

# The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1829.

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

## THE GARLAND.

The following little poem is from the collection of poems by Miss Lucretia M. Davidson, lately published in this city. The poem was written on the sixteenth year of this young lady and the last of her life.—New-York Evening Post.

## FEATS OF DEATH.

I have passed o'er the earth in the darkness of night,  
And I've left the wild winds in the morning's bright  
light;  
I have passed o'er the bowler where the *lily* lay  
And I've left the fond mother in sorrow and weeping.  
My minion was spread, and the cold dew of night  
Which withers and moulders the flower in its light,  
Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,  
And I left it there blighted and wasted and low;  
I could'd the fair bud, as it danced in its mirth,  
And left it to moulder and fade on the earth.

I passed o'er the valley, the glad sounds of joy  
Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high!  
The faintest were there, and I passed in my flight,  
And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,  
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth,  
But I sweep them all on to their home in the grave,  
I stop not to pity—I stay not to save.

I passed in my pathway, for beauty was there;  
It was beauty to death-like, too cold and too fair!  
The deep purple fantasia seemed melting away,  
And the faint pulse of life scarce remembered to play;  
She had thought on the tomb, she was waiting for me,  
I gazed, I gazed, and her spirit was free.

The clear stream rolled gladly, and bounded along,  
With rattle and murmur, and sparkle, and song;  
The minstrel was tuning his high harp to love,  
And sweet, and half and more the numbers he wove,  
I passed, and the harp of the bard was unstung;  
O'er the stream which roiled d'p'ly 'twas recklessly hung;  
The minstrel was not! and I passed on alone,  
O'er the newly-raised turf, and the rudely carved stone.

## LINE'S.

To EDWARD LYTTON Esquire, the birth of his Child, by CAMPBELL.

My heart is with you, Bulwer, and pours  
The blessings of your first paternal days;  
To clasp the pledge of parent's holiest faith,  
To taste one's own and love-born infant's breath,  
I know, nor would I for worlds forget the bliss,  
I've felt that to a father's heart this kiss,  
As o'er its young smile and clinging,  
Has fragrance which Arabia could not bring.

Such are the joys, I mock'd 't in ribald song,  
In thought, e'en fresh'ning life our life-time long,  
That gives our souls on earth a heaven-drawn bloom,  
Without them we are weeds upon a tomb.

Joy be to thee, and her whose lot with thine,  
Propitious stars saw *Triumph and Passion* twin!  
Joy be to her, in thy rising name,  
Feels Love's bow brighten'd by the beams of Fame!  
I lack'd a father's claim to her—but know  
Regard for her young years are pure and true,  
That, when she at the altar stood young bride,  
A sire could scarce have felt more sire-like pride.

## THE MISCELLANEOUS.

From the London Non-Monthly Magazine.

