

The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1829.

Vol. II. No. 25.

Office in HATFIELD's Brick Building,
Market-square.

THE GARLAND.

From the "Winter's Wraith," far 1830.
THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.
 BY REV. DR. RAFFLES, OF LIVERPOOL.
 Old England for ever!
 No power shall sever
 My heart from the fond of my birth;
 'Tis the land of the brave,
 Which none can enslave,
 'Tis the happiest land upon earth—
 'Tis the land of the Free—
 So it ever shall be,
 Her children no fetters shall bind,
 Ere Britain's slaves
 She shall sink in the waves,
 And leave not a vestige behind.

If the African stand
 But once on her strand,
 That moment his shackles are broke—
 An captive no more,
 He leaps on her shore,
 And shakes from his shoulders the yoke.

'Tis the land of the Brave,
 And the patriot's grave,
 And heroes, and sages of old—
 We honour their dust,
 And esteem it a treat,
 More precious than jewels and gold.

'Tis the land of the Fair,
 And beauty is there,
 And the gladness that woman bestows,
 When the circle is bright,
 With the heart-cheering light,
 From the eye of affection that flows.

'Tis the land of the Wise,
 With the glorious prize
 Of genius her temples are bound—
 And she beams from afar,
 Like a bright morning star,
 To give light to the stations around.

Hail, land of my birth,
 Brightest spot upon earth!
 Shall I leave thee for others?—no never!
 Where'er I may roam,
 Still thou art my home,
 Old England, my country, for ever!

(From the London Literary Gazette.)

THE STORM.

There a ship upon the waters deep,
 One only which the eye discerns between
 The cliff and the horizon—for the storms
 Have made old ocean's realm a solitude,
 Where man may fear to roam.

The winds are up,
 Again, maddest the waves; and from the strand
 There comes a heavier sound, a lengthened roar,
 Each moment deeper, rolling on the ear,
 With most portentous voice. Rock howls to rock,
 Heavens to heav'ns, and upon the wings
 Of the wild gale of air the feathers foam.
 Sails or the dim-seen vessel; the strong-winged gull
 With scream prophetic seeks his savage cliff;
 And 's'en the bird that loves to sail among
 The ridges of sea, with hurried wing
 Flies from the blast's dread onset. Swift the sun
 Descends beneath the wave, and black as night,
 And big with fate, the giant tempest comes,
 Darkening the accident, as if to quench
 The last faint streaks of day.

At once the womb
 Of horror bursts; the lightning glides the sea
 'Een to the far horizon. Ocean roars,
 To the land thunders; and the thunder speaks
 To the rebellious ocean with a voice
 So terrible that all the rash and roar
 Of waves are but the murmuring of rain,
 To that deep, everlasting tone which peals
 From Niagara, ringing down his steep
 The rivers of a world.

Again the flash
 Hisses along the main, and lovers there,
 As if it lingered o'er the black abyss,
 And raised its veil of darkness, but to show
 Its wild and tortured face. There is no eye
 That looks upon the writhing billows now,
 But turns away, and hails the gloom which drops
 At once upon them when the arrowy fire
 Yonk a moment. The remorseless wind
 Grow mightier with the deepening night, and searage
 The waves to madness, and each moment bursts
 With tenfold added power, and shriek and cry
 Almost unceasingly.

Morning came at last:
 The eye looked out upon the watery world—
 With fearful glance looked east and west, but all
 Was wild and solitary, and the surge
 Dashed on the grinding cliff, and foaming rose
 And roared, as 'twere triumphing. Nought was heard
 But the mad march of mountain billows, mixed
 With rovelry of winds, that through the night,
 Like bloodhounds on the track, had chased that ship
 Flying with lightning-speed in rain. Alas!
 The fish had lit the seaman to his grave—
 The sea-dog feasted on the dead!

THE MISCELLANIST.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

I. There is no flattery so gross or extravagant but it will be acceptable. It leaves some- thing of pleasure behind, since its very excess seems to imply that there must be some foundation for it. Tell the ugliest person in the world that he is the handsomest, the greatest fool that he is a wit, and he will believe and thank you. There is a possibility at least that you may be sincere. Even the sycophant's ironical laugh turns to a smile of self-complacency at our own fancied perfections.

