THE GARLAND.

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Children, wearied with their play;
For the store of highware peeping.
And the run hath sunk away,
As the dew upon the blossoma
Bows them on their slender stem,
So, as light as their own bosoms,
Balmy sleen hath separation,

And the splendid dream is flown.

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping!

Rause a moneth; softly treat;

Anxious frieeds are fondly keeping;

Vigits by the sleeper's bed!

Other hopes have all forsaken—
One cemains—that slumber deepy;

Speak out, lest the slumberet waken.

From that sweet—that saving sleep.

They are sleeping! Who are aleeping!

Thousands who have passed away.

Prom a world of we and weeping.

Ta the regions of deeay!

Sale they rest, the green turf under a Sighing breeze, or music's breath,

Winter's wind, or summer's thunder.

Cannot break the sleep of death!

BRHDAL SONG.

Anny with the Bride, with our danaher sway.
With thy prospects of pleasure before thee;
And oh! may be shine like an even-tide ray.
Thro the badows of grief that come o'er thee;
And oh! may the journey of thee and thy wife
Be like that of thy father and mother,
Who now, at the close of their weurisome life,
Have the beautiful hopes of another.

TARTAR AND SULPHUR. Saya Tom to his Wife, who was scolding him once,
(A regular shrew)—" May you call me a dunce,
If you do not exemplify all I've been sold

Of texter and sulphur, which cleave to a scold !

The essence of both in your frame has been cast—
I've the cream of the first, and the flower of the last.

From the Liverpool Albion.

PICTURE OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS. There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie.
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all tils, & love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred, is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And, oh? If there be an Elysium on earth,
It is there, it is there.

Moore.

And, oh? If there be an Elysiam on earth,

It is there, it is there.

Moore.

One window, opening to the ground, showed the interior of a very small parloor, plainly and modestly furnished, but panelled all round with well-filled book-cases. A lady's harp stood in one corner, and in another two fine globes and an orrery. Some small flower-baskets, filled with roses, were dispersed about the room; and at table, near the window, sat a geatleman writing, or rather leaning over a writing desk, with a pen in his hand, for his eyes were directed towards the gravel walk before the window, where a lady (an elegant-looking woman, whose plain white robe and dark uncovered hair, well became in e sweet, malronly expression of her face and figure) was anxiously stretching out her encouraging arms to her little caughter, who came laughing and tottering towards her on the soft green turf; her tiny feet, as they estayed their first independent steps, in the event-fall walks of life, twisting and twining with graceful aw kwardness, and unsteady pressure, rander the disproportionate weight of her chubby pperson. It was a sweet, heart-thrilling sound, the joyous, crowing laugh of that creature, when with one last, bold, mighty effort, she reached the maternal bosom, and half devoured with kisses, if pan ecstacy of unspeakable love. As if prowoked to emulousloudness by that misthful outcome. However lightly it may be ridiwoked to emulousloudness by that misthful outcome. However lightly it may be ridiwoked to emulousloudness by that misthful outcome. However lightly it may be ridiwoked to emulousloudness by that misthful outcome. However lightly it may be ridiwoked to emulousloudness by that misthful outcome. However lightly it may be ridiwoked to emulousloudness by that misthful outcome. However lightly it may be ridiwoked to emulousloudness by that misthful outcome. However lightly it may be ridiwoked to emulousloudness by that misthful outcome. However lightly it may be ridiwoked to emulousloudness by that misthful outcome. will a pen in his hand, for his eyes were direct. It grows a personal perso

SANT JOHN, TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1829.

No. 28.

We chearth, increases. It was simple week from the based of dark, searching the little rear and half search formy; in the waste of the based of the base

beauty, and fashion.

It is a curious fact, that Dunfermline is not only the last place in Scotland where the cutty stool existed, but is almost the only place where parties are still publicly rebuked before the congregation. Sunday last, a married couple were easibilited in presence of a crowded church. It is worth while to state, for the information of foreign countries, that this ecclesiastical pillory, which, in effect, is a bounty on child murder, and can do no good to the morals, is now so completely abandoned, that the use of it is a subject of no ordinary merriment and surprise.

Edinburgh Scotsman.

The potatoe was at first positively proscribed in France. Bandin relates, that in his time its use was prohibited in Burgundy, because it was supported by the put to it, which soon reduced them and the church to ashes:—Buck.