

# The Weekly Observer.

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Vol. VII. No. 7.

## THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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Printing, in its various branches, executed with neat-  
ness and dispatch, on very moderate terms.

## Selected Almanack.

August—1834.	SUN	MOON	FULL
Rises, Sets, Rises, SEA.			
20 WEDNESDAY	5 10	6 50	8 24
21 THURSDAY	5 12	6 48	8 24
22 FRIDAY	5 13	6 47	8 45
23 SATURDAY	5 14	6 46	9 5 11
24 SUNDAY	5 16	6 44	10 11
25 MONDAY	5 17	6 43	11 17
26 TUESDAY	5 19	6 41	12 23

Last Quarter 27th day, 7h. 7m.

## NEW-BORN.

### FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11  
to 12 o'clock.

JOHN M. WILMOT, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.

Committee for August:  
JAMES HENDERICKS, WILLIAM JARVIS, JOHN KINNEAR.

For all Communications, by Mail, must be post paid.

## The Garland.

### SABBATH MUSINGS.

Yet is it so? It is the time high heaven  
Hath hallow'd to itself, that man may cease  
The world's solicitudes, and fix his thought  
On things that implicate eternity!

There comes a moment—rest!—'tis God's own hour.  
Keep silence, earth, in all your busy throng!  
Ye that unwearily do his dust  
In true devotion at the shrine of God,  
Exalt your souls to be His worshippers  
Who made the gorgeous ore, whose hand profuse  
Sprinkled Golconda's gems, and o'er Peru  
Scattered the countless treasures ye desire.  
To His, subservient, the favourite breeze  
Waits safe their arisings from farthest Ind;  
Not for his foes, the furious tempest waxes,  
And lides their forms, that sweep adown the deep!  
Then worship God, and let this holy hour  
Bear up your earnest of praise and prayer.

And ye of sterner toil, whose rugged brows  
Bend to the penalty, and sweat for bread,  
Unchain the spirit from earth's drudgery,  
And lose awhile the memory of care.  
Mid the half-irrowed field bestay the plough,  
Bid the twin rollers of the soil go free,  
And sigh that doth the patient serfitude,  
From closing sabbath to its blest return,  
Within the stall, or at some cooling stream,  
Or by the upland, court a day's repose;  
While ye, in noisier road, by faith reclined  
On the far top of glorious Calvary,  
Shall soothe away the bitterness of life,  
In hope through Him that hath redeem'd the world.

Or, perchance, the poor artisan,  
Whose stony arm is doom'd to be overtaught,  
In constant turmoil for a scanty fare,  
Let him forbear the anvil and lock up  
Himself, when he is weary there.

And he that fearless meets the impetuous surge,  
And rides o'er the billows of the main,  
To earn a pittance for his needy home,  
Let him remember now to honor God,  
And, as he heaves the dizzy shrouds,  
Still let his courage, or adjust the sail,  
Hail his in courage in holy orisons,  
And praise and thanksgiving, sacred to heaven.

Though destined o'er the dreary deep to roam,  
He adoring one shall know no timid fears;  
He hears sweet music in the wild war's foam,  
And calmly lides aloft when death appears.

For there's a port above where perils cease—  
The bark that anchors there shall ne'er unmoor;  
The weary sailor takes his last release,  
And treads in ecstasy a golden shore.

It is the Sabbath! let the nations hush  
In lowly reverence—while th' eternal hills,  
Voiced with an earthquake, roar—amen! amen!

[New-York Mirror.]

## Recollections.

From the London Quarterly Review.

### The Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France, from 1799 to 1818. Compiled from official documents, by Lieut. Colonel Gurdur, Esquire, his Grace's Knight of the Bath. Vol. I. London: 1834. 8vo.

In 1832, Lieut. Colonel Gurdur published a volume of the "General Orders of the Duke of Wellington, during his Portuguese, Spanish, French and Belgic campaigns from 1809 to 1815"—a volume which we believe to be of more practical use, not only to military students, but even to experienced officers, than all the theoretical works that ever have been written on military economy. It is, indeed, an admirable code of regulations—founded on the broadest principles, but descending into the most exact detail—for the equipment, sustenance, discipline, and police of an army, for all that tends to its own comfort and honour—to the protection of its friends and allies—and to the defeat of its enemies. The deserved success of that work has induced the gallant and intelligent editor to undertake another, somewhat similar in its nature, but of a wider scope—a collection, as far as he could obtain them from authentic sources, of all the despatches and letters, official, semi-official, and private, of the Duke of Wellington, from his first appearance in India, as Commander-in-Chief of the 33d regiment of infantry, down to the period of the Army of Occupation in France, from 1799 to 1818.

