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THE WEEKLY OBSERVER: BEING A NEW SERIES OF THE STAR.

Vol. I.

SAINT JOHN: TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1828.

No. 8.

THE GALLAND.

TO MEMORY.

(From the Literary Garland, a neat, cheap, and well-constructed "Annual," which has been published in Glasgow for several years, and amply deserves the success it has obtained. Though made up chiefly of selections, it has no feature which may be considered novel and peculiar—we mean numerous pieces of American poetry, some of them well worthy of immortality. The following lines, which possess an unusual portion of grace, sweetness, and tenderness, may be taken as a fair sample of the few original specimens of notice which the Garland contains.)

When you by weeping's toll'd to rest, From the first sad sunbeam borrow, To cheer a heart by gloom oppress'd; Soft is thy light, as moon-beam stealing O'er the grave where beauty lies; Dear, as a long lost look of feeling From a picture'd lover's eyes. Wishing thy shape, as cloudlets lying In the west, at daylights fall— Sweet is thy voice as music dying In a lone deserted hall. At thy call youth's fleeting pleasures Dance again in morning light; Passion's tears, and Love's last treasures, Flow as wild and glance as bright. And words from lips now mute and sleeping, Oft thus whisper in mine ear; Echoes from the cold grave swooping, O'er the waste of many a year. And the fiery form that bound me To life's morn, his at thy spell From her tomb to hover round me— Smiles my heart—my sorrow quell. Welcome thy light through rest-drops streaming! Welcome when tinged by Pleasure's ray! Present joy's a meteor's gleaming— This is Heaven's resplendant Day!

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Her, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows; How soon, by his, the glad discovery dawns, As to her lips the lovely boy! What answering looks of sympathy and joy! He walks, he speaks, in many a broken word; His wants, his wishes, and his joys are heard; And ever, ever, to her lips he flies. When sleep comes on an infant's face, Lock'd in her arms, his arms around her lie; (That name most dear forever on his tongue.) As with soft accents round her neck he clings, And cheek to cheek her falling tresses lie; How blest to feel the beatings of his heart, Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for his impart; Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove, And, if she can, exhaust a Mother's Love!

THE MISCELLANIST.

An *Irishman* Dances.—At Marlborough-street, on Thursday, an exceedingly meek, mild, and delicate-looking young female, not quite 18 years of age, named Jane Taylor, was brought to the office, under a warrant, charged with a series of assaults, and threats of assault, of a very violent nature, chiefly towards her own mother. Mrs. Taylor, who is a very respectable widow, keeping a shop in St. Andrew-street, was so deeply affected at the painful situation in which her daughter had placed her, that it was with difficulty she could be sufficiently calmed to give her evidence. It was at length collected from her that this happy young girl had been most tenderly brought up by her, and had, at a considerable expense, received her education at one of the most respectable boarding-schools in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and that, notwithstanding all this maternal care, her amiable daughter had, for the last two years since she returned from school, practised a system of such incredible ingratitude and cruelty towards her, that it has at last, after long endurance, driven her to the necessity of appealing for self-protection to a magistrate. On the slightest remembrance or approach to her will, this promising member of the fair sex thumps and kicks her venerable parent about the house, utters reproaches as to what instrument, whether her delicate fist or the poker, she uses in the operation, sometimes leaving the unhappy lady black and blue from her violence. She occasionally takes the charitable whim, too, of locking her mother, not only out of her bed-room, but sit up all night, but also out of the house altogether, to get a bed where she may; indeed, it is so difficult to describe as it is to conceive the atrocious conduct, as stated, of this girl. During the whole of the proceedings before the magistrate, the young victim, although witnessing the agonized state of her mother's feelings, listened to the detail of her exploits with the most unmoved indifference and indolence. The magistrate, Mr. Conant, finding it vain to correct her by fair means, committed her to prison for want of bail; for although all the neighbourhood respect her mother, not one in it would bail herself, and directions were given that she should be kept in a solitary cell in the prison, and to have no communication with any other prisoner, but to have plenty of good bread and water to make her comfortable while she remained there. The magistrate, seeing that she appeared to have a very great attachment to a beautifully-curled head of hair she wore, the arrangement of which seemed to occupy all her thoughts, told her that most probably the prison regulations would require the dis-encumbering her head, by shearing off all her hair, and clipping on in its stead an ornament called a prison cap, and on this communication alone it was that she cried out the slightest emotion. She was then locked up in a dark cell at the back of the office until removed to prison.—London paper.

