

# The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

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## THE GARDEN.

### SOLOQUY OF A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Time was, when much he lov'd me;  
When we walk'd out at close of day,  
The vernal breeze—ah, well do I remember,  
How then with careful hand, he drew my mantle  
Round me; fearful lest the evening dews  
Should mar my fragile health. Yes then his eye  
Look'd kindly on me; when my heart was sad,  
How tenderly he wip'd my tears away.  
While from his lips the words of gentle soothing,  
In softest accents fell, his words were sweet,  
How blent my evenings, too, when wintry blasts  
Were howling round our peaceful, happy dwelling,  
O, it was sweet, the daily task perform'd,  
By the sweet hearth, and the cheerful fire, to sit  
With him I lov'd, to view with glistening eye,  
And all a parent's fondness, the budding grace  
Of our little ones.  
Then ye had a father,  
My lovely babes, now more than helpless orphans!  
Twy mother more than widow's grief has known:  
Yes, sharper pang than those who mourn the dead,  
Seiz'd on my breaking heart, when first I knew,  
My lover—husband—O, my earthly all,  
Was dead to virtue! When I saw the man  
My soul too fondly lov'd transformed to brute,  
O, it was then I tasted gall and wormwood!  
Then, the world look'd dreary; fearful clouds  
Quick gather'd round me; dark forebodings came.  
The grave before was terror; now it wif'd;  
I long'd to lay me down in peaceful rest,  
There to forget my sorrows. But I liv'd;  
And O, my God! what years of woe have follow'd!  
I feel my heart is broken. He who lov'd  
To cherish me—before God's altar vow'd—  
Has done the deed. And shall I thus sprain him—  
The husband of my youthful days—the man  
For whom I gave my virgin heart away?  
Patient I'll bear it all.  
Peace, peace, my heart!  
'Tis almost o'er. A few more stormy blasts,  
And then this shattered, sickly frame will fall,  
And sweetly slumber—where the weary rest,  
The wicket ceases from troubling!

It would be difficult to find, within the same compass,  
more delicacy and tenderness of feeling, more genuine  
pathos, or more felicity and elegance of expression, than  
are contained in the two following stanzas addressed by  
the *Boston Bard* to his *Mother*.—*N. York Statesman*.

Oh! thou upon whose bosom dear  
My infant head reposed,  
Oh, then whose lips, with milk so sincere,  
My weary eyes clos'd;  
Though many risen suns have set,  
Since last I met thy view,  
Oh, never can my heart forget  
What to thy love is due.  
Think not my mother I can cease,  
To love my home and thee;  
Think not my hours are hours of ease,  
Like those of infancy;  
Alas! those cloudless days are gone,  
Those halcyon hours are fled;  
And on the world's cold breast alone,  
A pilgrim now my head.

## LOVE AND VIRTUE.

Oh! let the steps of Youth be cautious,  
How the advances into a dangerous world,  
Our duty only can conduct us safe.  
Our passions are seducers; but, of all,  
The strongest Lure. His first approach was  
In childhood's age, remaining in our walks,  
If heedlessly we wander after him,  
As he will pick out all the dancing way,  
We're lost and hardly to return again.  
We should take warning. He is painted blind,  
In childhood's age, remaining in our walks,  
The precipices we may fall into.  
Therefore, let Virtue take him by the hand,  
Directed so he leads to certain joy.—*Southern*.

## THE MIDDLELANDS.

CAN A NATION BE TOO RICH?—This is a question which I cannot answer without distinguishing between a people and a state. A state cannot have more wealth at its command than may be employed for the general good, a liberal expenditure in national works being one of the surest means of promoting national prosperity, and the benefit being still more evident of an expenditure, directed to the purposes of national improvement. But a people may be too rich; because it is the tendency of commercial, and more especially the manufacturing system, to collect wealth rather than diffuse it. Where wealth is successfully employed in any speculations of trade, its increase is in proportion to its amount; great capitalists become like pikes in a fish pond, who devour the weaker fish; and it is but too certain, that the poverty of one part of the people seems to increase in the same ratio as the riches of another. There are examples of this in history. In Portugal when the high tide of wealth flowed in from the conquests in Africa and the East, the effect of that great influx was not more visible in the augmented splendor of the court, and the luxury of the highest ranks, than in the distress of the people. But different causes are in operation at this time, and they are likely to be more pernicious. Commerce and manufacturers, nearly as they are connected, differ widely in their effects upon society. The former it cannot be denied, has produced enormous evils when it has been associated with schemes of conquest and usurpation; but this is no natural association. Its natural operations are wholly beneficial, binding nation to nation and man to man. How opposite the manufacturing system is in its tendency must be manifest to all who see things as they are, and not through the delusive medium of their own theories and possessions. We are not accustomed to class the mercantile profession among the liberal ones; and yet it ought to be classed among the most liberal, as being that, which when properly and wisely exercised, requires the most general knowledge, and affords the fairest opportunities for acquiring and enlarging it. There is nothing in practice which tends to contract the mind, to sophisticate the understanding, or to corrupt the feelings. The evil in that profession is, that men are tempted by the hope of great prizes to undue risks; the spirit of enterprise is allowed to pass the bounds of prudence and principle, and then the merchant becomes, in fact, a gamster. Examples of this become more frequent as the habits of life become more enormously expensive. But the ordinary and natural consequences of commerce are every way beneficial; they are humanizing, civilizing, liberalizing; if it be for the purpose of gain that it compasses sea and land, it carries

