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BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

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THE GARLAND.

THE LIGHT HOUSE.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye
Than if day in its pride had array'd it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion, [buz'd,
From the dim distant isle, till the Light-House fire
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.
No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
Was heard in the wildly breath'd numbers;
The sea bird had flown to its wave-girded nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,
(All hush'd was the billow's commotion) [Hops,
And thought that the Light-House look'd lovely as
That star of life's tremulous ocean.
The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
But when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh! then may the Seraph of Mercy arise,
Like a star on Eternity's ocean!

TO A LADY—WITH FLOWERS.

Flowers to the beautiful! To them belong
The lyre, the garland, and the noise of song—
All that like them are lovely—all the earth
Brought forth to glad them when she gave them birth.
Flowers to the beautiful! For thee I save
The evening blossoms from an early grave;
Snatched from the dark cold earth, to thee they come
And in thy bosom find their happy home.
All wildly sweet and fresh they fly to thee,
Types of thyself—the innocent, the free;
Beneath thy sunny smile, oh bid them bloom,
And yield their kindred tribute of perfume.
Short are their lives, but lovely. Time who brings
Sickness to us and sorrow, o'er them flings
Sunshine and joy; and dying, they bequeath
Their breath to Beauty—to the Muse a wreath!

WEBB MISCELLANEA.

EXPOSURE OF HEADS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.
(From the Appendix to *Mr. Farlan's Constantinople*.)
A mistake which prevails as to the manner in which the heads of those who have received the reward of their crime, or (cases of more frequent occurrence) have fallen under the fate or suspicion of the Porte, are disposed of in the Seraglio. It has generally been supposed that those heads were stuck on pikes on the summit of the gates, or on the edges of the Seraglio walls, and there exposed in horrid rows, to the gaze of the public. This popular error has sanctioned the flights of fancy, the Sultan's palace has been converted into a Golgotha, and to speak only of recent pictures drawn of the palace, a French poet describes the walls as "decorated with six thousand heads," while an English writer represents its gate as "hung with ranges of immense bones, looking ghastly in the illumination." Now, the truth is, there is nothing of all this; the heads of delinquents or victims, if of common condition, are thrown on the ground by the side of the Seraglio outer gate; if of rank as pachas, &c. they are placed in a dish," as Doctor Walsh correctly describes in the case of Ali Pasha, of Yanina, "on a low marble pillar, between the first and second gates of the Seraglio." On common occasions the heads are exposed only a few hours, but on more important ones, when government wishes to impress the people, they are left for three days, but seldom longer. After the exposure, they are thrown away, or purchased and buried by relations or friends, but are never kept to fringe walls and decorate gates. During the horrid exhibition at the gate, or within the court-yard of the Seraglio, *yaffas* or paper scrolls, setting forth (truly or falsely) the offences for which those heads are there, are suspended over them, "like the accusations placed over malefactors on the cross," by the Jews and other eastern nations. Headless trunks, and strangled men, are often seen floating down the Bosphorus, and round the Seraglio point, but I never could learn, even from the oldest people at Stamboul, that skeletons, heads, and bones, were ever used to decorate the summits of the Seraglio walls. My friend Mr. Starbuck's journal registers a barbarous and multitudinous exposure of "human ears" at the Babamun-Kapoussi, or great gate, in the month of June, 1825; these were cut by the ferocious Ibrahim Pasha, in Greece, and were said to amount to more than seven hundred pair. The inscription over them imported that these trophies were cast there in contempt! A *Yirmibesh-lik*, or present of a twenty-five piastre piece, was at that time given for every pair of ears. When a Turk is seized and beheaded on the spot, his body is laid flat on its back, and his head is placed under his arm; in the same circumstances, is ignominiously thrust between his legs, and the body is laid on its belly. On common occasions, decapitation is, however, resorted to much less frequently than strangling, and for the Osmanlis, the formula ought to be gone through of firing a cannon for every head that falls.

A MODERN BRUTUS.

