

# The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

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## THE GARLAND.

### LINES.

Composed on the Baptism of one of his Children, and on the Funeral of another, by the late Rev. LEON RICHMOND, A. M.

### THE SALUTATION.

Welcome dear babe! to Jesu's breast,  
For ever there securely rest;  
Welcome to these courts below,  
Here may our God his Grace bestow.  
Lord! sanctify this solemn hour,  
Thy Spirit on Thine offspring pour!  
Fulfill Thy promise to our child,  
May she in Christ be reconciled!

These holy waters now proclaim  
Redemption free in Jesu's name;  
Each sprinkled drop becomes a seal  
Of that salvation which we feel.  
Behold th' afflicted infant weep,  
Fear has disturbed her gentle sleep;  
Weep not dear babe! All others smile,  
And love, and bless thee, all the while.  
Grant Lord! if spared, the time may come  
When summoned to thy heavenly home,  
(Tho' all around her weep and sigh),  
In smiles triumphant she may die!

Receive this helpless babe, we pray,  
And seal her to Redemption's day;  
Mansions of bliss may she inherit,  
The gift of Father, Son and Spirit!

### THE ELEGY.

Hark! how the angels, as they fly,  
Sing thro' the regions of the sky,  
Bearing an infant in their arms  
Securely freed from life's alarms.  
— Welcome, dear babe! to Jesu's breast,  
For ever there in joy to rest;  
Welcome to Jesu's courts above,  
To sing thy great Redeemer's love!  
We left you heavens, and flew to earth,  
To watch thee at thy mortal birth;  
Obdient to thy Saviour's will,  
We stayed to love, and guard thee still.  
We thy protecting Angels, came  
To see thee blessed in Jesu's name,  
When the Baptismal seal was given,  
To mark thee child! an heir of Heaven!  
When the restless call of Death  
Bade thee resign thy infant breath,  
When parents wept, and thou didst smile,  
We were thy guardians all the while.  
Now with the lightning's speed, we bear  
The child committed to our care,  
With anthems, such as Angels sing,  
We fly to thee to our King.

Thus swiftly borne, he flies to rest:  
We know 'tis well—nay more! 'tis best!  
When we our pilgrim's path have trod,  
O! may we find him with our God!

## THE MISCELLANIST.

### THE ARTIST AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

The following laughable story, though the circumstance happened some time ago, has not, that we know, yet got into print. It will afford some amusement to the lovers of fun. At the time when the disclosure of the atrocities of the monsters Burke and Hare painfully engrossed the public attention, an artist residing in the immediate neighbourhood of Soho-square had occasion to advertise for a man servant, who, in addition to the usual requisites "honesty and sobriety," was to be "from the country." One morning a raw country lad presented himself as a candidate for the vacant situation, and was shown into the artist's painting-room. Our readers of course know that this apartment in an artist's house is in general very gloomy, the light being admitted only through a small portion of the upper part of one window, whilst all the other casements, if there be any, are kept perfectly closed. Upon being left alone in this dark room, (for the artist whom we shall call Mr. W. was not present) some feelings of uneasiness began to steal upon the countryman's mind, whose vague and incipient apprehensions were not diminished by a closer observation of the apartment. The first object that arrested his attention was the easel, which unluckily happened at this time to have no canvass upon it to denote its use; and which to his excited imagination appeared an instrument of torture. Carrying his investigation further, he perceived in a corner of the room a canvass cloth spread over an object, which from its form evidently could be nothing but a human body. This was what the artists call a lay figure—a perfect representation of the human figure, which they employ as a model when it may be inconvenient or unnecessary to procure a living model. It now occurred to the poor fellow that he had been decoyed into the house for the purpose of being "Burked," and that the canvass cloth covered the body of some wretched victim, who had just been murdered and not yet removed. Filled with this horrid idea, he endeavoured to open the door by which he had entered, but found it fastened. He then crept softly to another door, which was glazed, and covered with a curtain. Drawing the curtain aside he beheld a spectacle which seemed to offer the verification of his worst fears. He saw Mr. W. in the anti-room, holding in his hand a large knife, covered with blood, and a dish full of the vital stream standing by him. Mr. W. was mixing up lake, and the knife he used was a palette-knife. When the countryman recovered from the momentary stupor into which this spectacle had thrown him, he determined to attempt his escape from a place, which he conceived to be no better than a human slaughter-house. Watching therefore, the opportunity when Mr. W.'s back was turned, he opened the door suddenly, rushed out, struck the artist a blow on the head, which brought him to the ground, and then, passing out by another door, made his way down stairs with all the speed in his power. Mr. W. who happens to be deaf, as well as to labour under an impediment in speaking, was not aware of the proximity of the countryman until he felt the blow which knocked him down. In falling he broke the plate containing the colour, which became smeared over his hands and clothes. Mr. W. conceiving that the man had been robbing

