

# The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1829.

Vol. II. No. 16.

## THE GARLAND.

### A TROPICAL SUNSET.

From "Valley of the Citadel of the Lake."—A Poem, by Chas. Doyne Silley. Edinburgh, 1829.

'Twas twilight, heavenly twilight, in the east—  
Sunsot within the tropics—how sublime!  
From the great host of Heaven, unto the sky,  
Sparkling upon the rose's crimson crest,  
All—all is glory, majesty, and light!  
The rainbow clouds seem floating in a sea  
Of fire—the ocean is one sea of gold.  
The rains and mountains emerald—the heavens  
Magnificent, beyond all power of words:  
Beyond all pomp of paint magnificent!  
First dives the sun into a sea of gold—  
Then bursts in splendour from a purple shroud—  
Now in a garb of brilliant and green,  
Now in a wave of pink and azure tints—  
Now beams full orb'd, and red vapour drinks—  
Now in a tide of sable billows dips—  
Now laughs away the playful clouds around—  
Now gains the last bright threshold of the day—  
And now in glory—slowly sinks away!

### THE WISH—By Mrs. HEMANS.

Come to me when my soul  
Hath but a few dim hours to linger here,  
When earthly claims are as a shrivelled scroll,  
Oh! let me feel thy presence 'ere I be no more.

That I may look once more  
Into thine eyes, which never changed for me:  
That I may speak to thee of that bright shore  
Where with our treasure, we have yearned to be.

Thou friend of many days!  
Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth!  
Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise  
The trembling pinions of my hope from earth?

By every solemn thought,  
Whorin in low-toned reverence we have spoken,  
By our communion in each fervent dream,  
Which sought, from realms beyond the grave, a token!

And by our tears for those  
Whose loss have touch'd our world with dust of death!  
And by the hopes that with our dust repose,  
As flowers await the south wind's vernal breath.

Come to me in that day—  
The one—the severed from thy joys—O friend!  
When then, if human tears may then have away,  
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to blend.

Nor then, nor then alone,  
I ask my heart if all indeed must die:  
All that of holiest feelings hath known!  
Ah! my heart's voice replies—*Evermore!*

## THE MISCELLANIST.

### THE ATTACK OF ALGIERS.

From the United Service Journal.

The ship's company were piped to dinner, and at one o'clock the captain and officers set down to their meals in the gun-room, the principal dish of which was a substantial sea-pie; wine was pledged in a bumper to a successful attack, and a general expression of hope for an unobscured negotiation. At this time, the officer of the watch reported to the Captain, that the Admiral had made the general telegraph, "are you ready?" Captain immediately directed that our answer "ready" should be shown, and at the same moment the "like signal" was flying at the mastsheads of the entire squadron. The most noisy break up, each individual of it quietly making arrangements with the other in the event of accident, and we had scarcely reached the deck, when the signal "bear up" was sent, the Commander-in-Chief leading the way with a fine and breezy blowing on the land. We ran in on the Admiral's starboard beam, keeping within two cables' length of him, the gun-teams were loaded with round and grape, the cartridges with grape only; our sails were reduced to the topmasts, and topgallant sails, the mizzen furled, and the boats dropped astern to leeward. The ships were now steering to their appointed stations, and the gun-boats showing their eagerness by a crowd of sail, to get alongside the batteries. As we drew towards the shore, the Algerians were observed loading their guns, and a vast number of operators were assembled on the beach, ready going at the approach of the squadron, seemingly quite unconscious of what was about to happen. Far different were appearances at the mouth of the mole as it opened, the two boats, fully manned, were lying on their oars, quite prepared for the attack, and we fully expected they would attempt to board should opportunity offer; each boat had a flag over the stern. A frigate was moored about the mouth of the mole, and a small brig was at anchor outside of her.