On Tuesday, I being at work in my garden at Kensington, was called upon by a tradesman who had come from town. I asked him what news he had brought from the infernal regions of smoke?—"O," said he, "there is a deal of laughing at Huskisson."—"What about?" said I.—"Why," said he, "he made an exhibition last night in the House."—"Oh," said I, "and what did he say?" He then told me that there was a great parcel of letters that had passed between him and the Duke of Wellington. "But," said I, "are the letters published in the newspapers?" He told me they were, and then he proceeded to talk about particular passages and expressions. "But," said I, "I don't go away to these men, or they will spoil their work; so tell me now, in a few words, the sum and substance of the thing."—"Why," said he, "the sum and substance of it is this: that Huskisson never expected that his resignation would be accepted; but when he found that it was, went down upon his marrow-bones, and almost cried to the Duke to let him stay and that the Duke would not let him stay; and that the 'whole of it.' Now, right hon. William Huskisson, let all the stupid creatures of the broad-sheet say what they will, this tradesman spoke the opinion of the whole country. There may, possibly, have been meanness equal to yours, at some time or other, witnessed in the world; but I never witnessed meanness so great in my life-time.—Mr. Cobden.

Steam Navigation in the year 1843.—We extract the following curious passage from an article in the second number of the Foreign Review, "On Early Spanish Voy-

ges and Discoveries." There can be no doubt that steam was the agent here employed in propelling vessels, and that, had the age been equally active in improving useful inventions, or encouraging industrious ingenuity, as in framing schemes for suppressing freedom and extending barbarous conquest, the invention of the steam-engine might sooner have been perfected, and produced those wonders of which we are now witnesses. With free press and a rapid interchange of knowledge between different nations, a great mechanical power like this, calculated to change the face of manufacturing industry, could neither have been altogether forgotten, nor have been so long in coming to its full development. But the most remarkable fact which the editor (namely, Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, employed to edit a collection of documents connected with early voyages and discoveries of the Spanish Government) has himself furnished, is a discovery made by D. Tomas Gonzalez, among the archives, still remaining at Seville, that, in the year 1543, an invention for propelling ships was in a calm, without aid of sails or other wind, had been proposed to Charles V., by a sea-captain, named Blasco de Garay. The secret of his invention Garay refused to communicate, and it was not till after much opposition that he obtained permission to make a public trial of it at Barcelona, in presence of D. Enrique de Toledo, the governor, D. Pedro Cardona, and other persons deputed to witness the experiment, some on the shore, others in the vessel itself. The apparatus was fixed to a ship of 800 tons, which had come from Calicut with a load of corn; it consisted of a large cauldron of boiling water, and of certain wheels on both sides of the vessel. One of the commissioners, who had always disapproved the attempt, reported that a vessel might, in this way, make two leagues in three hours; but that the machinery was very complicated and costly, and there was evidently a danger that the cauldron would burst. The others appear not to have been persuaded of the danger; they said that the vessel would at the rate of a league an hour, at least, and that it lacked in half the time required in bringing a galley round. After the experiment the machinery was removed, and the wood-work being deposited in the arsenal, Garay took the other part into his own keeping, lest the principle of his invention should be discovered. He was rewarded with a grant of money and an increase of rank; and Senor Gonzalez says, that if the Emperor had not at that time engaged in an expedition, the experiment would have been pursued.