II. There is no abuse so foul or unprovoked but some part of it will stick. Ill words break the charm of good deeds. Call a man names all the year round, and at the end of the year (for no other reason) his best friends will not care to mention his name. It is no pleasant reflection that a man had been accused, however unjustly, of a folly or a crime. We involuntarily associate words with things; and the imagination retains an unfavourable impression long after the understanding is disabused. Or if we repeat the charge and resent the injustice, this is making a tail of a pleasure, and our cowardice and inde- lence soon take part with the mallet of indolence. The assailants are always the more courageous party. It degrades a man even to be subjected to undeserved reproach, for it seems as if without some flaw or blemish no one would dare to attack him; so that the viler and more unprincipled the abuse, the lower it sinks, not him who offers, but him who is the object of it in general estimation. If we see a man covered with mud, we avoid him without expressing the cause. The favourites of the public, like *Caesar's* wife, must not be suspect- ed; and it is enough if we admire and bear witness to the superiority of another under the most favourable circumstances—to do this in

spite of secret calumny and vulgar clamour is a pitch of generosity which the world has not arrived at.

III. A certain manner makes more conquests than either wit or beauty. Suppose a woman to have a graceful ease of deportment and a mild self-possession pervading every look and tone of voice. This exercises an immediate influence on a person of an opposite and irritable temperament—it calms and enchants him at once. It is like soft music entering the room—from that time he can only breathe in her presence; and to be torn from her is to be torn from himself for ever.

IV. Fame and popularity are disparate quantities, having no common measure. A poet or painter now living may be as great as any poet or painter that ever did live; and if he is so, he will be so thought by future ages, but he cannot by the present. Persons of overweaning vanity and short sighted ambition who would forestall the meed of fame, show themselves unworthy of it, for they reduce it to a level with the reputation they have already earned. They should surely leave something to look forward to. It is weighing dross against gold—comparing a meteor with a polar star. Lord Byron's narrowness or presumption in this respect was remarkable. What! did he not hope to live two hundred years himself, that he should say it was merely a fashion to admire Milton and Shakspeare as it was the fashion to admire him? Those who compare Sir Walter Scott with Shakspeare do not know what they are doing. They may blunt the feeling with which we regard Shakspeare as an old and tried friend, though they cannot transfer it to Sir Walter Scott, who is, after all, but a new and dazzling acquaintance. To argue that there is no difference in the circumstances is not to put the author of *Waverley* into actual possession of the reputation of fame but to say that he shall never enjoy it, since it is no better than a chime- ra and an illusion. It is striking at the foundation of true and lasting renown, and overturning with impatient and thoughtless hands, the proud pre-eminence, the golden seats and best abodes which the pre-defines heirs of immortality wait for beyond the tomb. The living are merely candidates (more or less successful) for popular applause, the dead are a religion, or they are nothing.

V. Persons who tell an artist that he is equal to Claude or a writer that he is as great as Lord Bacon, do not add to the satisfaction of their hearers, but pay themselves a left-handed compliment, by supposing that their judgment is equivalent to the suffrage of posterity.

VI. A French artist advised young beginners against being too fond of a variety of colours, which might do very well on a smaller scale, but when they came to paint a large picture, they would find they had not lavished all their resources. So superficial writers may deck out their barren round of common places in the finest phrases imaginable; but those who are accustomed to work out a subject by dint of study, must not use up their whole stock of eloquence at once. They must bring forward their most appropriate expressions as they approach nearer to the truth, and raise their style with their thoughts. A good general keeps his reserve, the elite of his troops, to charge at the critical moment.