"The Duke," says Colonel Gurdur, "is now presented to the world for the first time, as the historian of his own brilliant career."

These two publications form a work unique in its kind, and, if continued as begun, will afford the most—we had almost said the only—complete and authentic view that has ever been given of the military life of any great commander.

The publication now before us is written, for the most part, by the Duke of Wellington's own pen; but without any design of contributing either to biography or history. It is not liable to the imputations of egotism or partiality which attend memoirs, nor to the suspicion which naturally attaches to relations composed after the events—it gives us the despatches of the time—the letters of the day—the notes of the moment—official, public, private and confidential—written in the closest and in the field—before the battle—during the conflict—after the victory: we have the events fresh and fresh, to use a familiar phrase—we learn, in unreserved confidence, the General's designs, his apprehensions, and his hopes—we see, in exact detail, his means, his forces, and his measures—we trace, as they arise, the successive events and the successive application of the Commander's re-

## Level of the Baltic.

The Commercial Gazette of St. Petersburg, of May 28, has the following:—"It has been remarked that during the last 20 years, the water in this port has become considerably lowered; and affords a new proof of the correctness of the observations made by the ancient inhabitants of the shores of the Baltic, that the bottom of this sea is continually rising, and that the level and body of the water is gradually diminishing, and that the land is increasing on every side. According to the researches of the ancient naturalists, phenomena of this nature most frequently occur in the countries near the North Pole. We can quote as examples the lakes of Denmark, which have sunk so low that some of them are almost entirely without water. Sweden and Norway, 2500 years ago, formed one island. The town of Pitea, in 15 years, became distant from the sea 70 miles, and the water receded from Loulea one mile in 25 years. The ancient port of Lodisa is now four miles from the sea, and that of Westervel, two miles. At the time the foundation of Tornea large vessels could come up to it, now it is in the middle of a peninsula. The islands of Ergoze and Gergo, in the Gulf of Lapland, have been for many years joined to the continent. In 1610, the sea was 12 feet higher than it is now, and the water has since then gradually subsided, and is now 12 feet lower than it was in 1610. It is difficult to decide which of these two opinions are most correct, but it is incontestable that the main land washed by the Baltic is enlarging, that the rivers and lakes diminish in depth, that banks are forming in the sea-ports, and that sooner or later the inhabitants of the shores of this sea will be driven to dig canals, and perhaps to lay down iron rail-roads, in order to maintain their commerce.—London paper.

## Importance of Ceylon.

I have visited every quarter of the globe—but I have seen no place so lovely—romantic—so admirably situated—whether as regards the poet, the painter, the merchant, or the statesman, as Ceylon; that its intrinsic worth may be appreciated in England is the author's food wish, not less on account of the fascinating spot to which these remarks have reference than for the sake of England herself. A time will come (may the day be distant) when Great Britain will cease to hold her empire on the continent of India, and when the nations of Europe will contend for maritime superiority in the east; we have before us the examples of the Portuguese and Dutch—they neglected Ceylon; the one made it the cradle of idolatrous superstitions, the other the temple of trading cupidity. We are now in the fair course to shun both extremes—our missionaries (the pioneers of civilization) are extending the beatitude of the Gospel among the dark, benighted heathen—our merchants, freeing themselves from the pernicious shackles of monopolies, are making peaceful commerce, as she ought to be, the companion of religion; under both these influences, Ceylon, his fair to be one of the most important colonies of the British empire. That to England may belong the glory of re-peopling, civilizing, and Christianizing this romantic isle, is earnestly hoped by one whose earliest days were spent in exploring paths where no white man's foot before trod, and where the untraced savage and the beast of the forest now dispute for pre-eminence.—Martin's History of the Dutch Colonies.

## Ninety Years.

Ninety years—Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years! alas how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years! What are they? "A tale that is told," a dream; an empty sound that passes on the wings of the wind away and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age; like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels toward the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is so short during? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the now blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love, hope and joy pass away in ninety years, and be forgotten? "Ninety years?" says Death, "do you think I shall wait ninety years? behold to-day and to-morrow, and one is mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust, and be remembered not."—Thomson Journal.