him, pursued him instantly down stairs, and overtook him in the passage, where a struggle ensued between them. The countryman, who supposed that his life depended upon his exertions at that moment, put forth all his energies, and having overcome the artist, he ran out in the street screaming "Burke" and "murder." In the scuffle some of the crimson from Mr. W.'s person was communicated to that of the clown, and gave some colour to the dreadful cries which he uttered. Of course a mob soon followed at his heels, until, overpowered by terror and exhaustion, he sank down in Soho-square. At this moment the artist ran up, and was about to seize him. The sight of his tormentor, "steeped in the colours of his trade," and his knife "unmanly brenched in gore," and the poor countryman into fresh agonies. He appealed to the bystanders for protection against the artist, who he said was in the habit of killing a dozen men every day, and now wished to despatch him. Appearances were against the artist. He was immediately seized, and cries of "Burke him!" resounded on all sides. Some of the crowd, in the height of their indignation, proposed to sacrifice him on the spot with his own knife; but others, more knowing, thought it better that, for the sake of example, he should undergo the ceremony of trial previous to execution;—his death, however, with or without law, was a thing determined. Nothing can be imagined greater than the astonishment of the artist at being taken into custody under such extraordinary circumstances, and unfortunately being, as before stated, afflicted with an impediment in his speech, his abortive attempts at explanation were looked upon as so many proofs of his guilt. He was being dragged off to Bow-street, when some of his neighbours interfered on his behalf, and endeavoured to explain the mistake.—With considerable difficulty the mob was persuaded to carry the artist to his own house; but it was not till a deputation from the crowd had inspected the premises and tasted the colour, that they satisfied themselves that it was not blood, that he was set at liberty.

MARSHAL NEY.—At the battle of Borodino, or, as the French call it, of the Moskwa, the most sanguinary in modern times, the bravest of the brave surpassed himself, and nobly earned the princely title with which his imperial master rewarded him on the field. But the most valuable service he ever rendered France was in the deplorable retreat from Moscow. His station was in the rear—the post of danger and of honor—and he was the chief, if not (excepting Napoleon himself) the only hope of the troops. In the story of this flight, for such it was, every thing is so wonderful that posterity would disbelieve the details if one contemporary voice had been raised against them. That with a handful of worn-out followers, destitute of every necessary, he should repel the assaults and arrest the progress of untired, well provided, and countless legions; that, while his heroic little band was daily diminished by hunger, cold, lassitude, he should yet bid defiance to the whole Russian host: in a word, that Ney's desperate valour should have secured the escape of any remnant of the grand army must ever command the astonishment of the world. At one time, after leaving Krasnoi, the whole Russian army lay between him and Napoleon; but, though he had only three thousand men, he resolved to cut his way through the intervening legions. When summoned by Mioradovich to capitulate, "A marshal of France never surrenders!" was his only reply, as he fearlessly led his devoted companions against the destructive batteries of the Lozmina. He then made a circuit at midnight to the banks of the Dnieper, which he crossed on blocks of ice, in spite of all opposition, and, finally, with fifteen hundred men, joined the emperor. Well might Napoleon be unable to find language sufficient to express his admiration of the hero: "What a man! what a soldier! what a vigorous chief!" While he still feared that the marshal had fallen into the hands of the Russians he declared that he would willingly give three millions of francs for his ransom. His joy may well be conceived when Ney returned and received his embrace. The latter had soon afterwards the undivided honor of saving the wreck of this once mighty host at the passage of the Berezina. The story of Waterloo need not be repeated here. We shall only observe that on no occasion did the bravest of the brave exhibit more impetuous, though hopeless valour. Five horses were shot under him; his garments were pierced with balls; his whole person was disfigured with blood and mud, yet he would have continued the contest on foot while life remained, had he not been forced from the field by the dense and resistless columns of the fugitives.—*Murray's Family Library.*

