

# The Weekly Observer

BEING

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### THE GARLAND.

#### CONSCIENCE.

Where is the king, with all his purple pomp—  
Where is the warrior plumed, the armed judge,  
With all his insolent pleaders—where the sage—  
Where all wise, powerful, fearful, frowning things  
That can, for all their frowning, send an eye  
An inch within my bosom?

There's my rock,  
My castle, my sealed fountain's sacred court,  
That shuts man out. There holy Conscience sits,  
Judging more keenly than the crinoid judge,  
Smiling more deeply than the warrior's sword—  
More mighty than the sceptre. There my deeds,  
My hopes, fears, vanities, wild follies, shames,  
Are all arraigned. So, Heaven be merciful.

The man acquitted at that fearful bar  
Holds the first prize the round world has to give—  
The like Heaven's sunshine, priceless. For all else  
The praise of others is as vain gold.  
Earth's richest offering, to be sought with pain,  
Yet not to be pined for: worthy of all search  
But not of sorrow—as th' inferior prize:  
Not as our breath of breath, our life of life,  
The flowing river of our inward peace,  
The noble confidence, that hide man look  
His fellow man in the face, and be the thing,  
Fearless and upward eyed, that God has made him.

#### HOPE.

(From Mr. J. Robinson's translation of the German Lyric  
Poets.)

Man is fond on the airy vision to brood  
Of brighter and happier days;  
And is ever chasing some fleeting good,  
Which with flattering illusion betrays;  
The changing world no novelty brings,  
Yet man still hopes for better things.

Hope on the cradled infant smiles,  
She plays round the frolicsome boy,  
The youth with her magic enchantment beguiles  
Nor can age her power destroy;  
For when in the grave he wears lies,  
Hope sits on the grave and points to the skies.

Nor is this fair dream unsubstantial and vain,  
Of a head with wild fancies elate,  
The heart from within echoes loudly again,  
We are born to a happier state;  
And what that voice would bid us believe,  
The hoping soul will never deceive.

#### WEEP NO MORE.

Weep no more, that her azure eye  
Hath ceased to glisten,  
That her way locks in the damp grave lie,  
That her lip hath lost its crimson dye,  
That you vainly listen  
To her voice of witching melody.

Weep no more, that each fleeting grace,  
This earth has given,  
Hath left forever her form and face,  
That her soul hath run its mortal race,  
And the joys of heaven  
The changing woes of this world replace.

Weep no more! Oh! weep no more;  
Wouldst thou renew  
The colors that deck'd the worm before;  
Wouldst thou thy grovelling shape restore,  
For the lovelier hue,  
The lighter wings that heavenward soar.

#### THE MISCELLANIST.

**IRELAND.**—The SHANNON, navigable from its source, rises in Lough Allen, in the county of Leitrim, a lake above ten miles in length, and having on its banks the celebrated iron and coal mines. At a distance of fifty miles from its source, it receives the first of the great national canals leading to the metropolis, from which it is there distant 80 miles. Ten miles lower down it opens into a splendid and eminently picturesque sheet of water called Lough Ree, twenty miles in length, and excellent, in the beauty of its islands and their evergreen woody scenery, the attractions of our own Westmoreland. This great lake, or enlargement of the Shannon, from its irregular shape and innumerable bays, is, however, usefully navigable by the aid of steam boats alone.—Within two miles of this lake, the Shannon passes through the ancient, celebrated, and fortified town of Athlone, in the very centre of Ireland, possessing a large garrison and a dense population. From Athlone the river winds its noble stream a distance of 25 miles, passing within a few miles of Balinasloe, perhaps the largest cattle market in the world, until it arrives at Shannon-harbour, where it is intersected by the second great national canal; thus possessing, in its progress, two distinct lines of intercourse with the metropolis. Eighteen miles farther, and it again expands its surface and its influence, and forms a still more magnificent sheet of water called Lough Derg, 25 miles long, with an irregular breadth of from 5 to 10 miles, and having a coast of 60 miles surrounded by a soil of the greatest possible luxuriance. Yet, strange to say, until within the last year, when a small steam boat was introduced upon it, this great inland sea, lying directly between Limerick and Dublin, had but three or four inferior luggage boats with which to carry on the intercourse between these two great cities! This lake terminates at Killaloe, where the bishop of the see of that name resides. A stretch of 18 miles lower brings the river to Limerick, still distant 60 miles from the sea, to which it runs between the counties of Kerry and Clare. Thus, then, we find this noble river dissecting Ireland: navigable for nearly two hundred and fifty miles from its source to the sea; washing, in its course, the shores of Leitrim, Longford, Roscommon, Westmeath, King's County, Galway, Tipperary, Limerick, Kerry, and Clare; passing through districts rich in soil, minerals, and population, yet unoccupied, we might almost say—unknown. We could here say much in sorrow, if not in anger; but let us look at the bright side of the picture. Let us anticipate this great river, itself the richest mine of national prosperity, though now "dragging its slow length along," with great, but unprofitable splendour, about to become a medium of intercourse and

