The Weekly Observer.

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Weekly Almanack.

JULY—1831.	SUN Rises.	SUN Sets.	MOON Rises.	FULL SEA.
27 WEDNESDAY	4 37	7 23	9 [illegible]	0 41
28 THURSDAY	4 38	7 22	9 [illegible]	1 16
29 FRIDAY	4 39	7 21	10 4	1 51
30 SATURDAY	4 41	7 19	10 [illegible]	2 31
31 SUNDAY	4 42	7 18	11 7	3 18
1 MONDAY	4 43	7 17	11 42	4 18
2 TUESDAY	4 44	7 16	morn.	5 35

Last Quarter 1st, 11h. 17m. morning.

THE GARLAND.

The answered fine little poem, from a late number of the Pennsylvania Watchman, is from the pen of Mrs. SIGOURNEY, of Hartford.

THE ARK AND DOVE.

"*Tell me a story, please*"——my little girl
Lisped from her cradle.—So I bent me down,
And told her how it rain'd, and rain'd, and rain'd,—
Till all the flowers were cover'd and the trees
Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood,
And people dwelt,—a fearful deluge roll'd;—
Because the wicked, and refusd
To heed the words of God. But *one* good man,
Who long had warn'd the sinful to repent,
Obey, and live,—taught by the voice of Heaven,
Had built an Ark, and thither with his wife
And children, turn'd for safety.—Two and two
Of beasts and birds and creeping things he took,
With food for all,—and when the tempest rear'd,
And the great fountains of the sky pour'd out
A ceaseless flood, till all beside were drown'd—
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure—
And so the mighty waters bare them up,
And o'er the bosom of the deep they sail'd
For many days.—But then a gentle Dove
Scap'd from the casement of the Ark, and spread
Her lonely pinion o'er that boundless wave.
All, all was desolation,—chirping nest,
Nor face of man, nor living thing she saw,
For all the people of the earth were drown'd,
Because of disobedience.—
Nought she spied,
Save wide, dark waters, and a frowning sky,—
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest.—
So with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her dear voyage, which, perchance
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful Ark she sought.—
The righteous man that wandering Dove received
And to her mate restor'd, who with sad moans
Had wonder'd at her absence.—
Then I look'd
Upon the child, to see if her thought
Wearied with following mine. But her blue eye
Was a glad listener,—and the eager breath
Of pleas'd attention curl'd her parted lips.—
And so I told her how the waters dried,—
And the green branches wav'd, and the sweet buds
Come up in loveliness,—and that wild Dove
Went forth to build her nest,—while thousand birds
Awoke their songs of praise, and the tir'd Ark
Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
Reposed,—and Noah with glad spirit rear'd
An altar to his God.—
Since,—many a time,—
When to her rest, ere evening's earliest star
That little one is laid,—with earnest tone,
And pure cheek prest to mine, she fondly asks
"*The Ark and Dove.*"
Mothers can tell how oft,
In the heart's eloquence, the prayer goes up
From a seal'd lip;—and tenderly hath blest
With the warm teaching of the sacred tale
A voiceless wish,—that when that timid soul,
Now in the rose mesh of infancy,
Fast bound,—shall dare the billows of the world,
Like that exploring Dove, and find no rest,—
A pierc'd, a pitying, a redeeming Hand
May gently guide it to the Ark of Peace.

MISCELLANEA.

A SLIGHT COLD.

From the Diary of a late London Physician.

Consider "a slight cold" to be in the nature of a chill, caught by a sudden contact with your grave; or, as occasioned by the damp finger of Death laid upon you, as it were to mark you for his, in passing to the more immediate object of his commission. Let this be called croaking, and laughed at as such, by those who are "asweeted of the painful round of life," and are on the look-out for their dismissal from it, but be learnt off by heart, and remembered as having the force and truth of Gospel, by all those who would "measure out their span upon the earth," and are conscious of any constitutional flaw or feebleness; who are distinguished by any such tendency deathward, as long necks, narrow, chicken chests—very fair complexion—requisite sympathy with atmospheric variations; or, in short, exhibit any symptoms of an asthmatic or consumptive character, *if they choose to SECOUT A SLIGHT COLD.*