At fifteen minutes before three P. M. the Queen Charlotte came to anchor by the stern, at the distance of sixty yards from the beach, and, as was ascertained by measurement, ninety yards from the muzzles of the guns of the mole batteries, unmoored and with all the muzzles of a thirty-two pounder; her flag flew at the masts, and the colours at the peak; her starboard broadsides flanked the whole ranges of batteries from the molehead to the lighthouse; her topmasts (as were those of the two frigates) remained aloft, to be more secure from fire, and the sails brought snugly to the yards by hand-lines previously fitted; the topgallant sails and small sails only were furled, so that we had no sails unnecessarily exposed aloft.

The Admiral following the muzzles of the Admiral's gun brought up two anchors by the stern, let go his larboard beam, veered away, until the Admiral's post-hole nearly ahead of him, then let go an anchor under fore, open by this a battery on the starboard side at the bottom of the mole, and the fish-market battery on the larboard side. At this moment Lord Exmouth was seen waving his hat on the poop to the sailors on the beach to get out of the way, then a loud cheer was heard, and the whole of the Queen Charlotte's tremendous broadside was thrown into the batteries—a breast of her; this missile was promptly taken, as the smoke of a gun was observed to issue from some part of the enemy's works, so that the sound of the British gun was heard almost in the same instant with that to which the smoke belonged. The cheers of the Queen Charlotte were loudly echoed by those of the Leander, and the contents of her starboard broadside as quickly followed, carrying destruction into the groups of row boats; as the smoke opened, the fragments of boats were seen floating, their crews swimming and scrambling, as many escaped the shot, in the others another broadside annihilated them. The enemy was got slack in returning this warm salute, for almost before the shot escaped from our guns, a man standing on the fortalice bit, having on the topmasts a bustle, received a musket bullet in his left arm, which broke the hose, and commenced the labour in the cockpit. The action became general as soon as the ships had occupied their positions, and we were engaged with the batteries on either side; so close were we, that the enemy were distinctly seen loading their guns above us. After a few broadsides, we brought our starboard broadside to bear on the fish-market, and our larboard side then loosed to seaward. The rocket boats were now throwing rockets over our ships into the mole, the effects of which were occasionally seen on the shipping on our larboard bow. The Dutch flag was to be seen flying at the face of the Dutch Admiral, who, with his squadron, were engaging the batteries to the eastward of the mole. The fresh breeze which brought us in was gradually driven away by the cannonade, and the smoke of our guns so hung about us, that we were obliged to wait until it cleared; for the men took deliberate and certain aim, training their guns until they were fully satisfied of their precision. But our enemies gave us no reason to suppose that they were idle, so great was the havoc which they

made amongst us, that the surgeon in his report stated that sixty-five men were brought to him wounded after the first and second broadsides.

