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## Weekly Almanack.

OCTOBER—1853.	SUN RISES.	MOON RISES.	FULL SEA.
14 WEDNESDAY	6 32	5 28	10 32
15 THURSDAY	6 34	5 26	11 36
16 FRIDAY	6 36	5 24	12 41
17 SATURDAY	6 37	5 23	1 45
18 SUNDAY	6 39	5 21	1 56
19 MONDAY	6 40	5 20	2 6
20 TUESDAY	6 42	5 18	2 10

New Moon 21st day, 7h. 33m. afternoon.

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Committee for October: A. M. JARVIS, LE BARON HAZEN, G. T. RAY.  
All Communications, by Mail, must be post paid.

## The Gleaner.

**FILIAL CLAIMS.**  
Who bendeth with meek eye, and bloodless cheek,  
Thus o'er the new-born babe?—content to take  
As payment for all agony and pain  
Its first soft kiss—its first breath on her brow—  
The first faint pressure of its tiny hand?  
—It is not needful that I speak the name  
Of that one being on this earth, whose love  
Doth never falter.

Answer me, young man!  
Thou, who thro' chance and change of time hast trod  
Thus far,—when some with vengeful wrath have  
Marked  
Thy waywardness,—or in thy time of woe  
Deserted thee,—or with a rainbow smile  
Cheer'd and forsook,—or on thine errors scowl'd  
With unforgiving memory,—didst she—  
Thy mother?

Child! in whose rejoicing heart  
The cradle scene is fresh—the lulling hymn  
Still clearly echoed,—when the blight of age  
Withereth that bloom, where they head doth lay—  
When pain shall paralyze the arm that clasps  
Thy form so tenderly,—willst thou forget?  
Wilt thou be weary? though long years should ask  
Thy patient offices of love, to gird  
A broken mind?

Turn back thy book of life  
To its first page. What impress meets thee there?  
Lines from a mother's pen?—Whose ker scroll  
Of time is finished, and the hand of death  
Stamps that strong seal, which none save God may  
break,  
What should its last trace be?

Thy bending form,  
In sleepless love, the dying couch beside,  
Thy tender hand upon the closing eye,  
Unshrinking, though cold dews of pain are there,  
Thy kiss upon the lips, thy prayer to heaven,  
The chastened rendering of thy filial trust  
Up to the white-wing'd angel ministry.  
L. H. SIGOURNEY.

## SONG.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQUIRE.  
Let's take this world as some wide scene,  
Through which in frail but buoyant boat,  
With skies now dark and now serene,  
Together thou and I must float,  
Beholding oft, on either shore,  
Bright spots where we should love to stay,  
But Time piles swift his flying car,  
And on we speed, far, far away.  
Should chilling rains and winds come on,  
We'll raise our awning, against the shower,  
Sit closer till the storm is gone,  
And smiling wait a sunnier hour,  
And if that sunnier hour should shine,  
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,  
But, happy while 'tis thine and mine,  
Complain not when it fades away.

So reach we both at last that fall  
Down which life's currents all must go;  
The dark, the brilliant, destined all  
To sink into the void below,  
Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms,  
If, side by side, still fond we keep,  
And calmly in each other's arms  
Together linked go down to sleep!

## Miscellaneous.

**AMERICAN REVOLUTION.**—The following account of the consternation created at the British court by the news of the capture of Lord Cornwallis, is from a late number of Blackwood's Magazine:—

"During the month of November, the accounts transmitted to Government of Lord Cornwallis's embarrassments, augmented the anxiety of the cabinet. Lord George Germaine, in particular, conscious that on the prosperous or adverse result of that expedition hinged the result of the American contest, and his own fate, as well as, probably, the duration of the ministry itself, expressed to his friends the strongest uneasiness on the subject. The meeting of Parliament stood fixed for the 27th of the month. On the 25th, about noon, the official intelligence of the surrender of the British forces, at Yorktown, arrived at Lord Germaine's house. Lord Walsingham, who, previously to his father Sir William de Grey's elevation to the peerage, had been under secretary of state in that department, and who was to second the address in the House of Lords, happened to be there when the messenger brought the news. Without communicating it to any person, Lord George, for the purpose of despatch, immediately got with him into a hackney coach, and drove to Lord Stormont's residence in Portland-place. Having imparted the disastrous information to him, and taken him into the carriage, they instantly proceeded to the chancellor's house in Great Russell street, Bloomsbury, whom they found at

home; when, after a short consultation, they determined to lay it themselves in person before Lord North. He had not received any information of the event when they arrived at his door in Downing street, between one and two o'clock. The first minister's firmness, and even his presence of mind, gave way for a short time under this disaster. I asked Lord George afterwards how he took the communication. 'As he would have taken a ball in his breast,' replied Lord George. He opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced the apartment during a few minutes, 'O, God, is it all over?' words which he repeated many times under emotions of deepest agitation and distress.