with it industry, activity and improvement. Whereas the immediate and home effect of the manufacturing system, carried on as it now is upon the great scale, is to produce physical and moral evil in proportion to the wealth it creates.—*Southey's Progress & Prospects of Society*.

SLEEP.—A great deal has been said about the necessary quantity of sleep, that is, how long we ought to indulge in this surpassing luxury. Now this question like many others connected with the animal economy, cannot be reduced to mathematical precision; for every thing must depend upon habit, upon constitution, and upon the particular nature and duration of our occupations. A person in good health, whose mental and physical occupations are not very laborious, will find seven or eight hours sleep quite sufficient to refresh his constitution. Those whose frames are debilitated, or whose occupations are studious and laborious, require somewhat more; but the best rule is to sleep till we are refreshed, and then get up. We are acquainted with a gentleman of very good family in one of the eastern counties, who lived till he was upwards of eighty years of age; and, for the last forty years of his life, we do not think he ever went to bed perfectly sober. But his plan was, to rise the instant he woke in the morning, no matter at what time, and to spend the greater part of the day in the open air. Few constitutions could endure this; but a safe rule is, if we feel inclined for more sleep during the day, to indulge in a quiet nap. People ridicule and abuse the habit of sleeping in the day-time; but it is not infinitely better to sleep for half an hour than to go on "wooding all day," in a bereslet and semi-superficial state. The inhabitants of Spain and of South America are a wise and provident people. They enjoy their *siesta*, and steep away the dull and sultry hours of their existence,—thereby digesting their food, and enjoying their health, with infinitely more comfort. In sleeping and in eating and drinking, we must consult and humour our habits and inclinations; but we see no reason why we should not administer a little wholesome advice touching the mode in which those said habits and feelings should be indulged. We would wish to inculcate one rule, the observance of which is not without benefit. This is to sleep in a room as large, as lofty and as airy as possible, and in a bed little incumbered with curtains. The lungs must respire, and the blood must circulate during sleep as well as at any other time; and it is of great importance that the air of the bed chamber should be as pure as possible. In summer curtains are certainly superfluous, and in winter screens do much better without the impervious sash in which our beds are so commonly enveloped.—*London Magazine*.

The following singular instance of sleep-walking occurred on board a ship lately returned from a foreign voyage. The captain, besides taking in a general cargo, forgot not to store his cabin with a good sea stock of excellent brandy, for the use of himself and crew. Now it so happened, that in whatever state the case bottle was left at night, it was always minus an inch or two in the morning. The captain complained of this, telling the men if they were not satisfied with their daily allowance, to state it, and they would get more. The crew, to a man, denied having touched the cabin bottle at all.—No more notice was taken of the affair for a day or two, till the captain, convinced all was not right, filled the bottle quite full before going to bed, and in the morning found it at least two tumbler down! Here was a mystery differing entirely from the story of *tapping the Admiral*, for there some was always drunk and no grog away; but here every one was sober and lots of grog missing? The crew, hiding their hour and character thus at a stake, determined on watching the tipping invisible; and accordingly, when the captain "turned in," two of them took their station near the cabin door. Nothing occurred for the first two hours; the steersman was singing on deck; and the captain was snoring in the cabin, all else was silence. At length, about the midnight a noise was heard in the cabin—the men seized a light and entered, half in terror—when, to the captain was walking through the cabin in his sleep, steering fair, however, to the haunted bottle, when, just as he was about swallowing a huge corker, the men awakened him, to his no small amazement and wonder. The thief having been discovered in the unfortunate captain, who professed total ignorance of his nocturnal tipping, by way of curing him from the habit he piped all hands and made them finish the bottle, declaring that if he rose again he would find nothing but a dead marine (empty bottle) for his trouble.—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

