The Witchill Opsierver:

A NEW SERIES OF THE STAR.

Vol. I.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1829.

No. 33.

THE GARLAND.

From the TALISMAN, for 1829.

TO THE PAST.

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain;
And fetters sure and fast.
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn,
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorlous ages gone,
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth, fground,
Youth, manhood, age that draws us towards the
And last—man's life on earth
Glide to thy dim dominious, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years;
Thou hast my early friends—the good—the kind—Xielding to them with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with defire latence;
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence. In vain—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sun.

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith—
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death,

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared. Thine for a space are they;
Yet shall then yield thy treasures up at last,
Thy gates shall yet give way.
Thy chains shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no!

Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back—each tie
Of pure affection shall be keit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold

Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung;

And her wild still and cold

Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

VIRTHOUS OLD AGE. [From " Montgomery's Universal Prayer."]

The grace, the gentleness of virtuous age!
Though solemn, not austere; though wisely dead
To passion, and the wildering dreams of hope,
Not unalive to tenderness and truth,— Not unalive to tenderness and truth,—
The good old man is honour'd and revered,
And breathes upon the young-limb'd race around,
The gay and venerable charm of years:
Nor,—glory to the power that tunes the heart
Unto the spirit of the time! are all
The fancy and the flush of youth forgot:
The meditative walk by wood or mead,
The lull of streams, and language of the stars,
Heard in the heart alone,—the bosom-life
Of all that beautified or graced his youth,
Is still to be enjoy'd and hallow'd with
The feelings flowing from a better world.

[The following ENIGMA, by Lord Byron, is not less distinguished for the ingenuity which it displays, than for the beauty and elegance of the language in which it is expressed.]-W. OBS.

ENIGMA ON THE LETTER H.

'Twas whisper'd in Heaven, 'twas mutter'd in Hell,
And echo caught softly the sounds as they fell.
In the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its pressure confest.
'Twas seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder,
'Twill be found in the spirers when all driv'n asunder.
'Twas giv'n to man with his earliest breath,
It assists at his birth and attends him in death,
Presides o'er his nappiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his nouse and the end of his wealth,
Begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
And though unassuming, with Monarch' is found.
In the heaps of the Miser 'tis hoarded with care,
'Yet is sure to be lost in the prodigal heir.
Without it the Soldier or Sailor may roam,
But wo to the wretch one expels him from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found, ENIGMA ON THE LETTER H. But we to the wreigh sho expels him from nome. In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found, Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd. It softens the heart, and though deaf to the ear 'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear. But in shades let it rest like an elegant flow'r, On I breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

THE MISCELLANIST.

SKETCH OF JERUSALEM. FORTY YEARS BEFORE THE BIRTH OF THE SAVIOUR [From the Preface of Zillah.]

"That the reader may be somewhat more conver-sant with the features of the celebrated City, which constitutes the principal scene of our novel, it is hoped the will excuse a few preliminary remarks upon its pro-bable appearance at the zra we have mentioned. While the theoretical form of the Jewish Government

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