"Military affairs have since displayed themselves on a broader scale, and we can scarcely conceive that such notions of national calamity could be appended to the capture of a force which, however brave, scarcely amounted to the twentieth of a modern army, certainly not to the twentieth of the army with which Wellington appeared on the frontier of France. The misfortune of the troops under Cornwallis was unquestionable, but their character was unstained; they had been brought by their commander into a cul de sac, where, it is true, they might have held out forever, if they could have received supplies by sea. But that contingency was too delicate to have been relied on by an officer of any intelligence. The result proved the fact. The French fleet took up the position which Lord Cornwallis's imaginary plan had marked out for the British. The army within Yorktown found, that though to Americans they were impregnable, they had a more formidable enemy, famine, to deal with; and finally, to that enemy, and that enemy alone, they surrendered.

"We next have a picture of a cabinet council in terror. When the first agitation had subsided, the four ministers discussed the question, whether it might not be expedient to prorogue the meeting of parliament for a few days; but as scarcely an interval of forty-eight hours remained before the appointed time of meeting, and as many members of both houses had arrived in London, or were on their way, the proposition was abandoned. It became, however, indispensable to alter, and almost remodel the King's speech. This was done without delay, and at the same time Lord George, as secretary for the American department, sent off a despatch to the king, then at Kew, acquainting him with the fate of Lord Cornwallis's expedition.

"The narrative proceeds: 'I dined that day at Lord George's, and although the information which had reached London in the course of the morning from France as well as from the official report, was of a nature not to admit of long concealment, yet it had not been communicated to me or any other individual of the company when I got to Pall Mall, between five and six o'clock. Lord Walsingham, who also dined there, was the only person, except Lord George, acquainted with the fact. The party, nine in number, sat down to the table. I thought the master of the house appeared serious, though he manifested no discomposure. Before dinner was over, a letter was brought back by the messenger who had been despatched to the King. Lord George opened and perused it, then looked at Lord Walsingham, to whom he exclusively directed the observation.—'The King writes,' said he, 'just as he always does, except that I observe he has neglected to mark the hour and the minute of his writing with his usual precision.' This remark, though calculated to awaken some interest, excited no comment; and while the ladies, Lord George's three daughters, remained in the room, we repressed our curiosity. But they had no sooner withdrawn, than Lord George having acquainted us that information had just arrived from Paris of the old Count Maurepas, first minister, lying at the point of death! 'It would grieve me,' said I, 'to finish my career, however far advanced in years, were I first minister of France, before I had witnessed the termination of this great contest between England and America.'—'He has survived to see that event,' replied Lord George Germaine, with some agitation.

"The conversation was prolonged until, on the mention of the Virginian campaign, the minister disclosed the full bearing of the intelligence. 'The army has surrendered, and you may peruse the particulars of the capitulation in that paper.' The paper was taken from his pocket, and read to the company. The next question was one of rather an obtrusive kind, to see what the king thought on the subject. The narration states the minister's remark, that it did the highest honor to his Majesty's firmness, fortitude and consistency. But this was a complying remark, and we are told that the billet was read to this effect: 'I have received, with sentiments of the deepest concern, the communication which Lord George Germaine has made to me, of the unfortunate result of the operations in Virginia. I particularly lament it on account of the consequences connected with it and the difficulties which it may produce in carrying on the public business, or in repairing such a misfortune. But I trust that neither Lord Germaine, nor any other members of the cabinet will suppose that it makes the smallest alteration in those principles of my conduct, which have directed me in the past time, which always will continue to animate me under every event, in the prosecution of the present contest.'

"The cabinet, strengthened by the royal determination, now recovered courage: they met parliament at the appointed time, and fought their battle there with unusual vigor. Perhaps in all the annals of senatorial struggle,

there never was a crisis which more powerfully displayed the talents of the commons. Burke, Fox, and Pitt, were at once seen pouring down the whole fiery torrent of declamation on the government. The characteristic distinction of their public speaking gave a new vividness and force to their assault upon the strong holds of the ministry. Fox's passionate personality hurled the fiercest invective against the ministry, the court, and, fatally for his own ambition, the king. Burke's vast grasp gathered materials of charge from all quarters, and all subjects, and heaped them alike, strong and weak, on the devoted heads of the culprit cabinet. Pitt, with keener sagacity, for both the present and the future, tore up the frame of the ministerial policy, spared persons, avoided all insult to the monarch; but with the copious and superb combination of fact and feeling, argument and appeal, which from that period was adopted as his great parliamentary weapon, and which was made to give him matchless superiority in a deliberative assembly, swept all before him with a "two handed sway," and where he smote, left nothing for friend or enemy to combat or defend after him.