VII. "Procrastination is the thief of time." It is singular that we are so often loth to begin what gives us great satisfaction in the progress, and what, after we have once begun it, we are as loth to leave off. The reason is, that the imagination is not excited till the first step is taken or the first blow is struck. Before we begin a certain task, we have little notion how we shall set about it, or how we shall proceed: it is like attempting something of which we have no knowledge, and which we feel we are incapable of doing. It is no wonder, therefore, that a strong repugnance accompanies this seeming in- aptitude: it is having to make bricks without straw. But after the first effort is over and we have turned our minds to the subject, one thing suggests another, our ideas pour in faster than we can use them, and we launch into the stream which bears us on with ease and pleasure to ourselves. The painter who did not like to mix his colours or begin on a new canvass in the morning, sees the light close in upon him with unwilling eyes; and the essayist, though grieved for a thought, or at a loss for words at the outset of his labours, winds up with alacrity and spirit.

VIII. Conversation is like a game at tennis, or any other game of skill. A person shines in one company who makes no figure in another, just as a tolerably good cricketer, who might be an acquisition to a country club, would have his wicket struck down at the first blow at *Lord's-ground*. The same person is frequently dull at one time, and brilliant at another; sometimes those who are most silent at the beginning of an entertainment are most loquacious at the end. There is a *rum in the luck* both in cards and conversation. Some people are good speakers, but bad hearers: these are put out, unless they have all the talk to themselves. Some are best in a *l'ête à tête*; others to a mixed company. Some persons talk well on a set subject, who can hardly answer a common question, still less pay a compliment or make a *repertoire*. Conversation may be divided into the personal or the didactic; the one resembles the style of a lecture, the other that of a comedy. There are as many who fall in conversation from aiming at too high a standard of excellence, and wishing only to utter oracles or *jeux d'esprit*, as there are who expose themselves from having no standard at all, and saying whatever comes into their heads. Pedants and gossip compose the largest class. Numbers talk on without paying any attention to the effect they produce upon their audience; some few take no part in the discourse but by assenting to every thing that is said, and these are not the worst companions in the world. An

outcry is sometimes raised against dull people, as if it were any fault of theirs. The most brilliant performers very soon grow dull, and we like people to begin as they end. There is then no disappointment, nor false excitement. The great ingredient in society is good will. He who is pleased with what he himself has to say, and listens in his turn with patience and good- humour, is wise and witty enough for us. We do not covet those parties where one wit dares not go, because another is expected. How delectable must the encounter of such pretenders be to one another! How edifying to the by-standers!

IX. It was well said by Mr. Colesidge, that people never improve by contradiction, but by agreeing to differ. If you discuss a question amicably, you may gain a clear insight into it; if you dispute about it, you only throw dust in one another's eyes. In all angry and violent controversy, your object is not to learn wisdom, but to prove your adversary a fool; and in this respect, it must be admitted, both parties usually succeed.

X. Envy is the ruling passion of mankind. The explanation is obvious. As we are of infinitely more importance in our own eyes than all the world beside, the chief bent and study of the mind is directed to impress others with this self-evident but disputed distinction, and to arm ourselves with the exclusive signatures and credentials of our superiority, and to hate and stifle all that stands in the way of, or obscures, our absurd pretensions. Each individual looks upon himself in the light of a dethroned monarch, and the rest of the world as his rebellious subjects and runaway slaves, who withhold the homage that is his natural due, and burst the chains of opinion he would impose upon them; the man in Hogarth (*sooth to say*), with his crown of straw and wooden sceptre, is but a type and common-place emblem of every day life.—*London Atlas.*

