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THE GARLAND.

THE NEGLECTED FLOWER.

On a Daisy which Dr. Carey, the celebrated Missionary, observed springing up at Calcutta, among some English earth thrown out with the refuse of a ship's cargo; and which he tended, and brought to perfect its flowers and seed annually, in India.

In a vessel of commerce, where merchants had gone, With their stores to an Indian strand, The seeds of a floweret unheeded were thrown, The sweetest that graces our land.

And commerce was fill'd with the gains which she sought, The good which she gives and receives, While the seeds of the floweret were lost and forgot, In the fragments which merchandise leaves.

But a pilgrim of England, a messenger come, To lead the dark heathen to light, Came past, and beheld, in the spring of its bloom, A stranger arise to his sight.

The floweret of home, the delight of the glade, That decked the green meads in youth, The flower he had loved, when in musings he prayed, To be sent on the message of truth.

There bloomed it before him—there stood, like a friend, Arrived to encourage his toil; And home and its glances arose to his mind In the fancies recalled by his smile.

He nourish'd it there, in that far foreign clime, Where its blossom so strangely began, And it ripen'd its seeds in the hour of its prime, Till its multitudes bloomed in the sun.

And it seemed like a sign, that to prophets was given, To cheer and enlighten the mind: An emblem it seem'd of the Gospel of Heaven, That light which he preached to the blind.

For the Gospel arrived as the floweret had done, In the train that with commerce is brought; On the shores of the East as by accident thrown, A seed unregarded, forgot.

But a blessing in secret attended the seed, The men would have hated its doom, And pilgrims were sent to attend on its seed, And it was in richness and bloom.

Now blooming unnumbered, it ripens its flowers, And spreads them abroad to the sun; And millions of souls shall be blest in its bowers, Though its growth with a grain was begun.

It is well known that the Missionaries first went to India an unregarded (and unheeded) part of the train which flowed thither with commerce and war. The effects which their presence is now producing, both on our own countrymen there, and on the natives, are well known.

LUCY'S FLIRTINGS.

To be sung to the Air of "Bonny Dundee."

Every lover of genuine Scotch Song must feel disgraced at the loss of the most melodious and beautiful of the Scotch songs which have of late deluged the English stage. Our friends in the South deem that all that is essential to a Scotch song is an allusion to a kilt or a claymore, and the termination of "bonnie" or "dandie." Accordingly, hundreds of compositions have poured out of late, in which neither the dialect is Scotch, nor the sentiment suited to the simplicity of a Scotch air. But what will not taste, or rather fashion, do! Even in our own country where the spirit of the words and of the music of our native songs should be most felt and appreciated, there is a grasping after these ephemeral productions. To rescue our fair readers from an error so gross and unparliamentary, we beg to lay before them the following "Lucy," which we have heard sung with much pleasure many years ago, and which has been brought into deserved notice by the Edinburgh Review, just published.—*Edinburgh paper.*

'Twas when the wan leaf of the birch tree was fallin', And Marjorie's dowry had wound up the year, That Lucy row'd her wee kist w' her ain, And left her wee mother, and neighbours to dear.

For Lucy had serv'd the glen o' the summer; She cum there afore the flow'r, bloom'd on the pen; An orphan was she, and had been gae'd till her, Sure that was the thing brought the tear in her ee.

She gae'd by the stable, where Jamie was stannin', Right sair was his kist bear the flittin' to see; For ye weel, Lucy! ye gae'd him, and ran in, The catheen's tears he kist fast frae her ee.

As down the burn side she gae'd slow w' her flittin', Fare ye weel, Lucy! it was ilka bird's sang; She heard the crow sayin', 'High on the tree sittin', And robin was chirpin' the brown leaves amang.

O what's that pits my poor heart in a flutter? And what gae's the tear come so fast to my ee? If I was ene catted to be ene better, Then what gae's me w' one better to be?

I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither; Nae mither nor fira' the poor lammie can see; I fear I lane left my heart a' heigher; Nae wonder the tear fa's so fast frae my ee.

W' the red o' my cheeks I have row'd on the ribbon, The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae'd me; Yestreen when he gae'd me, and saw I out sibbin', I'll never forget the wae blin' to his ee.

Tho' nae he said naething but Fare ye weel, Lucy! It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see; He could nae say nae, but just fare ye weel Lucy! Yet that I will mind to the day that I see.

The hand likes the gown w' she wae'd when she droukit; The hand likes the brake, and the hand on the sea; But Lucy likes Jamie—she turn'd and she lookit; She thought the dear place she would never see.