"These efforts failed of overthrowing the cabinet at the time; but there can be no question that they hastened that precipitate fall which was so speedily afterward to surprise the nation. The assault had terrified the garrison, and shaken the battlements to a degree which made the result of the next attack secure."

**FRUITS OF THE WEST-INDIES.**—I don't think the fruits of the East are to be compared with those of the West-Indies. I doubt if the garden of the Hesperides could have boasted of such a profusion of golden tints, and such a variety of delicious flavours. In the order of their excellence, let me regale your ladyship's fancy with their enumeration: the imperial shaddock, 'the grace and ornament' of a dessert, of the West-Indies; the luscious granadilla, which none but Creole hands can duly prepare with sugar and Madeira; the melting avocado pear, which it is forbidden to eat without salt and pepper; the delicate anana, which must be tasted in the birth-place of the pine-apple, to understand the benefit, that Ripley, the Jamaica planter, has conferred on the epicurean world; the mellifluous nabisberry, which, like the medlar, and some other fruits of precocious qualities in fashionable hot-beds, must be yellow at the core before it is mature; the full-grown pomegranate must not be forgotten, teeming with liquid rubies, and running the Eastern epicurean of the golden light, which grows (on the authority of Mahomet) on that extraordinary tree Tuba, which grows in Paradise, close to the prophet's house, and is continually bending down its branches, to present the passers-by with grapes, dates, and pomegranates, 'of size and taste unknown to mortals'; and lastly, the blooming mango, whose exquisite hue is like the blush on the bashful cheek of a maiden of fifteen; and finally, indeed, the *agro-dolce* admixture of the star-apple and orange, which stands not the proof of Seneca's test of wholesomeness, for the eating of the same may be a pleasant thing to-day, but by no means agreeable to-morrow. If it were not that I have a certain loving respect for beefsteaks and boiled mutton, and a wholesome apprehension of all crude vegetable diet, I would daily breakfast, dine, and sup, on the fruits of the West-Indies.—*Madden's West Indies.*

Dr. Read, of Edinburgh, at the late meeting in Dublin, mentioned the fact that the sound of artillery in an instance he detailed had been heard at the distance of 300 miles, and volcanic explosions at a much greater distance. Dr. Read recommended that in all large rooms, like the Houses of Parliament, the walls should be built as low as possible, to diminish the reflection of sound or echo, and made as rough as possible by ornaments or other means. Several observations were made by different persons illustrative of Dr. Read's views, from all of which it appeared that the lower and rougher the walls the less their effect in injuring the intonation, and thence the propriety of fluting or fretting walls of rooms intended for public meetings. For the same reason the floor should also be roughened by carpeting, or sand, or turf, mould, or saw-dust, or some such material, which would, as it were, absorb the sound reflected from the ceiling, which should be made to act as a sounding-board, to give "body" to the voice.

**Extraordinary Occurrence.**—On Tuesday se'night, as an elderly and very stout lady from Manchester was passing the bonded warehouse, Bath-street, Liverpool, she put her foot in the noose of the hoisting rope, which being suddenly set in motion, the noose took a tight grasp of her leg, and she was drawn up, head downwards, to the height of three or four stories. The vociferous calls of the spectators below at length induced the laborers at the wheel to reverse their motion, and the lady was released from her very disagreeable and dangerous situation, without sustaining any other injury than that arising from the stricture of the rope, and the agitation incident to so sudden and unexpected an elevation.—*Manchester Guardian.*

**Musical Taste.**—A clever caricature has lately appeared representing a young lady (at her piano forte) and her cockney beau, between whom the following dialogue takes place: Lady—Pray, Mr Jenkins, are you musical?—Gentleman—Vy, no, Miss; I am not musical myself, but I have a very hexcellent snuff box yet is.

**RELIGION AND MORALITY.**—Morality is usually said to depend upon religion; but this is said to be in that low sense in which outward conduct is considered as morality. In that higher sense in which morality denotes sentiment, it is more exactly true to say, that religion depends on morality, and springs from it. Virtue is not the conformity of outward actions to a rule; nor is religion the fear of punishment or the hope of reward. Virtue is the state of a just, prudent, benevolent, firm, and temperate mind. Religion is the whole of these sentiments which such a mind feels towards an infinitely perfect being.—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

**TEMPERANCE IN DIET.**  
ADDISON.—"For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with innumerable other distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes."

