

The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

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THE PEN AND THE SWORD.
From the "Masonic Bazaar," for 1830.
Within an author's room one day,
A Pen and Sword together lay,
And the worn Pen, who bonneted speech,
And saw the sword with in the reach,
Of carabine, thus enrag'd began—
"Thou thing accur'd—thou foe to Man,
How comes thy form so idle lying,
On this accursed carpet's ground,
Forth shouldst be where the main'd are dying,
Where groans, and woe, and tears abound,
In some bird's heartless Ruffian's hand,
Who strikes, and reck's not if his hand
Smites friend or foe—and scorns to feel
There shouldst thou shine, accursed steel!"
The sword replied, "Who, who art Thou,
That seem'st so full of fury now?
A Pen—of all the curses given,
To earth, when by the foul deed driven,
Thou art the greatest evil that Time brings,
Hath witness'd, in each Age or Clime,
Thou'st pois'n'd man's mind, and his heart,
Wag'd blood, which in fair combat drew,
Thou'st done at his command, gives forth
The Lie which virtuous Truth and Worth
The Verse that blurs, and when
You're weary of this noble Sport,
Flatters, most abject, man's pride,
And praise each fool in Folly's Court,
Hurling! You still in Prose rehearse,
The Praise of Tyrants dire and fell,
And lead, in high heroic Verse,
Death that could only spring from Hell!"
"Enough—Enough!" (the Pen replied)
"Unless we're handled by the wise,
The Virtue-minded and the Free,
All Wisdom's Children must agree,
That since that Grecian Time had birth,
N'er has there been bestowed on Man,
Two gifts of such uncertain worth,
As we Two Creatures—Sword and Pen."

THE MIDWAY MAN.
From the London Literary Gazette.
The History of the Hebrew Commonwealth, from the earliest Times to the Destruction of Jerusalem. From the German of John Jahn, D. D.; with a Continuation to the Time of Adrian. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Hunt, Chancery Lane.
We cannot do better with these excellent volumes than give one or two of the striking facts which are interwoven with the discussions on the more abstruse parts of Jewish history. The commencement of Alexander's conquest with the Jews is thus related:
"That Alexander, when he invaded Syria, summoned all the cities in that region to surrender, to pay to him their usual tribute, and to furnish his army with provisions, in itself very probable. Josephus testifies, that during the siege of Tyre, a written order of this kind came to Jerusalem, directed by Alexander to the high priest Jaddus; as the chief magistrate of the nation. Jaddus returned answer, that he had sworn fealty to Darius, and could not violate his oath so long as that prince was living. Alexander, naturally of a furious and impatient temper, was highly irritated by this reply, and threatened that as soon as he would complete the conquest of Tyre, he would, by the punishment of the Jewish high priest, teach all others to whom they must keep their oaths. After the reduction of Gaza, B. C. 332, Alexander proceeded towards Jerusalem. Jaddus and all the citizens were thrown into the Great's consternation; they offered many sacrifices, and earnestly entreated God for deliverance. Josephus further relates, that God then appeared to the high priest in a dream, bade him be of good courage, to adorn the city in the most magnificent manner he was able, and to go out fearlessly and meet the conqueror, arrayed in his official robes, attended by the other priests in their sacerdotal garments, and by the citizens clothed in white. Every thing was done according to these directions. The solemn procession advanced as far as the Hill Sapha, which overlooks Jerusalem, and commands an extensive prospect of the country. As Alexander approached and saw Jaddus clothed in the robes of his office, he went forward alone towards the high priest, adored the name of God, which was engraven on the golden frontalplate of his Turban, and then saluted Jaddus. Immediately the priests and citizens surrounded the king and welcomed him with joyful acclamations. All the Greeks were astonished at the conduct of Alexander; and Parmenio asking him how it happened, should now himself do homage to the high priest of the Jews. Alexander replied: 'I did not adore the man, but that God who had honoured him with the priesthood: for I saw this very person in a dream, and clothed in this same habit, when I was at Opis in Macedonia. I was conversing with myself how I might obtain the dominion of Asia, and this man exhorted me to make no delay, but boldly to pass over the Sea, thither, for that he would conduct my army, and would give me the dominion over the Persians.' Whence it is, that having seen no other in that habit, and now seeing this person in it, and remembering that vision and the exhortation I had in my dream, I believe I have undertaken this campaign by divine direction, that I shall conquer Darius, annihilate the dominion of the Persians, and successfully accomplish my whole design. Alexander then gave his hand to the high priest, and there offered sacrifices in the manner which the priests directed. When they afterwards shewed him the prophecies of Daniel respecting himself, he was highly gratified, and readily granted the request of the high priest, that the Jews might be free from tribute on the sabbatical year, and every where have the liberty to live according to their own laws.—Of his own accord, he promised the same indulgence to those Jews who would join his army; upon which many entered the service. Hezekias also, is quoted by Josephus, testifies that there were Jews among the soldiers of Alexander."

