The Witchill Operates

A NEW SERIES OF THE STAR.

Vol. I.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1829.

THE GARLAND.

From the Portland (Maine) Gazette. SLANDER.

SLANDER.

I saw her a fawn like thing—
A creature all heart, all senne, all feeling,
All sympathy! sorrow she knew not—and
Care was a stranger to her heart; life was
New to her and beautiful. From her age
Hope flashed, and on her cheek health played,
Around her form, beauty and loveliness [like
Had wreath'd their brightest flowers. Her voice was
The warbling of rich music—all harmony.
Her soul seem'd ever dwelling on her lips—
She was one of those—a painter's conceptiou—
One, the heart conceives, but never hopes to meet,
The earth seemed ever laughing beneath her
Feet—a smile she had for all—cheerfulness.
Was never from beside her.—Art and guite
Were to her unawaning words—ne'er spoken.
Old men did rev'rende to her, and bid their
Daughters imitate—Young men strove hard to
Catch a glance from her dark eye.]

Again I saw her, a pale and wasted
Flower,—but lovely still. The stroc blaat of
Slander had swept across her path, and she—
The purs in heart, who never conceived a thought
Which might not well be registered in heaven—
Was now wasting beneath its venomed breath.
Yes—she, once so sought and lov'd, was now a
Lone and slighted being! she, the bright and
Lovely, was now withering away in
Solitude! sorrow was fast supping the
Fountain of Life. The once glad earth now seem'd
Barren and desolate. The summer breeze
Which play'd among the flowers, and came to her
Like the harpings of unseen musicians,
Was heard no more!—Oh, world, world, how sad and
Deadly are thy scornful visitings to
The young and glowing heart! In solitude
She died. Unfriended and alone she
Yielded up her sinless soul! Yet
God, who ne'er forakes affliction's child, was
With her at that hour, and the was happy!

OTHO.

THE CLOUD.

THE CLOUD.

See you you cloud of wild gigautic form,
In gloomy state careering in the storm?
Dark, silent, swift, across the heaving deep,
O'er which the angry winds in fury sweep,—
In sulten Majesty, and solemn pride.
The monarch of the sky, behald it glide!
Mark you its varying shapes?—a tiger now
Of aspect fierce, stretched on a mountain's brow;
And now an eagle soaring thro' the air,—
And now a reverend sage with streaming hair.
Spires, palaces, and turrets, next appear,
And pyramids their giant heads uprear.
From these huge fish, and spectral figures spring,
And mighty stags, and falcons on the wing!
Away they travel on the viewless wind,
Swift! swift! across the sea, and leave no trace behind!

MEETING OF SHIPS. When o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh! they who've felt it, know how sweet
Some supply morn a sail to meet. Ship a hoy!' our joyful cry,
Sparkling at once is every eye,
While, answering back, the sounds we hear,
Ship a hoy! what chr, wa at cheer?'

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