

The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1829

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THE GARLAND.

THE DREAMING CHILD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Alas, what kind of grief should thy years know?
Thy brow and cheeks smooth as waters are,
When no breath troubles them."
[Beaumont & Fletcher.]

And is there sadness in thy dreams my boy?
What should the cloud be made of? blessed child!
Thy spirit, borne upon a breeze of joy,
All day hath ranged through sunshine, clear, yet mild:
And now thou tremblest! Wherefore? in thy soul
There lies no past, no future. Thou hast heard
The sound of praise from the distance roll,
Thy breast bears traces of an arrowy word:
From these no love hath gone: thy young mind's eye
Hath looked not into death's, and thence becomes
A questioner of mine eternity,
A weary searcher for a viewless home:
Nor hath thy sense been quickened into pain;
By feverish watching, or some step beloved;
Free are thy thoughts, an ever cheerful train,
Glancing like dew-drops and as lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange passion tossed,
How art thou wildered in the cave of sleep!
My gentle child! midst what dim phantasms lost,
Thou in mysterious anguish dost then weep!
Awake! thy sudden me—those early tears,
First gushings of the strong dark year's flow
That must sweep thee thy soul with coming years:
Th' unaccountable flood of human wo?

Awful to watch, as rolling through a dream,
Forcing wild spray-drops but from childhood's eyes!
Wake, wake! as yet thy life's transparent stream
Should wear the line of time but summer skies.

Come from the shadow of those relics unknown
Where now thy thoughts disengaged and darling rove;
Come to the kindly region all thine own,
The home still bright for these with guardian love!

Happy, fair child! that yet a mother's voice
Can win thee back from visionary strife!
Oh! shall my soul, thus wakened to rejoice,
Start from the dream-like wilderness of life!

From the *Texas*, for 1829.

TO A BRIDE.

BY JOHN W. STEBBINS.

Farewell! that seal is set,
In life unbroken,
Thou hast with the blessing stronger met—
With the quivering lip, and eyelid wet,
A blessing spoken—
In the holy scene that haunts me yet.

Farewell! for thou art now
Enthralled forever;
With the bridal chaplet round thy brow,
And thy spirit-holder for the vow,
That breaks not ever,
To which thy soul's most hopeless bow.

For thee my lonely heart
With passion's sorrow
Will wither as the guileless steps depart,
And on the heavy tear will start,
When on the morrow
Thou'rt gone, my life star as thou art!

Yet is this image gone,
That long will linger
In memory's temple, like a melting tone
Of music from a spring lute gone,
Thou'lt deem'st that I have
Hath written that my hour is run.

My love will to thee cling,
Like thought to morning,
Around a vision that hath taken wing
From sleep, or as to flowers of spring,
The bowers adorning,
That hath been taken away while blossoming.

Farewell! I keep my sight
When thou art acting,
And with a feeling of sad delight,
While darkness around me deepens night,
I view thee retreating,
As if an Angel was thy flight.

SENTIMENT.

"Am I to set my life upon a throne
Because a bear is rude and ugly? No:
A moral, sensible, and well bred man
Will not offend me; and no other can."
—*Compt.*

STRENGTH OF MIND.

"Among them the first rank in grandeur and magnificence is claimed by the temple at Thebes, dedicated to Jupiter Ammon, this famous edifice being not less than two miles in circumference; the peristyle alone is composed of one hundred and thirty six pillars, twelve feet in diameter, and is approached by an avenue of sphinxes ranged, a mile in length. The statue of Memnon is well known as so contrived that as soon as the first rays of the sun shone upon its lips it emitted musical sounds in token of joy; a mechanical invention intended as a proof of the fabled relationship between Memnon and the sun, who was esteemed his father; the fact of the musical sound is attested by numerous Greek and Roman inscriptions from the foot to the knee. As an illustration of the extraordinary dimensions of this statue, Mr. Buckingham stated that when he stood with the sole of his foot on a level with that of the figure, he was not able to look over the instep; another statue lies on the ground, and Mr. B. in walking thro' a fissure in one of the arms, occasioned probably by its fall, found it to be nine feet in diameter; the height of the first mentioned statue in its sitting posture is ninety feet, and if standing erect would measure one hundred and twenty. The most extraordinary circumstance connected with these colossal figures is, that they were hewn out of solid rocks of granite, which must have been conveyed by almost supernatural power a distance of two hundred miles to their present situation from the Cataracts, were only the granite to be found. The inhabitants are various; among them the Copts are the most remarkable; they are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and the fact of their complexion being darker and their noses flatter than those of the other inhabitants, seems to sanction the opinion that the very ancient Egyptians were negroes. These Copts are the most sagacious, acute, and clever of all the inhabitants, and are consequently employed by the Pacha in the collection of taxes."
—*Buckingham's Lectures.*

In the reign of Henry VIII. knives were so uncommon that every guest was obliged to bring his own to a dinner party. So late as the reign of Charles II. carriages were unknown; the drawing rooms of the nobility were strewn with rushes, the King himself kept a litter of puppies in his bed-room, and it was only with King William we acquired the habits of the Dutch.