THE SEA CAT.—This fish is progressively disappearing from the shores of the Frith of Forth, to the great satisfaction of the fishermen. It bears a striking resemblance to the land cat, in the head—it is as well provided with a series of formidable rows of teeth as the shark, and it is so fierce and ferocious, that it will seize an oar or boat-hook, or even a bar of iron, and hold on, till fairly pulled out of the water.—They have frequently been taken four feet in length, and those of that large size, when hauled into the boat, uniformly make at the fishermen, with outstretched jaws, and being remarkably tenacious of life, they continue to struggle till they are killed by numberless heavy blows. Such strong and formidable creatures are dreadfully destructive among the fishing apparatus, and from their uncouth and repulsive appearance, they are nearly unseizable. Unusually as it is, the sea cat, when skinned, cut up into thin slices, and properly fried, is as white as the turbot, and preferable in the taste. They are very seldom seen in the market at Edinburgh, and the few who know their value,

and disregard their appearance, get rare bargains, as they seldom bring a half penny a pound. In the 'Life of Calamy,' just published, it is said, 'Among other fish, of which I once partook at Leith, there was one I had neither seen nor heard of before, a sea cat. I could have been well enough satisfied with the sight of it as a curiosity, without tasting it, but was over-persuaded by the good company, and found it an admirable fish, rather beyond a turbot. I inquired whether they had any way of preserving such a creature alive, so that it might be brought by sea into England, but was told that it had been tried several times to no purpose. To inland readers it must appear strange that a fish of such excellent quality is sold so cheap, that it is hardly worth bringing to market, even from Newhaven, though the distance is only two miles and a half.—*Scotsman.*

MOTIONS OF ANIMALS.—Animal motion is wonderful, though, from its perpetually meeting the eye we take little account of it. The pholis (a shell-fish) has the power of performing the hardest marble by means of a fleshy substance, apparently no way suited to so laborious an employment. It increases its cell as it increases its size, and constitutes a perfect example of the first rudiments of animal motion. The only impulse an oyster possesses, arises out of its power of opening and shutting its shell. The muscle moves by means of a muscular substance, resembling a tongue. The crab moves sideways, and the waterfly swims upon its back. The serpent undulates, and the lion-ant moves backwards; it has no power to make the smallest inclination forwards. Marine birds can walk, run, fly, and swim. Some animals can only walk, others gallop; the horse performs all these motions. The tiger and the crocodile dart; the reindeer runs but never gallops. The armadillo walks swiftly, but can neither run nor leap; while the great ant-eater climbs much better than it can walk. The sloth is a large animal, and yet can travel only fifty paces in a day; an elk will run a mile and a half in 7 minutes; an antelope, a mile a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that. An eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. MAN has the power of initiating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has in maturity and health 60 bones in his legs and thighs, 62 in his arms and hands, 60 in his head, and 67 in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles in the structure of his body, and his heart has 3,840 pulsations in the space of an hour.—*Buck's Harmonies of Nature.*

THE DULL TIMES.—The dullness of the times is a constant topic of conversation. We hear of it in every corner and see its effects in every countenance. The state of commerce abroad is much the same as at home. Here we hear of failures and rumors of failures. Yet the banks are said to have plenty of money, and interest is not high. The want of confidence is too apparent in the walks of commerce at the present moment. This has arisen from the disasters to trade, growing out of the interminable discussions on commercial legislation. Commerce is a sensitive leaf. The least approach of certain bodies agitates its surface and unsettles its accustomed channels.