EDINBURGH.—At the election of Magistrates at Edinburgh, last week, the Right Hon. William Allen, of Glen, was unanimously chosen Lord Provost, and William Blackwood, Peter Forbes, John Anderson, and Robert Morton, Esqrs., bailies. In the evening about two hundred gentlemen dined at the Waterloo tavern. Viscount Melville, the earl of Morton, and Mr. Willie, the painter, were among the guests. In the course of the evening the latter proposed a toast, the prosperity of that city, the interests of which, he said, would go by his peculiar care—the modern Athens itself, and then launched out into the following description of the town. "Though a native, as they all were, he now saw Edinburgh as a stranger, and as a traveller who had seen all the admired cities of Europe; but what the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, he now found congregated in this one city. Here are all the beauties of Prague and of Salzburg—here are the romantic sites of Orvieto and Tivoli—and here is all the magnificence of the admired bays of Genoa and Naples—here, indeed, to the poetic fancy, may be found realized the Roman capitol and the Grecian Acropolis. Still, to him, and to those who count this the home of their youth, it is the ancient rather than the modern beauties of this metropolis that excite their warmest sympathies. The solid town, which was but now claimed by the lord advocate with enthusiasm as the place of his birth, is what is most treasured and longest remembered by the true Scotsman, and the interest attached to which every true friend to Edinburgh must hope not to see diminished. The recent improvements unite, only the improvements of other cities, the grandeur of the old town is unique—seen from Prince's-street, the range from the lofty citadel to the ancient palace of the Stuarts, is the wonder of habitable cities. The massive lands and lofty battlements, surmounted by the lengthened and undulating vine of chimney-tops, here telling harsh against the sky, and lost there in their reekies effluences, form, with the crown-like tiars of St. Giles, a spectacle worthy alike of the poet, the architect, and the painter."—*Caledonian Mercury.*

VELGAR ERROR—STIMULATING MEDICINES.—From an ignorance of the rules of health, and their consequent violation, the integrity of some internal organ is impaired—it can no longer perform its functions with that degree of perfection and regularity necessary to the well being of the system. If it be an organ essential to life, every other suffers with it, and the individual is incapacitated from his accustomed bodily or mental labour. According to his own account, he is in a state of debility. This, to a certain extent is true; but it is a debility that can be removed only by restoring to health the organ primarily affected; a task for which the experienced and skillful physician is alone com- petent. But the sufferer is himself of a different opinion; he is debilitated; all he requires is something to restore strength to his system generally; additional and more stimulating food; some cordial or elixir—some potent tonic! These are soon obtained; a momentary relief is the result, to sustain which requires their frequent repetition; but so far from any permanent advantage resulting from their use, the symptoms advance with increased rapidity; the individual becomes more and more exhausted; and, if he fall not a speedy victim to the disease itself, he too often does to the effects of imtemperate habits, induced by the remedies to which he has had recourse.

It is not merely in disease, that erroneous opinions in regard to debility, are productive of evil effects. During health, the same injudicious means are resorted to, to sustain the strength of the system, as are supposed capable of restoring it when absent.

The infant in the nursery is too often pampered into disease, under the ridiculous notion of moistening to its strength; while every day, the adult, to augment his vigor, or prevent de-

bility—to accelerate digestion, or to guard his system from the supposed weakening influence of external agents—pours into his stomach a variety of articles, the direct tendency of which is to destroy the functions of the latter organ, and to spread disease, suffering, and debility, through every portion of the body.

The means of avoiding disease, (temperance, pure air, exercise, and the subjection of the animal passions,) are the only ones capable of increasing and maintaining a physical strength of the system: from the inventions of the cook, the products of the still, or the combinations of the apothecary, directly opposite effects invariably result.—*Journal of Health.*

It is an undoubted fact, says the Boston Medical Intelligencer, that those men live longest, who are the last to shut themselves up and put on additional clothing in the autumn, and the last to leave it off and expose themselves in the spring. The coldness of November is dry and bracing; it increases the warmth of the body by quickening the circulation, and thus renders an outer garment unnecessary, except in the evening or on days that are unpleasant; the coldness of the spring is damp and enervating—it depresses instead of cheering the spirits, renders the circulation languid, and extra clothing indis- pensable to comfort as well as to health.