Ah! weel may young Jamie gae'd dowry and cheerless, And neel may he gae'd on the bank o' the burn! His bonnie sweet Lucy, she gae'd and she partless, Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!

THE MISCELLANIST.

IRISH INNS.

(From Barrington's Personal Sketches of his own times.)

An Irish Inn has been an eternal subject of ridicule to every writer upon the habits and appearance of my native country. It is true that, in the early period of my life, most of the Inns in Ireland were nearly of the same quality: a composition of slovenliness, bad meat, worse cooking, had a few vegetables (save the royal Irish potato)—but plenty of fire, eggs, smoked bacon, often excellent chickens, and occasionally, the best as soon as she had done hatching them—if you could chew her. They generally had capital claret, and plenty of civility in all its ramifications.

The poor people did their best to entertain their guests but did not understand their trade; and even had it been otherwise, they have neither furniture, nor money, nor credit, nor cattle, nor customers enough to keep things going well together. There were then no post-houses nor carriages consequently, very little travelling in Ireland; and if there had been, the ruts and holes would have rendered thirty miles a day a good journey. Yet I verily believe, on the whole, that the people in general were happier, at least they appeared vastly more contented, than at present. I certainly never met with so bad a thing in Ireland, as the "Red Cow" in John Bull; for, whenever I might have seen the quality, there was plenty of something or other always to be had at the inn, to assuage hunger and thirst,

The best description I ever recollect to have heard of an Irish inn, its incidents and appurtenances, was in a sort of medley sung and spoken by the present Sir Chas. Vernon, when he had some place in the Lord Lieutenant's establishment at Dublin Castle; it was delivered by him to amuse the company after supper, and was an excellent piece of mimicry. He took up ducks, geese, pigs, chickens—the cook and the landlady—the guests, &c. to the greatest possible perfection. One anecdote respecting an Irish inn, may, with modifications, give some idea of others at that period. A Mrs. Moll Harding kept the *best* inn at Bettyboro, close to my father's house. I recollect to have heard a passenger (they are very scarce there) telling her, "that his sheets had not been aired." With great civility, Moll Harding begged his honor's pardon, and said—"they certainly were and must have been aired; for there was not a gentleman came to the house the last fortnight that had not slept in them."

Another incident which occurred in an Irish inn, is a story for good food, much more firmly impressed on my recollection, and may give a hint worth having to some curious travellers in their peregrinations to Kerry, Killarney, &c.

The late Earl Farnham had a most beautiful demesne at a village called Newcom Barry, County Wexford. It was a choice spot, and his lordship resided in a very small house in the village. He was always so obliging as to make me dine with him on my circuit journey; and I slept at the little inn—in those days a very poor one indeed.

The day of my arrival was, on one occasion, wet, and a very large assemblage of baristers were necessitated to put up with any accommodation they could get—I was sure of a good dinner; but every bed was engaged. I dined with Lord F., took my wine merrily, and adjourned to the inn, determined to sit up all that night at the kitchen fire. I found every one of my brethren in bed, the maid-servant full of good liquor, and the man who declared she could not think of permitting my honor to sit up; and if I would accept of their little snug carpet bed, by the fire-side, I should be warm and comfortable. This arrangement I thought a most agreeable one; the bed was let down from the niche, into which it had been folded up, and in a few minutes, I was in a comfortable slumber.

My first sensation in the morning was, however, one which it is not in my power to describe now, because I could not do so five minutes after it was over; suffice it to say, I found myself in a state of suffocation, with my head down, and my feet upward! I had neither time nor power for reflection; I attempted to cry out, but that was impossible; the agonies of death, I supposed, were coming on me, and some convulsive effort made a super-saturated strength, that probably saved me from a most inglorious and whimsical demise. On a sudden, I felt my position change; and, with a crash, sounding to me like thunder, down the bed and I came upon the floor. I then felt that I had the power of little articulation, and cried out "murder!" with such vehemence as I was able. The man, woman, and maid, by this time all sober, came running into the room together. The woman joined me in crying out "murder!" the maid alone knew the cause of my disaster, and ran for the apothecary, to bleed me. I hid, however, my real state, after large draughts of cold water, and obtained some relief to grieve at my situation.

The maid having been drunk when I went to bed, on awaking just at break of day to begin to set all matters to rights, and perceiving her master and mistress already up, had totally forgotten the cause of my disaster; the maid alone knew the cause of my disaster, and ran for the apothecary, to bleed me. I hid, however, my real state, after large draughts of cold water, and obtained some relief to grieve at my situation.

