

POETRY

THE PARTING.

Come close, my little lovely boy,  
My only earthly bliss,  
Come cling around your mother's neck,  
And give a parting kiss.

Oh! thou dear fond and loved one,  
To this your happy home,  
When thou art far away from me,  
Will thy young thoughts o'er roam!

Where, by a mother's bosom pressed,  
Thou'st lived a happy child,  
And bloomed as the fragrant rose,  
Amidst the woodland wild.

And must I send thee forth my son,  
In young and tender years,  
To tread the soil of foreign climes  
And bathe them with your tears!

Will strangers watch o'er thee my dear,  
As I have always done,  
Cheerish and guard thy youthful steps,  
And smile on thee, my son?

Ah! who will mark thy gambols now,  
Or guard thy little bed,  
When sickness comes, who than will  
The pillow for thy head?

In fancy, I will often gaze  
Upon that noble brow,  
And kiss that rosy cheek and lip,  
As I have kiss'd it now.

How I shall miss, my darling child,  
Thy voice at early dawn,  
Calling on me at break of day,  
To share the rising morn.

But I shall miss thee more my child,  
At twilight's pensive hour,  
When the cool balmy western breeze,  
Doth shut the evening flower.

When next I clasp thee in my arms,  
And press thy shaded cheek,  
Maturer years will crowd thy brow,  
And time thy features speak.

And if, my little lovely boy,  
Thou reachest manhood's years,  
Think of her anxious hours for thee,  
Her sacrifice—her tears.

None save a mother's broken heart,  
Would ever bid thee go,  
Her pride, her hope, her only joy,  
The science of her woe.

None save a mother's energy,  
Could ever bid thee part,  
But I must bid thee now farewell,  
Thou idol of my heart.

I thus have nev'd my widow'd heart,  
Alas! my child, 'tis done;  
And ho! ye Powers that rule above,  
Protect my only son.

But one short year has fled,  
Since my poor friend was gay,  
Now to the mansions of the dead  
They bear her, there to lay her head  
In the cold clay.

And I am left to mourn;  
Yet tears will not restore  
Her to me, from that unknown bourne  
Where all must go, but none return  
For Evermore!

But thou, my friend, wert young!  
Yet not too young to go  
To listen to thy Maker's tongue.  
Who thus has called thee from among  
Us all below.

And thou wert always good,  
And I shall not repine;  
For thou wilt meet a sisterhood,  
Who watching for the long have stood,  
'Mongst them to shine.

Ah no! let me rejoice,  
That unto thee 'twas giv'n,  
To hearken to thy Maker's voice  
Pronounce, "thou wert an early choice!"  
Thou art in Heav'n!

And I will pray to meet  
Thee, soon again, above;  
To join thee at th' Almighty's feet,  
In songs of joy divinely sweet,  
There all is love.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE LORD ERSKINE.—Here I may relate a circumstance which manifests an extraordinary revolution in the life of a conspicuous character. A lieutenant in the royal navy had written a political pamphlet, but, being called to his duty, was not able to see it through the press. He therefore placed it in the hands of a bookseller, desiring

that he would give it to some literary man, who, for duly preparing it for publication, should have half the profits. The bookseller gave it Mr. Cooke, who soon discharged his duty. The work was published, and profits were thirty pounds, all of which was given to Mr. Cooke, who took his portion, and reserved the other half for the author, whenever he should call for it. Many years elapsed, and he heard nothing of him. At length a gentleman called on him, told his name, and declared himself to be the author of the pamphlet, telling him he knew that fifteen pounds were due to him, on account of the pamphlet, and adding, he was ashamed to take it, but "his poverty, and not his will," consented, as he had a wife and an increasing family. Mr. Cooke had the money ready for him, which the stranger took, and expressed his gratitude at parting. This necessitous author was the late Lord Erskine.—*Taylor's Records of his Life.*

