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Weekly Almanack.				
AUGUST—1835.				
	SUN	MOON	FULL	
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	SEA.
26 WEDNESDAY	5 19	6 41	8 22	1 3
27 THURSDAY	5 20	6 40	8 27	1 41
28 FRIDAY	5 21	6 39	8 47	2 18
29 SATURDAY	5 23	6 37	9 46	2 54
30 SUNDAY	5 24	6 36	10 22	3 36
31 MONDAY	5 26	6 34	11 6	4 30
1 TUESDAY	5 28	6 32	Morn.	5 41

First Quarter 30th day, 8h. 9m. evening.

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The Garland.

LIFE AND DEATH.
(FROM MRS. STANFORD'S LADY'S GIFT.)

What is Life?
A twisted yarn—a tangled skein—
A mingled web of joy and pain—
A glancing sunbeam, warm and bright—
A hanging cloud more dark than night—
A beautiful flower of sweetest scent—
A murky cave where poison's pent—
A golden cup with nectar's sweet—
A blackened bowl where bitterness meet—
The lightest feather that can rise—
A heavy weight depressing sighs—
A liquid stream with rapid flow—
A stagnant pool where dark weeds grow
A summer breeze that cools the air—
A hurricane that makes earth bare—
A gift enjoyed with grateful heart—
A load with which we long to part—
And such is Life!

What is Death?
A sleep that ends our mortal pain,
But bids us wake to live again—
A cherub fair with placid mien—
A welcomed visitor, unseen—
The harbinger of rest and peace,
Of gladness that shall never cease—
A bark that leaves our souls away—
To realms of light and cloudless day—
A path that faith delights to tread,
O'er which her light is sweetly shed,
That leads from mortal woe and strife,
To everlasting joy and life—
A blessing sent us from on High—
The passage to Eternity!
And such is Death!

A NEW BALLAD.—BY T. MOORE, ESQ.
Her last words at parting how can I forget?
Deep treasured through life in my heart shall they
stay;
Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,
When its sounds from the ear have long melted
away.
Let fortune assail me—her threatenings are vain:
These still-breathing words shall my talisman be—
Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for
thee.
From the desert's sweet well though the pilgrim must
hie,
Never more of that fresh springing fountain to taste,
He hath still of its bright drops a treasure's supply,
Whose sweetness leads him to his life through the
waste;
So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,
These words shall my well in the wilderness be—
Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for
thee.

Miscellaneous.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

The second volume of Mr. Murray's beautiful edition of Boswell's celebrated biography of Johnson is embellished by a view of Litchfield Cathedral and of Pembroke College, Oxford. As many of our readers may never have enjoyed the pleasure of reading Boswell's work, we have selected a few passages from the present volume, satisfied that, when they shall have read these, they will desire to become better acquainted both with Johnson and his inimitable biographer, by a reference to the book itself.

BOSWELL'S INTRODUCTION TO JOHNSON.

Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell-street, Covent-garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us. Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, (who has been celebrated for her beauty,) though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man, whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent. At last, on Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him

through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach to me somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Hamlet, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost. "Look, my lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies, roughly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him; not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But, however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for, with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies. "What do you think of Garrick? he has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation. I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigor of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that, though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

BOSWELL VISITS JOHNSON AT HIS LODGINGS.

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So upon Tuesday, the 24th of May, after having been enlightened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Rev. Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to me not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den;" an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. He received me very courteously; but, it must be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture, and morning-dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little, old, shrunken, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly peculiarities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen whom I do not recollect were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me "Nay, don't go." "Sir," said I, "I am afraid I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me." When I rose a second time, he again pressed me to stay, which I did. He told me that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder

how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence. Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favour me with his company one evening at my lodgings; and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

JOHNSON'S LOVE OF GOOD EATING.

