

The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1830.

Vol. II. No. 27.

THE GARLAND.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES.

Non omnia quæ hic innotescunt etc.
Fulcrum mundi, thou'lt: thou canst not lead
The least delight:
Thy fortune cannot gain a friend,
They are to slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Pursue the wants that thou shalt get:
And yet thou vaunt, and yet thou cry:
With Heaven, fond earth thou boast, false world thou
Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasures, but comest
Thy booty offers easy
Of lasting pleasures, but thou art
Thou art at the conscience when she ails
And swain, in his own eyes
There's none can vent where thou shalt
Alas! fond world thou boast, false world thou
What well he said, fair regards
"What earth can give?"
Thy words are gold, but thy regards
Are printed clay:
Thy earnings that he pack the cards,
Thou canst not play:
Thy gains at wealth, still thou shalt
Thy gains, and then thy denials
Thou art not what thou seemest: false world, thou'lt.
Thy small house seems a mint
Of new coin's treasures, if thou fill
A paradise that has no sin:
No change, no measure:
A painted cake, but nothing is:
Nay, wealth, see pleasures
Vanish, that lately thy comely
With many vain men, that thou rely
On earth; vain man, thou dost vain earth, thou'lt.
What mean dull souls, in this high measure
To understand
The earth's base wares, whose greatest treasures
In drops and rain
The height of whose enclaving pleasure
Is but a flash:
Are these the goods that thou supply
To mortal will? Are these the highest
Can these bring cordial peace? False world, then 'lt.

From the "Winter's Wreath" for 1830.

THE PARTING.
How painful the hour that compels us to part
With the friends that we cherish, as gems of the heart!
—But ah, more severe when that parting is told
With a voice unimpassioned, an aspect that's cold;
—Yet these are the bright moments in seasons to count:
When the hand pressing warm vainly seeks to be prest,
For their 'tis not absence alone we deplore,
But friendship decayed and affection no more.
From the friends that we love when we wander alone,
Our thoughts unexpressed, and our feelings unknown,
Whilst hope strives in vain through fancy's gleams
To derive one bright moment in seasons to count:
—Yet these are the bright moments in seasons to count:
When the hand pressing warm vainly seeks to be prest,
For their 'tis not absence alone we deplore,
But friendship decayed and affection no more.

THE DIAMOND.

The First Error.—Mary Conway was the flower of her father's family. She was young, and well so I remember that she was beautiful—most beautiful. There is no object beneath the sun—nothing in this wide world, full as it is of allurement, that burns in the heart like the fresh visions of young angelic loveliness, in the hey-day of the passions.—There is something pure, and innocent, and holy, in the mild lustre of her eye; and something heavenly in the soft and gentle smile that plays upon her cheek and lip. I look back through a mist of years, but I see no object beyond it more distinctly than Mary Conway.
She married early in youth, advantageously and happily in age and fortune her partner was entirely suitable for her—their minds, too, were similar, above the ordinary cast, firmly moulded, full of sensibility, delicacy and spirit, and the morning of their matrimonial life wore every prospect of a long, and delightful, quiet day of joy. If it seemed bright to others, it seemed doubly so to them; and, lost in the plenitude of their happiness, they forgot, if it had ever entered their minds, how much care and caution, what watchfulness, and forbearance, what kindness and prudence was necessary to secure the peace and tranquillity they now enjoyed. Love does not burn always with the brightness of its first light, but it often grows more deep, sincere and unchanging, as time rolls away. The feelings remain as tender and susceptible, after the shield that protected them from every unkind word has been broken.

The business in which they engaged was a profitable one; and Henry was a man of business, industrious, attentive, intelligent. Every one who spoke of their prospects, that they would speedily realize a splendid independence. They were the pride of the village. But how small a matter sometimes gives an unexpected direction to the fortunes of kingdoms, cities and individuals. It happened one afternoon, several months after her marriage, that Mary had a little tea party, at which several matrons of the village were present, and as is often the case, a long and learned dissertation in the manner of managing husbands, had been given by one and another; husbands and prudent wives know what such talks amount to, and how much value they are to young house-keepers. Unfortunately Henry returned home fatigued and weary in both body and mind, with the labours of the day, and took his seat at the table. His favourite dish was not there. He enquired for it in a style that savoured not a little of reproach; it was unintentional.—Mary was in the presence of her self-confuted preceptors;—she was ashamed to appear too submissive before them, and besides, her feelings were wounded by her husband's manner, she replied, as she thought, spiritedly, but it was really harsh.—Henry cast a glance across the table, pushed back the plate, and rising, left the room.—It was the first error.—They were both sensible of it in a moment. But who should make the first concession, where both were plainly in the wrong.
As Henry walked down the street, engaged in unpleasant meditations and enveloping him-

