ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1822.

VGL. IV. No. 27.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER,

PUBLISHED OS TUESDAYS, BY
DONALD A. CAMERON.

-In Mr. HATPELD'S brick building, west side
the Market-Square, St. John, N. B.
-City Subscribers 15s. per annum
Country do. (by mail) ... 17s. 6d. ditto
Country do. (not by mail) 15s. ditto
(half to be paid in advance.)

Celectly Almanack.											
JANUARY-1832.								Moon Rises.			
11	WEDNESDAY		10.0	7	36	4	24	0	18	4	8
12	THURSDAY			7	35	4	25	11	28		15
13	FRIDAY				34				40		
14	SATURDAY			17	33						58
15	SUNDAY			17	32		28		4		8
16	MONDAY			17	31		29				7
17	TUESDAY	-		7	80				ses.		58

THI. GARLAND.

I have here only made a nosegay of culled Rovers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that binds them."

The Fountain of Oblibion BY MBS. REMANS.

One draught, kind Fairy! from that fourtain deep,
To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast,
And lone affections which are griefs, to steep
In the cool honey-dews of dreamless rest;
And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—
One draught of that sweet wave!

Yet, mortal, pause!—within thy mind is laid
Wealth, gather'd long and slowly: thoughts divine
Heap that full treasure-house; and thou hast made
The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine;
Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear
A pyramid so fair?

Pour from the fount! and let the draught efface All the vain lore by memory's pride amass'd, So it but sweep along the torrent's trace, And fill the hollow channels of the past; And from the bosom's inmost folded leaf, Rase the one master-grief!

Yet pause once more !--all, all thy soul hath known Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must fade! Is there no voice whose kind awakening tone A sense of spring-time in thy heart hath made? No sye whose glance thy day-dreams would recall?

Think---wouldst thou part with all?

Voices whose music I have loved too well; Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are fur— Never! oh—never, in my home to duel! Take their soft looks from off my yearning sor Fill high th' oblivious bowl!

Yet pause again—with memory wilt thou cast
The undying hope away, of memory born?
Hope of re-union, heart to heart at last,
No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn?
Wouldst thou erase all records of delight
That make such visions bright?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high!—yet stay.—
'Tis from the past we shadow forth the land
Where smiles, long lost, again shall light our way,
And the soul's friends be wreath'd in one bright hand:
Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill,
I must remember still.

THE APPARITION. ,

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