Singular Story.—Kinderley family having been mentioned in a former page, it may not be uninteresting, in this place, to relate the following anecdote, which an old servant, who had lived fifty-two years with Mrs. Kinderley and her daughter, Mrs. Smith, frequently related, as a fact, with which she was well acquainted, and, in part a witness of. The Rev. John Kinderley's connexion with Scotland had procured him the acquaintance of several families in the north, among whom Lord D. was one of his most intimate friends. This nobleman had met with a lady at Bath, both young and attractive, and who passed for a widow of an officer. His lordship becoming attached to this lady, he married her, and they soon after left England to reside on the Continent. Here, after a few years, she was seized with an alarming illness, and earnestly desired her lord, in case of her death, that she might be conveyed to England and interred in a particular church, which she named. Upon this event taking place, Lord D. accompanied the body in the same ship, and, upon landing, at Harwich, the chest in which the remains of his lady were enclosed excited the suspicious of the custom-house officers, who insisted upon ascertaining its contents. Being a good deal shocked with such a threat, Lord D. proposed that it should be removed to the church, and opened in the presence of the clergyman of the parish, who could vouch for its containing what he assured them, was within. The proposal was yielded, to, and the body conveyed to the appointed place, when, upon opening the chest, the attending minister recognized in the features of the deceased his own wife! and communicated the unwelcome discovery to his lordship on the spot. It appeared, upon further conversation that Lady D. had been married against her inclination to this person, and determining to separate entirely from him, had gone he knew not whither, and under an assumed name and character had become the wife of Lord D. The two husbands followed her remains to the grave the next day; and, on the same evening, Lord D., in great distress of mind, attended by one servant, came to his friend's house, in Norwich, for consolation. It was winter, and about six o'clock when he arrived. Mr. Kinderley was

called out to speak to a stranger, and, returning to his wife, desired her to leave them together, pretending that a stranger from Scotland was arrived on particular business. Lord D. sat up with Mr. Kinderley the whole night, to unbosom his affliction and extraordinary fate to his friend; and, at daybreak, in order to avoid any interview with his hosts family, for which his spirits were unequal, he departed.—*Memoir and Corroborance of the late Sir J. E. Smith.*

Marco Sciarra, the Robber of the Abruzzi.—It was about this time that the robber chief's life was ornamented with its brighter episode. Marco and his merry men had come suddenly on a company of travellers, on the road between Rome and Naples. The robbers had begun to plunder, and had cut the saddle-girths of the mules and the horses of the travellers, who speedily obeyed the robbers' orders, and lay flat on the earth, all save one, a man of a striking and elegant appearance. "Faccia in terra!" cried several of the robbers in the same breath, but the bold man, heedless of their menaces, only stepped up to their chief, and said, "I am Torquaro rasso." "The poet!" said the robber, and he dropped on his knee, and kissed his hand, and not only was rasso saved from being plundered, but by the mere mention of his name, all those who were travelling with him were permitted to mount their horses and continue their journey, without sustaining the loss of a single scudo. A very curious proof this, that a captain of banditti could form a juster and more generous notion of what was due to the immortal but then unfortunate poet, than could princes of royal or imperial lineage.—*Court Magazine.*

Bachelors and Maidens.—The march of matrimony has made no progress in the parish of Elmsthorpe, in the country, which contains only four houses, occupied by 34 individuals, the whole of whom are living in a state of single blessedness! The Rectory of this parish is a complete sinecure, no service having been performed since the year 1798, and that only when the Rector read himself in! The church is now a fine picturesque ruin, richly clad with ivy.—*Leicester Chronicle.*

The most humorous method of getting over a quarrel that we ever heard of, was that practised by an Irish comedian named Ford, who, being at a tavern in Bristol, spending an evening with a few convivial friends, a trifling dispute arose, when the comedian, with all the warmth of an Irishman, abruptly said to a companion, whose christian name was William—"It's a lie, Bill!" The latter rose, and with the utmost indignation repelled the slander! but the Irishman, whose sudden warmth had cooled during the exasperated speech of his friends, rejoined in the most cool and collected manner—"Be easy, now and tell me what 'tis you're in such a rage about.—Faith an' I merely told you 'twas a Liebet."