self in the gloom, a bright light in the upper windows of the village inn attracted his notice, he stepped over, a party of gay young men were about sitting down to supper; they urged him to join the club; the temptation under the circumstances of the case was all-powerful. Supper over, he delayed a little longer, and a little longer, taking his leave; liquor was introduced and he drank; music came next, and cards followed; though he did not partake in the last, he looked on the game without abhorrence; the dread of evil he had been brought up in had been broken.
Returning late at night, his spirits heated with wine, and the recollection of his wife's behaviour before him, he found her retired, and passed the night in another room. The morning brought a cool meeting; the formal interchange of a few words, and a parting without an explanation or complaint. The seed of discontent was sown, it bore the fruit that might be expected.—His home was no longer the centre of attraction to Henry. His merry companions were gay, good-humoured and attractive, and he left the fireside of his own mansion, which no longer wooed him as zealously and powerfully as the ale house club, of which he was very soon the centre and life.—The second error was committed.

Though unseen by their friends, a dark cloud now brooded over the fortunes of our young couple. It gathered darkness until perceptible to every eye; and when it burst carried ruin and desolation with it. Driven to the dangerous company of dissipated fashionable men, Henry contracted all their habits; he became a drunkard and a gambler. The domestic circle was deserted, and its obligations forgotten. Mary met her husband's harshness and faithlessness with reproaches and bitterness; they both began to error and continued so. These occasional loud, and long, and violent collisions, a fearful example was set before their children, who grew up disobedient, violent and passionate. And though for many years the impending bolt of ruin was stayed just above their heads, at last it fell.

Henry died a lingering and awful death. His estate was found to be insolvent; his children grew up to ruffians, and Mary, the once beautiful and enchanting Mary Conway, ended her life in poverty and obscurity.—Thus fatal is the direct and natural consequence of an error; a single error; the offspring rather of accident than of intention. I leave the moral for others to trace out and apply.—*Trenton Empiricus.*

THE DIAMOND.—The most extraordinary fact respecting the diamond, is that it is combustible; that it is, in fact, so far as chemistry can discover, nothing but charcoal in a state of crystallization. It is scarcely less extraordinary, if any thing can be accounted extraordinary relating to Sir Isaac Newton, that he should have discovered by conjecture, this combustible property of the diamond, long before it was experimentally proved by burning it. He had remarked that all substances are combustible which have a great power of refracting light, or bending it out of its direction. Amber for example, and sulphur are combustible, and at the same time strongly refractive. By generalizing the remark, Newton inferred that both the diamond and water are combustible, an inference now fully established in both instances. Before the lustre and water of the diamond can be well understood, the refraction of light must be thoroughly known. Every body knows the nursery experiment of putting a piece of penny in an empty basin, retiring till it disappears, and then causing it to re-appear by water being poured over it to refract the light. On the same principle, a clear stream appears to be of less depth than it really is; and this has afforded many an unwarlike youth to his destruction. A more wonderful circumstance; that this principle of refraction causes the sun and the rest of the heavenly bodies, to appear, not where they really are, but where they were some time before; and in the case of their rising and setting, we always, by means of the refractive power of the air, see them before they actually rise, and after they actually set. The highly refractive power of the diamond throws back the light that falls on it, instead of allowing the rays to pass through it, as glass does. This gives the gem a sparkling brilliancy which no art can fully imitate. It is this, and not any phosphoreous property, that causes it even to sparkle in the dark, of which so many fables are related in the Arabian Tales. In the deepest darkness, there are always some wandering rays, some stray pencils of light to render the "darkness visible," and these how few or small soever, the diamond collects to a point, and flashes they back into the gloom. The property of sparkling, therefore, is one test by which a genuine diamond may be known from spurious imitations, or from the more splendid sorts of rock crystal, and other gems, which are sometimes passed off for diamonds.—*Verulam.*