This Simon is said to have been the last of the great synagogues, in which are included one hundred and twenty men; and among others, Ezra, Haggai, Zechariah, Nehemiah, and Malachi.—Hence it is plain, that this great synagogue, so celebrated among the Jews, is nothing more than that succession of patriots after the captivity, who distinguished themselves by their labours towards the collection and revival of the sacred books, and the settlement and improvement of the civil and religious constitution of their country. Indeed, the Jewish traditions maintain that Simon the Just, as he was the last of the great synagogues, closed the sacred canon. The notices on this subject are so recent that they cannot be relied upon as historical evidence; but as such traditions are generally founded on some truth, it is very probable that Simon did complete the collection and revision of the sacred books, and even add some things respecting events of more recent occurrence. Some of the apparent additions in the Old Testament will correspond to the age of Simon. The genealogical register of David in the first Book of Chronicles, comes down to about the year B. C. 300; and in the catalogue of high priests in the Book of Nehemiah, Jaddus is mentioned in a manner which seems to intimate that he had been dead for some time."

FRAGMENTS OF AN ANTI-EDUVIAN DIARY.
Reflections of Mahaleel in his youth—in middle age—and in his old age.
To day I am a hundred years old. How blissful are the feelings of boyhood! My senses are acute as the tree with the shrinking leaf. My blood bounds through my veins as the river pours through the valley, rejoicing in its strength. Life lies before me as another plain of Shinar—vast, unoccupied, inviting—I will fill it with achievements and pleasure! In about sixty years it will be time for me to think of marrying; my kinswoman Zillah will by that time have emerged from girlhood; she already gives promise I hear, of comeliness and discretion.—Twenty years hence I will pay a visit to her father, that I may see how she grows; meanwhile, I will build a city to receive her when she becomes my wife.
Nearly three centuries have passed since my marriage. Can it be? It seems but yesterday since I sported like a young antelope round my father's tent, or, climbing the dark cedars, nestled like a bird among the thick boughs—and now I am a man in authority, as well as in the prime of life. I lead out my trained servants to the fight, and sit at the head of the council, beneath the very tree where, as an infant, my mother laid me to sleep. Jaded, my youngest son, a lovely babe of thirty summers, is dead; but I have four gaudy sons remaining. And my three daughters are fair as their mother, when I first met her in the Acadia grove, where now stands one of my city watch-towers. They are the pride of the plain, no less for their acquisitions than their beauty. No daimel carries the pitcher from the fountain with the grace of Adah, none can dry the summer fruit like Azubah—and none can fashion a robe of skins with the skill of Milcah. When their cousin Mahaleel has seen another half century, he shall take the choice of the three.
My eight hundredth birthday! And now I feel the approach of old age and infirmity. My beard is become white as the blossoms of the almond tree. I am constrained to use the staff when I journey; the stars look less bright than formerly; the flowers smell less odorous; I have laid Zillah in the tomb of the rock; Milcah is gone to the dwelling of Mahaleel; my sons take my place at the council and in the field; all is changed. The earth is full of violence; the ancient and the honorable are sinking beneath the young and the victor. The giants stalk through the length and breadth of the land, where once dwelt a quiet people; all is changed. The brasts of the field and the monsters of the deep grow and press on us with unwonted fury; traditions, visions, and threatenings are abroad. What fearful doom hangs over this fair world. I know not; it is enough that I am leaving it; yet another five or eight score years, and the tale will be complete. But have I, in very deed, trod this earth nearly a thousand years? It is false, I am yet a boy. I have had a dream—a long, long busy dream; of buying and selling; marrying and giving in marriage; of building and planting; feasting and warring; but it is false to call it a life. Go to—it has been a vision of the night; and now that I am awake, I will forget it. "Lamech, my son, how long is it since we planted the garden of oak beside the river? Was it not yesterday?" "My father, dost thou sport? Those oaks cast a broad shadow when my sister carried me beneath them in her arms, and wore me chaplets of their leaves." Thou art right my son; and there leave me to meditate. What am I the better for my past long life? What am I the better for my past long life? What am I the better for my past long life? They are yonder—on all sides. Will those many towers fall? Will those golden plains become desolate? Will the children that call me father, forget? The seers utter dark sayings upon their harps, when they sing of the future; they say our descendants shall be then of dwindled stature; that the years of their lives shall be contracted to the span of our boyhood;—but what's that future to me? I have listened to the tales of Paradise—nay in the blue distance, I have seen the dark tops of its cedars. I have heard the solemn melodies of Jubal when he sat on the sea shore, and the sound of the waves mingled with his harping. I have seen angels the visitants of men—I have seen an end of all perfection,—what is the future to me?"