APPROACH OF BATTLE.—Though no orders had been issued, the army were aware of the intention of attack. The officers, having refreshed themselves from the fatigues of their march, stood conversing in groups, sagaciously discussing the projects of the adverse generals, and discriminating between the chances of failure, and the probabilities of success. I remarked, I thought that the certainty of approaching battle had wrought some change of manner and expression in my brother officers. They bore about them the appearance of excitement; spoke with an unwonted energy of vocal intonation, and performed the most common and perfunctory acts with a situation rapidity, for which their general manner was not remarkable.—Thus did the evening pass on, till darkness had descended like a curtain, and the camp, save where illuminated by the blazing watch fires of the soldiers, lay hid beneath the dense, and cloudy canopy of the starless sky. There were three of us that night, friends, messmates, companions, fellow sufferers in difficulty and privations, partakers of the same pleasures, sharers of the same dangers, united together in love and amity by a thousand coincidences of taste and disposition, and though differing in much, yet never separated or estranged by accidental collision of judgment and opinion; there were three of us that night, who after retiring to our tent, partook together of a soldier's simple fare, and with smiling faces yet with beating hearts, drained the wine cup to the success of our country's arms on the field of deadly struggle, on which the morning sun was about to dawn. To two of these it was the last meal of which they were ever destined to partake on earth. Never again was the goblet raised to their lips; or on the morrow their bodies swelled the heap of noble slain on the field of Vittoria.—Letters from the Peninsula.

Extract from an unpublished book of Travels. "Of all the innumerable differences between the manners, customs, and modes of acting of the people of France and England, that have formed a faithful source of wonderment to authors and philosophers, for the last hundred and fifty years, one of the most striking is that which exists between the proceedings of the French and those of the English with regard to unaccountable, or rather unaccounted for deaths. In England where a dead body is discovered, a coroner's jury is immediately summoned to ascertain if possible, whether there is any reason to imagine that the individual came by his death unlawfully—if there be, however humble may have been the condition of the deceased, the whole energy of the police is immediately put into active operation to discover the slayer. Rewards are offered, investigations made, suspected persons arrested and examined, and officers are seen flying about in every direction, and exercising all their incomprehensible sagacity, to bring the matter to light, and the criminal to justice. The unexplained death of an individual is enough to call into action all the power and activity of the police, and hundreds of pounds are expended to discover and punish the murderer of a miserable creature, who perhaps never possessed ten shillings in the whole course of his existence. In France, on the contrary, the government never interferes; the arm of the law is never raised unless urged into operation by the friends or relatives of the deceased. If no person appears to claim the body, and demand justice, the corpse is buried or dissected, and nothing more is said or thought about it. No judicial investigation takes place; no inquiries are made—the body is exposed in a public place appointed for the purpose, where every one may come to look at it, and when its time is expired, it is put away out of sight without comment, and without question. The murderer himself may come and gaze upon his victim without danger or suspicion.

Few Descendants of *Milvian Men*.—It is singular enough, how few of the names most distinguished in our own literature have preserved themselves among us, by any living representatives, to the present times. Were we to make a catalogue of existing descendants of our men of genius, it would scarcely, indeed, include a single individual, who could boast that those flowed in his veins the blood of any of those, whom we are accustomed to place at the summit of our national attainments; and not a great many persons, we apprehend, entitled thereto to deduce their lineage from any of the *Divines* of our literary Olympus. To enumerate, but a few names that occur to me in my mind. The race of Chaucer, "the morning star of our literature," is understood to have been long ago extinct. We know nothing of any descendant of Spenser, although a person appeared in England, in the reign of King William, who claimed him as his ancestor, and made an unsuccessful attempt, on that ground, to recover the Irish estates which had been granted to the poet by Elizabeth. Shakespeare left two daughters, both of whom were married and had families; but none of whose descendants now survive. All knowledge of what has become of the race of Milton has been lost for many years. None remain who count either Bacon or Newton among their ancestry. The poets, Spenser, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Beattie, and Cowper, with many others of equal celebrity, all either died childless, or have not, at least, no representatives. No offspring ever inherited the name of Addison, or Swift, or Johnson, or Home, or Gibbon, or Smith. The same holds true of Fox and the second Pitt. Burke lost his son only some years before his own death. The list might easily be greatly lengthened; but the names already mentioned are, many of them at least, far more renowned than any we could add to them.—Athenaeum.