A CHILN—is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and such handling dyes and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper, unscrubbed with observations of the world, wherewith, at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all; and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and entice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young apprentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father bath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath out-lived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his purity, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.—*Bishop Barlet.*

The populosity of the Chinese empire may be judged by one conclusive fact. The junks upon the rivers are said literally to cover their surface. Nor do these afford habitation only to the persons sufficient to navigate them—the wives and families of the officers and soldiers reside with them constantly aboard. There many of them are born, and all of them spend their lives. Every shore to them is foreign, and the earth an element on which they venture but occasionally. Sir George Staunton mentions that upon the decks of the largest long range of apartments erected, containing several families. It was calculated that every one of these vessels contained 50 persons. The Embassy in passing up the river counted at least 4000 of them—thus containing 20,000. It was estimated that 50,000 were employed in the other craft of the river—so that upon this branch 100,000 inhabitants were employed.

CRIM. CON. EXTRAORDINARY.—A sailor who had been bred to the sea from his infancy, happening to come on shore to see his friends, met with a young woman to whom he paid his addresses, and in a short time afterwards they were married. They lived together very happily, till the time arrived when he tar was to sail for India. About three months after the sailor's departure, his wife attracted the notice of a young lawyer of the Temple, who, by presents, soon obtained her consent to live with him. The sailor returned to England on Sunday last, and the first thing he learnt was the infidelity of his wife. He asked a friend how he was to act, who told him he ought to bring an action against the lawyer for crim. con. The honest tar, who understood the meaning of no other action than *action a sea*, promised to pursue his friend's advice, and to show his enemy warm work. Accordingly, yesterday morning, he provided himself with a large oak stick, and sallied forth to the lawyer's chambers. As soon as he saw him, he told him who he was, and the purpose for which he had paid him a visit; and without further ceremony, gave him such a severe discipline that he will not be able to stir out of his bed for at least a month to come. The tar then carried his wife off in triumph; and as soon as he got her into the square, he gave three cheers, to the no small entertainment of several spectators.—*London paper.*

METEOROLOGY.—An interesting and able investigation into the supposed changes in the meteorological consti-

guished—and the earthquake itself, that shakes the foundations of the earth and swallows up whole nations in its yawning womb, is but the convulsion of a day. But we behold the ceaseless fall of that torrent, which has held on its raging course from the beginning of time, and will continue to its latest close—which knows no rest, no stop, no change—by night and by day, in storm and in sunshine—the same in every moment of the past and the future—yesterday, to-day, & for ever.—*Rome in the 19th Century.*

SKETCH OF HAVAI.—This island is the second in magnitude, and one of the richest in the West Indies. Columbus discovered it, and gave it the name of Hispaniola; it afterwards received that of St. Domingo, and is now called Havai, or high land. It was wholly possessed by the Spaniards during a hundred and twenty years, under whose misrule the inhabitants endured injustice and cruelty in every form. They so rapidly wasted away, that one million were in the first fifty years of their subjection reduced to sixty thousand; and to supply this waste of population, negroes were at different times transported from Africa, to endure tyranny and cruelty from white men and pretended Christians. In 1795, the French got possession of this valuable island, and in 1801, a hundred thousand blacks were in arms, endeavouring to break their chains on the heads of their oppressors. It is now a free and independent country, and in a state of considerable prosperity.

Since the negro and colored population gained their independence, they have been steadily improving, amidst frequent reverses, to establish a regular and independent government; and under circumstances of difficulty, with confined resources, labouring to improve their agriculture, to repair an exhausted population, to form commercial connections, and to introduce a knowledge of the arts and sciences; thus laudably endeavouring to lay the foundation of an empire which may, perhaps, be compared hereafter with nations the most celebrated for their civilization and refinement.—*Lon. paper.*

A CHILN—is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and such handling dyes and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper, unscrubbed with observations of the world, wherewith, at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all; and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and entice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young apprentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father bath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath out-lived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his purity, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.—*Bishop Barlet.*

THE REFLECTOR.

RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES. By a Layman.