NATIONAL CHARACTER.
Our national character, taken collectively, is undoubtedly not very flattering. We distribute more money in voluntary charities than any other people on the face of the earth; but our charities are all public; they are accompanied by a certain display, and are rewarded with acclamations. We are remarkably humane in our sympathies, or our active generosity, are conducted upon a certain principle, the very coldness and formality of which acts like ice upon us. Every thing is done by rule and by reference to self. When we confer a kindness, there are ten objects to be lost, half the grace of manner that makes it cease to be an obligation. Yet we do perform numerous acts of kindness, but they are performed after such a fashion of blindness or insensibility that we never obtain credit for the disposition to do good. A tendency to save our feelings, and keep ourselves individually safe, produces that love of law and frequent appeal to its protection, that in a nation which boasts of the existence of such a tribute of public opinion as the moral and non-tradictory feature. We lose law, because it possesses or refers all circumstances to a bar over which we have no control. This ready excuse for our doubts—this easy value to let our fears—this agent that interferes with our progress in public opinion, is the security of our Englishmen. Once a question is referred to law we have done with it. The release is delightful to a people who think the trouble too great to bear, and the expense too high to incur. It is a great advantage to have a law which will not apply to us properly; but, until he has committed the last act, we do not dream of taking his case into consideration. It is the act which violates our sense of right and wrong that first awakens our attention. We would never see a man to beat another in the street with impunity, and excuse ourselves for standing aloof by saying, "It is no affair of ours;" but should a man kill a woman, we all gather round and call her name, and we take care to see that she is not a feather. A case occurred the other day at Salford fair, precisely in point. A Mr. Burne exhibited a pistol, and threatened to shoot a man who was playing off jokes upon his friend. The crowd gathered round him, and he proceeded to effect upon the assembly, who stood idly looking on, not caring to deprive a passionate young man of the weapon of destruction which he held in his hand. When his friend was raised to his highest pitch, however, he cried his purpose to execution by actually shooting a person through the head, the multitude were roused to seek justice. Mr. Burne was seized and sent to jail. Had people been as sensible of the point of respect, as they were in this case, the law would have been a reason for the prevention of his being at ten times its value, and exclude prevention as being worth nothing. We are penal, not conservative, and the fundamental principle of our jurisprudence, is the keeping up the tone of our minds. Were we to find a reason for the present state of the law, we should think it lies in this—that the law is open to all—so that, whether the law be good or bad, so long as it is a privilege in common, we must not suppose that people have an interest in the point of respect, and there we stop. We violate freedom, to prove our freedom, and resort to the law to avenge our injuries. If we respect the law, therefore, it is merely because we cannot live without it; it gives us the only excuse for the present state of the law, and provides against its being altered.—London Advertiser.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.—A portion of the preface of a new work, called *The Living and the Dead*, in speaking of Dr. Sumner, the present Bishop of Winchester, contains the following interesting and well-known fact:—"These last-mentioned names must always excite no common degree of interest and attention. Two brothers, at such an early period of life, seated on the bench at one and the same time, is an unusual spectacle in our hierarchy. In point of interest, the younger brother takes precedence of the elder. Towards the Bishop of Winchester, whether he be regarded as a prelate raised with almost unexampled rapidity—as presiding, at such a comparatively early age, over the third see in the kingdom—or as, till very recently, the spiritual monitor of the highest personage in the realm—many an inquiring eye has been anxiously directed. What opinions does he hold? What 'manner of spirit' is he of? Is such unusual advancement the need of unusual merit? A few facts which have been circulated in the higher ecclesiastical circles respecting him, place his character in a very peculiar light. The first few sermons addressed by him to the Royal ear, were sermons not written, as is almost invariably the case, expressly for the occasion, but plain, simple, faithful expositions of solemn duties which had been previously delivered during the course of his ministerial career, it is stated at Highclere. 'I will know,' was his many observation, 'the force of the temptation that awaited me. I was jealous, and afraid of myself. Conscious that were I to sit down to write for such an auditor, feelings, unsuspected even by myself, might influence me; apprehensive that I might, unconsciously, perhaps, but effectually, omit or soften down what was scriptural, solemn, or true, I determined, though the alternative was not a pleasant one, to deliver without addition or alteration, that which had been written under tranquil and ordinary circumstances, and had approved itself to my own conscience.' That ministerial efforts, regulated by such noble motives, should be successful, should be permitted to acquire influence and to inspire confidence, is natural, nay unavoidable. 'I am beset on all sides,' was the Monarch's playful observation. 'One asks me for this, and another wishes for that. In point of suitors, I believe I could even match the Lord Chancellor; yet Sumner, I never meet with any request from you. How is this?' 'May it please your Majesty,' was the reply, 'I too am like others, I have a certain object at heart, a private request of my own to make, and I have been anxiously waiting an opportunity to introduce it.' 'Let me have it now,' was the permission granted with a smile, not unmix'd with surprise. 'During the reign of your Majesty's revered father a custom prevailed, that the household morning and evening, should be summoned to family prayer. This practice, with your Ma-