**FIGHTING WITH THE BAYONET.**—The small village of Fuentes de Nava was the spot where our forces were concentrated. The lines advanced. Our regiment was opposed to the 8th of Bonaparte's imperial guards, upwards of 1500 strong. We gave them four successive volleys, and then closed upon them with the bayonet. Dreadfully destructive was this unshelved weapon, and never was it more triumphantly handled in a field of battle than at this time. They fell in heaps before it. Never can any pen portray the horrors of such a scene. Pressing forward, and presenting the purple steel to those that remained, we trampled upon the dead, the dying, and the wounded, alike unheeded and unheard. The remains of this apparently formidable corps, amounting to 400, terrified at the awful slaughter which our bayonets had occasioned, turned about and fled with precipitation. We were not long, however, without an enemy. A body of fresh troops, seemingly as superior in number as the former, wheeled in with astonishing rapidity, and filled up the vacuum. To charge these troops our Colonel, after a brief, but animating address, put spurs to his horse, and waving his hat, led us on. Never will the appearance he had at this time be eradicated from my mind;—his bright, sparkling eyes, which manifested the courage of his breast; his martial aspect, delightful to gaze at; and the tone in which he uttered his address, all showed that he was a true warrior; but, alas! it was the last time he was ever to head us on the battle field, or inspire us with his word. As we advanced to the charge, the enemy commenced a discharge of musketry; at this instant I saw the reins drop from his hands, and in the next he tumbled to the ground. His death was lamented by every one under his command.—When we came to the charge with the bayonet, the person with whom I had to encounter in this trying and dreadful moment exhibited rather an athletic appearance. With infuriated looks, he assailed me, and thrust the point of his bayonet into my chin; but, by a sudden retrogression, I got rid of it. Without losing one man, at his opportunity, I rushed on him, and, putting by his musket, which he still presented in an elevated position as formerly, I buried my bayonet in his breast. I speedily extirpated my steel; he fell, and was numbered among the slain. Though our charge was again successful, yet the battle continued to rage in this place as hot and sanguinary as ever, from the heavy columns of infantry that kept pouring in upon us. We had not received any orders to retire, nor had any regiment come to our support. Our ranks were getting very thin. We had two captains killed, and all our ensigns fell in this battle. Major—, of the 42d, came and took the command of our distressed regiment. He saw that a mournful duty had devolved upon him, but, with a countenance that bespoke intrepidity and lively hopes of success, he addressed us as follows:—"Men of the 79th! the honour of commanding and leading you into action has this day been conferred on me. You have already achieved many things by your gallantry, and I hope that your brave exertions in what yet remains to be accomplished, will in the end be crowned with glorious success. Let us then meet the enemy, my brave fellows; I and may the Lord protect and bless us!" At the conclusion of this animating address, we again joined in combat. Bullets were flying like hailstones, and on every hand of me various persons were dropping off the stage of time into the boundless ocean of eternity, while I alone remained as deathless and unscathed as if it had only been a dream that had arrested my midnight slumbers. When our regiment was numbered, it was found to have lost 2 captains, 17 other officers killed and wounded, and 370 privates. Many of these were individuals with whom I lived on the most intimate footing of friendship; their loss was deeply deplored.—They had fallen far from their country, and, perchance, had left a solitary widow, an aged mother, or a pighted sweetheart, who, in the effusions of their tender affections, would often drop to their memory the tribute of a tear.—*Eadie's Recollections.*

**PARALLEL BETWEEN THE SULTAN MAHMOUD AND THE CZAR PETER.**—There is, no doubt, much in the character and history of Mahmoud which may remind us of the Muscovite reformer, Peter the Great. We observe in Mahmoud the same obstinacy of purpose, much of the same activity, the same disregard of human life, the same unrelenting cruelty, the same domestic attachments and affections for his friends, "as long as they lasted," as in Peter. Peter's life before his accession was endangered by his ambitious sister; Mahmoud's by his brother. Peter remained the only son of his house except his own children; so does Mahmoud. Peter is accused of having caused the death of his son, from fear of the opponents of innovation rallying around him; the same kind of accusation is brought against Mahmoud. Peter found an ignorant, priest-ridden people, which he endeavoured to reform; Mahmoud's is in a similar position. Peter had to destroy the body of Strelitz before he could proceed; Mahmoud has been driven to the same course with the Janizaries. Peter was attacked in the beginning of his reforming career by disciplined mercenaries; so is Mahmoud. But there are also considerable differences between the two monarchs and their positions, which deserve to be noticed. Peter reled over a united people, the bulk of which professed the same religion and spoke the same language, and which in general he found sufficiently pliable to his purposes, while there was no governor of any part of his empire strong enough to oppose his will. In European Turkey, at least, the most useful part of the population are of a hostile religion and different speech; the most important provinces are in open rebellion, or merely nominally submissive, while there is in the bulk of the Mohammedans a spirit of inertness most difficult to move. Besides, it is yet a question whether Mahmoud really possesses that love of improvement which so eminently characterized Peter. It is true that, like his prototype, he has begun to discipline his troops; but Peter at the same time commenced by building cities, levelling roads, digging canals, and constructing harbours. Mahmoud has as yet distinguished himself in these respects by nothing, but suffering the decay of, or destroying, those magnificent works which others had constructed before him.—*Monthly Review.*