## A Scene at Sea.

A melancholy story is told by the Commercial Gazette of the Albany Evening Journal, recently from Europe. It appears that before the vessel in which he took passage left the port of New York, application was made to her Captain by a young Englishman, for the station of second mate. He was unable to obtain the berth, and afterwards shipped as a common sailor. Before he was many days at sea, it was ascertained that he was a "land lubber," and no sailor at all, and the officers of the vessel, as well for mischief, as in punishment for the imposition practised upon them, frequently ordered him to the very highest point of the main-mast to do some trifling service, while they laughed at his awkward attempts to gain the proud eminence. It appears from the following passage in one of the letters, that the unfortunate Englishman lost his life on one of these occasions. "We all arose this morning with light hearts, in hope to reach Cape Clear, which according to our reckoning, we supposed at eight o'clock, but to our great distance to allow us to see land. A distressing incident has thrown a shade over the brightness of feeling, produced by the anticipation of seeing the coast of Ireland. I have already mentioned the unsuccessful attempt of one of the sailors (poor Ben) to climb the main-royal-mast. It appears that the day after his disgrace, he renewed, of his own notion, the effort and was successful. This morning he went aloft with three others, on the fore-royal-mast, to unfurl the fore-royal-sail. He again endeavored to climb the uppermost ropes without the aid of matings; but his foot slipped, and laying hold of a slack rope, to save himself, the weight of his body was thus thrown upon one arm. Unable thus to sustain himself, he fell backward. His head struck the fore-topmast, and in his further fall his back was, undoubtedly, broken across one of the yards, from whence he fell into the sea. The body was seen to rise once by the side of the ship, and then sunk for ever! The ship was going at the rate of ten miles an hour. No effort, of course, could have been made to take up the poor sailor, had there been any doubt of his death. I have given this painful incident as described to me by some of the passengers. I was in the cabin at the time it occurred, and thus was spared so painful a scene. How forcibly was Washington Irving's description of the rescue recalled to my recollection, when each of the passengers began to reproach himself for the levity he had exhibited, at the expense of the poor sailor, a few days before. For myself, if I had not already recorded the incident to which I allude, I should not have mentioned it. Poor Ben! instead of looking out anxiously for land, he had all been employed in endeavoring to obtain some clue to his history. He

## The Blind Bookseller of Augsburg.

Perhaps one of the greatest curiosities in the city of Augsburg is a bookseller of the name of Wimprecht, who had the misfortune to be born blind, but whose enterprising spirit has enabled him to struggle successfully against the melancholy privations he was doomed to sustain, and to procure by his industry and intelligence a respectable and comfortable support for a large family dependent upon him. His library consists of more than 5000 volumes, which are frequently subject to change and renewal, but as soon as he acquires a new stock the particulars of each book are read to him by his wife, and his discrimination permits him to fix its value; his touch enables him to recognize it at any period, however distant, and his memory never fails him in regard to its arrangement in his shop. His readiness to oblige, his honesty, and information on books in general, has procured him a large custom, and, under such extraordinary natural disadvantages, he has become a useful and happy man, and himself a wealthy member of the society to which he belongs.

## An Economical Substitute for Copying Machines.

We are in common use for writing, dissolve with it one sheet of loaf sugar to each ounce of ink; moisten a piece of unsized paper to copy with, and put it between two sheets of the same paper to absorb the superfluous moisture; then put the moistened paper on the writing, when by passing a ruler once or twice over its surface, you will have a perfect fac-simile struck through the copy paper, without injuring the original in the least.—N. York Daily Ad.

## A Theatre Converted.

It is well known that theatrical property is declining in almost every place. In London, the proprietors of the theatres, who are generally of more than 5000 volumes, which are frequently subject to change and renewal, but as soon as he acquires a new stock the particulars of each book are read to him by his wife, and his discrimination permits him to fix its value; his touch enables him to recognize it at any period, however distant, and his memory never fails him in regard to its arrangement in his shop. His readiness to oblige, his honesty, and information on books in general, has procured him a large custom, and, under such extraordinary natural disadvantages, he has become a useful and happy man, and himself a wealthy member of the society to which he belongs.

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## SUMMARY.

From the Montreal Gazette, August 2.

### ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

Yesterday being the day fixed, by the Slavery Abolition Act, for the emancipation of the slaves in the British West India Colonies, was observed as a festival, with becoming solemnity, by the few sons of Africa within the city. Pursuant to notice they met in the public hall, above St. Anne's Market, and after a psalm and prayer fervently delivered and heartily joined in by the brethren, an address was delivered, breathing in strong terms, the feelings of gratitude which they experienced for the great and generous boon that day conferred upon 800,000 of their fellow-men. The sentiments of devotion and attachment to the Mother Country were strongly expressed, and several allusions in the address were received with warm and enthusiastic cheers.

The colored brethren dined together in the St. George Inn, and by toasts and songs beguiled away the evening. The ships in port carried their colors in honor of the day.

The first of August is a proud day in the annals of England. She can now declare that liberty reigns throughout her dominions, and though the experiment is fearful, she has proclaimed to the world, that slavery no longer exists, where her flag flutters in the breeze. The day has at length come when England, and not America, is entitled to the undisturbed honor of being "the land of liberty," and when the celebrated words of Curran become true to the letter:

"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced,—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter what solemnities he may have devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disembodied, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

## QUIDAM, JUNE 30.—Dreadful Fire and loss of Life.

On Saturday morning last, about 2 o'clock, a most dreadful fire took place at the Union Mill, about a mile from Oldham, belonging to Len Birch, Esq. The cause of this great calamity appears to have thus originated:—A machine-maker, whose name, &c. were turned by Mr. Birch's engine, and whose shop adjoined the cotton-mill, was very busy, and was permitted, in consequence, to have the use of the engine during the night. Some part of the millwright work, by which his lathes, &c. were turned, wanted oil or grease, and as the speed was great, the shaft-necks or bearings became heated, and thus set fire to the place. Although the fire-engines and military were soon on the spot, they were found both to be perfectly useless, the fire in the mean time made such rapid progress. As to the cause of such waste of life, the following may be depended upon:—A young man, in rather an early part of the fire, by the falling of some part of the building and machinery, had got entangled by the legs, and he could not extricate himself. This being seen by the bystanders, excited, as may be supposed, their feelings in the highest degree, and, throwing aside all fear and all prudence, every one seemed foremost to assist in saving the poor fellow from a roasting death. Whilst thus industriously employed, a wall unexpectedly fell, and buried fifteen in the ruins, besides many others being seriously injured. At three o'clock on Saturday, only seven persons had been dug out; since that time seven more have been found—some presenting a spectacle too horrible to behold; some without hands, others without both head and legs, and some without either head, legs or arms. But I must drop a narrative like this. The parties thus suddenly snatched away are chiefly young persons. The destruction of the property is most complete. The amount of damage has not been ascertained; the property, both machinery and buildings, were insured, and it is believed fully.—There were many hands employed, all of whom, who have escaped, will have to find fresh employers, which the hands will regret, inasmuch as this mill was by the house generally deemed a first rate mill for the employe.

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## PRESERVATION OF NEW MADE HAY.

It has been recommended by some agriculturists, in housing new made clover hay, especially if it happen not to be thoroughly dry, to mix layers of the hay, while depositing it in the mow, with layers of straw reserved for that purpose. In this way the strength of the clover is absorbed by the straw, which still will eat greedily, when thus managed. Another way to preserve clover, or indeed any other kind of grass, is to salt it, when stacked away in the mow. Even four parts of straw to the ton is recommended, to be scattered, layer after layer as even as possible, so as to impregnate the whole mass.—London paper.

## POTATOES.—I had a quarter of an acre of potatoes growing very flourishingly, and I took a seventh and had them cropped down to the earth. I had another parcel I did not crop at all—and the third cropped long after the blossom showed itself, the result was, that those that were not cropped proved to be the smallest, those cropped earliest, the largest and best, and those cropped the latest, partially benefited. This plan of cropping is particularly desirable if you have a long dry season, otherwise, the rapid growth of stalk and leaves will completely exhaust the potatoes that should be forming in the trenches. I have used various other manures, and find all long manures good; but the more salt or its properties you use, the better. The stable manure is particularly good, from the saline matter it contains.—Farmer's Register.

## New Principle for making Butter.

A lot of butter consisting of sixteen tubs, appeared in the Waterford market on Tuesday, made in the county Tipperary, upon a new principle, being seasoned, we understand, with saltpetre and brown sugar, in place of salt. Its quality was very prime, and such as to obtain 82s. per cwt., while the general run of prices for first quality was from 75s. to 78s.