The following affecting story of a poor girl, a slave in the harem of a pipe maker at Constantinople, is given in Mr. Madden's Travels.—The poor Sciotie girl was not yet reconciled to slavery. She wept when I tried to encourage her with the hope of getting better. I believe recovery was all she dreaded, and that she would have preferred death to the infamy of being the mistress of a Moslem. She appeared to be kindly treated; her master spoke gently to her, and her companions gave her comfort; but slavery after all is a bitter draught, and the poor creature who had been torn from her country and her friends, is perhaps in the first instance made the mistress of her father's murderer, extending her detestation of the race of her undoer to every Moslem. While the Turk imagined she was speaking of her complaint, she was importuning me to prevail on her master to dispose of her, and to treat some Christian to redeem her. I consented to do every thing in my power for her. Her health was certainly impaired, and it required no great sacrifice of truth to represent her condition to her master as attended with much danger. Eventually, he determined on selling her before her value diminished more; and shortly after my first visit she was once more exposed to the Bazaar. I sent my druggeman, who was a Greek, among his countrymen to endeavor to find some one to purchase the poor girl. An Ionian captain was at length prevailed on to pay half the purchase-money; the remainder was raised by subscription; and through the medium of a Turkish broker (for no *franc* is allowed to visit the slave market, or to purchase slaves) she was redeemed.—About three weeks after I first saw her she was aboard the Ionian vessel, amongst her own country people, delighted with the expectation of once more seeing her home. Never was there a being in such ecstasy at regaining liberty. The little schooner in which she was embarked seemed too small to contain her; the sickness of the heart, which arised from hope deferred had disappeared as if by magic; and the downcast slave, whose spirit a few days ago seemed depressed with sorrow, now stood before me in all the exultation of liberty, a regenerated being. I never felt before how much happiness one can bestow for a few paltry dollars!

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.—There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started, or as many bolt holes in her bottom, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family; if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen or in the parlour, it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, *waste*, cries noisily like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it; not the least article however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent, nor under any pretence, for it opens the door for ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, to assist him in his journey through life, to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be in the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no farther than his welfare and happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her solemn aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he possibly can in the counting-room or the workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy; it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a depot of the fruits of his labor with his best friend; and, if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? if he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many the loves, and she is bound to act for their good, and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good, to the end at which she should aim; his approbation is her reward. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetites, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance; the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account; and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

LANGUAGE AS A RECORD.—A language is at once the most complete, and the least fallible of all historical records. A poem or history may have been forged, but not a language. The bare circumstance of its existence, though it may long have ceased to be colloquially extant, proves in substance all that history communicates. If we possessed only a complete vocabulary of an ancient language, and were to digest the mass in accordance with an exact principle of synthesis, we should frame a model of the people who once used it, more perfect than any monument can furnish; and here we need fear no falsification, no concealments, no flatteries, no exaggerations. The precise extent of knowledge and civilization to which a people have attained, nothing more and nothing less is marked at in the list of words of which they have made use.—*Taylor's Transmission of Ancient Books*.

CURIOUS INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF C. WESLEY.—While Charles Wesley was at Westminster, under his brother, a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland, of the same family name, wrote to the father, and inquired of him if he had a son named Charles, for if so, he would make him his heir. Accordingly his school bills during several years were discharged by his unseen namesake. At length, a gentleman, who is supposed to have been this Mr. Wesley, called upon him, and after much conversation, asked if he was willing to accompany him to Ireland? the youth desired to write to his father before he could make answer; the father left it to his own decision, and he who was satisfied with the fair prospects which Christ Church opened to him, chose to stay in England. John Wesley, in his account of his brother, calls this a fair escape; the fact is more remarkable than he was aware of; for the person who inherited the property intended for Charles Wesley, and who took the name of Wesley or Welsley, in consequence, was the first Earl of Mornington, grandfather of Marquis Wellington and the Duke of Wellington. Had Charles made a different choice, there might have been no Methodists. The British empire in India might still have been menaced from Seringapatam, and the undisputed tyrant of Europe might, at this time, have insulted and endangered us on our own shores.—*Southey's Life of Wesley*.