**HANNAH MORE.**—"It has been observed by medical writers, that the sober excess, in which we may indulge by eating and drinking a little too much at every day's dinner, and every night's supper, more effectually undermines the health, than those more rare excesses by which others now and then break in upon a life of general sobriety."

**DR. CHRYNE.**—"Most of all the chronic diseases, the infirmities of old age, and the short periods of the lives of Englishmen, are owing to repletion."

**DR. FRANKLIN.**—"In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat about twice as much as nature requires."

**Influence of Profession on Mortality.**—There are some curious facts respecting the influence of professions on mortality, collected by Dr. Casper, of Berlin, from which it appears, that "head work is more injurious than bodily labor; but that the combination of the two is the most wearing.—A sedentary life, free from all excesses, is, on the contrary, the condition most favorable to life." Of all professions, that of a physician is the most life-wearing; while that of the divine occupies the other extreme of the scale. Of 1000 divines, 42 reached 70 years of age and upwards—of 100 physicians, 24 only attained to that age. Of 1000 deaths, between the ages of 23 and 62 inclusive, the years of greatest professional activity, there were—of physicians, 610—of divines, 345.

There is no book, no print so cheap as a newspaper—none so interesting, because it consists of a variety, measured out in suitable proportions as to time and quantity. Being new every week, it invites to a habit of reading, and affords an easy and agreeable mode of acquiring knowledge so essential to the welfare of the individual and community.

"Above all things remember thou thy PRINTER. Let him not freeze to death in Winter."—*Pope.*

**SNORING.**—A writer in the *Literary Messenger* thus describes a serenade of snorers in a crowded steamboat cabin:—"Such were the sounds above, which afforded to the hundreds of sleepers a discordant lullaby, sufficiently hostile to repose, one would think, to drive slumber from the eye of Somnus himself. But all this mortal pudder o'er our heads, was less distracting than the concert of discords which was in a course of performance immediately around me, comparatively, it is true, in a minor key. One hundred and fifty wind instruments, of various constructions and dimensions, were playing *ad libitum*, in every diversity of tone and time, concertos, fantasias, and airs, which breathed into the nostrils of melancholy; there, the fierce blast of nostrils which emulated the magic horn of the wild huntsman, while in ludicrous contrast hard by, were heard the stifled eruptions of a snort, which might have been taken for a rehearsal of an experienced porker. One drew his breath with a painful squeal and low whistle, and puffed it forth as he would have done in extinguishing a candle; another began in a gentle strain, 'like the sweet south, breathing upon a bed of violets,' gradually rising to a full and manly tone, still gaining strength as it advanced, now louder and more rapid, dashing onward with alarming impetuosity, louder, louder still—and now, the very brink of this musical cataract having been reached, a *crash* ensues, like the termination of that terrific passage in the overture of Der Freytschütz, which almost freezes the blood. The explosion passed, this fantastic nose commanded again its tender strains, and again rose to its climax. Another rolled forth a heavy bass, deep, solemn, and monotonous, like the muttering of distant thunder, or the roar of the vexed ocean heaving its waves on the shore after a storm. Another, with teeth compressed, seemed to draw in breath repeatedly, without respiration, and suddenly to disembogue this over supply of air, with a single emphatic snort, which threw his mouth open to its full extent. Some squealed continuously; some groaned, and others whistled through their mouths in drawing in breath, and through their noses in respiring it."

**A DENNING ADVERTISEMENT.**—"Persons indebted to the Tuscaloosa Book Store are respectfully solicited to pay their last year's account forthwith. It is no use to honey the matter; payments must be made at least once a year, or else I shall run down at the heel. Every body says, 'How well that man Woodruff is getting on in the world; when the fact is, I have not positively spare change enough to buy myself a shirt or a pair of breeches. My wife is now actually engaged in turning an old pair wrong side out, and in trying to make a new shirt out of two old ones. She declares that in Virginia, where she was raised, they never do such things, and that it is more over a downright vulgar piece of business altogether. Come, come, pay up, pay up, friends. Keep peace in the family, and enable me to wear my breeches right side out. You can hardly imagine how much it will oblige, dear Sirs, the public's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant."

**THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.**—The following extract of a letter, in the Brighton Gazette, contains so interesting an account of the recent confirmation of the Princess Victoria, upon whom the nation's hopes are at present fixed, that its insertion we fell persuaded, will afford much gratification:—"I witnessed a beautiful touching scene the other day at the Chapel Royal—the confirmation of the Princess Victoria by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Nobody was present but the Royal Family, and such Peers and Peeresses as took their places. It was a most touching scene—the beautiful, pathetic, and parental exhortation of the Archbishop, on the duties she was called upon to fulfil, and the necessity of her looking up to her Maker for counsel in all the trying times that awaited her, was sweetly impressive. Her mother stood on one side of her, sobbing aloud, as did the Queen and all the Ladies. The King wept frequently, nodding his head at the impressive parts; the little thing herself drowned in tears, and frightened almost to death. The ceremony over, the King led her up to kiss the Queen and the Royal Ladies present. I was more pleased with the old King than I ever before had attention, he showed so much feeling and attention."

**MR. MOORE IN DUBLIN.**—After the dinner given by the Provost of Trinity College, Mr. Thomas Moore, and several distinguished friends, went to the Theatre Royal. The moment the poet was perceived in the private box he was loudly cheered, which he acknowledged in rather a retiring manner. One voice cried out "Don't be shy, Tom!" Another—"Show us your Irish face, Tom,—sure you're not ashamed of it!" He laughed heartily at these remarks, and stretched forward his little bust as far as he could, upon which he was again greeted with loud cheers; and as they subsided, one gentleman called out—"A little More!" The idea was at once caught, and enthusiastically responded to. His diminutive figure being partially visible to a portion of the audience, Mr. Moore was at length induced to quit the private box, and take his place among some ladies in the front seat of the dress circle adjoining the stage box. Here again the cheering commenced, and numbers of gentlemen in the pit held up their hands to him, which he shook cordially. When the noise subsided, he addressed the audience nearly as follows:—"In this large space I feel quite inadequate to address you, particularly as I labour under a severe cold; but I assure you, my friends, no man can more thoroughly feel the high compliment you have paid me, and I shall always recollect with gratitude and delight the warm manner in which you have received my name."—*Dublin paper.*

**SEASON FOR PLOUGHING.**—Land which is composed in part of clay, or what is called a stiff soil, should be ploughed in the fall and laid as light as possible, so as to expose it to the action of frost, which will pulverise and subdue it; and insects will then be destroyed by exposure to the rigours of winter. But arable land, which is sandy and porous, should lie and consolidate till spring.

**SIMPLE REMEDIES.**—Cotton wool wet with sweet oil and paregoric relieves the ear ache very soon.  
Honey and milk is very good for worms; so is strong salt water.

A poultice of wheat bran or rye bran, very soon takes down the inflammation occasioned by a sprain.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

**POLICE OFFICE, Sept. 30th.**—*Strange Incident.*—Yesterday afternoon, a genteel-looking young man who was walking up Broadway, very deliberately shattered to pieces some of the glass in the windows of three stores in succession, as he passed by them. He was immediately taken into custody and brought to the Police office, and one of the persons whose windows he broke, lodged a complaint against him. The young man's excited appearance at first led to the conclusion that he had been drinking, and that the outrage had arisen from that cause. But when he was asked his name, he very quietly and methodically took out his note book and handed his card to the clerk, and then laying his elbow on the table and resting his head on his hand, he remained for about a minute seemingly absorbed in deep meditation, until Mr. Hopson asked him to account for his conduct, when he stood up and calmly replied—"I am mad, and applied to be taken into the lunatic asylum in Philadelphia, but they refused to receive me. I want to be shut up."—Mr. Hopson put several questions to him as to his place of birth, residence and business, to all which he gave rational answers, but still persisted in saying that he was mad. Mr. Hopson asked him if he had any money about him, and he replied, 'Yes, \$250.' Mr. Hopson then asked him to show it, and he took out a small pocket book containing some bank bills, which Mr. Hopson reckoned and finding that they did not amount to \$250, asked him where was the remainder of the sum he said he had. 'Here,' said he, opening the bosom of his shirt and pulling out a small flannel bag which was suspended around his body with a string,—and which contained some more bank bills. To some further questions put to him he replied that his name, as appeared by his card, was Alfred Fitzhugh; that he was born in London, and lately lived in the Arcade in Philadelphia, where he carried on the business of pocket-book maker; and that he had closed up his shop, which contained his stock in trade, and came here to get himself shut up in a mad house. As it seemed evident that his mind was affected with some sort of insanity, Mr. Hopson had him detained until further enquiries can be made about him. He is apparently about twenty-five years of age, black hair, strongly marked cast of countenance, and was dressed in a fashionable suit of black clothes, which he had apparently just got from the tailor.