

POETRY

THE LOVER'S RESCUE.

The angry sun had sunk to rest,
Beneath the ocean's flashing breast;
The wild duck screamed on the billow's
crest;
And the winds piping merrily.

The hollow cells, on the ocean's verge,
Rang loudly to the frightful serge;
And ye had thought that hell did urge
The wild and hideous revelry.

And there was darkness in the sky,
That pained the sight of the upturned
eye;
And brightness that with wings did fly
Among the clouds' black drapery.

And ye had seen, as the lightnings
bright
Burned through the bosom of the night,
A being stand on the wild-shore's height,
In strange and mystic loneliness.

Her form was borne by a flinty rock,
Round which the trembling wild-surge
broke
In tones suppressed; as if her look
Had awed their maniac restlessness.

Her lips were white as the foam, that
shed
A misty shower upon her head;
And life seemed from her pale cheek
fled,
Though in her eye was witchery.

Oh God! it was a thrilling scene,
To see how fearfully serene
She stood above the ocean green,
In wild and fitful reverie!

And ever, as the storm swept by,
And the lightning gleam'd in the frown-
ing sky,
There was a wildness in her eye,
That flash'd like a death-torch fear-
fully.

And yet, 'twas not the lightning's flash,
Nor the thunder's deep and awful crash,
Nor the tempest's breath, nor the ocean's
dash,
Nor the darkness of night's scenery;

That called, into her bright black eye,
The soul, as o'er the billows high
She gaz'd, and breath'd a low deep
sigh,
That swelled her breast unconsciously.

Oh no! for on the ocean wild,
Where the waves in very gladness smil'd,
Her young and gallant lover toil'd,
Midst death's astounding revelry.

And as his bark, the ocean's pride,
Flew, like a chas'd deer o'er the tide,
Sweet fancy saw, on the dark sea-side,
The vision of his Emily.

And hush'd in wild felicities,
He shot along the raging seas,
Nor knew that the thunders of the
breeze
Were piping a death-dirge mournfully.

He awakes! as the quivering lightning
gleams,
On the misty waves, in coloured streams
God of my fathers! hark! those screams,
That rise to heaven most horribly.

The wind is hush'd, as if with fright,
The sky with livid flame is bright,
The demons laugh on the wild shore's
height,
At heaven's terrific scenery.

Oh God! there are some scenes that fall
On the heart, like the sight of a funeral
pall,
When the spirit's beat to the startling
call
Of death's unfathom'd mystery!

A prayer is on that lone one's lips,
As the ship, in the tempest's black
eclipse,
Still deeper, and still deeper dips,
As she were sinking suddenly.

Is it a dream? that ship no more
Is seen above the ocean's roar!
Where she sunk the loud waves gallop
o'er,
In tones of savage mockery!

And many have sunk to their last low
rest,
With the heavy ocean on their breast;
No more they strive with the billow's
crest,
But sleep on the bright sands peace-
fully.

But there was one whom the frantic
surge
Had borne to the ocean's rocky verge,
As if with frightful haste to urge
The moment of his destiny.

High on the bold and pointed steep,

He is hurled midst the foam of the flying
deep,
And there—as if in life's last sleep—
He rests his pale cheek quietly.

Feels he the warmth of those charms
that press
His pallid cheek in a fond caress;
Heeds he the wildness of that kiss,
That smiles on the lips of his Emily?

He does! and life's warm spirits beat
In his trembling breast, with gentle
heat;
As he rests on his fair one's bosom
sweet,
In love's supreme felicity.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES,
OR THE DICTIONARY OF THE
MARCH OF INTELLECT.

Borrowing A genteel way of
stealing.

Old Maid An overgrown cat in
petticoats.

Praise Judicious flattery.

Hunger A poor man's perquisite.

Lords The only hereditary wise
men in the world.

Obligation, Favour A thing to be
forgotten as speedily as possi-
ble.

Love A species of insanity.

Marriage A verdict of lunacy.

Preacher A licensed beggar.

Hatred Respect for a superior.

Devilish The superlative degree
of comparison.

Madness Refined amusement.

Monkey The first edition of a
man.

Scandal A charitable attempt to
conceal your own defects by ex-
posing those of your neigh-
bours.

Scoundrel A better cheater than
yourself.

Debt A criterion of respectabi-
lity.

Conscience A nonentity; a thing
to swear by.

Religion A cloak; a word which
many have on their 'tongue-
end,' and no where else.

Satan The original fory.

Happy to see you Wish you to the
d—.

Pleasure Something always hoped
for but never enjoyed.

Justice A farce acted by her Ma-
jesty's servants.

Pension Bait for the trap of politi-
cal turpitude.

Good-hearted-fellow One who
does as much mischief as he re-
ally can.

Hanging Legal murder.