NAPOLEON.—The following anecdote strikingly proves how dexterous Napoleon was in captivizing those whose good opinion he desired to gain. Mr. Weizel, in a work published lately at Frankfurt, says—"I remember with pleasure having once witnessed a very characteristic scene at the Lyceum. Napoleon visited that institute, and, as was his custom, was very inquisitive, as well as particular in his questions to the pupils. To one of them he gave a geometrical problem to solve, which he did to the entire satisfaction of the Emperor, who said, 'Well done! very well done! but there is another method by which it can be solved.' The young man having considered a few moments, solved it in a different way. 'Excellent,' said the Emperor, with visible satisfaction, 'but yet there is a third method by which it can be done.' The pupil cast a look of inquiry at his Professor, who was a study Jacobin, though a man of strict honour. There is

no doubt but that he found it difficult not to betray his antipathy to the modern Cromwell. During the aforesaid transaction his attention had been on the stretch, and he kept his looks fixed on the Emperor whilst he was conversing with the students. The Emperor had in the mean time undertaken the third solution of the problem, and performed his task admirably. Whilst he was demonstrating, the countenance of the Professor began to brighten up, and when Napoleon had finished, he turned to him, addressing him in these words—"Well, Sir, have I made it right?" This condescension turned the heart of the Jacobin professor entirely, who, from having been a bitter enemy of Napoleon, came thenceforth one of his warmest admirers. Napoleon possessed a profound knowledge of men, and perfectly knew how to manage them. When he designed to secure the attachment of any person, he rarely missed his aim."

HORSE POWER.—We every day hear of steam-boats and manufactures having engines of perhaps twenty, thirty, or forty horse power, but as there may probably be among our readers some who do not precisely comprehend what that power means, we beg leave to explain the subject as it is now understood. The power of a horse is considered to be that which will elevate a weight of 33,000 pounds, (another estimate reduces this to only 22,000 pounds) raised one foot high in a minute of time, equal to 1000 pounds two and a half miles per hour, the height of one foot in a minute of time, equal to about 90 pounds, at the rate of four miles per hour. This is a force greater than that exerted by a common cart horse, which is not estimated at more than 70 pounds; that is to say, that a horse harnessed to a cart weighing with its load 400 lbs. or two tons, and drawing on a level road at the rate of four miles an hour, makes use of the same force as if his traces, instead of being fastened to a cart, were passed over a pulley, and lifted perpendicularly a weight of 70 pounds. The expression of the power of the steam engine in horse power is consequently more practical than scientific. It was introduced when steam engines first began to supersede horse mills, when the manufacturer naturally inquired, how many horses a steam engine would dispense with.—*London paper.*

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.—Borelli was the first who demonstrated that the force exerted within the body greatly exceeds the weight to be moved without, and that nature, in fact, employs an immense (we had almost said superfluous) power to move a small weight. It has been calculated that the deltoid muscle alone, when employed in supporting a weight of 50 pounds, exerts a force equal to 2500 pounds. Some notion of the force exerted by the human body in progressive motion may be formed from the violence of the shock received when the foot unexpectedly impinges against any obstacle in running. The strongest bones are occasionally fractured by the action of the muscles. The muscular power of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish Porter will run along, carrying a weight of six hundred pounds; and Miles of Otonova, is said to have lifted an ox, weighing upwards of 1000 pounds. Haller mentions that he saw a man, whose finger being caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the weight of his whole body, 150 pounds, till he was drawn to the surface, a height of six hundred feet. Augustus II. King of Poland, could, with his fingers, roll up a silver dish like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe around; and a lion is said (Phil. Trans. N. 310) to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. The most prodigious power of the muscles is exhibited by fish. A whale moves with a velocity through the dense medium of water that would carry him, if continued at the same rate, round the world in little more than a fortnight; and a sword fish has been known to strike his weapon through the white oak plank of a ship.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

ARCHERY.—That fellow handles His bow like a crow-keeper, draw me a clothier's yard.
We have learned with a great pleasure that the noble and rational pastime of Archery has been revived in the South and Western parts of England, with a splendid and propriety of costume proportioned to the chivalrous character of the amusement. To our own countrymen, the descendants of the Archers of Agincourt, Cressy, and Poitiers, the use of the bow is well known: indeed so generally is it prized, that even the ladies, warmed, no doubt, with some portion of the same generous ardour which once inspired the archers of "the olden time" are using every endeavour to bring it into general repute, more especially in the county of Berks. In this noble province, where so much wealth and beauty abound, elegant females, in tasteful dresses appropriate to the sport, are in the frequent habit of forming themselves into graceful groups, and contending for the prize. Here are to be seen the Lincoln Green of which Scott makes such picturesque use in his sketch of the Knight of Snowdon; the hat neatly turned up in a style which Maid Marian would have been proud to recognize, and adorned with elegant devices of the bow, the flower and leaf, or bugle. Most ardently do we hope that this delightful pastime will speedily become general not only in Berks, but throughout every county in England. It is linked in memory with the proudest historic associations; and so far as romance and sentiment are acceptable to the ladies, brings fall before their minds the good days of Robin and Maid Marian, the secluded haunts of Sherwood Forest, the spirit, health, animation, and enterprise of the "Lordly Squires," and "proud dames" of "merry England."—*English paper.*