NEWSPAPER SECRETS.

HOW TO MAKE A PAPER.

[From Sharp's London Magazine.]

Scene—The Spectator at the Establishment.

The Editor sitting with his hands in his breeches pockets, leaning back in his chair, and looking very earnestly at the ceiling. In about ten minutes he gets up and walks to the window, breathes hard upon the glass, and furnishes a capital R with his finger in the wet he has made. Looks at his watch, and rings the bell. Enter Printer.

Editor.—How much matter have you got, Mr. Pica?

Mr. Pica.—(After a pause)—Not more than two columns, Sir.

Editor.—The devil!—How many ads^{ts} can you muster to-day?

Mr. P.—Three columns and a half, sir, including quacks; but I must use "When men of education and professional skill," and the "Real blessing to mothers."

Editor.—Have you no standing matter?

Mr. P.—Not a line, sir. I used the last of the standing matter yesterday, the account of the American Sea Serpent, which was left out full two months ago, to make room for the Fire in Fleet-street.

Editor.—(Musing)—Very well. I'll touch your bell as soon as I have any copy ready.

Mr. P.—The men are all standing still, sir, just now. If you have any matter which you intend to use a week hence, they may as well be going on with it.

Editor.—(Rumaging among his papers)—Here—take this "Romantic Suicide." It will do for any day when you want half a column for the front page.

[Exit Mr. Pica, and in a minute after, enter Reading Boy, in a hurry.]

Editor.—I have just given Mr. Pica half a column.

Boy.—Oh—I beg your pardon, sir—I did not see Mr. Pica—I came from downstairs.—[Exit.]

Editor.—(Puts his hands into his breeches pockets again, and begins to whistle a tune.)—This will not do—I must write something—but what is it to be about, I know no more than the monument. (Nits his pen—settles his inkstand—and gets his paper ready.) The Parliament is up—the Law Courts have adjourned for the long vacation—the Opera House and the Winter Theatres have closed—and at the Haymarket and English Opera House, they have both brought out pieces which are having a run—nothing stirring—not even a case of decent oppression in a night constable—or of tyranny in a police magistrate. Whigs and Tories have shaken hands, and political delinquents are too common to be either new or scandalous. The editor of a daily paper may be aptly compared to a galley slave. When the winds roar, and the tempest is abroad, and the waves swell, his bark moves along swiftly; but when the calm comes, and the sky is serene, and the breeze is hushed, and the sea is smooth, it then he must ply the oar, and tug, and pull, and toil to give the vessel motion. (Takes his pen and writes furiously.) That will do for one of those short leaders I about nothing—which look very much as if they studied to something that could not be mentioned.—(Reads.)

"There are certain rumours afloat—upon a delicate subject which has lately occasioned a great sensation in particular quarters. We are in possession of facts connected with this extraordinary affair, which we may perhaps feel ourselves at liberty to mention in a few days. Meanwhile, all we can say at present is, that disclosures must take place, however painful they may be to more than one distinguished individual. We shall only add, that the Duke of Wellington left town yesterday in his travelling chariot with four horses, for Windsor, after a private interview of nearly three hours with an illustrious personage; and that it is reported his Grace ordered summonses to be issued for a Cabinet Council this day, before his departure from London. We shall not lose sight of this business." (Rings the printer's bell.—Mr. Pica enters.) Make this the first leader, and you may as well put it in double leads.

Mr. P.—Very well, sir. There's a long police case just come in, of a baronet's daughter taken up for shoplifting; and an account of the bursting of a gasometer, which killed eleven men, three boys, and an old woman, who lived in a front garret over the way.

Editor.—Use them both: the shop-lifting under the head "Mysterious Charge of Theft," and the accident to the gasometer under that of "Tremendous Explosion! Fifteen Lives Lost!"

Mr. P.—We shall do better with the ads than I expected. Robins has just sent a long list of his auctions, which he says must go in to-day; and Murray's clerk has left eight or ten good book ads, so I shall be able to make out a full page without using the quacks.

CHRONOLOGICAL.

