Zateekin Observer,

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

Office in HATFIELD'S Brick Building, Market-square.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1829.

Vol. II. No. 6.

THE GARLAND.

From the "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING." STANZAS .-- BY T. K. HERVEY.

How sweet to sleep where all is peace, Where sorrow cannot reach the breast, Where all life's idle throbbings cease, And pain is lulled to rest;—
Escaped o'er fortune's troubled wave,,
To anchor in the silent grave!

That quiet land where, perils past, The weary win a long repose,
The bruised spirit finds, at last,
A balm for all its woes,
And lowly grief and lordly pride
Lie down, like brothers, side by side!

The breath of slander cannot come
To break the calm that lingers there;
There is no dreaming in the tomb,
Nor waking to despair;
Unkindness cannot wound us more,
And all earth's bitterness is o'er. Here the maiden waits till her lover come-

They never more shall part;
And the stricken dear has gained her home,
With the arrow in her heart;
And passions pulse lies hushed and still,
Beyond the reach of the tempter's skill. The mother—she is gone to sleep, With the babe upon her breast,—She has no weary watch to keep Over her infant's rest;
His slumbers on her bosom fair Shall never more be broken—there!

For me—for me, whom all has left,
—The lovely, and the dearly loved,—
From whom the touch of time hath reft
The hearts that time had proved, Whose guerdon was—and is— For all I bore—and all I bear;

Why should I linger idly on,
Amid the selfish and the cold,
A dreamer—when such dreams are gone
As those I nursed of old!
Why should the dead tree mock the spring,
A blighted and a withering thing!

How blest-how blest that home to gain, And slumber in that soothing sleep,
From which we never rise to pain,
Nor ever wake to weep!
To win my way from the tempest's roar,
And lay me down on the golden shore!

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FAREWELL .-- BY LORD BYRON. "He will return—but now the moments bring
The time of parting with redoubled wing;
The why—the where—what boots it now to tell?
Since all must end in that wild word—farewell!
—List!—'tis the bugle—Juan shrilly blew—
One kiss—one more—another—on! adieu!"

She rose—she spring—she clung to his embrace, Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face, He dared not raise to his that deep blue eye, Which downcast dropped in tearless agony.

—Hark! peals the thunder of the signal gun! It told 'twas sunset and he curssed that sun.

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