In the year 1526, James Lynch Fitzstephen, a merchant, who was at that time Mayor of Galway, in Ireland, sent his only son as commander of one of his ships to Bilbao, in Spain, for a cargo of wine. The credit of which he possessed was taken advantage of by his son, who secreted the money which he was entrusted for the purchase of the cargo; and the Spaniard who supplied him on this occasion, sent his nephew with him to Ireland, to receive the debt, and establish a farther correspondence. The young man, who was nearly of the same age, sailed together with that apparent confidence and satisfaction which congenial pursuits generally create among mankind. The ship proceeded on her voyage, and as every day brought them nearer the place of destination, and the discovery of the fraud of young Fitzstephen, he conceived the diabolical resolution of murdering his friend, a project in which, by promises of reward and fear, he brought the greatest part of the ship's crew to join. On the night of the fifth day, the unfortunate Spaniard was violently seized in his bed and thrown overboard. A few days more brought the ship to port. The father and friends of young Fitzstephen received him with

joy, and in a short time bestowed a sufficient capital to enable him to commence business. Security had now lulled every sense of danger, and he sought the hand of a beautiful girl, the daughter of one of his neighbors. His proposals were accepted, and the day appointed which was to crown his yet successful villany, when one of the sailors who had been on the voyage to Spain was taken ill, and finding himself on the point of death, sent for the father and commended a full account of the horrid deed his son had committed. The father though struck speechless with astonishment and horror, at length shook off the feelings of the parent, and exclaimed, "Justice shall take its course."—He immediately caused his son to be seized with the rest of the crew, and thrown into prison. They all confessed their crime—a criminal presentation was commenced, and in a few days, a small town in the west of Ireland beheld a sight scarcely parallelled in the history of mankind; a father, like another Brutus, sitting in judgment on his son; and like him too, condemning him to die as a sacrifice to public justice! A father consigning his only son to an ignominious death, and tearing away all the bands of parental affection, where the laws of nature were violated, and the fortunes with which he was endowed, and like him too, condemning him to die as a sacrifice to public justice! A father consigning his only son to an ignominious death, and tearing away all the bands of parental affection, where the laws of nature were violated, and the fortunes with which he was endowed, and like him too, condemning him to die as a sacrifice to public justice! A father consigning his only son to an ignominious death, and tearing away all the bands of parental affection, where the laws of nature were violated, and the fortunes with which he was endowed, and like him too, condemning him to die as a sacrifice to public justice!

The relatives of the unhappy culprit surrounded the father; they conjured him by the ties of affection, of nature, and of compassion, to spare his son. His wretched mother flew in distraction to the head of her own family, and conjured him for the honor of her house, to rescue her from the ignominy of the death of her son must bring upon their name. The citizens felt compassion for the father's affliction for the man; every noble feeling was roused, and they privately determined to rescue the young man from prison during the night, under the conviction that Fitzstephen having already paid the tribute due to justice, and to honor, would secretly rejoice at the preservation of the life of his son. But they little knew the heart of this noble magistrate. By some accident their determination reached his ear; he instantly removed his son from the prison to his own house, which he surrounded with the officers of justice.

In the morning he paraded with his son the office of the holy communion: after giving and receiving a mutual forgiveness, the father said, "you have little time to live, my son, let the care of your soul employ the few moments. Take the last embrace of your unhappy father." The sun was then hung at the door of his father; and an instance of the exercise of justice, that leaves every thing of the kind in modern times at an immeasurable distance. The father immediately resigned his office; and after his death which speedily followed that of his son, the citizens fixed over the door of the house, a death's head and cross bones, carved in black marble, to perpetuate his signal act of justice.