KINGS OF ENGLAND.

The number of Sovereigns that have reigned in England since A. D. 455, including the present King, is 183; of his number, 104 reigned prior to the year 837; at which time the government into which England was divided, called the *Heptarchy*, were consolidated into one monarchy. The Sovereigns which have worn the Crown since that event, a period of 882 years, are 79. The Saxon family reigned from A. D. 800 to 1066—266 years; and gave 16 Kings to the nation. The Norman family reigned from A. D. 1066 to 1136—69 years—3 Kings. The French-house of Blois, from A. D. 1135 to 1154—19 years—1 King. The house of Anjou or Plantagenet (F. Rich) held the throne 331 years, from A. D. 1154 to 1485, and furnished England with 14 Kings. In the year 1400 the Duke of Lancaster usurped the throne, after having murdered the Duke of York; and from this time the two rival families were engaged in continual feuds. At length the nation was plunged into a civil war, which raged from 1352 till 1485; and in which most of the Princes and families of York and Lancaster were slain. These rival houses furnished each 3 Kings, and the two branches were united in Henry VII. and peace restored on his accession to the throne A. D. 1485. Henry was the first of the Tudors; and his family wore the Crown till the year 1603—118 years, and gave to England 5 Sovereigns. The Scotch family of Stuart next succeeded, and filled the throne till the year 1711—111 years; in the persons of 6 Sovereigns. To them succeeded the present house of Brunswick, who have given 4 Kings, and swayed the sceptre 115 years.

Of the whole number (183) 46 were killed; about one half the number in battle, the remainder by other means. Two were accidentally killed—viz: Charles I. beheaded—and the remainder were destroyed, either by poison or assassination. Seven abdicated the throne—eight were deposed—and one became a Monk. The shortest reign was that of Osbold, twenty-seven days, A. D. 796;—the longest that of George III. from 1760 to 1820—60 years. We have the record of but little more than 200 legitimate children, though this is probably not more than one third the true number; as before the Norman conquest nothing, or at most, little is said of any, except those that wore the Crown. In addition to these, we have the names of 25 natural or illegitimate children, which probably falls very far short of the truth. England has had, since the Norman conquest, three Queens, who have governed as Sovereigns in their own rights, viz: Mary, crowned A. D. 1558—Elizabeth, crowned A. D. 1558—and Anne, in 1702. In addition to these was Mary, the sister and predecessor of Anne, who shared the throne and government with her husband, William III. The most conspicuous persons, considered usurpers are Stephen, of the house of Blois, A. D. 1134, and Richard III. (the *Hamlet*) Duke of Gloucester, A. D. 1483, and Oliver Cromwell, who took the reign of government with the title of Protector, after the execution of Charles I. (1650). In casting the house of Brunswick to the throne, England has restored the line of her ancient Kings—the family being descended lineally, through the female branch, from Woodstock the ancient Saxon King.

KINGS OF SCOTLAND.

The house of Fergus reigned from A. D. 404 to 1370—966 years, and gave to Scotland 60 Kings. The house of Stuart reigned to the year 1603, the period when the union took place between England and Scotland, 223 years, and gave 9 Sovereigns; making in all 69. A singular fact seems to have attended the Scottish Kings—of their whole number, no less than 30 came to their death by violent means, and by accident. Ten were slain in battle—12 were murdered, (3 of them by their wives or through their instrumentality)—2 were drowned; one died in prison—one of grief; death; two were beheaded; one died of starvation; one of the bite of a mad wolf, and one committed suicide—two were executed. The two principal usurpers, Grims and Macbeth, James VI. afterwards James I. (of England) was the last Scottish King, and the son of Mary, who was treacherously imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth eighteen years, and then cruelly beheaded by her order, to her everlasting disgrace. In him the two crowns were united, and the Scottish monarchy became extinct, as an independent government, in the year 1603. The shortest reign recorded is six months; and the longest forty-nine years—in the person of William, surnamed the Lion, from the year 1164 to 1213.

CLAYHOUSE.