There is, however, another evil with which our commercial cities are afflicted. The crowd that presses forward into commerce is too great. If a farmer's eldest son happens to say a bright thing, his mother strokes his head and prings him; he must one day be a lawyer, a doctor, or a merchant in New-York. He grows up panting for Broadway, and dreaming over the delights of Pearl-street. He leaves as soon as he reaches a certain age, the green fields and healthy air of his native valley—and precipitates himself into a crowd of competitors behind the counters of Maiden Lane or at the desks of Pearl or South-street. [Queer—Is the evil confined to New-York?]—Commercial pursuits are ever stocked. In other commercial countries, they are in a similar condition, but they possess not the remedy that we have. If any one becomes unfortunate in business in this country, he can always turn farmer. No one need fear misfortune, if his health, industry, and ordinary discretion remain. He can go to the West—turn farmer—he an active man, and in a few years, he will be figuring in the halls of the national or state legislature. We have hundreds in this great city, who never can expect to make a figure—who are supplanted by rivals at every turning—who feel severely the effects of vicissitudes in trade. In Western New-York—in Ohio—in the interior of almost every state—such persons by limiting their desires to a simpler standard of living, might even become millionaires. Squires, Judges, Senators, Congressmen. Fathers of seven sons, and Grandfathers of their fifty or one hundred descendants. Let them remain struggling in New-York and what is the result? They will run the gauntlet through Wall-street every other morning—puffing and blowing like a porpoise—and trying to raise money at one per cent. a month. But let them get to the country and in a few years they will, if industrious, sit in their own orchard—drink their own cider—cut their own apple pies, and give themselves no trouble about tariff—anti-tariff—dull times and troublesome duns.—*N. Y. Courier.*

STEAM POWER.—The following extract from Mr. Jefferson's Memoirs, is particularly interesting in this age of steam. It forms part of a letter from Mr. J. to Mr. Charles Thompson, dated Paris, Dec. 17, 1786: "P. S. Since writing the preceding, I have had a conversation on the subject of the steam-mills with the famous Boulton, to whom those of London belong, and who is here at this time. He compares the effect of steam with that of horses in the following manner:—Six horses, aided with the most advantageous combination

of the mechanical powers hitherto tried, will grind six bushels of flour in an hour, at the end of which time they are all in a foam, and must rest. They can thus work six hours in the twenty-four, grinding 36 bushels of flour, which is six to each horse for the 24 hours. His steam-mill in London consumes 120 bushels of coal in 24 hours, turns ten pairs of stones, which grind eight bushels of flour in an hour each, which is 1920 bushels in the 24 hours. This makes a peck and a half of coal perform exactly as much as a horse in one day can perform."

POVERTY OF THE RICH!—The remarks which follow, from Brown's "Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times," are worthy the attention of all men of capital:—"The natural effect of an increase of wealth, is an increase of luxury, vanity and expense: which, if it outrun the increase of wealth, as in its nature it tends to do, instead of riches, will bring on public poverty: for the ability or wealth of a people considered in their capacity for raising supplies, consists not in the largeness of their income, but in the proportion of their expenses to their income. It consists not in 'what they have,' but 'what they can spare.' Hence it appears, that a nation may be at once very rich, and very poor: rich in income, but poor through extravagance. And as extravagance is the natural effect of an overflow of wealth, so national indigence is its most natural and final consequence."