esty's permission, is what I should wish to be revived and fully acted upon.' By all means. Why was it not acted before? But in this ill, Sumner, 'Where is your request?' 'For myself, Sir, I have none to make.' Your Majesty's bounty has left me nothing to ask.' It was as a close and practical preacher that Mr. Sumner first, rivited the Royal attention. On one occasion the King inquired himself to have selected the subject. He requested his uncompromising chaplain to write on the parable of the Talents. The Royal command was of course obeyed. The King listened most attentively to the sermon, in the afternoon of the day warmly thanked the preacher, and added these remarkable words—'Sumner, you made me tremble at my own responsibility.'

THE HEROISM OF LOVE.—When we had just passed the Straits, we saw coming towards us, with full sails, a Turkish galley, well manned, and we believed we should be all carried away slaves, for this man had so laden his ship with goods for Spain, that his guns were useless though the ship carried sixty guns; he called for brandy, and after he had well drunk, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth thirty thousand pounds; this was sad for us passengers, but my husband bid us be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear, which would make the Turks think that we were a man-of-war, but if they saw women they would take us for merchants and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun and bandoliers, and sword, and with the rest of the ship's company, stood upon deck expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. This boat, the captain, had looked me up in the cabin; 'I knocked, and called long, to no purpose, until, at length, the cabin-boy came on deck, and opened the door; I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue throw cap, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown, and putting them on and flinging away my night eldies, I crept up softly and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion, which I could never mistier. By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces, that the Turkish man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good God, that love can make this change!' and though he seemingly chide me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage; and in the beginning of March we all landed, praised be God, in Malaga, very well and full of content to see ourselves delivered from the sword and plague, and living in hope that we should one day return happily to our native country.—Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe.