After the Revolution, Clayhouse, then Vicount Dundee, rose in behalf of the exiled Monarch. The army destined to oppose him was entrusted, by the existing government, to General Mackay; and during the marching and counter-marching, and occasional skirmishing which ensued between them, an incident is said to have occurred strongly indicative of the character of the former. A young man had joined Dundee's army, the son of one of his old and intimate friends. He was employed upon some reconnoitring service, in which a skirmish taking place, the new recruit's heart failed him, and he fairly fled out of the fray. Dundee covered his dishonour, by pretending that he himself had dispatched him the next year, upon a message of importance. He then sent for the youth to speak to him in private—"Young man," he said, "I have saved your honour; but I must needs tell you, that you have chosen a trade for which you are constitutionally unfit. It is not perhaps your fault, but rather your misfortune, that you do not possess the strength of nerves necessary to encounter the dangers of battle. Return to your father; I will find an excuse for your doing so with honour; and I will put you in the way of

doing King James' cause effectual service without personally engaging in the war." The young gentleman penetrated with a sense of the deepest shame, threw himself at his general's feet, and protested that his failure in duty was only the effect of a momentary weakness, the recollection of which should be effaced by his future conduct, and entreated Dundee, for the love he bore to his father, to give him at least a chance of regaining his reputation. Dundee still endeavoured to dissuade him from remaining with the army; but as he continued urgent to be admitted to a second trial, he reluctantly gave way to the request. "But remember," he said, "that if your heart fail you a second time, you must die. The cause I am engaged in is a desperate one, and I can permit no man to serve under me who is not prepared to fight to the last.—My own life, and those of all others who serve under me, are unsparingly devoted to the cause of King James; and death must be his lot who shows an example of cowardice." The unfortunate young man embraced, with seeming eagerness, this stern proposal. But in the next skirmish in which he was engaged, his constitutional timidity again prevailed. He turned his horse to fly; when Dundee, coming up to him, said, "The son of your father is too good a man to be consigned to the Provost Marshal," and, without his pistol, he shot him through the head with his word, with a sternness and inflexibility of purpose resembling the stoicism of the ancient Romans.—*Tales of a Grandfather.*

A SOLOMON IN THE WEST.

Not many weeks ago, a case came for decision before a sapient Justice, in a place not above forty miles to the westward of this city, under the following circumstances:—A cattle dealer having disposed of his live stock at a country fair, invited the purchaser into a tent, according to custom, to settle their scores over a gill. They had scarcely wet their whistles till in came other two countrymen, who also ordered and drank a gill, but in the hurry of business went off without paying the reckoning. The landlord, thinking the whole were but one company, of course added the expense of this gill to that of the dealers in cattle. This mistake gave rise to words, and the words ended in a tussle, in which the landlord tore the lapell from the cattle-dealer's coat. Both parties then set off for the temple of justice—the landlord to recover indemnification for his gill, and the cattle dealer to sue for restitution of his coat. The gill-indemnity being explained to the Justice, his Honor adjusted his cravat, stroked his head, said, "hem!" and looked exceedingly wise. "Ye man be wrong," continued his Lairdship, addressing the erring publican, "I ken fine the Scotch are drink out as gill afore they dunt for another; and it's no the practice o' ye publicans to gie a clean stoop to ilka gill; see the tither gill should have been cauket down to the tither souk, and the dealer man be soizied accordingly. That settles that. But then came the other case—the coat lapell versus the gill stoop. The Judge heard the evidence fairly, inspected the torn coat minutely, and for a few minutes thought profoundly. "Hainh," said the wise man of the west, "it's a gye bamboozling case this ane, and the deil a bit o' me ken's hoo to decide it; sic a case sae far as I ken; never cam' afore me or ony o' my predecessors. I'm mair than certain your's nae teler in a' the kintra can mak' your coat as guid as this; that's settled; but then, that's no to hinder you to mak' the publican's coat as ill's your ain." A word to the wise is sufficient—the pursuer took the hint instantly, and seizing the publican by the lapell, he gave his coat a good two-ve inch screed ayont the buttons; after which the parties left the magisterial presence—the one pleased, and the other overwhelmed at the righteous decision of the Judge.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Mr. John Cobb, farmer at Tillybriue, near Brechin, during the severe snow storm in 1798, had gone with his dog Caesar to a spot on the small stream of Paphry, where his sheep used to take shelter beneath some lofty rocks which overhung the stream. While employed in driving them out, an immense avalanche fell, and completely buried him and his dog. He found all his endeavours to extricate himself in vain; and at last, worn out, fell asleep. However, his dog had contrived to work his way out, and returned home the next day about noon. The dog, by whining and looking in the faces of the family, and afterwards running to the door, showed that he wished them to follow him; they accordingly did so, accompanied by a number of men provided with spades. He led them to the spot where his master was, and after scraping away the snow which had fallen from the time he had quitted the spot, he quickly disappeared in the hole by which he had effected his escape. They began to dig, and by nightfall they found Mr. Cobb quite denuded, standing in an upright posture; but as life was not quite extinguished, he was rolled in warm blankets, and soon recovered. As may well be conceived, he felt the greatest regard for his procurer, and treated him ever afterwards with much tenderness.—*Brown's Anecdotes of Dogs.*

VACCINATION.