A Soldier's Notion of the Opposition.—Two soldiers were the other day talking together; the more ingenious one said, "I hear Right and Left of the Government and Opposition, of the Opposition and Government, what do they mean by that?" "I'll explain it," replied the other; "For example, there's Marshal Soult; you know Marshal Soult?" "Yes." "Well, when he is in the Opposition he has won the battle of Toulouse, and when he is in the Government, he has lost it—that's all.—*French paper.*

CONSTITUTIONS.—A bookseller in Paris being lately asked for a copy of the Constitution of 1814, replied: "Sir, I keep no periodicals."—*Walter Scott's Napoleon.*

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS  
St John's and Harbour Grace Packets

THE EXPRESS Packet being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving Harbour Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and Portugal Cove on the following days.

FARES.  
Ordinary Passengers ..... 7s. 6d.  
Servants & Children ..... 5s.  
Single Letters ..... 6d.  
Double Do. .... 1s.  
and Packages in proportion

All Letters and Packages will be carefully attended to; but no accounts can be kept or Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,  
Agent, HARBOUR GRACE  
PERCHARD & BOAG,  
Agents, ST. JOHN'S  
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835

Nora Creina

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice, start from Carbonear on the mornings of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man will leave St. John's on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days.

TERMS.

Ladies & Gentlemen ..... 7s. 6d.  
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6d.  
Single Letters ..... 6d.  
Double do. .... 1s.

AND PACKAGES in proportion  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.

Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which at a considerable expence, he has fitted out, to ply between CARONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it will be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

The St. PATRICK will leave CARONEAR, for the Cove, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 9 o'Clock in the Morning and the Cove at 12 o'Clock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Packet, Man leaving St. John's at 8 o'clock on those Mornings.

TERMS.

After Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d.  
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.  
Letters, Single ..... 6d.  
Double, Do. .... 1s.  
Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., &c. received at his House in Carbonear, and in St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr. Patrick Kieley's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr. John Cruick's, Carbonear, June 4, 1838.

TO BE LET

On vilding Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on East by the House of the late captain STARR, and on the est by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR, Widow.

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1839.

Blanks

Of Various kinds For Sale at this Office of this Paper.



VOL. IV.

HARBOUR GRACE.

HOUSE OF

MONDAY

Mr. Secretary Clerk to the House the following

FIRST

ON

Geological

NEWFOUN

J. B. JUL

The Country in the St. John's is composed of masses or groups of uppermost of these gneiss, granite, shive of the hammer. Srequently contain a from the size of a compared together called a puddingstone. The strata or beds of ly of considerable as much as six or beds I have yet met of being cut or dress make good building of them are well as structure of walls of The thickness of this been ascertained, but wards of five or six may be much more.

Beneath this form schistose or slaty most part may be d—they frequently be ous, and like all t present numerous texture and character thickness from two many inches. The mostly a cleavage of a certain direction, have a fine grain and are not cut u lines, forms them to me ce, used for roof poses. It is to be that beds of this be discovered in this place. The slaty rocky has pre seen—but 1000 feet exposed in the Coast Cape St. Francis.

Somewhere near grit, or a little about the slate, masses of line stone may be hard and breaks up sharp splinters. It bedding or stratification the Basaltic or trap These lie over or stratified rocks in through them like comes light coloured exposure to the atmosphere in those parts the surface. It is easily dressed, but convenient blocks (which is sometimes be likely to form a stone. It appears largely in the const Barracks on Signal buildings in the would also form in the making of Road sufficient traffic to The red grit and be conformable to say, the transition is easy and gradual alternating with the same dip or plane of the horizon inclination along the invariable towards STRIKER (or direction