

Vol. I.

SAINT JOHN : TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1828.

THE WERELY OBSILL FIL

THE GARLAND. THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Messages from the living to the dead, are not an-common in the Highlands. The Gaels have such a ceaselest conscionents of immortality, that their de-parted friends are considered as merely absent for a time; and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their ear-liest affection."--[See the Notes to Mrs. Brunton's ' Dis-ciption's ' Dis-

Theor's passing hence, my brother! Oh! my carliest friend, farewell! Theo'rt leaving me without thy volce, In a logely home to dwell; And from the hills, and from the hearth, And from the household tree, With thee departs the lingering mirth, The brightness goes with thee.

But they, my friead, my brother! They'rst speeding to the shore Where the dirge-like tone of parting words, Shall smite the soul no more! And thou will see our holy dead, The lost ou earth and main; into the sheaf of kindred hearts Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell thou our friend of boyhood, That yet his name is heard On the blue mountains, whence his youth Pass'd like a swift bright bird; The light of his exulting brow, The vision of his glee. Are on me still-oh! still I trust That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister, The rose cut down in spring, That yet my gusbing soul is fill'd With lays she loved to sing; Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams, Tender and sadly sweet; Tell her my heart within me burns Once more that gaze to meet!

And tell our white-heir'd father, That in the paths he trod, The child he loved, the last on earth, Yet walks, and worships God; Say, that his last fond blessing, yet Resis on my soul like dew. And by its hallowing might, I trust Once more his face to siew,

And tell our gentle mother, That o'er her grave 1 pour The sorrows of My spirit forth, As on her breast of yore ! Happy thou art, that soon, how soon ! Our good and bright will see ; Oh! brother, brother! may I dwell Ere long with them and thee !

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE. [One of MOORE's Melodies, with the additional verses.]

Thoman the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see, Tet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to we : In exile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

II. To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,

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No. 16.

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Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more. I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less rude than the focs we leave frowning behind.

111. And I'll gaze on thy gold bair, as graceful it wreathes And hang o'er thy soft harp as wildly it breathes; Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

IV. And though sorrow and time may those bright tresses blench. The fire of thy patriot song they'll ne'er quench, While an exile from Erin and peace thou must pine, And the conqueror lords in the home that was thine ! V.

As the farther from Erin her children can roam, The more deep thrills their love of their own Island home, So, my Coulin, while rickes and youth from us flee, The more close shall my heart twine its fondness round thee

THE MISCELLANIST.

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of the world, ask him to carry a parcel for you. likely to become drunkards. - Worcester Spy.

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