THE TABLE.—Capt. Basil Hall says, that if he lives a thousand years—which is very doubtful, except it be in history—he shall never forget the first breakfast he ate in New York. Instead of black tea, toast, and an egg, the meagre English breakfast, he sat down to tea, coffee, eggs, ham, fish, steaks, rolls, and buck-wheat cakes—enough, in all conscience, to make him stare and open his eyes as well as his mouth. All this is very well to excite admiration and astonishment, the same as expressed by Bruce, at the Abyssinians cutting a steak from a living cow; but is it the thing? Is it conducive to health, long life, comfort or economy? "No, I thank you," said a pretty English woman at a party a few nights ago, "you don't kill me with eating, as I understand you do yourselves in this country." This was on declining to take a plate, after a dozen rounds of well filled waiters, subsequently to the ceremony of tea, cake, cheese, and bread and butter. It was once believed that the French people were huge feeders; but the palm of gourmandizing belongs to us. The French taste of every thing, but they eat in small portions; we hang on to a few substan- tials like a besieging army. The French sacrifice all their meals to their dinner; we manage a good dinner, and lose nothing by a breakfast, a tea, a supper, and a lunch into the bargain. "Poor Sir John is dead." "No—why I saw him yesterday." "Poor fellow went off inappo- sely; played a good knife and fork—poor fellow." As Falstaff says, "there's honor for you." We certainly reverse the old saying, we "live to eat"—not "eat to live." Our digestive organs are never at rest, and the gastric juices are incapable of dissolving the mass of aliment which continually clogs the stomach; hence, headaches, dyspepsia, heart-burning, schirrus stomach, gout, and apoplexy—hence, so many of our friends leaving us in a hurry. If we were to practice the virtue of forbearance, rise somewhat hungry from the table, eat sparingly of plain substantial food, our pockets would be heavier, and our lives longer.—*New York Enquirer.*

A prudent host, who is not in the humour to submit to attack from "staunch toppers," "who love to keep it up" as *bon vivant's*, whose favourite song is ever "Fly not yet," will engage some sober friends to fight on his side, and at a certain hour to vote for "no more wine," and bravely demand "tea," and will select his company with as much care as a chemist com- poses a neutral salt, judiciously providing quite a large proportion of alkali (tea men) as he has of acid (wine men). To adjust the balance of power at the Court of Bacchus, occasionally requires as much address as sagacious politicians say is sometimes requisite to direct the affairs of other courts.

To make the summons of the tea table serve as an effective ejectionment to the dinner table, let it be announced as a special invitation from the lady of the house. It may be, for example, "Mrs. So-and-so requires the pleasure of your company to the drawing room." This is an irresistible mandamus.

Though Bacchus may boast of his eye-killing bowl, And Polly in thought-drowning revels delight, Such worship soon loses its charms for the soul, When softer deceptions our senses invite. [Lr. Kitchener.]

LONGEVITY OF TREES.—The ficus indica, which grows on the banks of the Nerbudda, covers an extent of Ground 2000 feet in circumference. It is supposed that this is the same tree described by Nearchus. If so, it is at least 2,500 years old; and it is worthy of remark that, according to an ancient tradition, this tree covered with its shade an army of full 7000 men. An old oak at Oxford, near which Magdalen College was built, was cut down in 1783, and was supposed to have been planted at the time of the Norman conquest. Strutt, in his *Sylva Britannica*, mentions a walnut-tree, called by Camden the great walnut of Tamworth, regarded as the eldest and largest tree in England; even in the time of King Stephen, who mounted the throne in 1135, it was considerable for its size, and served as a boundary to the parish of Tortworth, in Gloucestershire. It is said that this tree requires 300 years to attain maturity, and the one in question was probably more than a thousand. In Lombardy is the celebrated cedar of Somme- ven Milanesa cubits in circumference, and the roots of which are said to extend under great part of the town. It existed, of the very same size, in the sixteenth century; and

faith may be placed in the tradition that it was growing when *Caesar* visited this country.

Mr. North, a scientific surgeon of London, has lately published a case of a child that was poisoned by eating the flowers of the labarrum. In consequence of expressing his surprise at the fatal effects of the flowers, Dr. Anthony Todd Thompson addressed a letter to him, in which he says—Not only are the flowers and seeds of the labarrum poisonous, but also those of many others of the same natural family. Some French chemists term the poisonous principle of this "natural family" *cystine*. This fatal occurrence points out the impropriety of allowing children to run over green-houses and shrubberies which contain shrubs or plants, with the properties of which the family is unacquainted—a practice which we believe to be very common—under the erroneous idea that the effluvia arising from them is salubrious.—*Gaz. of Health.*

DYSART.—The Town Council of this burgh have, by a very small majority, agreed with the Ferry Trustees, in petitioning the Court for a Bill of Suspension and Interdict against the Victory and Rapid Steam-boats presently plying betwixt the Chain Pier and Dysart. One of the Magistrates, with nine of the Council, however, have protested against this measure as illegal, and are determined to use every effort to thwart a proceeding which they consider as absurd as it is disgraceful.