national prosperity. Let us hope to see its numerous towns rising in importance; its villages emulating the rank and influence of towns; and its thirty tributary rivers pushing the means of commerce up to their respective sources. To what shall we attribute this great expected change? To inland navigation. Inland steam navigation will effect it all. It has already been commenced by some enterprising and competent individuals, who, we are assured, will, at last, lead the way to the accomplishment of this great work.—*English paper.*

**GRADUAL ABSORPTION OF THE WATERS OF THE GLOBE.**—In an introductory essay to a work on the agamic and cryptogamic plants, collected by Messrs. Darville and Lesson in a scientific voyage round the globe, M. Bory de Saint-Vincent, among other interesting speculations, has published the following ideas on physical geography. Setting out with the proposition so strongly countenanced by tradition, as well as by observation, that the globe was originally covered with water, the author regards the causes which have occasioned the disappearance of a considerable portion of that element as still operating, and tending gradually to entirely dry up even the waters of the sea. The reasoning is in this manner:—The vast deserts of sand, mixed up with the salt and the remains of marine animals, of which the surface of the globe is partly composed, were formerly inland seas, which have insensibly become dry. The Caspian, the Dead Sea, the Lake Baikal, &c. will become dry in their turn also. Then the beds of these vast bodies of salt water will be sandy deserts. The inland seas, whether they have only one outlet, as the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Baltic, &c. or whether they have several, as the Gulf of Mexico, the Seas of Okotsk, of Japan, and China, &c. will, at some future time, cease to communicate with the great basin of the Oceana; they will become inland seas, true Caspians, and in due time will likewise become dry. On all sides the waters of rivers are seen to carry forward in their course the soil of the continents. Alluvial lands, deltas, banks of sand, form themselves near the coasts, and in the directions of the currents; madrepore animals lay the foundations of new lands; and while the straits become closed, while the depths of the sea fill up, the level of the sea, which it would seem natural should become higher, is sensibly lower. There is, therefore, an actual diminution in the quantity of liquid matter.—*Lon. Scientific Jour. for March.*

With regard to the interesting colony at Pitcairn's Island, fears were expressed by some who visited the spot not very long ago, that difficulty would soon occur in drawing a sufficient subsistence from the soil. More gratifying accounts were received in England, about the end of February. A Portsmouth paper says:—"The most recent accounts received at Valparaiso from Pitcairn Island describe the little colony as existing in great harmony, and in full contentment with its produce. That which is now grown upon it is plantains, bananas, coconuts, bread fruit, sugar cane, potatoes, ginger, and a plant from which a spirit is distilled. The number of individuals who landed from the Bounty was nine Englishmen, and of natives of Otaheite and of Tabouis, six men, twelve women, and one child. The population now comprises, of English males and their descendants, thirty eight, twenty-six females descended from the same nation, and five females, natives of Otaheite. It is a remarkable fact, that not one individual who landed with Christian, not numbered now with the living, met with a natural death; each arrived at an untimely end, by assassination or other violence, the fruits of internal broils in this little community. The offspring of Christian are represented to be very handsome, their features strongly partaking of the English; and the beauty of one of them, a girl named Mary Ann Christian, from which she is termed 'the maid of the South Seas,' is said to invite the same admiration which is offered to the most favoured of our fair country women. Their habitations, which are thirty feet in depth, and twelve feet wide, are constructed with boards.—It is computed that the island is sufficiently extensive to afford by culture maintenance for its inhabitants, allowing for their increase, for at least one hundred years. An American, the only stranger among them, had landed lately and settled there. He is a carpenter, and one likely to be of the greatest utility to them. He had already begun to teach them to build, and to enjoin them to acts of industry (a work in which he had been very successful,) and had established a school for the children. Adams was in good health, but rather infirm from age. He expressed a desire to return to his native land.—*Philadelphia paper.*

