool some weeks afterwards arrived at New-York on the same day. In the interim between the sailing of the first and the last of these two vessels, the book made its appearance in England, and a complete copy, sent off by the last opportunity, reached America, at the very same moment with the anxiously looked-for missing sheet, sent by the first ship.

The publisher, a man of great energy and promptitude of purpose, who was waiting at New-York for the arrival of the packet, boarded her before the anchor was gone, got hold of his prize, and galloped back to Philadelphia. The unlucky sheet was straightway set up in a dozen different printing-offices, which were kept in motion night and day, by relays of workmen, till the book was not only completed for immediate sale on the spot, in Philadelphia, but, by means of carriages posted on the road, a couple of thousand copies were actually ready for distribution at New-York, within six-and-thirty hours after the arrival of the ship! The missing pages had first to travel ninety miles before they reached the printing press, then to be worked off, stitched, packed, and returned to

New-York, all in a day and half, so as to supply the market before any of the publishers of that city had time to enter the field.
It is amusing to think that cases may, and I believe have occurred, in which the early sheets of one of these works have been printed and ready for publication on the other side of the Atlantic, when the conclusion of the story was yet unwritten on the banks of the Tweed.—*Id.*

DECLINE OF EMPIRES.

From *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht.*
BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
"The rise and decline of empires is a subject equally fitted to strike the fancy of the poet, to employ the labour of the historian, and to occupy the thought of the philosopher. Some of the most affecting and sublime passages of human eloquence have been called forth by a theme, which, on the one side, presents us with all that man has performed, most glorious and most ennobling; while, on the other, it gives us a melancholy picture of the vanity of his greatest works. Cities and towers fall to the ground; a dominion which forms the pride of one generation excites the pity of another. But ours is a more sober task. Generally speaking, a state or country is seen to flourish when its members are moved by passions which require a common effort, and are directed to the common benefit.—Freedom, commerce, conquest, love of glory, dominion of the seas, planting of colonies,—such are the most usual objects of rising and prosperous states. Each has one or more of these objects peculiar to itself, which form, as it were, its principle of life. Thus the spirit of Rome was formed of love of freedom and love of conquest; the spirit of Holland, of love of freedom and of commerce. So long as this spirit continues unabated, and has room to gratify itself, the state flourishes. It may exist in an absolute monarchy, as well as in a free state, but seldom endures; because the law of hereditary succession may change the spirit of the nation, at any moment, from activity to indolence, from conquest to pusillanimity. The decline of a state takes place in a similar manner, when a passion tending to a common purpose, is exchanged for others aiming solely at the enjoyment of the individual, to be advanced by individual and selfish means. Thus, when, owing to the corruption of their manners and institutions, the Romans grew to love their villas and their feasts better than war, their luxury (revengeing the conquered world,) prepared the fall of the empire. Other causes of decline may be found in laws or institutions which check national energy; for instance, the Inquisition of Spain. Or, lastly a state may be outgrown by its neighbours. We often see, in a plantation, that a quick-growing tree for a time overtops and shades its fellows; but when it has reached its maturity, a plant of loftier nature equals, surpasses, and at length carries away from it sun and moisture. Like to this is the figure which we see made in history by countries which owe to the early maturity of their laws a superiority they cannot finally preserve. Sparta and Athens commanded the civilized world, till Philip united his Macedonians under a compact and orderly government. In modern times, the states of Italy once maintained larger regular armies, and had more copious treasures, than England or France; but when the government of these kingdoms became settled, the small Italian republics fell into insignificance. In the course of the seventeenth century, all the nations of Europe, except Italy and Spain, made great progress in the arts of government and civil life; consequently new states sprung up, and the balance of power was altered by the decline of some countries and the rise and progress of others."

Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell are the sons of a large master and a small dealer in coals at Newcastle. Lord Stowell borrowed £10 to go to the Circus, and both supported themselves for a time by their talents as private tutors. Lord Tenterden is the son of a hair dresser, and obtained an elementary education, on the foundation of a charity belonging to the town. The Lord Chancellor is the son of Mr. Copley the painter. The Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas is the son of an Attorney. Mr. John Williams, one of the Benchers of his Inn, is the son of a horse dealer in Yorkshire. Mr. F. Pollock, another Benchers, is the son of a saddler of that name at Charing Cross. Mr. Bickersteth, also a Benchers, was not long since house surgeon and accoucher in the family of Lord Clifford. The mother of Mr. Gurney, the Benchers, kept a small book shop for the sale of pamphlets in one of the Courts in the city. Mr. Campbell, King's Counsel, and son in law to Sir James Scarlett, was a reporter to a daily paper, at a time when such labour was much more paid than at present. Mr. Serjeant Spankie was one of his colleagues. Mr. Stephens, the Master in Chancery, was also a Reporter and about twelve or fifteen of the present Barriers were reporters for the daily papers. The present solicitor General, Mr. Sugden, is the son of a barber, and was clerk to Mr. Groome, the operative conveyancer to the late Marquis of Londonderry.