Every body has heard of Sermons written by Sir Walter Scott, and of course every body must be curious to know how this distinguished writer has succeeded in a department of literature so different from all those to which he has previously devoted himself. For this reason, and as he has presented a few extracts from these compositions. They are the result of the circumstances that led to their being written, it is obvious they could not be, strongly characterised by the genius of the writer. They were written by the solicitation of a young friend, in want of a church, who thought that by furnishing a prospect of Sir Walter Scott, he would gain more reputation than he was likely to do by bringing forward any thing of his own. Sir Walter was quite aware of this object, and in order to give verisimilitude to the mediocrity of his own authorship, successfully "bridled" in his struggling Muse. The compositions, therefore, though no doubt well written, and superior to anything which the young candidate himself could have produced, are nevertheless distinguished by no peculiar splendour of thought, language, or imagery, but are such as might, without any violent stretch of faith in the hearers, be readily ascribed to him by whom they were delivered. This is what was intended, and this is what has been accomplished. It is also, therefore, to talk of these Lay Sermons as "an attempt" of Sir Walter Scott in a new walk of literature. They were merely, in the first instance, a proof of his benevolence; and their publication, which was solicited as an additional favour, is only a new example of his extraordinary goodness.

With these few remarks, we borrow the following extracts from the columns of a contemporary (*the Saturday Post*), with one or two of whose connecting remarks we have also made free.

The first discourse is entitled, "The Christian and the Jewish Dispensations compared," and from them we wish to draw out the following extracts: "I think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil" he takes occasion to show that the former did not destroy the latter, but perfect and complete it. After proving that "Jesus preached to his disciples and to the Jews in general the fulfilment of the law, by showing them in what the spirit and efficacy of the Mosaic institutions actually consisted," he thus proceeds:

"In this sense, therefore, as a commentator on the law, and addressing himself to those who were born under its dispensation, did Jesus come, not to destroy, but to fulfil it; not to take away the positive prohibitions of good evil, but to extend that prohibition against the entertainment of angry and evil thoughts, which are the parents of such actions; not to diminish the interdiction against violence and malevolence, but to enlarge it into a positive precept, enjoining to benevolence in action, and resignation in suffering. At the same time our Saviour taught the inferior value of that compliance with the forms of the ritual which insisted on by the Pharisees, when placed in competition with the practice of the virtues enjoined by the law; and that reconciliation with an offended brother was a duty preferable even to the offering up of a gift, although the devout ceremonial was already commanded by the law laid upon the altar. In a word, our Saviour taught his disciples such a fulfilment of the law as might in spirit and effect far exceed the dry, formal, literal compliance of which hypocrites showed themselves capable, for the eternal purpose of raising themselves in the opinion of others, and he sealed his interpretation with the awful denunciation, 'Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven.' The second discourse is grounded on the first Psalm. It is entitled the "Blessedness of the Righteous." An excellent example of Sir Walter's mode of illustrating this most beautiful of the Psalmist's "divine hymns," is supplied by the following quotations:—

"Nor shall he, whom the Psalmist describes, in the seat of the scornful. There is a grave and delusive rea-

soning which causes to err—there is an example of sin which is more seductive than sophistry—but there is a third, and to many dispositions a yet more formidable mode of seduction, arising from evil communication. It is the fear of ridicule, a fear so much engraven on our nature, that many shrink with apprehension from the laugh of scorners, who could refute their arguments, resist their example, and defy their violence. These last never been so stout or so arrogant in which this formidable weapon has been more actively employed by the Christian faith than our own day. With such ridicule have formed the polemic sauce with which intellects have seasoned their abstract reasoning, and voluptuaries the spirituous masses of pollution, which they have spread unobtrusively before the public. It is a weapon suited to the character of the apostate spirit which, such as we conceive him to be—loving nothing, boasting nothing, feeling neither the enthusiasm of religion nor of praise, but striving to debate all that is excellent, and degrade all that is noble and sublime, by cold irony and contemptuous sneering.

The third verse describes, by a beautiful eastern simile, the advantages with which the forbearance from ill counsel, from the company of sinners, and from the mirth of scoffers and blasphemers, must needs be attended: And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in his season; his leaf shall not wither; and whatsoever he doth shall prosper.

