

# The Weekly Observer

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No. 26.

## THE GARDLAND.

From Acheron's Border—Ms. Not. for 1829.

### FAREWELL TO A FRIEND, ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

To souls less form'd than thine to feel,  
Less life were the life;  
How feebly words the heart reveal!  
Expression's power how frail!  
But thee the voiceless pang that rend  
Thine own warm bosom fell!  
How vain, how poor, the sighs that lead  
To speak the heart's farewell.

The clouds that on the future rest,  
And ardent hope restrain;  
The thoughts that mem'ry will suggest,  
And parting turns to pain;  
The fear that doubts all other love,  
Save that we've posess'd as well—  
Oh! these, expression's power above,  
Rebutter a farewell!

A long farewell!—The feeling mind  
Will own a tinge of sorrow,  
Though, sure, the friend it hath resign'd  
'Twill meet in smiles to-morrow.  
Then what the pang when years must roll,  
And life's stream cease to swell,  
Nor bring the dear one of our soul,  
To whom we bid farewell!

Farewell!—whatever may remain  
Of faithful change for me,  
Be not the oft-breath'd prayer in vain,  
For weal to thee and thee.  
Too late we met, too soon we part,  
And friendship's dream dispel;  
Doom'd just to know each other's heart,  
And say—a long Farewell!

J. F.

## THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN.

ON CHAMBER'S MONUMENT AT LICHFIELD.

BY MR. HEMANS.

Thus lay  
The gentle babes, thus girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms.

Shakespeare.

Fair images of sleep!  
Hallow'd, and soft, and deep!

On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,  
Like moonlight on about bells  
Of flowers in mossy dells,  
Fill'd with the hush of night and summer skies;

How many hearts have felt  
Your silent beauty melt  
Their strength to gushier tenderness away!

How many saddest tears,  
From heaving bosoms pour'd  
All freshly bawling, have confess'd your way!

How many eyes will shed  
Soft, o'er your marble bed  
Such drops, from Memory's troubled fountains wrung!

While Hope hath blighted to bear,  
While Love-breath'd mortal air  
While roses perish ere to glory spring.

Yet, from a vicious home,  
If some and other come  
To head and linger o'er your lovely rest;  
As o'er the cheeks warm glow,  
And the soft breathings low  
Of babes, that grew and faded on her breast;

If then the dove-like tone  
Of those faint murmurs gone,  
O'er her sick sense too piercingly remain;  
If for the soft bright hair,  
And brow and bosom fair,  
And life, now dust, her soul too deeply yearn;

O gentlest forms! entwin'd  
Like tendrils, which the wind  
May wave, or clasp'd, but never can unclasp;  
Send from your calm profound  
A still small voice, a sound  
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to sink.

By all the pure, meek mind  
In your pale beauty shined  
By childhood's love—too bright a bloom to die!  
O'er her worn spirit shed,  
O'er her holiest Dead!

The Faith, Trust, Light, of Immortality!

(From the same.)

## THE MATRIMONIAL RULE.

INSCRIBED IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG LADY, ON THE  
DAY OF HER WEDDING.

This morning—o'er the new-wedded floor  
The sun his brightest radiance flings,  
And nought is heard save sounds of mirth,  
And all around with gladness rings.

And light clouds begin to rise,  
While eddying breezes sweep along;  
Dark, and more dark, they veil the skies,  
And storm-winds draw the voice of song.

Be, lady, do you often see  
The morn of matrimonial life  
All smiles, all joy, all gaiety,  
Is none obscure'd by feuds and strife.

But would you know a charm of power  
To assure the sunshine of the heart,  
To break the tempest, and still waters  
To blunt the point of discord's dart?

BEAR AND FORBEAR!—No mistier given  
Than this short rule, which, practis'd well,  
Makes marriage o'en on earth a bear's;  
Neglected—turns it to a hell!

F. S.

## THE MISCELLANIST.

THE MULL OF GALLOWAY.

(From Chambers' Traditions of Scotland.)