M. Nunnat, a veterinary surgeon at Utrecht, has recently made several experiments with the vaccine matter upon the following animals: The cow, the bull, the horse, the ass, the canic, the goat, the sheep, the pig, the ape, the dog, and the rabbit. He states, as the result of these, that the vaccine virus taken from man reproduces the original effect when applied to the cow and the bull; but that the action of the virus so applied to these animals is only for a single time. On the horse and the ass it produces pustules; and when applied from them to the cow, its action is more intense than that of the primitive virus. The camel receives it easily by inoculation; but

when taken again from the camel and applied to the cow, it produces little effect—applied, however, from that animal to the goat, it is quite efficacious; but both the goat and the camel are susceptible of its effects only once. The sheep does not yield readily to its influence; and the virus from this animal has no effect upon any other. On the ape the effects is nearly the same as upon man.—The pig may be vaccinated, but the virus cannot be subsequently propagated. The dog is more difficult than the sheep; and the rabbit is quite inaccessible to the influence of the vaccine matter.—*Literary Gazette.*

A SPLENDID BANKER.

It was in the reigns of Edward VI. and his father, that the very celebrated firm of the Footscare, Foulkers, or Foggers (as called in the King's Journal) was established at Antwerp; a firm to which the Sovereigns of Europe, in general were driven to have recourse for assistance in the way of loans. From this firm, the Emperor Charles V. in particular had borrowed a very large sum, in order to carry on his famous expedition against Tunis. The Emperor afterwards, in the year 1534, had occasion to visit Antwerp, and was invited by Fugger to a grand entertainment at his house; on which occasion the proud but ill-bred banker caused a fire to be made in his hall, entirely of cinnamon, and then lighted, threw into it, before the face of the Emperor, all the imperial bonds. Eleven years after this, the very same merchant gave to Henry VIII. of England, an acquaintance for the sum of £153,160 Flemish, which the King had borrowed of him.—*Memoirs of Lord Burgley.*

STRADY SERVICE.

There is a journeyman at this time employed in the house of Messrs. Gillow, the celebrated cabinet-makers, of Lancaster, who has worked indifferently at the same bench, upon the same spot, for seven and fifty years! This veteran mechanic is now seventy-nine years old. His sight continues as good as it ever was, and as a proof that he is now as active as the best of us, he earned, at his last year's wages, sixty-seven pounds.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity after the affairs of others cannot be without evil and evil mind. What is it to me if my neighbour's grandfather were a Syrian, or his grandmother illegitimate; or that another is indebted 5,000l.? or whether his wife be expensive? But commonly curious persons, or—(as the Apostle's phrase is)—busy bodies, are not selfless or inquisitive into the beauty and order of a well-governed family, or after the virtues of an excellent person; but if there be any thing for which men keep locks and bars and porters, things that blush to see the light, and either are shameful in manners or private in nature, these things are their care and their business. It is an evil spirit. Envy and Idleness married together, and begot curiosity. Therefore Plutarch well compares curious and inquisitive ears to the execrable fangs of cities out of which only malefactors and hangmen and traitors pass. But these inquiries are seldom without danger, never without baseness; they are neither just, nor honest, nor delightful, and very often useless to the curious inquirer. For men stand upon their guard against them as they secure their meat against harpies and cats, laying all their counsels and secrets out of their way; or as men clap their garments close about them when the searching and saucy winds would discover their nakedness; as knowing that what men willingly hear, they do willingly speak of.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

CONTENTEDNESS.

No man is poor that does not think himself so; but in a full fortune with impatience he desires more, he proclaims his wants and his beggary condition. This grace of contentedness was the sum of all the old moral philosophy, is a great duty in Christianity, and of most universal use in the whole course of our lives, and the only instrument to ease the burthens of the world, and the enmities of sad chances. Never compare thy condition with those above thee; but, to secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldst not for any interest change thy fortune and condition. It is a fine thing, though to be carried on men's shoulders, but give God thanks that thou art not forced to carry a rich fool upon thy shoulders as those poor men do whom thou beholdest. There are but a few kings in mankind, but many thousands who are very miserable if compared to thee. Howbeit, it is a huge folly rather to grieve for the good of others than to rejoice for that good which God has given us for his own.—*Ibid.*

It is customary at dinner parties in Paris, at present, where ladies assist, to hand round, just before sitting down to table, a pincushion; that the fair guests may pin up their sleeves, which would otherwise entirely preclude the operations of the table.

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