PRECIOUS RELIC OF ORATORY.—When Christina, Queen of Sweden, intimated her intention to resign the crown to her successor, she was addressed first by the Nobility and Gentry, and afterwards by the peasants, to renounce her intention. She was seated on her throne, to receive them all. When the turn of the peasants came, a plain lusty man, with clouted shoes, and a staff in his hand, came forward to the throne. He stretched out his right hand, and without any ceremony, spoke as follows:—"O Lord God, Madam, what do you mean to do? It troubles us to hear you talk of forsaking those who love you so well as we do. You, my good Lady, are Queen of all these countries, and if so you leave this great kingdom, where, in God's name, can you get such another? Oh Lord! my Lady, I pray you think better on't, and pray keep your crown on your Royal head. If you lay it down, you will endanger all. Continue to be the fore horse, as long as you live, and we will help you to bear the burden. We are not willing to part with you, and therefore, I pray, Madam, do not part with us—don't for God's sake!" When the orator had concluded his speech, he walked up to the Queen, without any ceremony, took her by the hand and shook it heartily, then taking his staff back to her, he pulled out of his pocket a foul handkerchief, and wiped the tears from his eyes, and in the same posture as he came up he returned to his place again.

CHANGES OF MANNERS.—The following is from the pen of Captain Grose, the eminent antiquary, who died in the year 1791, at the age of 60; it was written about the year 1782:—"I am a man of little more than 50 years of age, and yet I have nearly outlived a variety of systems and manners. When I was a young man, there existed in the families of most unmarried men or widowers, of the rank of gentlemen, residents in the country, a certain antiquated female, either a maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or cousin. Her dress consisted of a stiff starched cap and hood, a little hoop, and a rich silk damask gown, with large flowers, she leaned on an ivory-headed crutch cane, and was followed by a fat phlegmick dog, usually of the pug kind, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, and occasionally biting their heels with impunity. By the side of this good old lady jingled a bunch of keys, securing in different closets and corner cupboards all sorts of cordial waters, cherry and raspberry brandy, washes for the complexion, Duffy's elixir, a rich seed cake, a number of pots of current jelly and phials, containing physic for the use of the poor neighbours. The daily business of this good lady was to scold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkeys, &c."

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.—About half an hour after the action (Navarin) had commenced, two boys, Fisher and Anderson, the one about 14 years of age, the other about 12, both servants to the officers in the ward room, were standing on the after hatch way gratings, nearly abreast of the gun I was quartered at, on the lower deck. They were both fine-looking boys, neatly dressed in jacket and trousers. Fisher, indeed, was the most interesting boy I ever saw. His cheeks were blooming with health, and his large black eyes were shaded by long black curled hair. They were standing, as I said, on the gratings, hand-in-hand, and employed in waving their little straw hats, and raising their voices amidst the cheers of our men. I was loading the gun, and not a moment before, had cried to Fisher, to go to the fore magazine for some tubes, when a shrill shriek sounded in my ears, and turning round, I saw Fisher a lifeless corpse. Anderson had also fallen wounded, but not mortally; his right leg was nearly cut across, and one of his arms was hurt in several places. But it was not himself he cared for. He crawled to the corpse of Fisher, and burying his head in his companion's bosom, uttered the most piercing cries I ever heard. Another and I was ordered to take him to the cock-pit. We found Fisher had been struck by a shot on the back of the head. A smile was still on his lips, and his cheeks were ruddy as ever. It was with great difficulty, we could separate little Anderson from the body of his comrade. He implored us not to take his "dear Ned" from him. Sur-

rounded as we were with death and danger, it was impossible not to be affected at this scene; but we were obliged to use force and tear him away. The poor boy's sufferings were not completed, for as he was being taken to the cockpit, a splinter struck his right arm and broke it. Fisher was laid among the common heap of slain, to await a watery grave.—*Life on board a Man of War.*