This bold and rugged promontory—the antipodes of  
the mull of "John o' Grants," and, according to Mar-  
quis Colquhoun, who encamped on its summit, the most south-  
erly point of land in Scotland—is situated at the extreme  
point of the parish of Kirkmaiden, and though not the  
last, is by far the most remarkable of a chain of  
rocks, extending from Port Patrick, or rather the ruined  
castle adjoining to the western inlet of the Bay of  
Luce. Judging from the eye, and the motions of a  
boat impelled by powerful and skilful rowers, the dis-  
tance must exceed twenty miles; and to Scotsmen, the  
serried and consecutive barrow—projecting here, reced-  
ing there, and forking into every possible shape—  
seems typical of the inviolability of their own mountain  
lead. Though almost countless ages have elapsed since the  
breast-work we speak of resisted the terrible tides of  
the Atlantic, whether moved by lunar influences, or  
the storms that sweep the face of the ocean, after up-  
rooting oaks in the forests of America, Nature's sen-  
sels are vigilant still; and seem as able as ever to  
"break the long wave which at the pole began," and les-  
sen, in no inconsiderable degree, the dangers of the  
beautiful Firth beyond. At high water mark the alti-  
tude of the Mull has been estimated at 570 feet, and per-  
haps a still longer line would be required to fathom the  
yawning abyss below. Its sides, which are so precipi-  
tous as to be nearly perpendicular, are here and there  
furrowed into seams which could only have been pro-  
duced amidst some dire convulsion of nature; while

coals appear at other places, in which, for ought we  
know to the contrary, the smuggler may have celebra-  
ted his orgies of yore. One of these is of ample di-  
mensions, and is frequented by seals during calm wea-  
ther, when the phoca, after breakfasting heartily on fish,  
leaves the sunny side of a ledge of rock, from which he  
can retreat on the approach of danger. The slightest  
noise, if awake at the time, makes him leap or rather  
dive into the water, where he is soon hid from the  
gazer's eye; but at other times the tribe are surprised  
while quietly enjoying their toothsome meals, and either  
shot at or ensnared with ropes so as to become the fish-  
erman's prey.

The "Mull," and a large tract of land adjoining,  
form part of Col. M'Dowell's fine and extensive estate  
of Logan; and two little bays, known by the names of  
east and west Zetia, (a Gaelic word frequently met  
with,) intersect its head on either side, and ripple very  
gently towards the land in summer. The isthmus that  
divides them is not only narrow, but formed almost ex-  
clusively of sand; and if the trade along the coast were  
at all considerable, a canal might be cut at a trifling  
expense, which would obviate most of the surrounding  
dangers. The view from the top is truly magnificent.

Kintyre separating the tide from the Atlantic; the  
peaks of Ayrshire, Wigtonshire, and Ireland; the  
fine opening to Belfast Lough; the mountains of Morven  
extending in a string—the first a giant, and the last a  
dwarf—are all distinctly seen to the right when the sky  
is clear and the weather favourable; while to the left  
stretch the "Burrows head," behind the broad "Ma-  
chers," and almost right opposite, though separated by  
distance, the lofty mountains and beautifully varied  
coast of Cumberland. In front lies the island and  
Kingdom of Man; and though the distance is said to be  
thirty miles, the place appears so near (probably from  
the height at which it is surveyed) that the spectator is  
strongly impressed with the idea that it would be no  
great feat to strip and swim to it. On a clear day, and  
with the aid of a glass, the burns may be seen gush-  
ing down the mountain's sides, village maidens bleaching  
their clothes, fishermen setting or drawing their nets,  
boats moving out of, or into harbours, with many other  
marvels that are hardly credible; and while stationed  
on the extremity of one kingdom, it is delightful to  
linger on the outline of another, rising, as it were, from  
the breast of the ocean, and mapped in all its physical  
features, in a manner which defies the general's eye.

The above, during a brief survey, struck us, as com-  
prising the more remarkable points of the Mull of Gal-  
loway—that is, when sea and sky are alike tranquil,  
and rival in repose as well as beauty, a summer's sunset  
on an inland lake. At other times, however, or rather  
during the greater part of the year, it becomes a  
sallying point for every wind that blows, and is thus  
identified in nautical history with tales which make  
the mariner's blood run cold. A great number of ad-  
verse tides, which seem to centre here as well as else-  
where, contend for mastery in fearful turmoil, hollow-  
ing, as they retreat, the sea into troughs that might en-  
velop a fleet in place of a ship, and spouting as they  
advance with headlong fury against the solid rock, fill  
the great Mull, from its base to its inaccessible apex, with  
the roar of a thousand unbroken sheets of foam. The  
billows, which are the onset of armies; and as the howling  
blast dies away for an instant, the noise of waters  
rising and rolling, heaving and dashing, is heard as  
if by millions in the roar of the angry Ghyll-  
knoo itself.