**TALKATIVE LABORERS.**—And, let me step aside for a moment to observe, that a man can hardly have a worse quality than being talkative while at work; or, as the country people call it, *mouthy*, which is the proper word to designate the quality. A man may be stout; he may be willing; he may be handy; but if he be *mouthy*, he is a disturber of the peace of the farm house, and you never can employ him with other men. His sonorous voice is sure to make all the rest prick up their ears: they talk too, if not to the way of emulation, in the way of reply or observation; and if you let them alone, you will have a colloquial assembly rivalling in their way the Catholic association in Ireland. Up go the backs of them: not that they want to rest themselves, or to right our work; but they want to reply or observe

on the interesting points mooted by the orator. I know a gentleman who says there is but one thing worse than writing, and that is *talking*. On a farm, I would certainly prefer a writer to a talker; for then he would indulge his propensity at times when it would be no detriment to me.—*Cobbett.*

**AMUSING ANECDOTE.**—Our countrymen in India are too fond of beating their native servants. Of this propensity the following anecdote is related in a recent work:—"It was related to me with great humor, by one of the principals in the transaction, whose candor overcame his fear of shame. He had been in the habit of beating his servants, till one in particular complained, that he would have him before Sir Henry Gwilliam, then Chief Justice of Madras, who had done all in his power to suppress the disgraceful practice. Having a considerable balance to settle with his maty-boy on the score of punishment, but fearing the presence of witnesses, the master called him one day into a bungalow at the bottom of the garden, at some distance from the house. 'Now,' said he, as he shut the door and put the key in his pocket, 'you'll complain to Sir Henry Gwilliam, will you? There is nobody near, to bear witness to what you may say, and with the blessing of God, I'll give it you well.' 'Master, sure nobody near?' asked the Indian. 'Yes, yes, I've taken good care of that.' 'Then I give master one good beating.' And forthwith he proceeded to put his threat into execution, till the master, being the weaker of the two, was compelled to cry mercy; which being at length granted, and the door opened with at least as much alacrity as it was closed, Mootoo departed without beat of drum, never to appear again.—*English paper.*

**ANECDOTE OF MR. MOORE.**—He (the poet) avowed, on all occasions, an utter horror of ugly women. He was heard, one evening to observe to a lady, whose person was pre-eminently plain, but who, nevertheless, had been anxiously doing her little endeavors to attract his attention, "I cannot endure an ugly woman. I'm sure I could never live with one. A man that marries an ugly woman cannot be happy." The lady observed that "such an observation she could not permit to pass without a remark. She knew several plain couples who lived most happily." "Don't talk of it," said the wit, "don't talk of it; it cannot be." "But I tell you," said the lady, who became at once, both piqued and positive, "it can be and it is; I will name individuals so circumstanced. You have heard of Col. and Mrs. — She speaks in a deep gruff bass voice; he in a thin shrill treble. She looks like a John Doree; he like a dried alligator. They are called Bubble and Squeak by some of their neighbors; Venus and Adonis by others. But what of that? They are not handsome to be sure; and there is neither wirror nor pier glass to be found, search their house from one end of it to the other. No *unhandsome reflections* can, in such a case, be cast by either party! I know them well; and a more harmonious couple I never met with. Now, Mr. Moore, in reply, what have you to urge? I flatter myself I have overthrown your theory completely." "Not a whit—Col. — has got into a scrape, and like a soldier puts the best face he can upon it.—*The Living and the Dead.*

**POTATO PUDDING.**—Few people are aware how delicious a pudding can be made from the farina of potato, or potato-starch. The following are the ingredients:—To one quart of boiled milk, add gradually, as in making basty pudding, a quarter of a pound of potato flour, well pulverized—a quarter of a pound of sugar and a little butter—when cold, add three eggs, and bake it half an hour.

