## abserver.

## BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

Office in HATFIELD's Brick Building, }

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, MAY 18, 1830.

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THE GARLAND.

THE SISTER'S VOICE.

"O what a voice is silent !"- Barry Cornwall.

O my sister's voice is gone away!
Around our social hearth
We have lost its tones that were so gay,
So full of harmless mirth:
We miss the glancing of her eye,
The waving of her hair.
The footsteps lightly gliding by,
The hand so small and fair.
And the wild bright smile that lit her face,
And made our hearts rejoice:
Sadly we mourn each vanished grace,
But most of all her voice.

But most of all her voice.

For oh! it was so soit and sweet
When it breathed forth in words;
Buch tones it had as barps repeat
In cchoes on their chords;
And lovely when in measure soft
She sung a mourful song.
And heavenly when it swelled aloft
In triumphant chorus strong;
And dearest when its words of love
Would sooth our bosoms' care.
And holiest when it rose above
In sounds of praise and prayer.

In sounds of praise and prayer.

O, in my shildhood I have sate.

When that sweat voice hath breathed,
Forgetful of its merry mate—

Of the will flowers I had wreathed;
And tho' each other voice I scorned,
That usiled me from my play.

If my sweet sister only warned,
I never could delay.

Twas she who sang me many a rhyme,
And told me many a tale,
And many a legend of old time
That made my spirit quail.

That made my spirit quail.

There are a thousand pleasant sounds
Around our cottage still—
The torrent that before it bounds,
The breeze upon the hill,
The murmuring of the wood deves' sigh,
The swallow in the eaves,
And the wind that sweeps a melody
In passing from the leaves.
And the pattering of the early rain,
The opening flowers to wet,—
But they want my sister's voice again;
To make them sweeter yet.
We stood around her dying hed.

To make them sweeter yet.

We stood around her dying bed,
We saw her blue eyes close;
While from her heart the pulses fled,
And fled her cheek the rese.
And still her lips in fondness moved,
And still she strove to speak
To the mournful beings that she loved,
And yet she was too weak;
Till at last from her eye came one bright ray;
That bound as like a spell,—
And as her spirit passed away,
We heard her sigh, "Farewell!"

And off since then that voice hath come

We heard her sigh, "Farewell!"

And oft since then that voice hath come
Across my heart again;
And it seem d to speak as from the tomb;
And bids me not complain:
And I never hear a low soft flute,
Or the sound of a ripling stream,
Or the rich deep music of a lute,
But it renews my dream,
And brings the hidden treasures forth
That lie in memory's store;
And again to thoughts of that voice gives;
That voice I shall hear no more.

No more—it is not so—my hope Shall still be strong in Heaven— Still search around the spacious acope,

same with that of their law and their religion,

And the same and the process of the control of the

THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.—In its malig- to continue hostilities against Spain; the ap- DUTIES OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF GREECE.

Indeed, by their own account, that there are tablished, they appear, to a certain degree, tablished, they appear, to a certain degree, strangers or sojourners; they dwell apart though mingling with their neighbours in maring the affairs of life. For common purposes they adopt the language of the country they inhabit; but the Hebrew remains the national tongue, in which are very numerous throughout the training the recessing all the mounds, it is their literary and sacred language, as Latin was that of the Christian church in the dark ages. The history of the modern Jews may be comprehended under three beads: 1st, their literature, which, in fact is nearly the

name with that of their less and this religion, the great mass (of the writing being most of the little power in the most of the property of the little power in the most of the little power in the little po