FIGHT BETWEEN A MAN AND A MASTIFF.—On Saturday morning last, Mr. Somerwell, the proprietor of the Pettington Lime Kilns, North Devon, arose from a little cabin he has fitted up on the spot, to attend to the process of his kiln and having effected his purpose, he laid down again without addressing, having over his clothes a smock frock. Soon after, the door of his cabin, which he had neglected to fasten, was thrust open, which alarmed his little dog lying on the floor, and caused him to bark, when the intruder, which proved to be a very large mastiff dog, seized the little animal, and shook it with great violence. On losing his prey, the little dog leaped upon the bed, and sought the protection of his master; thither the mastiff pursued him, and placing his paws on the bed, he laid hold of, not the dog but his master, whom he dragged from the bed to the ground, where he held him for a while; at length Mr. Somerwell caught his assailant by the throat and regained his legs, but it was with the utmost difficulty he could withstand his powerful enemy. Fortunately for him, a piece of hoop iron was within his reach, which served him for a weapon wherewith he continued to beat the head of his shaggy antagonist till he had cleft his skull, and finally destroyed him. Mr. Somerwell received no other injury than the alarm and fatigue occasioned by the contest, the thickness of his clothes having proved a protection from the fangs of his canine foe. The owner of this savage animal remains undiscovered.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF AUSTRIA.—The Emperor of Austria gets up regularly every morning at seven o'clock, and devotes the rest of the morning until one o'clock, to audience and state affairs. At one o'clock he takes a walk, sometimes with the Empress, but more frequently with his Grand Chamberlain, or one of his aides-de-camp. He dines at four o'clock, and this repast consists of five dishes and a dessert. He drinks nothing but water with his dinner, and takes a small glass of Tokay with his dessert. After dinner he takes a walk in what is called Paradise Gardens, where a great number of pigeons are bred; and at six o'clock takes coffee in the pavilion of the new Imperial garden. The Empress prepares the coffee herself. She usually dresses in the most simple style, and acts towards her husband like a good housewife. The Emperor employs the rest of the evening, until supper time, in playing trois on the flute with one of his aides-de-camp and one of the nobles of the Court. All the members of the Royal Family have learned some business. The Prince Imperial is an excellent weaver, and the Archdukes are all good carpenters and cabinet makers. The greatest attention is paid to their morals.

MARRIAGE II.—The Sultan has only one son left, Abdul Medhid, born April 20, 1823, who is his presumptive heir. The number of his daughters is considerable. He has seven lawful consorts and many concubines. If his family should become extinct, his throne will be claimed by the descendants of the Tartarian Khans of Cimoy; and the family of General, which likewise descended from the famous Genghis Khan, of Tartary.

THE BOONAPARTE FAMILY.—I have never seen the following acrostic in print; but copies of it were at one time to be met with in all the fashionable circles in Brussels, and no person entertained a doubt that it was from the pen of Count d'Ally Tollenard:

N—apoleon, Napoleon, the Emperor.
—osephus, Joseph, King of Spain.
H—erodotus, Jerome, King of Westphalia.
I—oachimus, Joachim, King of Naples.
L—odovicos, Louis, Ex-King of Holland.
The initial letters, it will be observed, form the Latin word "Nullus," [in English, Nothing] a fearful prediction, when those sovereigns still dwelled their sceptres, but which soon was to be verified to its fullest extent. They sprang from Nothing; they returned to Nothing.

THE GRAND FEAST OF TABERNACLES.—The Feast of Succoth, or Tabernacles, which commenced at sunrise yesterday morning, was one of the three great festivals in the year appointed for the appearance of every male Jew at Jerusalem. The ceremonies attending the festival are observed by the modern Jews; the dwelling in booths is observed by all those who have the convenience for building one. It is a temporary building, covered with branches of trees, and the interior is handsomely and tastefully decorated with fruits, flowers, and ornaments, and Hebrew prayers are said upon the occasion. In the centre is suspended a lamp, with seven lights branching from it. In this dwelling the owner, with his family, abide for the eight days of the festival. It is ordained that they take of the fruit of goodly trees, branches of the palm-tree, and boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook, over which they repeat certain prayers, thanking the Almighty that he has preserved them to enjoy the present festival. The last day of the feast is a particular day of rejoicing, and is called "Simchath Torah," (rejoicing for the law) which may be explained as follows:—The Pentateuch is divided into fifty-two different portions, each portion being read every sabbath and on this day they finish and begin it again, for which their rejoicings are held. On this day all their rolls, or books of the law, are decorated with their silver bells, and other ornaments appertaining to them, with which, each roll being carried off by its owner, they encompass their synagogues seven times. This particular day of rejoicing was formerly appointed for drawing water out of the pool of Siloam. It was not ordained, but only observed as an ancient custom, as is the present "Simchath Torah," which was appointed in lieu of it when they could no longer observe the custom. The design of this festival was to commemorate the

dwellings of the Israelites in tents in the wilderness, previous to their settlement in the promised land.—*London Times.*