THE IDIOT.—A poor widow in a small town in the north of England, kept a booth or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence.—He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind than confidence in his mother's love, and a dread of the schoolboys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal pal" in a low pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm.—From morning to evening he sung his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that while she carried the table on her head, her stock of little merchandise in her lap, and her stool in one hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon as any of the schoolboys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection.—A human creature so far below the standard of humanity was no where ever seen; he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among these unfinished beings, and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal.—He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care. One night, when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet, and as he kissed them mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street, and as often as he saw any of the schoolboys in the way, he held her firmly back and sang his sorrowful "pal pal."—One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place, and the charity of some of the neighbours induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his lay more sorrowfully than he had ever done before. He could not speak but only utter a brutish gabble; sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbours spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye, and clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sung the strain of his mournful "pal pal" in a softer and sadder key.—The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body, and he surrendered his hold of the earthy hand without resistance, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment he resumed his chant, and lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sang with a wild and heart piercing pathos, "pal pal pal pal."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SALMONIA.—Some weeks ago we copied from a Liverpool paper a beautiful and striking paragraph on the *Excellence of Religion*, which purported to be taken from Sir Humphrey Davy's *Salmonia*, and remarked that we had not before heard of such a work. Turning over, yesterday, the leaves of the London Quarterly Review for October, 1828, we noticed a review of "Salmonia, or Days of Fly-Fishing, by an Angler,"—the work from which the extract alluded to above was made. The work, it appears from the preface, was written as an occupation of several months of severe illness, when the author was incapable of attending to more useful studies or more serious pursuits.—It is composed in the form of a dialogue, like its archetype, *The Complete Angler* of Isaac Walton, and like that admirable production, is enriched with passages of great moral beauty and sublimity. There are some excellent admonitions respecting indulgence at the table, and the physical evils of the fashionable luxurious mode of living are set forth with simplicity but in eloquent language.

In the first dialogue the following sweet verses are introduced, said to be the production of a lady of high rank, and originally written in a copy of Walton's *Angler* belonging to the author of *Salmonia*.

Albeit, gentle Angler, I
Delight not in thy trade,
Yet in thy pages these diths
So much of quaint simplicity,
Of such good kind,
That none need be afraid,
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
To be ensnared on thy hook.
Gladly from thee, I'm lured to bear
With things that seemed most vile before,
For thou didst on poor subjects rear
Matter the wisest sage might hear.
And with a grace,
That doth efface
More labored works, thy simple lines
Can teach us that thy skillful lines,
More than the scaly brood confine.

Our hearts and senses too, we see,
Rise quickly at thy master hand,
And ready to be caught by thee
Are lured to virtue willingly.
Content and peace,
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side. At thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And join in gifts that all may share.
Gladly, with thee, I pace along;
And of sweet fancies dream;
Waiting till some inspired song,
Within my memory cherished long,
Comes fairer forth,
With more of worth;
Because that time upon its stream
Feather and chaff will bear away,
But give to gems a brighter ray.

In another dialogue a debate takes place whether the party should continue their amusements upon Sunday. The proposal is relinquished; and it is in reference to the keeping of the Sabbath that one of the party utters the beautiful sentiment to which we allude above, and which is here republished:

"I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but, if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness—creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair!"

The following passage is said to contain a train of remarks upon the superstitious belief in omens:

"In my opinion, profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and, in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light,—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thunder cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon,—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abstruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relation of moral events and intellectual nature."—*Boston Courier.*

INSECT PAPER-MAKER.—The wasp is a paper-maker, and a most perfect and intelligent one. While mankind were arriving, by slow degrees, at the art of fabricating this invaluable substance, the wasp was making it before their eyes, by very much the same process as that by which human hands now manufacture it with the best aid of chemistry and machinery. While some nations carved their records on wood, and stone, and brass and leaden tablets—others more advanced, wrote with a style on wax—others employed the inner bark of trees, and others the skins of animals rudely prepared—the wasp was manufacturing a firm and durable paper. Even when the papyrus was rendered more fit, by a process of art, for the transmission of ideas in writing, the wasp was a better artisan than the Egyptians; for the early attempts at paper-making were so rude, that the substance produced was almost useless, from being extremely friable. The paper of the pa-

pyrus was formed of the leaves of the plant, dried, pressed, and polished; the wasp alone knew how to reduce vegetable fibres to a pulp, and then unite them by a size or glue, spreading the substance out into a smooth and delicate leaf. This is exactly the process of paper-making. It would seem that the wasp knows, as modern paper-makers now know, that the fibres of rags, whether linen or cotton, are not the only materials that can be used in the formation of paper; she employs other vegetable matters converting them into a proper consistency by her assiduous exertions. In some respects she is more skilful even than our paper-makers for she takes care to retain her fibres sufficiently long by which she renders her paper as strong as she requires. Many manufacturers of the present day cut their materials into small bits, and thus produce a rotten article. One great distinction between good and bad paper is its toughness; and this difference is invariably produced by the fibre of which it is composed being long, and therefore tough; or short, and therefore friable.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