Let not these complain of being bitten by a reptile, which they have cherished to maturity in their very bosoms, when they might have crushed it in the egg! Now, it was a "slight cold" the egg,* and phenomena—inflammation of the lungs—asthma—CONSUMPTION, the venomous reptile—the matter will be no more than correctly figured. There are many ways in which this "egg" may be deposited and hatched.—Going suddenly, slightly chill, from a heated into a cold atmosphere, especially if you can contrive to be in a state of perspiration; sitting or standing in a *draught*, however slight: it is the breath of Death, reader, and laden with the vapours of the grave! Lying in damp beds—for there his cold arms shall embrace you; continuing in wet clothing, and neglecting wet feet—these, and a hundred others, are some of the ways in which you may slowly, imperceptibly, but surely cherish the creature, that shall at last creep inextricably inwards, and be coiled about your very vitals. Once more, reader—again—I would say, attend to this all ye who think it a small matter to—*Neglecta slight cold!!*

So many periods—I may say dreams and illustrations of the truth of the above remarks, are strewn over the pages of my Diary, that I scarce know which of them to select. The following melancholy "instance" will, I hope, prove as impressive, as I think it interesting.

Captain C—— had served in the Peninsular campaigns with distinguished merit; and on the return of the British army, sold out, and determined to enjoy in private life an ample fortune bequeathed him by a distant relative. At the period I am speaking of, he was in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year; and in person one of the very finest I ever saw in my life. There was an air of ease and frankness about his demeanour, dashed with a little pensiveness, which captivated every body with whom he conversed—but the ladies especially. It seems the natural effect produced on a bold but feeling heart, by frequent scenes of sorrow. Is not such an one formed to win over the heart of woman? Indeed it seemed so—for at the period I am speaking of, our English ladies were absolutely infatuated about the military; and a man who had otherwise but little chance, had only to appear in regimentals, to turn the scale in his favour. One would have thought the race of soldiery was about to become suddenly extinct; for in almost every third marriage that took place within two years of the magnificent event at Waterloo—whether rich or poor, high or low, a *redcoat* was sure to be the "principal performer."—Let the reader then, bear in mind the influence—for what else was it—set before his imagination the tall commanding figure of Captain C——, his frank and noble bearing—his excellent family—his fortune, upwards of four thousand a-year—and calculate the chances in his favour! I met him several times in private society, during his stay in town, and bore his image vividly in my eye as he appeared in the last evening we met. He wore a blue coat, white waistcoat, and an purple black neck-kerchief. His hair was very light, and disposed with more than ordinary care, a remarkably fine forehead, the left corner of which bore the mark of a slight sabre-cut. His eye, large and full—clear and cold—which you would in your own mind instantly compare to that of

"Mars—to threaten and command,"

was capable of an expression of the most winning and soul subduing tenderness. Another night I dwell in his praise, and truly,—but that I have a melancholy end in view. Suffice it to add, that wherever he moved, he seemed the sun of the social circle—an entire mover, with its starlike eye, with fascinating gesture—the envied object of

"Nods, bocks, and wreathed smiles"

from all that was fair and beautiful!

He could not remain long disengaged. Intelligence soon found its way to town or his having formed an attachment to Miss Ellen ——, a wealthy and beautiful northern heiress, whose heart soon surrendered to its skilful assault. Every body was pleased with the match, and pronounced it suitable in all respects. I had an opportunity of seeing Captain C—— and Miss —— together at an evening party in London; for the young lady's family spent the season in town, and were, of course, attended by the Captain, who took up his quarters in —— street. A handsome couple they looked!