GAELIC JOURNAL.—A friend who has been for some months in Ardnamurchan Moldart and other parts of Argyle and Inverness-shires, gives us most pleasing accounts of the success of the Gaelic Messenger. It was found in the houses of the tenants, the shepherds, and the labourers, and was perused with a degree of avidity, of which we have no conception. The copies he saw were passed from hand to hand till they would no longer stick together, and their contents were retailed over many a smouldering peat fire, to those who could not read, or had not seen them; with all the Highland's characteristic fluency and vivacity. Our friend says, it is doing an incredible amount of good in rousing the people from their apathy, and exciting a thirst for information, which in the course of a few years will produce an amazing change.—We have often made the remark, that what passes in England is far sooner, and incomparably better known on the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi, than in Kintail or Greinord; but our friend cited a case which went far beyond our notions of Highland ignorance. He is himself a Highlander, understands a little Gaelic, and nine years ago resided for some time in or near the district of Appin, where he assures us (and his word is as good as a baker's bond), that he found men 40 years old, who had never heard of the French revolution! If this be the case in Appin, what sort of Gimmerian darkness must reign in Assynt and Strath Diuart?—*Scotsman.*

THE REFLECTOR.

THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Thou art gone to the grave,—but we will not deplore thee.
The sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour has died.

Thou art gone to the grave,—and 'tis man's wonted sorrow,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in death lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven's beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st is the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since thy Saviour has died.
—*Bishop Heber.*

"Of all the periods and events of life, the concluding scene is the one of deepest interest to the person himself, and to surviving spectators. Various are the ways in which it comes, and various the aspects it presents; but in all it is solemn. What can be more so, than the approach of that moment, which, to the dying man, is the boundary between time and eternity, which concludes the one, and commences the other, which terminates all his interests in this world, and fixes his condition for a never-ending existence in the world unknown! This can be more so than those moments of silent and indescribable anxiety, when the last sands of the numbered hour are running; when the beat of the heart has become too languid to be felt at the extremities of the frame; when the cold hand returns not the gentle pressure; when the restless limbs lie still and motionless; when the eye is fixed, and the ear turns no more towards the voice of consoling kindness; when the breath, before oppressive and laborious, becomes feebler and feebler till it dies slowly away,—and to the listening ear there is no sound amidst the breatheless silence, nor to the arrested eye, that watches with the unmingled look of thrilling solicitude for the last symptom of remaining life, is motion longer perceptible; when surrounding friends continue to speak in whispers, and to step through the chamber on the tips of cautious quietness, as if still fearful of disturbing him,—when the noise of a thousand thunders could not now startle,—who has fallen on that last sleep, from which nothing shall rouse but "the voice of the archangel, and the trumpet of God."—*[Dr. WARDLAW.]*

A BEAUTIFUL SMILE.—Dr. Dwight closes a sermon "on the happiness of Heaven," with the following beautiful simile:—"To the eye of man, the sun appears a pure light; a mass of unmingled glory. Were we to ascend with a continued flight towards this luminary, and could like the eagle, gaze directly on its lustre, we should in our progress behold its greatness continually enlarge, and its splendor become every moment more intense. As we rose through the heavens, we should see a little orb changing, gradually, into a great world; and, as we advanced nearer and nearer, should behold it expanding every way, until all that was before became an universe of excessive and universal glory. Thus the heavenly inhabitant will, at the commencement of his happy existence, see the divine system filled with magnificence and splendor, and arrayed in glory and beauty; and as he advances over and through the successive periods of duration, will behold all things more and more luminous, transporting and sun-like, forever."
Never chastise in a state of wrath: no patient in such a state of mind, can be in a condition nicely to adjust the kind and degree of punishment to the offence; it is like administering medicine scalding hot, which rather burns than cures. God waited till the cool of the evening, before he came down to arraign, try, and punish our first parents, after their fall. Patiently examine the offence, before you punish it.—Accurately discriminate between sins of presumption and sins of ignorance or inadvertence.—Accidents should be repeated, but not punished, unless they involve willful disobedience.—*J. A. James.*