At supper this night he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction. "Some people," said he, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else." He now appeared to me *Jean Bull Philosophe*, and he was, for the moment, not only serious but vehement. Yet I have heard him, upon other occasions, talk with great contempt of people who were anxious to gratify their palates; and the 206th number of his "Rambler" is a masterly essay against gluttony. His practice, indeed, I must acknowledge, may be considered as casting the balance of his different opinions on this subject; for I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at the table he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed riveted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite; which was so fierce, and indulged with such intemperance, that, while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate, this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned that Johnson, though he could be rigidly abstemious, was not a temperate man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderation. He told me, that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he eat upon all occasions, when his dinner was to his taste, could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity he eat, but he was, or affected to be, a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery. He used to descant critically on the dishes which had been at table where he had dined or supped, and to recollect very minutely what he had liked. I remember when he was in Scotland, his praising *Gordon's palates* (a dish of palates at the Honourable Alexander Gordon's with a warmth of expression which might have done honour to more important subjects. "As for Maculrin's imitation of a maddish, it was a wretched attempt." He, about the same time, was so much displeas'd with the performances of a nobleman's French cook that he exclaimed, with vehemence, "I'd throw such a rascal into the river;" and he then proceeded to alarm a lady at whose house he was to sup, by the following manifesto of his skill: "I, madam, who live at a variety of good tables, am a much better judge of cookery than any person who has a very tolerable cook, but lives much at home; for his palate is gradually adapted to the taste of his cook; whereas, madam, in trying by a wider range, I can more exquisitely judge." When invited to dine even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner was not provided for him. I have heard him say on such an occasion, "This was a good dinner enough, to be sure; but it was not a dinner to ask a man to." On the other hand, he was wont to express, with great glee, his satisfaction when he had been entertained quite to his mind. One day when he had dined with his neighbour and landlord, in Bolt-court, Mr. Allen, the printer, whose old housekeeper had studied his taste in every thing, he pronounced this eulogy, "Sir, we could not have had a better dinner, had there been a *synod of cooks*."

SPECIMENS OF JOHNSON'S CONVERSATION.

On Wednesday, July 20, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Dempster, and my uncle, Dr. Boswell, who happened to be now in London, supped with me at these chambers. JOHNSON.—"Pity is not natural to man. Children are always cruel. Savages are always cruel. Pity is acquired and improved by the cultivation of reason. We may have uneasy sensations from seeing a creature in distress, without pity; for we have not pity unless we wish to relieve them. When I am on my way to dine with a friend, and finding it late have bid the coachman make haste, if I happen to attend when he whips his horses, I may feel unpleasantly that the animals are put to pain, but I do not wish him to desist; no, sir, I wish him to drive on." ROUSSEAU'S treatise on the inequality of mankind was at this time a fashionable topic. It gave rise to an observation by Mr. Dempster that the advantages of fortune and rank were nothing to a wise man, who ought to value only merit. JOHNSON.—"If man were a savage, living in the woods by himself, this might be true; but in civilized society we all depend upon each other, and our happiness is very much owing to the good opinion of mankind. Now, sir, in civilized society external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. Sir, you may analyze this, and say what is there in it? But that will avail you nothing, for it is a part of a general system. Pound St. Paul's Church into atoms, and consider any single atom; it is, to be sure, good for nothing; but put all these atoms together, and you have St. Paul's Church. So it is with human felicity, which is made up of many ingredients, each of which may be shown to be very insignificant. In civilized society, personal merit will not serve you so much as money will. Sir, you may make the experiment. Go into the street, and give one man a lecture on morality, and another a shilling, and see which will respect you most. If you wish

only to support nature, Sir William Petty fixes your allowance at £3 a year; but as times are much altered, let us call it £6. The sum will fill your belly, shelter you from the weather, and even get you a strong, lasting coat, supposing it to be made of good bull's hide. Now, sir, all beyond this is artificial, and is desired in order to obtain a greater degree of respect from our fellow-creatures. And, sir, if £600 a year procure a man more consequence, and, of course, more happiness, than £26 a year, the same proportion will hold as to £6,000, and so on, as far as opulence can be carried. Perhaps he who has a large fortune may not be so happy as he who has a small one; but that must proceed from other causes than from his having a large fortune: for, *ceteris paribus*, he who is rich, in civilized society, must be happier than he who is poor; as riches, if properly used, (and it is a man's own fault if they are not,) must be productive of the highest advantages. Money, to be sure, is of no use; for its only use is to purchase what is necessary to the support of life. In paradoxes, are led away by a childish desire of novelty. When I was a boy, I used always to choose the wrong side of a debate, because most ingenious things, that is to say, most new things could be said upon it. Sir, there is nothing for which you may not muster up more plausible arguments than those which are urged against wealth and other external advantages. Why, now, there is stealing; why should it be thought a crime? When we consider by what unjust methods property has been often acquired, and that what was unjustly got it must be unjust to keep, where is the harm in one man's taking the property of another from him? Besides, sir, when we consider the bad use that many people make of their property, and how much better use the thief may make of it, it may be defended as a very allowable practice. Yet, sir, the experience of mankind has discovered stealing to be so very bad a thing, that they make no scruple to hang a man for it. When I was running about this town as a very poor fellow, I was a greater arguer for the advantages of poverty; but I was, at the same time, very sorry to be poor. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune. So you hear people talking how miserable a king must be; and yet they all wish to be in his place." It was suggested, that kings must be unhappy, because they are deprived of the greatest of all satisfactions, easy and unreserved society. JOHNSON.—"That is an ill-founded notion. Being a king does not exclude a man from such society. The king of Prussia, has always been social. The king of Great Britain, the only great king at present, is very social. Charles the Second, the last king of England who was a man of parts, was social; and our Henrys and Edwards were all social."