The ptarmigan, the fox, and the sea-eagle, at one  
time found a home on the Mull of Galloway, but their  
numbers decreased until they entirely disappeared,  
from causes which we leave others to conjecture. The  
Hawks, however, abound still, and are not only seen  
among the cliffs in summer, but during the fiercest  
gales that blow, are observed wheeling and tumbling  
above as if pleased with the opportunity of mingling  
their screams with the tempest's roar. The pasture of  
the Mull, though its area contains 1300 acres, is never  
kept under by the sea breeze, that it only feeds 60  
sheep. Black or horned cattle are found even to  
browse on herbage impregnated with saline particles,  
but the experiment is held to be rather dangerous;  
and again and again, goodly bullocks and valuable  
sheep, while in search of a favourite tuft of grass, have  
been precipitated to the bottom and irrecoverably lost.

On the eastward of the Mull, and in the cleft of a  
rock sheltered from the storm, a tolerably entire build-  
ing is found, which the country people denominate  
"the Chapel." The gable is composed of solid rock,  
and the masonry though rude, proves that the architect  
was acquainted with the principle of forming arches.  
The ingenious author of "Paul Jones," more than  
hints that this retired and all but inaccessible spot, was  
the residence of a weather-wise hermit, who gave good  
advice to Rob MacCull and others; but the tradition of  
Kirkmaiden, which we carefully inquired into, points to  
a very different conclusion. In a fragment of rock  
near "the Chapel," the vesicles have formed a circu-  
lar well, which, whether the tide ebbs or flows, is  
always filled with the purest water. And thither the  
natives, on the 1st of May, were in the practice of con-  
veying sickly children, while the holy man who possessed  
the chapel received a fee, and uttered a benedic-  
tion over the ceremony of ablution. Behind the chap-  
el, which is soomy enough to have contained a small  
band of catholic worshippers, a cave appears, which  
has evidently been dug by "no mortal hand"; and  
whatever may have been its original destination, a sus-  
picion exists, that the smugglers who formerly abounded  
on the coast, turned it at one time to good account.

So late as 1829, tobacco and spirits were seized to the  
amount of £1,500; but now that the gentlemen of the  
prevalent service visit every creek and out-manoeuvre  
every suspicious sail, the smuggler's occupation is com-  
pletely; abeyance, or rather like Othello's, entirely  
gone.

In concluding our notice of the Mull of Galloway,  
we may mention that fragments of warlike instruments,  
such as the famerings of rude scabbards are frequently  
plunged up in the fields adjoining; and that a tradi-  
tion still lingers in Kirkmaiden, that the narrow neck  
of land which leads to its head, and still discovers  
strong traces of entrenchment, formed the last and re-  
treat of the Picts, when expelled from the more hospita-  
ble regions of Scotland. Their numbers at this time  
were greatly thinned, and in place of a veteran male  
commander, they were headed by a maiden or widow-  
queen. When about to bid adieu to our mountains  
and moors, her Highness said many "a longing linger-  
ing look behind"; and while preparing to cross to Man  
or Ireland, the enemy appeared in such numbers, and  
pressed her so closely on all sides, that a desperate  
conflict became inevitable. Though the Picts fought  
bravely, the foremost of them fell; and their Queen at  
last was reduced to such straits, that rather than  
yield, and thus become the captive of a barbarous con-  
queror, she leapt from the very apex of the Mull into  
the sea, and was never more seen alive. Such of her  
adherents as survived, followed, proving by the scene  
and manner of their death—the furthest confine of the  
country they claimed, and so long possessed—their  
bravery and devotedness to the Scottish strand. The  
tale, though melancholy, may possibly be true; and  
certainly a more appropriate shrine of such a fearful  
immolation, could not well be sought, or if sought,  
found in the wide circle of the British Isles.