It is remarkable that the admission of Mr. Sugden was opposed on the ground that he had a clerk—and but for the exertions of that most amiable man and ornament to his profession, Mr. Hargrave, who contended for his admission on the ground that, whatever he had been, he was a man of talent, and had written a book which displayed qualifications of a superior order, he would now have been any thing but Sir Edw. Borthenshaw Sugden, Solicitor General to his Majesty. These are only a few of the striking examples. The great number, perhaps, of the departed members of the profession, who became distinguished in their times rose much in the same manner. Chief Justice Saunders, whose reports, to this day, form the best book

to pleaders, was a beggar boy, first taken notice of by an attorney, who took him into his office. Lord Kenyon was an attorney's clerk. Lord Hardwicke was a peasant, and afterwards an attorney's writer and an office boy. Lord Thurlow, himself an illustration of his own rule, used to say, that the strictest cause of success to a Barrister, was "parts and poverty."—When Erskine and Curran once dined with his Majesty, then Prince of Wales, the Prince gave as a toast, "The Bar." Erskine said, he owed every thing to the Bar—and Curran added, "Then what may I say—since it has raised me from the condition of a peasant to the table of my Prince?"—*English papers.*
The Snake.—All the snake tribe, innoxious and pernicious, seem to be viewed with horror and aversion by mankind. This horror, from the knowledge of their power of inflicting harm in countries where such kinds are found, is natural, and often preservative of life; but the aversion generally felt, and that shuddering occasionally noticed at the sight of our harmless snake, is like a deep-rooted prejudice. We imbibe in infancy, and long retain in remembrance the impression of injuries from the wiles of the serpent; and the enmity between it and the seed of the woman appears still in full operation, and is possibly more extensively and insensibly diffused among mankind that we are aware of. The harmless nature of our snake seems to be fully known to the little birds of the hedge, as they in no way give intimation of its presence by any warning of avoidance to their young, or that insulting veneration so observable when any really injurious creature is perceived, but hop and sport about the basking snake without fear or notice. All the human race seems to have inherited the original anathema against this creature; for though the capricious cruelty of man is very frequently exerted to the injury of many that his power enables him to tyrannize over, yet the serpent appears to be a peculiar object of his enmity, as if it was understood to be an absolute duty to "bruise his head," whenever the opportunity should be afforded.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*
A Colonel's Wit.—"The Colonel's wit could not certainly be said to be superficial; at least it did not lie upon the surface; on the contrary, it was too deep to be perceived, or appreciated by any officer in the regiment, with the single exception of the Adjutant, who generally seated himself at the mess-table on the Colonel's left hand, and was the first who, by his laugh, announced to the wondering mess that a good thing had been said. Regularly as the responses of the clerk in the service of the church, or as thunder follows lightning, did the adjutant's roar follow the Colonel's flash; and as not to be delighted at the joke of a commanding officer would at once indicate a want of taste, policy, and politeness; no soldier did the adjutant make the accustomed signal, than we took the time from him, and the ready laugh ran along the table in the manner of a feu de joie."—*Malcolm's Tales of Field and Flood.*
Cost of SUGAR ON THE CONTINENT.—It is stated in an article in the last Number of the *Revue Encyclopedique*, that although, in consequence of the colonial system, sugar is so expensive an article in France, the best refined sugar to be had at Antwerp, duty paid, at 6d. or 6s. per pound; in Prussia, for 6d. or 9d.; and in Hamburg for 7d. or 7s. 3d.; and that sugar exported from France, with the allowance of the drawback, is sold in Switzerland at about half the cost at which it is to be had by the consumer in France. In consequence of this high price of sugar, the consumption in France, except among the better classes, is very small—it is only at the rate of five pounds to each individual in the population; whereas in the United States, according to Humboldt, it is eight pounds; in England, fourteen pounds; in Hamburg ten pounds; and in the rest of Germany, six pounds.

CURIOS CALCULATION.—Mr. Adam, Rector of the Inverness Academy, in his Philosophical Lecture on Tuesday evening, in alluding to the famous saying of Archimedes, that "give him a lever long enough, and a fulcrum to rest it on, and he would by the weight of his own body move the earth," mentioned that he found by calculation, that reckoning the body to be equal to a cubic yard of matter, it would be necessary for him to move with a velocity of five hundred circles in an hour, for upwards of five thousand millions of years, in order to make our globe (supposing it to be at rest) change its position by one-tenth of an inch!—*Inverness Courier.*

DEATH.—A wise and due consideration of our latter end is neither to render us sad, melancholy, disconsolate people, nor to render us unfit for the business and offices of our life, but to make us more watchful, vigilant, industrious, sober, cheerful, and thankful to that God, that hath been pleased thus to make us serviceable to him, comfortable to ourselves, profitable to others; and after all this, to take away the bitterness and sting of death, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Sir Matthew Hale's Contemplations.*

Application to business, attended with approbation and success, flatters and animates the mind; which in idleness and inaction stagnates and putrifies. I would wish that every rational man would, every night, when he goes to bed, ask himself this question, *What have I done today?* Have I done any thing that can be of use to myself or others? Have I employed my time, or have I squandered it? Have I lived out the day, or have I dazed it away in sloth and laziness? A thinking being must be pleased or confounded, according as he can answer himself these questions.—*Chesterfield.*

COMPLAISANCE.—Complaisance pleases all, prejudices none, adorns wit, renders humour agreeable, augments friendship, redoubles love, and complying with justice and generosity, becomes the secret charm of the society of all mankind.—*M. de Scudery.*

John Campbell Esq.