Regularity Drunk seven times a
week.

The People A paradox; the mas-
ters of aristocracy, and yet their
slaves.

Folly A man with a wooden leg
getting drunk.

Benevolence Putting a man in jail
for a small debt into which you
have swindled him, and then
permitting him to get out when
the confinement has almost
killed him.

Ignorant Unacquainted with fas-
hionable vices.

Quacks British Thugs: wholesale
murderers.

Fashion Degraded imitation.

Patriot an individual who takes
care of number One.

Meritorious Man Respectably
connected.

Living A thing many die for.

MANSION-HOUSE.

Thomas Costello, an elderly Irish taylor, was charged with having begged in a most importune style, although he uttered not a word.

A policeman stated that the prisoner had been for years about the streets of the metropolis, and that of late he had fastened particularly upon the city of London. His way was to fix himself shivering and shaking against the wall, and his deplorable appearance, for he could make his very eyes start almost out of his head, soon brought customers

to him. Witness finding that entreaty would not prevail upon the beggar to remove from the most populous neighbourhood about the Bank, took him into custody.

The Lord Mayor—Now, Costello, we have often told you to leave the city.—Why do you persevere in annoying us?

Costello—Ah then, please your honor, I'm all over pains and aches; I'm afraid I'll never get well.

Lord Mayor—You are sick with idleness. I am told you are a man of much bodily strength.

Costello—So I was, my lord, till I got a fall.

Lord Mayor—From what? a shop-board!

Costello—No, from a horse. I'm not able to sit on a shop-board, God help me, on account of the tumble. Besides, my eyes are very bad.

The policeman said that there was not a beggar in the city, able and active as they were, who had better use of eyes and limbs than the defendant, who could see an officer at any distance, and get out of sight in the twink of an eye.

Costello—Oh, dear, yes. They ought to put me up as a tollygraph! You'd swear that I could read the newspaper from this to Portsmouth in a fog—a laugh.)

Lord Mayor—How long since we sent you to Bridewell from this place?

Costello—How long! it's an age, I'm sure. Let me see—it's just odds of three years.

Policeman—It can't be more than six months.

Lord Mayor—I dare say you have been in a dozen gaols within these three years.

Costello—No, my lord, not near so many.

Inspector M'Lean—He says he will not leave the city at all. We have brought him to go; but he shakes his head, and says No—the city's his home, and it would be ungrateful in him to quit it.

Lord Mayor—Will you promise me to go if I discharge you?

Costello—Go where, your honor?

Lord Mayor—Any where out of our jurisdiction.

Costello—Oh dear, no; I won't disgrace myself by going out of your jurisdiction. I've no parents, God help me, but yourself and the likes of you.

Lord Mayor—You say you have not been here these three years; will you promise me not to come for three years more?

Costello—Can't afford to be out of the city, your honor. I'd do it with pleasure; but I really cannot manage it—(laughter).

Lord Mayor—Then you must have a go at the treadmill for a couple of months.

Costello—I know where the mill is precious well. It ain't out of the city, is it, my lord?

Committed to Bridewell.

GRAMMATICAL TAUTOLOGY.

I'll prove the word that I've made my theme

Is that that may be doubled without blame;

And that that that, thus trebled, I may use,

And that that that that critics may abuse May be correct. Farther—the dons to bother—

Five that's may closely follow one another!

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS
St John's and Harbor 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 for 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 REINA
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 REINA will, until further notice, start from Carbonear on the morning 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.
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 P.A. KAGES *vice* him.

Carbonear, June, 1835.

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 CARBONEAR 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 CARBONEAR, 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 abin 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 Kiely's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Cruet's.

Carbonear, June 4, 1835.

TO BE LET
On Building 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, 1837.

Blanks

Of various kinds for SALE at the Office of this Paper.

THE

Vol. IV.

HARBOUR GRACE

In the NORTH COURT, and JUNE

IN THE MATTER OF LATE OF CARBONEAR NORTHERN DISTRICT INSOLVENT.

WHEREAS W. W. was, on Inst. in due form by the said COURT Whereas ROBERT WILLIAM W. Carbonear aforesaid, of the said major part of the said INSOLVENT chosen and appointed ESTATE of

N. C.

IS THE

THAT THE SAID WILLIAM W. B. TEES, are

Orders as to COURT shall be to make there Realise the said INSOLVENT to ing in their EFFECTS belong to Pa with to the s

WE H. ROBERT W. W.

THE S. bita city gen on in his PUPILS. he has cot Room for friends, w tion after prise all spect id a ds defi zone St. rate at C the same Towards de ries of the bles at £25 each. Towards de of one S trate at H rioid ... Towards d of a cons Port-de for same Towards ries of stables for sam

On Fri vant, We Westlake the Car fourth d of this

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