CHOICE OF A TUTOR.—In advising Lord Peterborough respecting the choice of a tutor for his son, Mr. Locke says finely and wisely:—"I must beg leave to own, that I differ a little from your lordship in what you propose; your lordship would have a thorough scholar, and I think it not much matter whether he be any great scholar or no; if he but understand Latin well, and have a general scheme of the sciences, I think that enough; but I would have him well-bred, well-tempered; a man that, having been conversant with the world, and amongst men, would have great application in observing the humor and genius of my lord your son; and omit nothing that might help to form his mind and dispose him to virtue, knowledge, and industry. This I look upon as the great business of a tutor; this putting life into the pupil, which, when he has got, masters of all kinds are easily to be had; for when a young gentleman has got a relish of knowledge, the love and credit of doing well spur him on; he will, with or without teachers, make great advances in whatever he has a mind to. Mr. Newton learned his mathematics only of himself."

With the reading of history, I think the study of morality should be joined; I mean not the ethics of the schools fitted to dispute, but such as Tully in his Offices, Puffendorf's de Officio Hominis et Civis, de Jure Naturæ et Gentium, and, above all, what the New Testament teaches, wherein a man may learn to live, which is the business of ethics, and not how to define and dispute about names of virtues and vices. True politics I look upon as a part of moral philosophy, which is nothing but the art of conducting men right in society, and supporting a community amongst its neighbours.—*Lord King's Life of John Locke.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY, the poet, a man whose moral influence at Sheffield, effects as much as a hundred thousand pounds effects in towns less intellectual, was originally a shop boy at Wath, and came to Sheffield as clerk to Gales, the bookseller. On the flight of Gales he succeeded to his newspaper; but within three or four years, was twice imprisoned. The world will require no description of Mr. Montgomery's works, but a more single hearted man does not exist. He resides with the maiden sisters of Joseph Gales, who kept a bookseller's shop; and his style of living is the most simple and unaffected that can be imagined. His paternal religion is Moravian, but as there is no Moravian establishment in Sheffield, he attends other chapels. In his domestic habits, he is as devout as he appears in his works. He is now about sixty years of age. I conclude from his hours of daily seclusion, that we may expect other works from his pen.—*Sir Richard Philips's Tour.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. PARR.—At a casual meeting, a friend asked Dr. Parr to dine that day upon "pot luck." The invitation was declined upon the ground of previous and particular engagement. The sincerity of the excuse being suspected, and a third party coming up, the invitation was repeated, accompanied with a wink and an intimation in a willfully audible whisper, "I have a glorious haunch!" The offer was accepted, and the conversation turned to general subjects. Upon taking his leave, however, the doctor said, "I have been thinking that I could not put off my engagement; so, my good friend, I will dine with you to day." Here was the tunny fairly hooked. The parties met—fish was proposed. "No," said the doctor, "I'll wait." "Some soup, then, doctor." "No, I'll wait." A haunch of mutton and boiled yolks supervened. The gastronomer's face now assumed a rather epicure expression. Still, upon being asked to partake, the same cuckoo cry was repeated, "No—no—I'll wait." "Upon my word, doctor," said the hostess, "I fear you are disappointed in your entertainment; I am sorry to say, you see your dinner." "Why—why—(looking to the other end of the table,) did I not hear something this morning about a haunch?" "Oh! true," replied mine host, "I believe I did say something of the kind, but I meant only that I had a fine haunch of mutton, and I think you will agree that my judgment was 'worthy of acceptance,' if you will taste it." The sly explanation was bolted by the hoaxed one, who having missed his game, silently "battered on that moor." And, lo! "I will wait," is thought a "right merrie and concealed jest," even unto this day.—*Examiner.*

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—In the populous townships of Byrton and Blymen, which form one large parish, situate within a few miles of Newport, Shropshire, a male child had not been born during the last twenty-four years, until the 23d ult., and only one other within the space of twenty-four years.—*Liv. Mercury, Jan. 8.*

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and benevolence. Encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages.—*Guardian.*

THE WORLD A MAGNIFICENT TEMPLE.—A magnificent temple is this world of ours, could we but look on it as we ought; could we but delight to see and trace that hand which opens itself and filleth all things with goodness,

Ms. of Mr. Phillips