CURIOUS CALCULATION.

There is but little encouragement for authors in the following statement, lately made by some ingenious and pains-taking Frenchman. We do not vouch for its accuracy, not being advised of the data upon which it is founded, but if it be true, it ought to furnish a panacea for the *cacoethes scribendi*. The work from which we translate, says, that in Great Britain one thousand books are published per annum, on six hundred of which there is a commercial loss, on two hundred no gain, on one hundred a trifling gain, and only on one hundred any considerable profit. Seven hundred are forgotten within the year, another hundred in two years, and one hundred and fifty of the remainder in three years; that only fifty survive seven years, and of these scarcely ten are thought of, or known, after the lapse of twenty years. That of the fifty thousand books published in the seventeenth century, not fifty are now in circulation; and of the eighty thousand published in the eighteenth century, not more than three hundred are considered worth reprinting for a second edition, and not more than five hundred are sought after now. Since the first writings, fourteen hundred years before Christ, that is, in thirty-two centuries, only about five hundred works of writers of all nations have sustained themselves against the devouring influence of time. Pleasant tidings these, for such as have hope of fame in the ranks of authorship!

Important though Simple Means of Preserving Health.

The public health would be greatly promoted, and ringworm prevented or cured, by washing the head daily with vinegar and water. One part vinegar to three parts of water should be applied to the head with a sponge. All schools, public and private, large families, and persons of sedentary habits, ought to use this simple and cheap remedy, which, besides preventing or eradicating all diseases of the skin, will be found to impart a beautiful and healthy hue to the most delicate complexion.

Beautiful Chemical Experiment.

Aquafortis and the air which we breathe are made of the same materials. Limes, and sugar, and spirits of wine are so much alike in their chemical composition that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Water is made of two substances, one which is the cause of almost all combustion or burning, and the other will burn with more rapidity than almost anything in nature. The famous Peruvian bark, so much used for strengthening stomachs, and the poisonous principle of opium, are formed of the same materials.

AMERICA AS A NATION.

In beholding this fine young giant of a world, with all its magnificent capabilities for greatness, I think every Englishman must feel unmingled regret at the unjust and unwise course of policy which alienated such a child from the parent government. But, at the same time, it is impossible to avoid seeing that some other course must ere long have led to the same result, even if England had pursued a more maternal course of conduct towards America. No one, beholding this enormous country, stretching from ocean to ocean, watered with ten thousand glorious rivers, combining every variety of climate and soil, therefore every variety of produce and population, possessing within itself every resource that other nations are forced either to buy abroad, or to create substitutes for at home; no one, seeing the internal wealth of America, the abundant fertility of the earth's surface, the riches heaped below it, the unparalleled facilities for the intercourse of men and the interchange of their possessions throughout its vast extent, can for an instant indulge the thought that such a country was ever destined to be an appendage to any other in the world, or that any chain of dependence whatever could have long maintained in dependence a people furnished with every means of freedom and greatness. But, far from regretting that America has thrown off her allegiance, and regarding her as a rebellious subject, and irreverent child, England will surely, ere long, learn to look upon this country as the inheritor of her glory—the younger England, destined to perpetuate the language, the memory, the virtues of the noble land from which she is descended. Loving and honouring my country as I do, I cannot look upon America with any feeling of hostility. I not only hear the voice of England in the language of this people, but I recognise in all their best qualities—their industry, their honesty, their sturdy independence of spirit—their every witness of their origin—they are English, no other people in the world would have looked us as they did; nor any other people in the world built up upon the ground they won, so sound, and strong, and so fair an edifice.—*Mrs. Butler's Journal.*

A PROPHECY.