THE OAK.—An interesting volume might be formed, entitled the "History of the Oak." The first mention that we know of this tree is that of ancient days, the "Oak of Mamre," under which Abraham sat in the heat of the day; and that it was an oak, one of the fathers, Eusebius, tells us, as it remained an object of veneration even in the time of Constantine. We should note all the celebrated quercus of antiquity; the oak, value, strength, duration, &c. of its timber; infinite variety of purposes to which its various parts are applied by the mechanic, the dyer, the artisan, the insect, which amount to hundreds of species, that live, and have their being on the oak; the vegetables, it nourishes, ferns, lichens, mosses, agaries, bolet; the saw-dust, apples, gallnuts, acorns, leaves, and innumerable ceters of Britain's guardian tree. However highly the Druid might venerate the oak, and make it the residence and emblem of their Deity; yet the intrinsic value of this tree was unknown to our remote forefathers. All their knowledge of its virtues was probably included in its use for building, its acorns for their swine, and perhaps its bark for preserving the skins which they used. Modern ingenuity and necessity have brought its various qualities into notice, and our oak would have received such honors as in days of darkness were conferred upon innaminate things. Atilia considered the olive as the gift of her tutelary goddess, and some benevolent saint would have lauded and hymned for having endowed the oak of Britain with such extensive virtues for the good of mankind.—*Journal of a Naturalist*.

A COOK.—The kitchen is his hell, and he the devil in it, where his meat and he fry together. His revenues are showered down from the fat of the land, and he interards his own grease among to help the drippings. Cholerick he is not by nature so much as his art, and it is a shrewd temptation that the chopping knife is so near. His weapons, often offensive, are a mess of hot broth and scalding water, and we be to him that comes in his way. In the kitchen he will domineer and rule the roost in spite of his master, and curses in the very dialect of his calling. His labour is mere blasting and fury, and his speech like that of sailors in a storm, a thousand businesses at once; yet, in all this tumult, he does not love combustion, but will be the first man that shall go and quench it. He is never a good Christian till a hissing pot of ale has stacked him, the water cast on a firebrand, and for that time he is tame and disposed. His counting is not small in architecture; for he builds strange fabrics in paste, towers and castles, which are offered to the assault of valiant teeth, and, like Darius's palace, in one banquet demolished. He is a pitiless murderer of innocents, and he unangles poor fowls with unheard of tortures; and it is thought, the martyrs' persecutions were devised from hence: sure we are St. Lawrence's gridiron came out of his kitchen. His best faculty is at the dresser, where he seems to have great skill in the tricks, ranging his dishes in order, military, and placing, with great discretion in the fore-front, meats more strong and hardy, and the more cold and cowardly in the rear; as quacking turks and quivering custards, and such milk-sop dishes, which escape many times the fury of the encounter. But now the second course is gone up and he down in the cellar, where he drinks and sleeps till four o'clock in the afternoon.—*Bishop Barle*.

A CARICATURE HAS BEEN PUBLISHED BY E. M. LEAN, 14, St. Martin's court, Leicester square, entitled "Reading the Times." It represents his Majesty the King sitting in an arm-chair, with the Marchioness of ——— at his right, and the Duke of Wellington opposite, with a small table between them. The Duke, whose likeness is extremely well hit off, holds a newspaper in his left hand, whilst his right enables him, by means of an eye-glass, to read the small characters of the crowded columns. His Grace's posture seems somewhat uneasy; his knees are drawn up, and make an acute angle with the upper part of his legs, around which his blue frock is closely gathered, his toes only touch the ground, and his remarkable profile denotes intense attention to the subject he is perusing.—The King asks, "Well, Arthur, what's the news?" The Duke reads from the above-mentioned paper the following words, in obedience to his Majesty's commands:—"We announce, on unquestionable authority, that a serious difference has arisen between a Great Personage and his Prime Minister." The Marchioness of ———, and another mute courtier stand at his Majesty's left, the former showing his teeth, and the latter turning up the white of his eyes.

THE ALLIGATOR.—Near the mouth of the Assahu river, in Sumatra, where there is a fishing house, there is an alligator of a most prodigious size; his back when a little out of the water, resembling a large rock. He remains constantly there, and is fed upon the head and entrails of the large pair, or skate-fish, which are caught there. I saw him when the Malays called him to his meal. He appeared full twenty feet long. Being in rather a small boat at the time, I wished to make all haste away; but the Malays assured me he was quite harmless, so much so that his feeders pat his head with their hands; a dangerous amusement, certainly, but showing the wonderful tameness and sagacity of the creature, naturally so ferocious. He will not allow any other alligator to approach the place; and on this account the Malays almost worship him.—*Anderson's Sumatra*.