READING MECHANICS.—Why are our mechanics, in general so afraid of a book? Why is it that those who can scarcely make a movement in their respective arts, but they put in practice some of the fundamental principles of mechanical philosophy, should be so stubborn in keeping themselves ignorant of these principles; and not only themselves, but others? Why should not a carpenter, be a philosopher, and a learned man? Would it injure him in the least, if he should become an adept in any of the natural sciences? Would it render him the less skilful in shingling a hotel, or planning a church? The principal objection that has been urged against giving mechanics, &c. an insight into the sciences, and one that has been brought forward even in the councils of the state, is 'that it will make gentlemen of them.' Now there is no term in the English language more abused, or more vaguely used than this same word gentleman. If by it is meant that non-descript biped, which we sometimes see on the end of a cigar, wagging his tea coloured beard, cracking his whip, and abusing the tail-end of a country tavern, heaven forbid all learning. But if by a gentleman is meant that man of a well informed and noble mind, who understands his business and minds it, who knows his place in society and keeps it; who is aware that he has a country, and honors it; who pays to others, and to himself, that respect which he ought, and 'who does as he would be done by,'—then by all means give them learning.—[Mechanic's Jour.]

FECUNDITY OF FISHES.—It is in the sea, indeed, that we have a proper view of the power of nature in multiplying her productions, and providing for the contingencies to which they are exposed. If a hen rears more than a dozen of chickens, we think it an abundant brood; and if a ewe happens to have three lambs, her fecundity is published in the journals of the day; but we never hear one word about the sole, the average of whose progeny at a single birth is one hundred thousand; or of the flounder, that breeds nearly a million, and a half; or of the cod, with her maximum of almost four millions! and all these vast colonies come from the parent egg, which is hatched in the general bosom of the deep, without any care but that which they are capable of taking of themselves. Every female herring, in those countless shoals which throng round us every season, that escapes the snares of man, and the jaws of larger fishes, prepares little short of forty thousand to increase the shoal of the future year. It is true that there are many casualties and sources of destruction in that element in which those abundant shoals have their being, yet the resources of nature are mightier than them all; and man may fish away, fully assured that for every fish that he can catch, notwithstanding the utmost endeavours of his skill & his industry, nature will be sure to provide a thousand.—British Naturalist.

GALLERY OF BREAKFAST.—Whether breakfast is the most virtuous and pleasant meal, because it is the first, or because it is the soberest, it is difficult to say, but it generally does pass without much talk that is worth recording. Posters very seldom pun at breakfast, and the narrators of long-winded stories are at that time more sparing of their tales. There is then seldom any argumentative discussion or any play of wit. Breakfast is altogether a matter of politeness; an affair of life and death, because, if people did not break their fast, they could not live. Dinner is quite another thing; that is more a matter of pleasure than of business; and they who speak of the pleasures of the table are supposed to allude to dinner, and not to breakfast. A man may dine with Duke Humphrey five days in the week, but it is a much more serious matter to breakfast with Duke Humphrey.—Tales of a Breakfast Barrister.