## RANK.

RANK is of great antiquity, and of universal operation in all countries approximating in any degree to civilization. Perfect equality is scarcely to be found; and it is a matter of doubt, whether the human animal be the only victim to diversity of rank. Horses are decidedly proud, crows cock over their own dunghills, sheep, cows, ducks, and geese, have all a notion of precedence. Now if it be true, as Madame de Senebault has somewhere said, that civilization is man's natural state, and that barbarism is an accidental degradation; and if in all civilized conditions there be a distinction of rank, and even among irrational animals, if there be traces and symptoms of a scientific of rank, then the distinction is not unnatural; and if not unnatural, then not ridiculous. The distinction of rank or caste is certainly not so strong in Europe as it is in other quarters of the globe, and it is easier in Hindoos to do out who is a Brahmin, than it is in London to ascertain who is an esquire. This is clearly an irregularity, by which dignity is in this country too lightly esteemed. The patrician families in old Rome were strongly and severely separated from the Plebeians; and yet, with all the lead taken in that there is in England concerning aristocratic pride and exclusiveness, the House of Lords are on very good terms with the House of Commons; and though there is a distinction talked about between people of family and people of no family, yet that distinction is not very strongly apprehended, and the line which separates is so subtle and feeling, that few can define it, and none can fix it. There is, no doubt, some distinction of rank in the metropolis, but it is much greater in the country. They of the Herald's Office would have much trouble in a country town, far where their business ends in London, it would have to begin in the country. The subtle and minute distinctions which exist, especially in genteel towns, require for their discernment a species of hereditary microscope not yet invented: it would perhaps be thought a little encroachment on the liberty of the subject, if Parliament, in its wisdom, should attempt to fix and perpetuate the existing distinctions of rank in the country towns of this great empire, and prohibit by legal enactments, the intermarriage of individuals of different castes. And yet from such an enactment many benefits might accrue, more especially one that would mightily please Mr. Malibus. But it would be difficult to ascertain the distinctions, and of course difficult to fix them. The worst of the matter is, that in this kingdom there is no impassable barrier, but from the lowest situation a man may rise to the highest. In genteel country towns, however, the ascent is not quite so easy. There is always a perfunctious remembrance of ancestry and origin; and though there is no Herald's Office in a country town, yet the whole community resolves itself into a kind of hereditary committee. That there are transgressions of the dictates and enunciations of this hereditary committee is not to be denied; and it is among the proofs of the degeneracy of the age that our notions of gentility are much less perfect than were those of our ancestors. In every country town that makes any pretensions to gentility, there are to be found one or two of the old school, who look with ill-suppressed contempt on that mushroom race with which they are now doomed to associate; and they will speak with mighty exultation, mingled with regret, of those good old days when no retired shopkeeper, and no country lawyer, or apothecary, would have presumed to class himself with the gentry, or have dared to enter his name as a candidate for the honour of belonging to the subscription assembly; but now, alas! almost all the genteel old families are gone, and their places are filled with a set of upstarts. It is not in the power of pen to describe, or pencil to delineate, the lamentable state that has arisen from upstarts. They are like the frogs in Pharaoh's court, they are found hopping about everywhere. If the genteel old families evaporate and disappear for the next fifty years they have done for the last fifty years, the whole kingdom will become a horde of upstarts. The few genteel families that yet remain had better make the most of their gentility while it lasts, for that will not be very long. And when it is gone, what will the world do for gentility? It will not, perhaps, be stratagem as may be imagined, for the spirit of distinction extends itself downwards in the very lowest grades in society, and there it exists in a degree of vigour and discrimination little known or thought of, but by those who have seen it. Nobility itself is a comparatively slight distinction, when contrasted with the dignity of an individual who is by some undefinable circumstance placed a little above his next-door neighbour in a country town; and if any thing can equal the contempt with which

