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Wicekly Almanack.							
DECEMBER-1831.			Rises, Sets.				
WEDNESDAY			7 34	4 26	3 29	19 4	
THURSDAY			7 35	4 93	4 30	9 47	
FRIDAY			7 36	4 24			
SATURDAY			7 87	4 28			
SUNDAY			7 37	4 28	BURNING COUNTY		
MONDAY			7 38	4 99	This balance is a second	morn	
TUESDAY	200	The state of	7 90	4 91			

## New Moon 4th, 3h. 24m. m THE GARLAND.

From the London Court Journal.

From the London Court Journal.

A VISION OF THE CORONATION.

BY SIR W. SCOIT.

I.

The steady foxhound, staunch and true, Which oft has brushed the morning dow; With foot of power has bounded free, First of the pack, o'er mound and len,—When age comes on to quench his fire, And nature's energies expire—Still in its dreams pursues the chase, Still facts the foremost of the race—In faucy's troubled vision sees.

Sly Reynard breast the morning breeze, Hears bay of hound and huntsman's horn Along Dunallan's pastures borne, And dashes into Yeldham's stream—Then wakes and finds 'tis but a dream. Thus may the minstrel, faithful still, Sigh for his ancient strength and skill; In dreams recall his vanish'd fire.

And strike once mors the pout's lyre, Again a song of gladness sing.

To colebrate a patriot King;

Though never he may hope again
To join the courtier's glittering train—Though never he may hope to roam From precinct of his mative home.

Though never he may hope to roam From precinct of his untive home.

II.

O'er mount and vale the word has flown, That William would here's throne. In Erin there is sound of mirth—For Erin knows her Monnreh's worth,—Echo her hills with William's name, Song, feast, and fair, her joy proclaim; Joy gleams on bright Killarney's floods, On Conamara's tangled woods;
On Conamara's tangled woods;
On Mangerton a bonfire gleams, Reflected in a hundred streams;
Feuds for a while are cast away,
And hearts that own no other tie,
In loyalty and gladness vie;
And William's name is powerful spell
The hitterness of hate to quell.
Whatever clae the land may be,
Whatever clae the land may be,
Whatever clae the lend may be,
Whatever clae the lend may be,
Whatever clae the lend Erin sonds,—
She no'er forgot her foes—or friends.

III.

One boast the land of Erin sends,—
She ne'er forgot her fores—or friends.

II.

Scotia with a bound springs up.
Rears on high the brimming cup.
And a potent draught takes down,
To William—health to wear his crown.
Nor in land of wit and song,
Where the torrent pours along,
Of poet's love and poet's care,
For ladye bright and maiden fair,
Be a blessing left unsaid,
For our noble Adelance!
Where springs the wild deer on the heath,
Scarce the heather bends beneath
His limb of light and foot of speed,
(Fleutest he heather bends beneath
His limb of light and foot of speed,
(Fleutest he of highland breed)—
Not more swift the wild deer's flight
O'er Benyorilich's topmost height,
Than feets the news from hill to hill,
From vale to vale, of William's will.
Old Edina hears the cry,
Stirling's castled crags reply,
Lonnoud's joy runs into riot,
Grimly smiles the high Dumynt,—
Highland chief and lowland laird
The echoes of their halls have scared,
With a weasnil, such as springs
From liegemen's love to patriot kings.

From legeneal's love to patriot kings.

IV.

Relate, oh Muse! for thou hast seen
You portal opened wide.
When deck d in more than mortal sheen,
With many a jewell'd braid I ween,
Entered our ever gracious Queen,
Without one taint of pride,—
Meek, lowly, pure, in that proud hour,
No thought was her's of rank or power;
Tender to him who calls her wife,
As any in the vale of life,
Who trend together life's long round,
In kindness and affection bound,—
Whose humble hearts have never known,
How rare is virtue on a throne!—
The shouts that from the crowded nisle,
Burst forth at William's kindly suile,
As reverently his head bent down,
Beneath the weight of Britain's crown,
The joyous sounds of high acclaim,
From beauty's rosente lips that came,
The louder voice that thundered then,
From the rough throats of bearded men The joyons sounds of night accuming. From bound's rosente lips that came, The louder voice that thandered them. From the rough throats of bearded men. No tongus can tell—yet by each eye Surpassing thoughts ye might desery in every loyal breast assembled, With featity and with love that trembled. The Law sent forth her proud array, To magnify the feative day—Loyadhurst, with eye of falcon ken. The features sage of Tenterden; And towering in his pride of place, Buotonam—raised upon the stately dais—Aye! mark him well, for sooth to say, Such other is not here to-day.—And when you've scanned his outward man. Try then his Spirit's strength to sean. Methinks ye'll matter, if ye try, Yonder is "more than meets the eye." Needless I tell that beauty there—Was brightest upon earth; For England's maid, serene and fair, Scotland's proud dame, with stately air, And Irelaud's nymph, a jewel rare.

Beat all of mortal birth,—Fames sent her chosen. Ye might see Duke Arthur proud and high—If somewhat starched and stiff he be, I marvel what vourself would be If ye had seen Napoleon flee
Before your master eye!
Bold Hill, and Beresfords, and Graeme,—And if I miss one kindred mane
Which Scotland still holds dear, If Hopetoul's stately form be gone, Still let the joyous cliord ring on,
The Land that claimed him for her son Shed laurels on his bier.
Wondrous and bright the assembly glow'd,