KORZYBROUGHT IN COURTSHIP.—The following story comes to us as a Sketch from Life, in one of our late Scotch papers:—
An elderly spinster from the town of Paisley, that teaches the lasses fambouring, called on a Clergyman not long ago, and told the maid that she wanted to speak a word w' the minister by himself. Her looks at this time were full of importance, and after shooting the study door, she repeatedly whispered "will nobody hear us?" "No," said the other, "and even if there should, I suppose you have no treason to communicate." "Treason," said the spinster, as if at a loss to understand the drift of the question; "I was joust waiting, Sir, to tak' ye'r advice." "A weel," said the minister, in his own homely way, "since I see there's something weighing on your mind, sit down and tell us' about it." "Weel, Sir, I was goun to tell you that I ha'e gotten an offer." "An offer, Eppy! an offer o' what?" "Oo, Sir, (smiling) an sure ye needna speer that; it's lang since I got an offer afore; and as I may never get another again, I joust can't see whetherye think I should tak' him?" "Oho! Eppy, I understand you now; it's the offer o' a man that's makin' ye see-canty?" "Deed it's Sir, though I am no muckle uplifed w' neither." "But ye ken Eppy, it's my business to finish a courtin' job, by backin' the parties when they come before me, and no to interere at the beginning or the middle." "On hearing this the decent spinster hung her head and then said, "gif ye dinna like to hear me, an sorry I fashed ye." "Weel, but Eppy, who's wad what is this lover o' yours?" "He's a Doctor, Sir." "A Doctor! and what would a Doctor do with the like o' you?" "Oo, but ye dinna gie me time to tell—he's a smoke Doctor." "A smoke Doctor—that alters the case entirely. And what's his name?" "They ca' him Steel." "Steel! ay, steel's a hard metal, and should be true too, for ye ken when we speak of an honest man, we say he's steel to the back bone." "Ay, Sir, but he's been three times married already!" "He must be a great waster o' wives that?" "Ay, Sir, and they tell me he's in debt forbye." "I'd better forbey! and yet he wants to wear his fourth wife?" "But thee, Sir, am in a pickle about myself." "That's a pity; but you ken what the proverb says—that twa blacks'll no make a white; and tho' I've kent mony a couple that did weel in the world, by joining stocks, even when they were sma', I doubt joining debts will hardly answer the same end." At this intimation the decent spinster looked very grave, and told the minister that the matter had cost her a great deal of thought, and that even before she had seen him, she had resolved to seat herself quietly by her own fireside, and console herself with the thought "that it was better to cry wae, me, than wae us." She then withdrew in better spirits than she had been at first, though most unfortunately the mischievous maid was heard lifting as she passed the kitchen door, "An Bessy sat down w' her steam by the fire, She thought on the time that was flyin' by her, And said to herself, with a heavy heab, hie! A body's like to be married but me."

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF WINES.—Our mountain wines are brought from the mountains around Malaga; Muscadine, or Muscadell, is a French wine, chiefly produced in Provence and Languedoc; Port derives its name from Oporto or Porto, a handsome town in Portugal; Hock or Hockamore, is mostly made in Hockheim, or Hockham, a village not far from the city of Mentz, on the Rhine; Tent is tiato tinged, or red wine; Sherry is derived from Xeres, situated in the south of Spain; Malmsay comes from Malvasia, in Peloponnessus. This wine was afterwards produced at Alicante, the Canaries, and Madeira; Sack is a corruption of sack, signifying dry, the wine being made from half dried grapes; it is mostly brought from the Madeira Islands, and from Palma, one of the Canaries; Claret, pale red, is a name given by the French to wines of a clear transparent colour; Shiraz is so named from Schiras, or Schirauz, a city of Persia, called the Athens of Persia; Tokay is brought from a town in Upper Hungary of the same name.

WOMEN OF GUAYAGUIL.—The ladies are not only remarkably fair, but they have very delicate regularly formed features; they are tall genteel figures, have an elegant gait; walk well, and dance gracefully; they are also very lively and witty in their conversation; and on the whole the female society of Guayaguil exceeds that of any other town in South America that I visited; their private characters being as free from levity as their public demeanor is from prudery. The men are enterprising in their commercial concerns, and the lower classes more industrious than the people generally are in the other colonies; indeed every thing here bears the marks of exertion and activity.—Stephen's South America.

Mr. J. O. Robinson