What the world may be fit for six hundred years hence, I cannot exactly perceive—but in the meantime it is my conviction that America, will be a monarchy before I am a skeleton.—*Mrs. Butler's Journal.*

ECONOMY OF TIME.

A man in business of any description ought to consider his time as valuable to him as money. We have heard something like the following anecdote, which is a capital example of a judicious course by men of professional, mercantile, or mechanical business.—A physician of my acquaintance called on a brother of the profession, living in — street. In the course of conversation he inquired, "How is it, doctor, the world says you are growing rich, and accumulating beyond all account? How do you do it? What is your secret? For my part, with all possible management, and a practice, as you know, by our occasionally comparing notes, fully equal to yours, I find that I can do little more than make my receipts adequate to my outgoings." "Step into the entrance-hall with me, and I will explain the matter," was the reply. They adjourned to the place, where the doctor showed his friend the whole secret; it was his hat and gloves lying on a table opposite the street door. "I understand you," said the medical friend, laughing and wishing him a good morning. The reader, perhaps, would like an explanation. The moment a rap was heard, the first object that presented itself on opening the door was the doctor, with his hat put carelessly on, his cane under his arm, and drawing on his gloves. "We are come to dine and take a bottle of port with you," was sometimes the salutation. "Nothing could be more unlucky," replied the wary economist of time; "I have not yet seen half my patients, and am this moment sent for to a great consultation on a *bad liver case*, which will require considerable time and attention. Great as is the disappointment, business must be minded. Let me have the pleasure of your company another day." With these words he moved forwards, and wished them a good morning. A repetition of almost the story to every visitor at that hour soon cleared his house of dinner company. He accumulated a handsome fortune, collected scarce books, and erected a handsome seat in the country.—*The Art of Money-getting.*

In Ireland the clergy are authorized by law not to marry a woman unless she can read and write.

An amiable regulation, says Mr. Barrow, "and will explain why the peasantry of Ireland are so much better informed than those of any other nation in Europe."

Opinion of Play-acting by a Play-actress.

Acting, even the best that ever was seen, is, to my mind, but a poor claim to approbation. I think the applause of an audience in a play-house should be reckoned with the friendly and favourable opinions of a good-natured tipsy man,—'tis given under excitement.—*Mrs. Butler's Journal.*

Sir Astley Cooper is one of the most eminent physicians and physiologists in England.

He said, that he never suffered ardent spirits in his house, thinking them to be *evil spirits*; and added, that if the poor could witness the *white liquors*, the *dropics*, the *shattered nervous systems*, the *insanity*, which I have seen as the effects of drinking, they would be satisfied that ardent spirits and destructive poisons are synonymous.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY.

From the report read at the recent anniversary meeting of the British Royal Geographical Society, it appears that two original expeditions have been undertaken during the last year under the direction of the Society, that of Captain Alexander, to Delagoa Bay, and M. Schomburgk to the interior of British Guiana. To defray the expenses, £500 has been awarded by the Society, and £1,000 by the Treasury—the payment to be spread over two years, an instalment of which is expected very shortly. The Royal premium for 1834 was bestowed by the council on Lieut. Alex. Barnes for having navigated the Indus, and travelled across the Indian Caucasus to the ancient cities of Balkh and Bokhara, and for many corrections supplied in the geography of Upper Asia. The Council has during the last year, engaged in two other publications; one an Analytical Grammar of the Cree language, which it has undertaken in conjunction with the Church Missionary Society; and the other a translation into English of Captain Graah's account of recent Danish discoveries on the east coast of Greenland. At the last ordinary meeting of the society, Captain Maconochie, the Secretary, stated that two medals had been received by him from the Geographical Society at Paris, to be forwarded to the two gentlemen to whom they had been awarded—viz., a silver medal to Lieut. Barnes, and a bronze medal to Lieut. Conolly for his over-land voyage to India. A fresh expedition, we understand, is likely soon to be taken from Tripoli to Timbuctoo by Mr. Davidson, who has already distinguished himself as a traveller in Egypt.—*London paper.*