**WESTMINSTER-HALL.**—Westminster-hall is the largest roof of the ancient construction any where to be met with; and it is difficult to imagine a work of human art which possesses, in so equal a degree, the three requisites of beauty, strength, and durability. This hall was built by William II. (Rufus), in the year 1097; it was originally intended as a banqueting hall; and the monarch is said to have held a magnificent feast in it on the whitenside after its erection. Stowe adds, that ample as are the dimensions of the hall, it did not satisfy the ambition of the king, who observed, "This hall is not big enough by one half, and is but a bed-chamber in comparison of that I intend to make." And Stowe adds, "a diligent searcher might yet find out the foundation of the hall, which he had proposed to build, stretching from the river Thames even to the common highway." All traces of this are of course now obliterated, and the existing hall is left without an intended rival. The roof of Westminster-hall is formed of chestnut, and does not appear to be in the least decayed. This great hall was, however, enlarged, and had its present roof constructed, in the time of Richard II., who, in the profusion of that expenditure which led to Wat Tyler's insurrection, is reported to have feasted ten thousand guests under this roof. Westminster-hall is now set apart for the most solemn state purposes, such as the trial of persons impeached by the Commons, and banquets at the coronation of kings.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

**CHARACTER OF MASANIELLO.**—All antiquity cannot furnish us with such another example as his; and after-ages will hardly believe what height of power this ridiculous sovereign arrived to, who, trampling barefoot on a throne, and wearing a mariner's cap instead of a diadem, in a few days raised an army of above 150,000 men, and made himself master of one of the most populous cities in the world. In short, it may be avowed without contradiction, that neither the most formidable tyrants, nor the princes the most beloved, were ever so much dreaded, or so soon obeyed, as Masaniello was, during his short but stupendous reign. His orders were without reply; his decrees without appeal; and the destiny of all Naples might be said to have depended upon a single motion of his hand.—*History of Remarkable Conspiracies.*

in her writings, with great ability; but among the ladies, who inscribed their names on monuments more durable than marble, she was selected for honorable mention, the names of Jeanne Baillie, Aikin, Greger, and Helen Maria Williams. Miss Baillie, sister of the celebrated Dr. Baillie, the physician, is a woman of the highest talents. It is not your pretty nothings, your elegant verses, which occupy her genius; in the country, she has attempted in a series of dramatic pieces, to paint the most energetic passions of the human heart; and her pieces, written in the most elevated and Shakspearian tone, will always be regarded as the work of a superior mind. John Kemble, in the part of *Manfred*, reached the sublime of agony. In the writings of Miss Baillie there is a combination of the solemn and the poetical, which is rarely to be observed in verse. Miss Aikin has written some charming poems, far more beautiful than any I have met with in the writings of Miss Landon and Miss Mitford. *The Mount of Calvary*, by Miss Aikin, is a chief treasure. Miss Benger has published some historical works of great interest, which place her in the same line with Miss Aikin. Lastly, there is Helen Maria Williams, whose muse, half English, half French, has published poems, sonnets, and other pieces of verse, besides several political and historical works. This superior woman, at the same time that she gave birth, under the influence of sensibility and fancy, to works of inspiration, portrayed the details of the events of the French revolution, in the epire of which she herself, in 1793, from pure enthusiasm fell a victim.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

**MORTALITY OF THE RICH AND THE POOR.**—M. Benoit de Chateaufort, to whom science is much indebted for his curious statistical researches, has lately submitted two memoirs to the Académie des Sciences, on the rate of mortality among the rich and the poor, and on the degree of longevity at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and the following are the results of his investigations. Between January 1st, 1820, and January 1st, 1825, he has noticed the lives of 600 persons, such as peers, ministers, cardinals, and sovereigns, who possess in an eminent degree the advantages of birth, power, and opulence. Of the 600, only one lived to be upwards of 90, and 141 died within the eight years, or rather more, than a fourth of the whole, the rate being 17 deaths per year. Of 1000 individuals residing in the worst parts of Paris, and distinguished for their poverty, three-fourths die in the hospitals, and the annual deaths are in proportion twice as many as among the opulent classes. The object of the second memoir was to ascertain how many persons out of 100 now reach the age of 60. Rejecting extreme cases, he concludes that the number is about 28; and that it requires very nearly a quarter of a century before the half of any one generation becomes extinct.