ANCIENT SHOPKEEPING.—Mr. Chambers, in his *Picture of Scotland*, after relating that the merchants, as they were called, of Lerwick, think nothing of shutting up shop, in order to go away upon a pleasure excursion, adds, "Such was also the blessed state of Edinburgh, before it became necessary to employ every hour in earnest toil in order to acquire daily bread; when rents were scarcely worth the name, and every man shut in at eight o'clock in order to attend his club, &c." About seventy years ago it was quite a common thing for a shopkeeper, occupying part of what is called a double shop in the High-street and Luckenbooths, to go down for an hour or two to Leith races, without locking up his shop, but simply saying to his neighbour, as he passed out, "Keep my shop away—I'm jaun down to the races." There was a shopkeeper in College-street, within the last thirty years, who had a regular white ticket for insertion in his window, bearing this inscription, "Go to take a walk in the meadows—he will be back in half an hour." People applying during his absence had to wait until he returned. Those who kept high shops, moreover, in the Lawn-market, might then have been often found playing at draughts with a neighbour across the counter; in case of a customer entering, they never rose till they had played out the game.

BURNS THE POET.—I went to see him laid out for the grave," says Mr. Allan Cunningham; "several elder people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face; and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn, according to the custom of the country. He was washed by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked, his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity, and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we went, and others succeeded us; not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death."

The Voice and Strength of the Lion.—The effect of the voice of the lion, to be properly felt, must be heard. During sexual excitement, its noise is perfectly appalling, and produces on the mind of the bystander, however secure he may feel himself, that awful admiration commonly experienced by us on witnessing any of the grand and tremendous operations of nature. When in the act of seizing his prey in a natural state, the deep thundering tone of the roar is heightened into a horrid scream, which accompanies the fatal leap on the unhappy victim. This power of voice is said to be useful to the animal in hunting, as the weaker sort, appalled by it, flee from their hiding-places, in which alone they might find security, as the lion does not hunt by scent, and seek for it in ineffectual flight, which generally exposes them to the sight of their enemy, and consequently, to certain death. The lion is capable of carrying off, with ease, a horse, a heifer, or a buffalo. The mode of its attack is generally by surprise, approaching slowly and silently, till within a leap of the predestined animal, on which it then springs, or throws itself with a force, which is thought, in general, to deprive its victim of life before the teeth are employed. It is said, this blow will divide the spine of a horse, and that the power of its teeth and jaws will break the largest bones.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN.—At eight p.m., after five hours travelling, we gained the summit of a contiguous range of mountain land, hoping each eminence we reached was the last and the highest; when all at once, on a sudden, and elevation, a vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean, and the light, on our inexpressible surprise, instant from us thirty leagues; according to our guide, or ninety English miles. We were thousands of feet above the intervening land, as well as the sweep of the ocean. I gazed upon those blue, shining waters that compassed so much of the globe, a height, I should think, of at least 12,000 feet. The table-land below was probably, as I gazed above, a great plain, or a great plain, and upon that we looked, as it were a valley far below.—Andrew's Journey.