This was nearly twelve months after their engagement; and most of the preliminaries had been settled on both sides, and the event was fixed to take place within a fortnight of Miss ——'s and family's return to ——shire. The last day of their stay in town, they formed a large and gay water party, and proceeded up the river a little beyond Richmond, in a beautiful open boat belonging to Lord ——, a cousin of the Captain's. It was rather late before their return; and long ere their arrival at Westminster stairs the wind and rain combined against the party, and assailed them with a fury against which their awning formed but an insufficient protection. Captain C—— had taken an oar for the last few miles; and as they had to pull against a strong tide, his task was not a trifling one. When he resigned his oar, he was in a perfect bath of perspiration: but he drew on his coat, and resumed the seat he formerly occupied beside Miss ——, at the back of the boat. The awning unfortunately got rent immediately behind where they sat; and what with the splashing of the water on his back, and the squally gusts of wind incessantly burst upon them, Captain C—— got thoroughly wet and chilled. Miss —— grew uneasy about him, but he laughed off her apprehensions, assuring her that they were groundless, and that he was "too old a soldier" to suffer from such a trifling thing as a little "wind and wet." On their leaving the boat, he insisted on accompanying them home to —— Square, and stayed there upwards of an hour, busily conversing with them about their departure on the morrow. While there he took a glass or two of wine, but did not change his clothes. On returning to his lodgings, he seemed very busy and pleasantly occupied with thoughts of his approaching nuptials, to advert to the necessity of using more precautions against cold, before retiring to bed. He sat down in his dressing-room, without ordering a fire to be lit, and wrote two or three letters; after which he got into bed. Now, how easy would it have been for Captain C—— to obviate any possible ill consequences, by simply ringing for warm water to put his feet in, and a basin of gruel, or posset? He did not do either of these, however; thinking it would be time enough to "cry out when he was hurt." In the morning he rose, and, though a little indisposed, immediately after breakfast drove to —— Square, to see off his lady and the family; for it had been arranged that he should remain behind a day or two, in order to complete a few purchases of jewellery, &c. &c., and then follow the party to ——shire. He rode on horseback beside their travelling carriage a few miles out of town; and then took his leave and returned. On his way home he called at my house, but finding me out, left his card, with a request that I would come and see him in the evening. About seven o'clock I was with him. I found him in his dressing-room, in an cosseted air, drinking coffee. He looked rather dejected, and spoke in a depressed tone. He complained of the symptoms of catarrh; and declined to see his account [illegible] remonstrated with him on his last night's imprudence.

"Ah Doctor ——, I wish to Heaven I had rowed on to Westminster stairs as I was!" said he. "Good God, what it I have caught my death of cold?—You cannot conceive how stupid my sensations are."

"That's generally the way with patients after the mischief's done," I replied with a smile. "But come! come! only take care of yourself, and matters are not at all desperate!"—"Pshaw, pshaw!"—"Shiver before a furnace," I continued, seeing he was in a rather irritable state of mind; "and you will soon be right."—"You sons of Æsculapius are hard on us," he sighed. "Why, what's the matter, Captain?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing," he replied hastily. "I suppose a cold generally oppresses one's spirits—is it so? Is it a sign of a secret"——

"It is a sign that a certain person"——

"Pho, Doctor, pho!"—said he, with an air of heedlessness—"don't think me so childish!—I'll tell you candidly what has contributed to depress my spirits. For this last week or so, I've had a strange sort of conviction that"——

"Nonsense!—none of your nervous fancies"——

"Ah, but *there*, Doctor," he continued, as we were facing the intermission, "I've felt a sort of presentiment—a foreboding that—that—that *something* or other would occur to prevent my marriage!"

"Oh, tush—tush!—every one has these low nervous touches that is not accustomed to sickness."

"Well—it *may* be so—I hope it may be nothing more; but I count to hear a voice whispering—or at least, to be under an influence to that effect, that the cup will be dashed from my opened lips—a fearful slip!—It seems as if my Bride were too good a happiness for the Fates to allow me!"——

"This wont do at all," replied I, taking my pen in hand, and beginning to write a prescription.

"Are you thirsty at all? any *rawness* in the side when you breathe? Any cough? &c. &c.," said I, asking him the usual routine of questions. I noted from the symptoms he described, that he had caught a very severe, and possibly fatal cold—so I prescribed active medicines. Amongst others, I ordered him one-fourth of a grain of *tartarized antimony*, every four hours, for the purpose of encouraging insensible perspiration, and thereby determining the flow outwards. I then left him promising to call about noon the next day, expressing my expectations of finding him perfectly recovered from his indisposition. I found him the following morning in bed, thoroughly under the influence of the medicines I had prescribed, and, in fact, much better in every respect. The whole surface of his body was damp, and clammy to the touch, and he had exactly the proper sensation of nausea—both occasioned by the antimony. I contented myself with prescribing a repetition of the medicines.

"Well, Captain, and what has become of your glorious forebodings of last night?" I enquired with a smile.

"Why—hem! I'm certainly not quite so desponding as I was last night; but still, the cup—the cup has not reached yet! I'm not well yet—and even if I were, there's a good portnight's space for contingencies!"—I expatiated him to keep house for a day or two longer, and persevere with the medicines during that time, in order to his complete recovery, and he reluctantly acquiesced.