An Irish soldier once waited on his commanding officer, with what he termed a very serious complaint.—"Another man," he said, "had upbraided him that he was not married to his own wife, whom he accused of being no better than she should be, and called her many names besides, which he should be ashamed to mention to his honor." Colonel—"Well, my good fellow, have you any proof that you are legally married?" Soldier—"Faith your honor, I have the best proof in the world." Here he took off his hat, or rather cap, and exhibited a cut skull, saying, "Does your honor think I'd be taking that same abuse from any body but a wife?"—*Shipp's Memoirs.*

**GRAVEL WALKS.**—The following cheap improvement has been recommended in the construction of walks in gardens, lawns, &c. uniting the advantages of great hardness, durability, and freedom from worms and insects. When a new walk is made, or an old one reformed, take the necessary quantity of road scrapings, previously dried in the air, and reduced as fine as possible; mix with the heap enough of coal tar from a gas work, so that the whole shall be sufficiently saturated, and then add a quantity of gravel;—with this lay a thick stratum as a foundation, and then cover it with a thin coating of gravel. In a short time the walk will be as hard as a rock, not affected by wet, or disfigured by worms.—*Register of Arts.*

Among the most remarkable exploits of English travellers, is that of Lieut. Maw, R. N. who is now in London, having crossed the Cordillera from Peru, embarked near Moyobamba on one of the smaller streams which fall into the Guallaga, and so come down the Amazon, being the first Englishman who has ever descended that river.

for a few days, we could show you a few of your own sex whom it would be impossible for any good husband to bear."—(Laughter.) This retort had no effect upon the lady, who continued to denounce the whole sex as mere wretches—base wretches!"

**INFANCY OF KNOWLEDGE.**—Mankind at the beginning of the 15th century, are thus described in the Liverpool Observer:

"They had neither looked into heaven nor earth, neither into the sea nor land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without experiment, mathematics without instruments, geometry without scale, astronomy without demonstration.

They made war without powder, shot, cannon, or mortars; nay, the mob made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea without compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers. Learning had no printing-press, writing no paper, and paper no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board for a love-letter, and a billet-doux might be of the size of an ordinary trencher. They were clothed without manufacturers, and their richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters. They carried on trade without books, and correspondence without posts; their merchants kept no accounts, their shopkeepers no cash-book; they had surgery without anatomy, and physicians without the materia medica; they gave emetics without ipecacuanha, and cured agues without bark."

**ART OF CULTIVATING FRUIT TREES A BRANCH OF SCHOOL EDUCATION.**—Instruction in the culture of fruit trees forms part of the education of the ordinary seminaries in the states of Mecklenburg Schwerin. No schoolmaster is admitted to exercise that function without a certificate of his capacity to teach the management of fruit trees. The same masters are obliged to take care of fruit gardens; and those who, previously to the promulgation of the law on the subject, were ignorant of the art receive the due instruction at the expense of the school fund.—*Bull Univ.*

**PREVENTIVE AGAINST BIRDS TAKING SEEDS OUT OF THE GROUND.**—If some thin light-colored twine or white worsted be stretched tight across the beds in which seeds are sown, at the distance of about two inches from the surface of the beds, and about two or three feet from string to string, small birds will not touch either seeds or the young plants of onions, against which sparrows seem to have a particular spite, as they pull them up by hundreds, and leave them lying upon the surface of the beds, but do not appear to eat them. This is the most effectual method I have ever seen employed, and it is a very old one.—*Gardener's Magazine for January.*

**DAIRIES.**—Nothing but milk & cream should be kept in dairies; nor any thing that has a strong scent, although it may be sweet, should ever be placed in or near the milk room; but bad scents, particularly, greatly lessen the product of butter dairies, by preventing a complete separation of the cream from the milk.—*Waisell's Design for Agricultural Buildings.*