CALM AT SEA.—One of our early navigators (Sir John Hawkins) relates that, in 1580, "he lay with a fleet about the Island of Azores, almost six months, the greater part of which time it was becalmed. Upon which all the sea became so replenished with various sorts of gellies, and forms of serpents, adders, and snakes, as seemed wonderful; some green, some black, some yellow, some white, some of divers colours, and many of them had life; and some there were a yard and a half, and two yards long; which, had he not seen, he could hardly have believed. And hereof were witnesses all the companies of the ships which were then present; hardly a man could draw a bucket of water clear of some corruption. In which voyage, toward the end thereof, many of every ship fell sick, and began to die apace. But the speedy passage into their country was a remedy to the crazed, and a preservative to those who were not touched."

LOCAL STORM.—When Mr. Scoresby, sen. commanded the ship *Henrietta*, he, on one occasion, experienced on the Greenland sea a tedious gale, accompanied by snowy weather. As the wind began to abate, a ship came up under all sails. The master hailed the *Henrietta*, and inquired why she was under close-reefed topsails in such moderate weather. On being told that a storm had just subsided, he declared that he knew nothing of it, though he had observed a swell and a black cloud ahead of his ship, that seemed to advance before him, until he was overshadowed by it, a little while before he came up with the *Henrietta*. He had had fine weather and light winds the whole day.

METHOD OF DISSIPATING STORMS.—It is not uncommon at sea, when danger is threatened from a water-spout, to fire a broadside at the mass. In the *Macomais*, in France, they sometimes make use of a similar expedient, to dissipate destructive storms of hail or rain, by explosion of gunpowder. This experiment was first tried at Vorehard, by the marquis de Chevrier, a retired naval officer, who had got the hint at sea, by observing the effect which discharges of ordnance produced upon the atmosphere. It was found so beneficial, that, for several years, an annual appropriation of 1600 lbs. of gunpowder was made for that purpose.

CAUTION TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE CARE OF CHILDREN.—About a month since, the youngest daughter of Wm. Corder, porter to Messrs. Fuller, of Bridgewater, a healthy child of about four years of age, was brought home from school in a state of frenzy, brought on by being placed in a dark closet; a brain fever ensued, so violent a nature, that no endeavours of the medical attendant could subdue it, and on Wednesday morning the poor little sufferer was released from her violent agonies, by death.

Napoleon out of his Element.—The first consul could not set up pretensions to be a perfect equestrian, though on horseback he was daring to imprudence. Nor could it be said of him, according to the poet, that he "excelled in guiding a chariot to the goal." One day he was resolved to display his skill in the park of St. Cloud, by driving a calash four-in-hand, in which were Madame Bonaparte, her daughter, Madame Darc, Joseph Bonaparte, and the consular Cambreres. At the gate which separates the garden from the park, he struck against a post, lost his balance, and was thrown off to a considerable distance. He strove to rise, fell down again, and lost his recollection. The horses in the mean time, which had run away with the carriage, were stopped, and the ladies were lifted out almost ready to faint. With some difficulty the first consul came to himself, and continued the ride, but inside the carriage. He had received a slight contusion on the chin, and the right wrist had been a little hurt. On returning home, he said "I believe every one ought to keep to his own profession." He had Leplaire, Monge, and Berthollet, to dine with him. He conversed with them the whole evening, as if nothing had happened. Nevertheless, he owned that he never thought himself so near death as at this moment.—Hazlitt's Napoleon.

Some time ago, a lady at Pontefract, a connoisseur in zoological specimens of the canine tribe, purchased from an itinerant dog-dealer a beautiful little French poodle. His sparkling eyes, half hid amidst a profusion of silken curls, his glossy sides, and innocent gambols, made him the pet of the family. In a few weeks, however, the poor little fellow was observed to grow dull and stupid; he became snappish, refused his food, and ultimately crept into a corner, where, in spite of Blaine and brimstone balls, he gave up the ghost. The beauty of his silvery coat not being wholly spoiled, his mistress deter-

mined upon having him studied, and sent for an eminent artist to perform the operation, when it was discovered that the pet, instead of a French poodle, was an English mongrel, sewed up in a hide! An oversight, however, was committed, in not having him soon to hand; for the disorder seems to have been produced by the tightness of his outer garment. Similar impostures are not very uncommon. We have been told of a person in London who purchased a lot of exceedingly fine canary birds, which all proved, after a week's wear and washing, to be humble warblers dyed yellow. We have heard, moreover, of a creature being shown about at all the fairs of the metropolis, and which was discovered to be a shaved bear!—Hull Packet.