COALS.—Coal was known, and partially used,  
at a very early period of our history. I was  
informed by the late Marquis of Hastings, that some  
hammers and stone tools were found in  
some of the old workings in his mines at Ashby  
Walds; and his lordship informed me also, that  
similar stone tools had been discovered in the

old workings in the coal mines in the north of  
Ireland. Hence we may infer that these coal  
mines were worked at a very remote period,  
when the use of metallic tools was not general.  
The burning of coal was prohibited in London  
in the year 1308, by the royal proclamation of  
Edward the First. In the reign of Queen Eliza-  
beth the burning of coal was again prohibited  
in London during the sitting of Parliament, lest  
the health of the knights of the shire should suf-  
fer injury during the abode in the metropolis.

In the year 1643 the use of coal had become so  
general, and the price being then very high, many  
of the poor are said to have perished for want  
of fuel. At the present day, when the consump-  
tion of coal in our iron-furnaces and manu-  
factories, and for domestic use, is immense, we  
cannot but regard the exhaustion of our coal-  
beds as involving the destruction of a great por-  
tion of our private comfort and national pros-  
perity. Nor is the period very remote when the  
coal districts which at present supply the metropo-  
lis with fuel, will cease to yield any more.

The annual quantity of coal shipped in the riv-  
ers Tyne and Wear, according to Mr. Bailey,  
exceeded three million tons. A cubic yard of  
coal weighs nearly one ton, and the number of  
tons contained in a bed of coal one square mile  
in extent and one yard in thickness, is about  
four millions. The number and extent of all the  
principal coal-beds in Northumberland and Dur-  
ham are known; and from these data it has  
been calculated that the coal in these countries  
will last 360 years. Mr. Bailey in his surveys  
of Durham states that one third of the coal be-  
ing already got, the coal districts will be exhausted  
in 200 years. It is probable that many beds of  
inferior coal, which are now neglected, may in  
future be worked; but the consumption of coal  
being greatly increased since Mr. Bailey  
published his survey of Durham, we may admit  
his calculations to be an approximation to truth.

Dr. Bakewell then states the inaccuracies of  
Dr. Thomson's calculation on this subject, (in  
the Annals of Philosophy,) and compares them  
with those of Mr. Bailey and Mr. Winch; and,  
after making allowance for the waste of coal at  
the mouth of the pit, and the quantity of coal  
left unwrought in the mines, he concludes that  
the period when the coal mines of Northumber-  
land and Durham will be exhausted (giving it  
the longest duration,) cannot exceed 360 years  
from the present time.

It cannot (says the author) be deemed un-  
interesting to inquire what are the repositories of  
coal that can supply the metropolis and the  
southern countries, when no more can be ob-  
tained from the Tyne and the Wear. The only  
coal fields of any extent on the eastern side  
of England between London and Durham, are  
those of Derbyshire, and those in the West Rid-  
ing of Yorkshire. The Derbyshire coal-field is  
not sufficient of magnitude to supply for any  
long period more than is required for home  
consumption and that of the adjacent countries.  
There are many valuable beds of coal in the  
West Riding of Yorkshire which are yet un-  
wrought; but the time is not very distant  
when they must be put in requisition to supply  
the vast demand of that populous manufacturing  
country, which at present consumes nearly all  
the produce of its own coal mines. In the mid-  
land counties, Staffordshire possesses the near-  
est coal district to the metropolis of any great  
extent; but such is the immense daily consump-  
tion of coal in the iron-furnaces and founderies,  
that it is generally believed this will be the first  
of our own coalfields that will be exhausted.