In the village of Gallatin near Dysart, where the owners of the Victory Steam-boat have an agent for collecting passengers, a worthy old farmer from the north was thus addressed: "Pray, Sir, are ye gaun to go cross the water th' day?" "Deed aye," quoth the farmer, "but I would be nane the wair of a shave before vesitin Embro." The agent, who is himself a son of the strap, took him in; had him well soaped, and had shaved, when he again put the important question, "What boat do ye cross wi, Sir?" "I am thinking to gang by Kirkaldy," replied the farmer. "An' faith ye maun gang as ye are then," said the faithful agent, drawing the towel from his shoulders. Query.—Would it not be worth the attention of the Trustees to have a small sharp- spout hard by, to pick up half-shaved farmers or others in similar predicaments, and thus extend their patronage in that way? If this is deemed expedient, the reader will be at no loss to know where suitable barbers may be found.—*Scotch paper.*

AN IRISH BARGAIN.—The children of Ireland are not yet less remarkably felicitous than ever for the union of blundering and ingenuity in their intercourse with each other and the rest of the world. A recent and novel incident at Leiglin bridge, gives a new testimony to the fact. A maiden, resident in that parish—gay and hearty was she, but weary of single-blessedness—had the rumour circulated that the lad of her choice could have £10 with her hand. "We was comely in person and agreeable in temper—a fortune in herself—as all the country said. A neighbour's son was moved with the rumor; he knew Nannie; collared to her; made his bow and proposals together, and was accepted as her darling. But the lass was, with all her good qualities, candid—and hinted, before the priest was put in requisition, her fortune had become £4 the worse for wear. "Awkward enough," says Pat, "what's to be done?" "Ah," sighed Nan, "fayring her dimpled cheek so lovingly on her swain's—"it's a long lane that has no turn; I'll give you my note, love, for the deficiency." "Cushlamachree, that's the cut," replied Pat, imprinting a buss upon his Nancy's lips, and got the knot fastened that evening.—*English paper.*

An honest farmer, living near Kilmacalm, was asked why he did not subscribe for a newspaper?—"Because (said he) my father, when he died, left me a good many papers, and I havna read them through yet."—*Greenock Advertiser.*

TURKEY.—In 1788, Mr. Jefferson wrote from Paris as follows:—"I cannot but think it would be desirable to all commercial nations to have the Turkish nation and all its dependencies driven from the sea coast into the interior parts of Asia and Africa. What a field would thus be restored to commerce! The finest parts of the old world are now dead, in a great degree, to commerce, to arts, to science, and to society. Greece, Syria, Egypt, and the northern coast of Africa, constituted the whole world, almost, for the Romans, and to us they are scarcely known, scarcely accessible at all."

In the following parallel there is something besides mere assertion for the support of the position taken. It gives rather a new and certainly a very ingenious character to the subject; and we think all will agree in pronouncing the arguments adduced to be very conclusive:—"I will venture to affirm, that Religion, with all her beautiful and becoming sanctity, imposes fewer sacrifices than the uncontro- lled dominion of any vice. Her service is not only perfect safety, but perfect freedom. She is not so tyrannizing as passion; so exacting as the world; nor so despotical as fashion. Let us try the cause by a parallel, and examine it not as affecting our virtue; but our pleasure. Does religion forbid the cheerful enjoyments of life as rigorously as avarice forbids them? Does she require such sacrifices of our ease as ambition? Or such renunciations of our quiet as pride? Does devotion murder sleep, like disipation? Does she destroy health, like intemperance? Does she annihilate wealth, like gaming? Does she embitter life, like discord? Or abridge it, like duelling? Does religion impose more vigilance than suspicion? Or half as many mortifications as vanity? If the estimate be fairly made, then I will venture to assert that the balance is clearly on the side of religion, even in the article of pleasure."

Mr. Parkinson