* * * *

[The Captain had not his wish, but yielding to the persuasions of a friend and brother officer, a relation of Miss, went that night to the Opera.]

I found him, on calling in the morning, exhibiting the incipient symptoms of inflammation of the lungs. He complained of an excessive difficulty of breathing—a sense of painful oppression and constriction of his chest, and a hard hoarse dry cough, attended with excruciating pain. His pulse quivered and fluttered under the finger. He a few hours (the exact time I forget) previously, had coughed up a tea-cup full of blood—which presented the usual appearance in such cases—and pressed active bleeding consequences. But neither these nor the application of a blister in the evening—when I saw it—were able to make any impression on the constitution so fearfully low to be fired in it. Poor Captain C——! I shall never, never forget the pained look of entire resignation to his fate, and lacerated, in the most poignant degree, that he had not to tell up to my advice in time!

On returning home from my evening visit, I found an express requiring me instant attendance on a lady of distinction in the country. A cousin parent of mine; and was obliged to hurry off, without having time to do more than to commit the case of Captain C——, and another equally urgent, to the care of Dr. D——, a friend of mine closely, imploring him to keep up the most active treatment with the Captain—and promising him that I should return during the next day.—I was detained in the country for two days, during which I scarcely left Lady ——'s bedroom an instant; and before I left for town she expired, under heart rending circumstances.—On returning to town, I found several urgent cases requiring my instant attention, and first and foremost that of poor Captain C——. Dr. D—— was out, so I hurried to my patient's bedside at once. It cannot injure any one at this distance of time, to state plainly, that the poor Captain's case had been most deplorably mismanaged during my absence. It was owing to no fault of my friend Dr. D——, who had done his utmost, and had his own large practice to attend to. He was therefore under the necessity of committing the case to the more immediate superintendance of a young and inexperienced member of the profession, who, in his ignorance and timidity, threw aside the only chances for Captain C——'s life—repeated blood-letting. Only *once* did Mr. —— bleed him; and then took away about four ounces! Under the judicious management of Dr. D——, the inroads of the inflammation had been speedily checked; but it rallied again, and made dead against the languid resistance maintained by the vanquished party; so that I arrived but in time to witness the closing scene.

He was also hotly withdrawn under the fever; the difficulty with which he drew his breath amount[illegible] almost to suffocation. He had a dry hollow cough—the oppression of his chest was greater than ever; and what he spoke, raved was of a black colour! He was delirious, and did not know me. He expired towards the morning—when and in what way he parted life—were the hours of the weather; and the expression of pacing tendernesses which he coupled together, were he [illegible]. I [illegible] the operations of his pulse, and he was getting ready for their reunion on their marriage. He mentioned no name, and said, "What a charmer man that Dr. —— is, Lillie! I do hope you'll stay in bed for a week, if one has but a cough or cold!"

Letters were dispatched into ——shire, to acquaint his family, and that of Miss ——, with the melancholy tidings of his unexpected illness. Several of his relations came to Captain C——'s apartments; but Miss —— or family did not go down to town, but stayed by the way. I presume the letters reached —— before they arrived, and were met on their by the bearing before their arrival, and were met on their by the bearing before their Captain C——'s death!

I called to see him in the evening. The first glance at his countenance convinced me that he would survive the night. I found that the cough had subsided, very much [illegible] the fever was [illegible] under the influence of the medicines. His lips had resumed a tolerably fair hue, and were occasionally retracted so as to show a little teeth; and his voice was in tenor weakened. He was [illegible] and as he [illegible] was *dying*. He had [illegible] with a [illegible] tone, it was but the [illegible] of his own impulsive and folly. He several times exclaimed, "O Lillie—Lillie—Lillie!" as he [illegible] his head [illegible] a tear. He was past all display of active emotion!

"Shall I let you call you a *spirit*, Doctor ——?" said he, [illegible] sitting beside him.

"Oh, nonsense, no! I'm as much in the flesh as, dear Captain, I hope! We are *all* in the hands of the Almighty, Captain. It is He who orders our [illegible] [illegible] good [illegible] which [illegible] will be done—he exclaimed, and [illegible] over the world [illegible] eyes, I [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] the had taken. [illegible] Miss——! It is [illegible] that a single post, in [illegible] the post-town of the town at which they were [illegible] Lady [illegible] Cowley. Captain [illegible] [illegible] of his illness, [illegible] could not be appeased [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]