**SINGULAR INSTANCE OF PERSEVERANCE.**—The celebrated Bernard Palissy, to whom France was indebted, in the sixteenth century, for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, had his attention first attracted to the art, his improvements in which form to this time the glory of his name among his countrymen, by having one day seen by chance a beautiful enamelled cup, which had been brought from Italy. He was then struggling to support his family by his attempts in the art of painting, in which he was self-taught, and it immediately occurred to him that, if he could discover the secret of making these cups, his toils and difficulties would be at an end. From that moment his whole thoughts were directed to this object. He spent the whole of his money, however, without meeting with any success, and he was now poorer than ever. Yet it was in vain that his wife and his friends besought him to relinquish what they deemed his chimerical and ruinous project. He borrowed more money, with which he repeated his experiments; and when he had no more fuel wherewith to feed his furnaces, he cut down his chairs and tables for that purpose. Still his success was inconsiderable. He was now actually obliged to give a person, who had assisted him, part of his clothes by way of remuneration, having nothing else left; and, with his wife and children starving before his eyes, and by their appearance silently reproaching him as the cause of their sufferings, he was at heart miserable enough. But he neither despaired, nor suffered his friends to know what he felt; and at last, after sixteen years of persevering exertion, his efforts were crowned with complete success, and his fortune was made.—*The Pursuit of Knowledge.*

**PALEY'S ARMS.**—When I set up a carriage, I thought my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms; none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these *were* the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards that we found out that the tankard had been bought at a sale! His looks and manner were an admirable running commentary on this story, and rendered it superfluous for him to make, and he did not make, any remark upon it.—*Personal and Literary Memorials.*

**TRUE REPARATION.**—"If thou hast wrong'd thy brother in thought, reconcile thee to him in thought; if thou hast offended him in words, let thy reconciliation be in words; if thou hast trespassed against him in deeds, by deeds be reconciled to him; that reconciliation is most kindly which is most in kind."—*Quarter's Enchiridion*, 2 cent. 69.

Lieut.-Colonel Monge, of the grenadiers of the French Guard under Napoleon, who followed the Emperor to Elba, in 1814, died lately at Paris, in the hospital of St. Louis, after a long illness, and in a state of blindness. This officer, being of a very enterprising character, was employed by Napoleon, after his return from Elba, on a most difficult and perilous mission. It was, to make his way to the greatest secrecy to Vienna, to carry off Maria Louisa and her son, and bring them to France. The letter which was to serve as his credentials, and procure his recognition, contained merely the following words:—"Place every confidence in this brave man. He has all mine. Give yourself up to him, and follow him." Monge spoke German. He set off for Vienna, where, by the help of disguises, he succeeded in arriving, after incurring numerous dangers. He had to pass through many corps of the allies and Austrians, the vigilance of which was not easily eluded, to any nothing of the difficulty he experienced in preserving the order which was to be proof of his mission. He was at last on the point of executing his arduous task, when the Austrian police obtained some information of the scheme, and he was obliged to fly. He escaped the pursuit, and got back to France shortly before the battle of Waterloo, in which he fought gallantly. Since the restoration he never was employed, and being totally destitute of resources, he was reduced to a state of great distress, and worked as a common labourer. He was only 50 years of age when he died.—*Paris paper.*