The thirty-feet bed of coal in the Dudley coal-  
field is of limited extent; and in the present  
mode of working it, more than two thirds of the  
coal is wasted and left in the mine. If we look  
to Whitehaven or Lancashire, or to any of the  
minor coal fields in the west of England, we can  
derive little hope of their being able to supply  
London and the southern counties with coal,  
after the import of coal fails from Northumberland  
and Durham. We may thus anticipate a period  
not very remote, when all the English mines of  
coal and iron-stone will be exhausted; and  
we disposed to indulge in gloomy forebod-  
dings, like the ingenious author of "the Last  
man," we might draw a metaphysical picture of  
our starving and declining population, and de-  
scribe some manufacturing patriarch travelling to  
see the last expiring English furnace before he  
emigrated to distant regions. Fortunately, how-  
ever, we have in South Wales, adjoining the  
Bristol channel, an almost inexhaustible supply  
of coal and iron-stone, which are yet nearly un-  
wrought. It has been stated that this coal-field  
extends over about 1200 square miles, and that  
there are twenty three beds of workable coal,  
the total average thickness of which is 95 feet,  
and the quantity contained in each acre, is  
100,000 tons, or 65,000,000 tons per square  
mile. If from this we deduct one half for waste  
and for the minor extent of the upper beds, we  
shall have a clear supply of coal equal to  
32,000,000 tons per square mile. Now if we  
admit that five million tons of coal from the  
Northumberland and Durham mines is equal to  
nearly one-third of the total annual consump-  
tion of coal in England, each square mile of the  
Welsh coal-field would yield coal for two years'  
consumption; and as there are from one thou-  
sand to twelve hundred square miles in this coal-  
field, it would supply England with fuel for two  
thousand years, after all our English coal-mines  
are worked out.

Mr. Bakewell states, however, that a consid-  
erable part of the coal in South Wales is of an  
inferior quality, and is not at present burnt for  
domestic use.—London Literary Gazette.

## THE MOTHER.

BY MISS HARRIET MOZZY.

It was midnight—By a solitary lamp a mother sat  
watching near the cradle of her only child, whose low  
moans pierced her very heart, and whose quick heav-  
ing breath seemed a prelude to approaching dissolution.  
No words can describe the anguish of the mother. This  
infant was her life, and it was about to be taken from  
her—it was her heart, and she must resign it. Now, with  
clenched hands, and streaming eyes, raised to heaven,  
now bending low that she might hear if it yet breathed,  
the miserable mother had passed many hours of intense  
agony. She dropped upon her knees and breathed forth  
a prayer in heaven—such a prayer as none but a mo-  
ther's heart can inspire—that the God of mercy would  
spare her child—that the terrible malady might be re-  
moved, and his lovely eyes once more open upon the  
light of day. The mother's prayer was heard. It was  
the will of God to restore the babe. The crisis of its  
life was past, and the mother, wild with joy, and  
deeply impressed with gratitude, again looked on it  
with hope.

Years had slid away—the boy grew in health and in  
beauty, and the widowed mother rejoiced in her son.  
She heard her scanty stipend for his use, that the  
idol of her bosom should feel neither privation nor sor-  
row. For his sake she toiled. She procured for him  
the means of instruction, and neglected no counsel to  
inspire his young mind with sentiments of religion and  
virtue. Of her own wants she thought little. Her  
pleasure consisted in seeing him happy; for his sake  
she lived, and for his sake she would willingly have  
died. A time rolled on, the mother's heart had not  
been free from anxious fears and forebodings on account  
of her son. The boy loved her, but he was wild and  
reckless. He would escape from the vigilance of her  
careful love; and she knew that gay society had more  
 charms for him than the solitary home of his mother.  
She feared, but as yet knew not all.

Twenty years had passed since that terrible night  
she had kept an almost hopeless vigil by his cradle,  
when her prayer of agony was heard, and the babe  
restored to her bosom. It was again midnight; again  
the mother kept her tearful vigil, but not by the bed of  
sickness. Her boy had become very irregular in his  
habits—he heeded not the counsel or the tears of his  
mother, and night after night, she awaited his return  
in wretchedness. These watchful cares were more  
dreary than those which she had feared could be the lot  
of her child. Her prayers were still offered up to  
heaven that he might be restored—that he might be saved,  
not from death, but that worse than death—from  
fear to admit her boy. There was his lifeless body,  
borne by two of his companions. She fell senseless to  
the ground. Her maternal anxieties were hushed for  
a while in a death-like insensibility; but she recover-  
ed to hear the dreadful tale—that in a quarrel with  
his dissolute associates, her son had received a blow  
which caused his death! What tidings for a mother!  
She saw his laid in the grave, where she shortly  
followed him. Grief for his untimely fate shortened  
the life which had been devoted to him who had brought  
her with sorrow to the tomb. How many mothers have  
dreaded that hour which she had feared could be the lot  
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