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**ASHES OF WICKLIFFE.**—When the bones of Wickliffe were taken out of their grave, forty years after his decease, and then burned, and their ashes committed to the waters of the Swift, it was conceived by his enemies that this public desecration of his remains would consign his name and doctrines to contempt and general abhorrence. No exposition of the consequences of this deed can rival the pithy and felicitous comment which it has received from the pen of the amiable Fuller: "This brook, (the Swift)" says he, "conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

**GYMNASTICS.**—The late Dr. Warren used to say, there were not two hundred men in Boston who took exercise from principle. Exercise should be constant and thorough. If it came in one's business or pleasure, it will be most salutary. Walking is the best exercise, and it will not be tedious if you have a friend to accompany you. Conversation will beguile the hour. It is not time thrown away if you walk alone. The mind is recreated, and can perform more labor for temporary suspension. He sets a bad example who wantonly injures his health by inaction. The time of life, at the best, is short. No one has a right to make it shorter.

**CARDS.**—Cards are the sovereign promoters of pleasure; for they destroy that which destroys it—time. They extinguish vanity of exterior; for no female card-player can care for countenance and complexion. They annihilate pride; for the card-table instantly puts all on a level. They are the actual antidotes of hypocrisy and deception; for they have no equal in showing every crevice of the heart, and every wrinkle of the temper. They prohibit flirtation and its consequent follies, early marriages and a hopeless accumulation of children; for love between card-players is as impossible as love between the wolf and the woldog.—*Tales of the Great St. Bernard.*

**ON SPENDING TIME.**—The celebrated Lord Coke wrote the subjoined distich, which he religiously observed, in the distribution of his time:

Six hours to sleep—to law's grave study six;  
Four spend in prayer—the rest to nature fix.

But Sir William Jones, a wiser economist of the fleeting hours of life, amended the sentiment in the following lines:

Seven hours to law—to soothing slumber seven,  
Ten to the world—all and all to heaven.

Decency makes us consider where we live; honesty, how we live; and religion, why we live. Prudence points out to us where we live; experience, how to live; and religion, why we die.

"*Celibacy*," says Dr. Franklin, "greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set. What think you of the odd half of a pair of scissors? It can't well cut any thing; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher."

A young Scotch gentleman, desirous of learning to play on the violin, applied to his parent for money to purchase the instrument, &c. "Aye, Sandy, (quothe the parent) had na ye better play the flute? ye'll save the expense o' rosin, mon."

**GOUT CURED BY FEAR.**—On Sunday morning, a sudden squall of wind, or tornado, was observed in the neighbourhood of Tewkesbury, which threw down many large timber trees in its course, one of which fell across a barge in the Severn, and did considerable damage, and another fell over a public-house, breaking down a great part of the roof. But "it is an ill wind that blows no body good;" the noise so alarmed the landlord, who had been confined with the gout for three months past, that he leaped out of bed and ran down stairs immediately, completely cured of his complaint.—*Gloucester Journal.*

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men who never loved one?

Charters are kept when their purposes are maintained; they are violated when the privilege is supported against its end and its object. *Burke.*

**COAL.**—The countries in Europe which produce the greatest quantity of coal, are—Great Britain, who produces 230,000,000 quintals; Belgium, 55,100,000; Prussia, 13,300,000; France, 19,450,000; Austria, and some other states, and even Sweden, possess Coal Mines; but these Mines are but little wrought, as they have a sufficiency of wood. The German Journal *Geographische Ephemerida*, from which we take this notice, states that M. Vilfosse has erroneously estimated the amount raised in France, at 12,738,906 metrical quintals, whilst M. Piquot gives the above as the correct statement.

**Consumption of Fuel.**—By a memorial from the Lyceum of Natural History, recently read in the common council, it appears that 40,000 chaldrons of coal are annually consumed in this city: Of which 20,000 are English and Scotch; 4,000 Rhode-Island; and 16,000 Lehigh, &c. The value is about \$600,000. Besides this there are 280,000 cords of wood used for domestic purposes, and 200,000 for steam-boats. The whole amount paid by the city for fuel, each year, is \$2,400,000. It all goes out of the state, except a portion of the wood.—*N. York Enquirer.*

Mr. J. Robinson