**WOODEN HOUSES.**—The use of timber in the chief construction of houses is well known. Some of those in England and Wales, that are framed with oak beams, and filled with bricks or plaster, are both strong and handsome. In Switzerland, the houses constructed of larch last for many ages. Wooden houses are very common in America; and in the pine countries of Europe they are almost universal, except for palaces and public buildings. In the interior of Russia, ready-made houses are sold at the fairs. They are carried to the fair, and there set up; and when the purchaser has selected one to his mind, it is taken to pieces and removed to the situation destined for it.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

One of the greatest terrors of a domesticated dog is a naked man, because this is an unaccustomed object. The sense of fear is said to be so great in this situation, that the fiercest dog will not even bark.—A fair-yard at Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire, was a few years ago extensively robbed by a thief, who took this method of overcoming the courage of a powerful Newfoundland dog, who had long protected a considerable property. The terror which the dog felt at the naked thief was altogether imaginary, for the naked man was less capable of resisting the attack of the dog than if he had been clothed. But then the dog had no support in his experience. His memory of the past did not come to the aid of that faculty which saw unknown danger in the future.—*Greenock Advertiser.*

**PICTURES OF FATHER AND SON.**—An old woman, who showed the house and pictures at Towner, expressed herself in these remarkable words:—"That is Sir Robert Farner; he lived in the country, took care of his estate, built this house, and paid for it; managed well, saved money, and died rich.—That is his son; he was made a lord, took a place at court, spent his estate, and died a beggar."

There never was a wiser maxim than that of Franklin:—"Nothing is cheap which we do not want." Yet how perfectly futile many people are on the subject of buying cheap things. "Do tell me why you have bought that cast of door plate?" asked the husband of one of these notable bargainers. "Dear me," replied the wife, "you know it is always my plan to lay up things against time of need; who knows but you may die, and I may marry a man with the same name as that on the door plate."

A modern writer illustrates the different characteristics of the French and English by the following sentence:—"I have the authority of my nurse, for declaring that the French invented ruffles and the English added the shirt."

**MARTIN LUTHER.**—In a manuscript in the British Museum, are the following particulars relating to the promulgation of the Pope's sentence against Martin Luther, made on the 13th day of May, 1521, at St. Paul's Cross. The Lord Thomas Wolsey, by the Grace of God, Legate de Latere, Cardinal of St. Cecilia, and Archbishop of York, came unto St. Paul's Church of London, with the most part of the Bishops of the Realm, where he was received with procession, and canonized by Mr. Richard Pace, he then being Dean of the said Church. After which ceremony, four Doctors bore a canopy of cloth of gold over him, going to the high altar, where he made oblation. Which done, he proceeded forth as above said, to the Cross in St. Paul's Church-yard, where was ordained a scaffold for the same cause; and hearing under this cloth of estate, which was ordained for him, his two crosses on every side of him, on his right hand (sitting on the place where he set his feet) the Pope's Ambassador, and next him the Archbishop of Canterbury, on his left hand the Emperor's Ambassador, and next him the Bishop of Durham; set on all the other Bishops, with other noble Prelates, and two forms. And then the Bishop of Rochester (Fisher) made a Sermon, by the consent of the whole clergy of England, by commandment of the Pope, against one Martin Lutherus, and all his works, because he erred sore, and spoke against the Holy Faith; and denounced them accursed which kept any of his books. And there were many burned in the Church-yard, of his said books, during the sermon, which ended, my Lord Cardinal went home to dinner, with all the other Prelates.

Too much reading, and too little meditation, may produce the effect of a lamp inverted, which is extinguished by the very excess of that element, whose property it is to feed it.—*Hannah More.*

**CROSS READING.**—From "The Age."—The Cardinals having assembled, presented a scene of the most revolting depravity. The Duke of Wellington pressed the Bill forward at the point of the bayonet, and drove all before him. Mr. Murray has had for some time in the press—a respectable widow in Maddox street. There were discovered, in a rat hole, last week—the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Peel. At Weymouth, Sir R. Sugden was sentenced to the treadmill for three months. The Cabinet Ministers are just now—on sale, in Elgin, for ten a penny. The Lord Chancellor must go out—can have a character from his last place.