CHANGES THAT TAKE PLACE IN NATURE.—Surrounded as we are by wonders of every kind, and existing only by a miraculous concurrence of events, admiration seems the natural avocation of our being; nor is it easy to pronounce amidst such a creation what is most wonderful. But few things appear more incomprehensible than the constant production and re-absorption of matter, impressed upon us even by the very beetle. An animal falls to the ground and dies; myriads of creatures are now summoned by a call, by an impulse of which we have no perception, to remove it, and prepare it for a new combination; chemical agencies, fermentation, and solution immediately commence their action to separate the parts, and in a short time, of all this great body, nothing remains but the framework or bones, perhaps a little hair or some wool, and all the rest is departed we know not whither! Worms and insects have done their parts; the earth has received a portion, and the rest, converted into gases, and exhalable matters, has dispersed all over the region, which, received into vegetable circulation, is again separated and changed, becomes modified anew, and nourishes that which is to continue the future generations of life. The petal of the rose; the pulp of the peach; the azure and the gold on the wing of the insect; all the various productions of the animal and vegetable world; the very salts and compounds of the soil, are but the changes some other matters have undergone, which have circulated through innumerable channels since the first production of all things, and no particle been lost; bearing in mind this assured truth, that all these combinations have not been effected by chance or peculiarity of circumstances, but by the pre-termination of an Almighty Intelligence, who sees the station, progress, and final destination of an atom, what an infinity of power and intellectual spirit does this point out! An omnipotence, which the bodied minds of our poor creatures cannot conceive. Truly may we say, "who can find out the Almighty to perfection?"—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

GARRICK'S PRECEPTS TO PREACHERS.—The celebrated Garrick having been requested by Dr. Stonehouse to favour him with his opinions as to the manner in which a sermon ought to be delivered, the English Roscius sent him the following judicious answer:

My dear Pupil, You know how you would feel and speak in a parlour concerning a friend who was in imminent danger of his life, and with what energetic pathos of fiction and countenance you would enforce the observance of that which you really thought would be for his preservation. You could not think of playing the orator; of studying your emphasis, cadences, and gestures; you would be yourself, and the interesting nature of your subject impressing your heart, would furnish you with the most natural tone of voice, the most proper language, the most engaging features, and the most suitable and graceful gestures. What you would thus be in the parlour be in the pulpit; and you will not fail to please, to effect, and to profit.—Adieu my friend.

Mr. Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" raised him in the world, and introduced him to the acquaintance of several persons distinguished by rank or talents. That his conversation was eminently interesting, entertaining and instructive, is universally admitted. It was very discursive; if the persons with whom he conversed, had full leisure to listen, and only wished for general information, nothing can be conceived more delightful: it abounded with eloquence, elegance, learning, novelty and pleasantry; it was the basket of Pomona, full of every choice and every common fruit. But if a person wished for information upon any particular point, and his time for listening was limited, Mr. Burke's eloquent rambles were sometimes very provoking. Sir Philip Francis once waited upon him, by appointment, to read over to him some papers respecting Mr. Hastings's delinquencies. He called on Mr. Burke, in his way to the house of a friend, with whom he was engaged to dine. He found him in his garden, holding a grasshopper: "What a beautiful animal is this!" said Mr. Burke: "observe its structure; its legs, its wings, its eyes." "How can you," said Sir Philip, "lose your time in admiring such an animal, when you have so many objects of moment to attend to?" "Yet Socrates," said Burke, "according to the exhibition of him in Aristophanes, attended to a much less animal; he actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in its skip. I think the ship of a grasshopper does not exceed its length: let us see." "My dear friend," said Sir Philip, "I am in a great hurry; let

us walk in, and let me read my papers to you." Into the house they walked; Sir Philip began to read, and Mr. Burke appeared to listen.—At length Sir Philip having misplaced a paper, a pause ensued—"I think," said Mr. Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed, that *locusta*, not *cicada*, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What is your opinion, Sir Philip?" "My opinion," answered Sir Philip, packing up his papers, and preparing to move off, "is, that till the grasshopper is out of your head, it will be idle to talk to you of the affairs of India." It may be added, that when Mr. Burke was in conversation, he frequently appeared rather to speak from the reflections which were working in his own mind, upon what his friend had said, than to give a direct answer to it, or to make a direct observation upon it.—*Butler.*