THE TALMUD.—The Jewish religion, as is generally known, is founded on two bases; the one is the written, the other the oral law. The written law is contained in the Bible; the oral law exists in that vast compilation called the Talmud. The translation of the Talmud into the French language has been undertaken by several Polish Hebraists. It will be preceded by an essay, entitled, *Theory of Judaism*, applied to the Reformation of the Jews.

Conversation.—Discourse creates a light within us, and dispels the gloom and confusion of the mind. A man, by tumbling his thoughts, and forming them into expressions, gives them a new kind of fermentation, which works them into a finer body, and makes them much clearer than they were before. A man is willing to strain a little for entertainment, and to furnish forth light and approbation. The very presence of a friend seems to inspire with new vigour. It raises fancy, and re-enforces reason, and gives the productions of the mind better colour and proportion. Conversation is like the discipline of drawing out and mastering; it acquires a man with his forces, and makes them better for service. Besides, there are many ways of giving hints and reinforcements in discourse, which, like the collision of hard bodies, makes the soul strike fire, and the imagination sparkle, effects not to be expected from a solitary endeavour. In a word, the advantage of conversation is such, that, for want of company a man might better talk to a post, than let his thoughts lie smothered and smothering in his head.—Jer. Collier.

MEXICAN CLEANLINES.—"I cannot think," said one of the belles, (this was a lady of particular nicety,) at a ball given by the foreigners, and so soon that many besides her partner heard her; "I cannot think why the Gentlemen admire Miss — so much! Do you know, she never washes her teeth? while I am quite uncomfortable if I don't wash mine twice a week, and with a brush too."—Travels in Mexico.

HUMAN NATURE.—A person was once talking before Dr. Cheyne, an acute Scotsman, of the excellence of human nature; "Hoot, hoot, moon," said the Doctor, "human nature is a rogue and a scoundrel; or why would it perpetually stand in need of laws and of religion?"

Filial Duty.—There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty, as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquillity of an aged parent. There are no tears which give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence as the tears of filial sorrow.

Patrick Henry.—Who was a devout man, left in his will the following testimony in favour of the Christian religion: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is, the Christian Religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

Dr. Johnson, was famous for disregarding public abuse, when criticised—surely these people are only advertising my books; it is better a man should be abused than forgotten.

"Many novels are injurious, as the poisoned pill is gilded, and the dagger braided with wreath of myrtle."

"The memory appears fonder of recollecting the foibles, than the virtues of men; and, whether from habit or natural depravity, the tales of vice are more perfectly remembered than the aphorisms of philosophers, or the precepts of religion.—Dr. Johnson.

"Women have most wit, men most genius; women observe, men reason."—Rousseau.

Good name, "is one of the few things which cannot be bought. It is the free gift of mankind which must be deserved, before it will be granted, and is at least unwillingly bestowed."—Dr. Johnson.

"Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer, which he delays to combat."

A man without secrecy, is an open letter for every one to read.—Fallax.

We may judge of men, by their conversation towards God, but never by God's dispensations towards them.—Palmer's Aphorisms.

The Three Stages of Life.—Youth is devoted to pleasure, middle age to ambition, and old age to avarice; and these are the three general principles to be found in mankind—sometimes ascending to honorable heights, and sometimes descending to dishonorable actions.—Addison.

Picture of Desolation.—I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded within the halls, and the voice of the people is now heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shakes there its lonely head—the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out at the window, the grass waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moira. Silence is in the house of her fathers.—Ossian.