"It is one point of view, this striking promise may be supposed to refer to temporal blessings, which, under the theocracy of the Jews, were more directly and more frequently held forth as the reward of the righteous, than under the dispensation of the gospel. We must own, also, that even in our times, the estimation of the means of procuring temporal prosperity to his votaries. The more a man meditates upon God's law, the more he feels it his duty to render his life useful to his fellow creatures. And a true piety, approved by a devoted course, public spirit, the estimation created by a blameless conduct, and the general respect which even the profane bear to a man of conscience and honesty, often elevate to eminence: and happily is it for the land when such are its princes and governors, or are possessors and distributors of its wealth and felicity. But though this be true, we shall not grossly if we consider temporal felicity to be held forth as being either the appropriate or the unvaried reward of righteousness. Were this the case, a earthly, inadequate, and merely transient reward, would be unworthy of spiritual merit; and were it to be the certain and unvaried consequence of a due discharge of religious duties, I fear that though the banks of our Jordan might be more thickly studded than at present with trees fair and flourishing in outward appearance, the core of many would be tainted with rottenness; or, without a metaphor, men who were not openly profane would drive a trade with their religion, under the mask of piety.

It is safer, therefore, to view the blessed state of the righteous, as consisting of that calm of the mind, which no one can enjoy without the applause of his own conscience, and the humble confidence in which, with unshaken faith and hope, the good man throws himself in the protection of Providence. His leaves wither not, but cloth him as well in the winter of adversity, as in the spring and summer of prosperity, are goodly and comforting reflections, that in whatever state he is called to, he is discharging the part destined for him by an affectionate and omnipotent Father; and his innumerable fruits rendered in their season, are good and pious thoughts towards God, kind and generous actions towards his fellow creatures, sanctified, because rendered in the spirit and with the humble faith of a Christian.

Another short extract is all that we can make room for:—

"But as prosperity in this life is neither the genuine nor the certain reward of the righteous, so neither is temporal adversity the constant requital of the ungodly. On the contrary, we have seen the wicked great in power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree; yet could we have looked into his bosom at that moment of prosperity, how true we should have found the words of the psalmist! The sophistry which he borrows from the councils of the ungodly gives no assistance of happiness, and leads him to no solid or stable conclusion; the will which the scorner treads him to glass and clear, his ill opinions has lost its brilliancy—behind him there is remorse: before him there is a whirl of care, the goal is fast moored on the Rock of Ages, he is in a stormy sea without a chart, without a compass, without a pilot. The perturbed reasoning, the secret fears, the uneasiness of his mind, make his thoughts indeed like the chaff which the wind drives to and fro, being as vanity and profitless as they are changeable and uncertain."

The following animated tribute to the genius of a youthful Poet, is copied from the *London Times*:

"THE OMBREMENT was a new, very original and impressive subject, has not more rapidly than his great and successful, arrived at a second edition. The work is deservedly, by permission, to the Lord Bishop of London, and in every respect, worthy the countenance and protection of that elevated dignitary. The author is, we understand, a very young man; but, in his production, he has displayed a depth and maturity of thought, a strength and justness of reasoning, which would do honour to any writer of the present day. His versification combines, in an extraordinary degree, energy and elegance; his figures are beautifully appropriate—they are never introduced merely at the suggestion of fancy; but are called in to illustrate some feeling of the mind, or some affection of the heart. A glowing spirit of fervid devotion distinguishes the whole work. In every page we find—

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

"The author appears to have felt that he stood in the presence of Him whose greatness he was celebrating; to him he has prayed for inspiration, and from Him he has received it. He describes with felicitous effect the presence of the Deity in all times and places—in the glare of day, and in the darkness of night; in the storms of winter, in the mild breath of spring in the gorgeous glory of summer, in the fruition of autumn. The all seeing eye is never closed; penetrates our most secret thoughts; it views our most covert designs; it is fixed on us when we are born—it marks us during youth, manhood, and old age—and when the death-bed scene arrives, it is still fixed on us. The author has inculcated this principle with force and slight worthy of the theme; he calls on his fellow men, eloquently and affectionately, never to let the fact escape from their memory, that the Deity is ever present; and he argues, that where such a feeling exists, it must check the growth of evil, counteract the tendency of human nature to vice, and extend the empire of virtue. A purer body of ethics we have never read, and he who could persevere without emotion, clothed as it is in the grateful garb of poetry, must have a very cold and insensible heart."

"There are several small Poems attached to the volume, which possess great merit. That entitled 'The Crucifixion' cannot be read without emotion.

Happiness is a plant which only flourishes in the temperate zone of the passions.

Death opens the door to fame, and closes it to envy; it breaks the chain of the captive, and places the destiny of the slave in the hands of a new master.

Have peace with all men, war with all vices, and concord with thyself. Make thy works agree with thy thought, thy actions with thy words, and thy desire with thy actions.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age; it is paid with interest, about thirty-years after date.—*St. Julian's Letters.*

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