GALEN'S EXPERIENCE.—We often hear the members of the medical profession tauntingly reminded that they are more eager in laying down rules of regimen than solicitous themselves in following them, and that their own personal experience by no means corresponds with their theories. To charge to a certain extent is not without validity; but the modifying circumstances which tend so much to impair the health and assail even the life of a physician, are not sufficiently considered. Still there are many notable examples of longevity and happy exemption from disease among medical men. For the present we shall content ourselves with adducing the experience of Galen.

This distinguished individual, who wrote so much on the different branches of medicine, received from the Roman Emperor a medal with an honorable inscription, the meaning of which was, the chief of the Romans to the chief of Physicians. Conscious from the strength of his own passions of their ample sway over the body and its healthful movements, he prescribed to himself a life to which he adhered during a long life time, viz., never to get irritated, nor even to raise his hand to a slave. He was born with an infirm constitution, and afflicted in his youth with many and severe illnesses; but having arrived at the age of twenty-eight, and finding that there were sure rules for preserving health, he observed them so carefully, that he never labored under any distemper from that time, except occasionally a slight feverish complaint for a single day owing to the fatigue which attending the sick necessarily brought on him. By this means he passed his hundredth year. His advice is clear and direct. "I beseech all persons," says he, "who shall read this work, not to degrade themselves to a level with the brutes, or the rabble, by eating and drinking whatever pleases their palates, or by indulging their appetites of every kind. But whether they understand physic, or not, let them consult their reason, and observe what agrees and what does not agree with them, that, like wise men, they may adhere to the use of such things as conduce to their health, and forbear every thing which by their own experience they find to do them hurt; and let them be assured, that by a diligent observation and practice of this rule, they may enjoy a good share of health, and seldom stand in need of physic or physicians."—*Journal of Health.*

LAUGHABLE ANECDOTE.—Cambaceres was a gourmand, and his table would have been daily crowded with guests, had not his disposition been somewhat penurious. Of this last feible there is an anecdote too characteristic to be omitted. He had directed a furniture broker to bring him a table capacious enough for sixty covers. Accordingly it was brought, and ordered to be laid out in the dining room. When this was done, he insisted that it was not of the requisite dimensions. His object was to procure by this means some abatement in the price; but the poor tradesman demurred. To settle the question, Cambaceres despatched one of his valets to bring in sixty masons, who were at that moment demolishing some buildings in the place de Carouai. The men were surprised at so unexpected a summons; they naturally supposed, however, that the great man wished some improvement to be immediately made in his palace, hastily cleaned themselves and flew to the spot. When introduced into the dining room, they were not a little surprised to find the table laid out with sixty covers. "No doubt," thought they, "his highness has received some good news from the army, and in the joy of his heart wishes to give us a treat!" This impression was confirmed when they were ordered to take their seats. But what was their amazement when, instead of the table being covered with dainties, Cambaceres, who was standing near them, called out, "Act as if you were pouring out to drink! Siez your knives and forks! Seem as if you were cutting something on your plates!" The poor masons went through these evolutions with such regularity, as to remind us of the barber's brother in the Arabian Nights; but in one respect the parallel is imperfect—the imaginary feast was not succeeded by a substantial one: so sooner was his highness forced to acknowledge that the table was of the requisite capacity, than the tantalized guests were unceremoniously dismissed, without the slightest compensation for the time they had lost.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte.*

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.—About three weeks ago, a labouring man was received into St. Thomas's Hospital with a fractured leg. The leg was amputated, and a violent hemorrhage ensuing, it was feared that the man would have died, when Mr. Green took eight ounces of blood from two students, and they were transfused into the veins of the dying man. He recovered in a short time, and was left for the night very comfortable. On Sunday night it was necessary to transfuse eight ounces more of blood into him, and on Tuesday he gradually sank under exhaustion, and died in the afternoon.

Mr. J. West