the superior looks down upon the inferior, it is the envy with which the inferior looks up to the superior. In the fashionable and other novels which have been published of late years, there is much talk of exclusiveness, and there are many humiliating delineations of the commercial and struggling part of the community. Moreover, it is set forth in these pictures of society, that people of high rank keep at a distance people of low rank. Now, so far as concerns the great metropolis, there is much to be said in favour of this exclusion. If a man by commercial enterprise has made a noble fortune, and if he has the good sense and good manners of a gentleman, he may spend his fortune in the society of noblemen, and not one in a hundred will rank him by alleging his very different ancestry. But, generally speaking, there is not that collision of classes, which there is in country towns. The fashionable and the unfashionable are kept separate; while in country towns they all live together, and every body knows every body, and every body meets every body every day. It is by this perpetual and unavoidable collision that the discrimination of rank is felt, and becomes at once ridiculous and annoying. In the East, where the distinction of rank exists in all its force, and severity, one of the lower castes, in the peril of his life, come in contact with one of the higher. And as the distinction is known, ascertained, and acknowledged, it is borne patiently, and the manifestations of superiority are not regarded as insulting or unbecoming. But it would be very difficult to exaggerate and humble case felt that his condition was, on the part of the superior, an act of injustice; and if the inferior yielded, forced, imperfect, and reticent homage, then would the insolence of the superior be proportionally increased. And this is precisely the case in a country town. The shopkeeper thinks himself as good as the apothecary, and the apothecary thinks himself far superior to the shopkeeper. Furthermore, the attorney who is the son of an attorney, is proportionally superior to the attorney who is the son of a shopkeeper; while the attorney who is the son of a shopkeeper, thinks himself equal to the attorney who is the son of an attorney. And the shopkeeper who is the equal of the shopkeeper who is the son of a shopkeeper, thinks himself equal to the attorney aforesaid; and the attorney aforesaid despises shopkeepers as an inferior caste. The apothecary who keeps a boy in liveries to carry out medicine and wait at table, thinks himself, by virtue of the liveries, on a par with a gentleman who keeps a footman. The shopkeeper who has two parlours is of more consequence than he who has but one; and the grocer or draper who keeps a dog with iron spines, feels himself to be in a higher rank than one whose dog has only wooden spines, and is therefore but one degree higher in dignity than a laved-car. As some shopkeepers have altogether kinder than others, these ramifications are also taken into consideration, and influence or determine the station which the said shopkeeper is allowed to take in the society of shopkeepers. He who is in a business which requires no shop, thinks himself in a higher rank than the shopkeeper; while the shopkeeper thinks himself equal to any one who is in business. There is a clerical acknowledgment of superiority on the one side, which is met with a more arrogant consumption of it on the other. There are little books published, which are called guides to the different watering-places; some publication, by way of a guide, would be useful in all countries, towns, or villages, to the settler, and might be serviceable in assisting them to take their proper station. Errors of this kind will in time be corrected; but it is better to learn at once than to acquire knowledge by a long and tedious process; for an individual of the above description, who can't really take a hint, may live in a country town many years without being aware of his real and proper place in society. But every thing is degenerating, nothing is as it used to be, and nothing is as it ought to be. That the seasons are not as they were when we were young, every body knows, from thirty years' old to four-score years and upwards. There is also a degree of deterioration, as above hinted, in the matter of property and goods. Shopkeepers are still kept at a awful distance; but retired shopkeepers, and their widows and daughters of those who once were shopkeepers, are admitted among gentlefolks. Where all this will end nobody can tell.

## TWO DAYS IN THE RIDING SCHOOL.

(From the Memoirs of Lieutenant Shipp.)

The first morning after a young officer has joined his regiment, he finds himself called on to appear at a dinner, some sixteen hands high, from whose back he dares not cast the eye downward, to take even a glimpse of the immense space between him and the earth.

Hitchin is so elevated by a leather stock, that he can just see the head and ears of the animal on which he sits; his heels are screwed out by the iron bit of the rough rider; and the small of his back is well bent in. Having been kicked and hammered into this posture, the word "march" is given. This command the drilled animal obeys immediately, and the machine is suddenly set in motion; the result of which usually is, that the young gentleman speedily finds his way to the ground, with the loss of half a yard of skin from his shin, or with his nose grubbing in the earth.

"Well done, sir," Astley himself could not have done better. Mount again, sir; these things will happen in the best regulated riding academies and in the army, sir, you will have as many ups and downs. Come, sir, jump up, and don't be down-hearted because you are foured.

"Well, sergeant, but I am very seriously hurt."

"Nay, nay, I hope not, sir; but you must be more cautious for the future."

The pupil mounts again, and the order is again given to march; and off goes the second day's ride. The sergeant roars at intervals—"Well, done, sir! head a little higher; toes in, sir; heels out; head the small of the back a little more; that will do, sir; you look as majestic as the Black Prince of the Tower, or King Charles the First of France; now, you are well mounted, capably! We will now try a little trot. Recollect, sir, to keep your nag well in hand.—Trot."

"Well done, indeed, sir; knees a little lower down if you please; that's higher, sir—no, no, sir, that's higher I say; you look like all the world like a taylor on his shopboard. What are your elbows doing up there, sir? Elbows close to your body; you pay no attention to what I say, sir—faster, faster."

"Never mind such trifles, sir; riding is an excellent remedy for all kinds of sickness. If you don't keep your body upright, the horse's head will soon put it in the proper place.—Faster—a little trot.—Halt.—There, sir, I told you what would be the consequence of your not keeping your head properly up!"

"Nay, stop; my nose bleeds, my nose bleeds!"

"Rough-riding, get a bucket of water for the gentleman. You had better dismount, sir."

"Sergeant! I am sick, sergeant!"

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