A CANADIAN DOMICILED CHIEF.—Chief Mac Nab is a real chief from the islands of Scotland, domiciled in Canada, with a numerous clan about him. He received the grant of a whole township of good wild land on the banks of the Lake de Chats—a beautiful place. Here stands the castle of Mac Nab, surrounded by the houses of his followers. He annually sells, off his estate, an immense quantity of fine pine timber, and moves about through the provinces occasionally with his tall dressed always in full highland costume; the piper going before playing the "Hacks o' Cromdale, or The Campbells are coming." Many emigrants come out to him every year, some lovely highland girls. He meets them at Quebec, and escorts them up to the fabled timber instead of heather. He is yet but a young man, and full of enthusiasm about Scotland.—*Three Years in Canada*.

ANECDOTE.—An anecdote is told of a clergyman, who, some years since, was preaching not a thousand miles from the city of Charleston; one of whose sermons was thought to contain a number of personal allusions, and couched in terms of severe and unmeasured rebuke. When the congregation was dismissed, a respectable portion of them retired to the porch of the church, under feelings of great excitement, where they awaited their minister, and as he approached them, they preternaturally demanded of him an explanation—upon which he deliberately drew from his pocket the sermon that had given offence, and said, "You perceive from the appearance of this manuscript that it was written long ago. Examine it. It is not interlined—nor has a word been preached to-day that is not written in it. From notes on the back of it you will see that I preached this same discourse more than twenty years ago in the city of London, and in a number of other places in Great Britain. I am, however, truly grateful that Providence has directed me to the selection of the subject, as it appears no less adapted to this meridian, than to that for which it was originally prepared. And now, gentlemen, if any of you consider that it contains remarks applicable to yourselves, I hope and pray that you may make a profitable improvement of them. I have no further apology to offer."—*Charleston Courier*.

One man sucks an orange and is choked by a pip, another swallows a penknife and lives; one runs a thorn into his hand and no skill can save him; another has the shaft of a gig pass completely through his body and recovers; one is overturned on a smooth common and breaks his neck, another is tossed out of a gig over Brighton cliff and survives; one walks on a windy day and meets death by a brickbat, another is blown up in the air, like Lord Hutton of Guesney Castle, and tumbles down unharmed. The escape of this nobleman was, indeed, a miracle. An explosion of gunpowder, which killed his mother, wife, some of his children, and many other persons, and blew up the whole fabric of the castle, lodged him in his bed on a wall overhanging a tremendous precipice. "Perceiving a mighty disorder, (as well he might) he was going to step out of his bed to know what the matter was, which, if he had done he had been irrecoverably lost; but, in the instant of his moving, a flash of lightning came and showed him the precipice, whereupon he lay still till people came and took him down."

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.—The carriage of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington was lately stopped in passing through the Horse Guards, by the sentinel, who observed, "I am ordered, your grace, not to allow any carriage to pass through." To which the duke answered, "Sir, you have done your duty," and immediately ordered the coachman to turn back.

A PRINTER'S EPITAPH.—The following epitaph appears upon a white marble slab, in a conspicuous part of the church of St. Mary, at Bury St. Edmunds:—"Near this place are deposited the remains of Gedge, printer, who established the first newspaper that has been published in this town. Like a woman type, he is returned to the Founder in the hope of being recast in a better and more perfect shape."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

AMERICAN FIGURE OF SPEECH.—A journal in the state of Indiana announces the termination of a shocking suicide in the town in which it is printed, in the following terms: "At the next cut he succeeded, with the blade of a razor, which he held with the gripe of a vice, in severing the jugular vein, and the carotid artery of one side of the neck, and expired, consequently, as soon as the purple current of vitality could evacuate the citadel of the system."—*Id.*

A wife, joining her husband in a conveyance of real estate, was asked by the judge, who examined her in private according to the act of assembly, whether she acted without compulsion on the part of her husband. She struck her arms akimbo and replied, "He compel me! no—nor twenty like him."—*Philad. Aurora*.

The Duke de N\*\*\* and the Duke de L\*\*\* both remarkably corpulent, were present at a levee of Louis XV. when the King expressed his fears that the Duke de L\*\*\* did not take sufficient exercise, to which the Duke answered, pardon me Sir—I walk twice a day round my cousin the Duke de N\*\*\*.

Royal personages are not exempt from the vexations arising from the imprudence of servants. We are told, in the *Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, that "her steward insisted that it was impossible to have less than twenty two tables separately served, for the books refused to eat with the kitchen-maids and scullions; the servants who scrub the floor with those who light the fires," &c.

*Wm. L. Garrison*