## POETRY.

NG.-THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF ELDON H2, "The Good Old Days of Adam and Eve," days are gone, -those days of glory,--
n 1 , and every good old Tory n I , and every good old Tory,
I'd our places and our pensions $y^{\prime d}$ our places and our pensions,
earn'd them well by good intentio s then we spurn'd the people's wishes, feasted on the loaves and fishes; ile George the Fourth reparłd his palac
i Judges well supplied-the gallows. Judges well supplied-the gal
Oh, dear ! heigho! regret 1 feel, Oh, dear! heigho! regret I feel,
For the good old days of Eldon and Peel. en a young man,--ere final answer v old and grey, and ceased to smile there,
Ist Eldon cried, like crocodile there : when aroused from doubt and weeping isund the barristers all sleeping,.-.
a new Broom, that Whigs call able a new Broom, that Whigs call able,
sent to cleanse the Augean stable

Castlereagh to none would cower well maintain't the Tories' ' owwer,
Sidmouth, ton, , the sage and hoary, Peterloo oain'd lauress gory! ? Hored that he'd no more to trample ;
i, with the thought grew so besotted, with the thought grew so besotted
n Whethereli-.-that man 1 pity in the House, he was the very man t acted long as clown or merry $y$-man ;
whilist on Boroughbridge he stod, king his footing sure and good, Sirs,
planning schemes the Whigs to teather planning schemes the Whigs to leather all,
briage broke down w-away went Wetheell!! Charley went, as the Recorder, eep Bristolian knaves in order though the frist of Tory wit -ites,
(riends he found among the P , tit -ites en he in Court began to scold 'em,
y made the town too hot to hold him 'er the tiles--a tom-cat turning..-.
scaped from Bristol's buildings burning! Doctor Russell, dark fiends urging Parliament began the purying plied us with his bitter potions,
n laugh'd at our uneasy motion laugh'd at our uneasy motions;
sharp retrenchment's sword cut sure, Sirs, Teft us healing sine-cures, Sirs d William's self,,--ah ! that's she deep ill,---

## efuge now from destitution, ft nie by this Revolution!

snug close boroughs are abolish'd
pite of Hunt's orations.-- polish or I th little beys --pill vie my steps, with vulgar noise all,
tlaiming .--" Ha! old cove of Gatton 've got a bad,---a shocking hat on!
Oh, dear! heigho! regret I Oh, dear! heigho! regret I feel,
For the good old days of Eldon and $P$ P

## THE BOXER

From the Diary of a late Physician. The patient who required my services
ved to be one Bill who, in returning that evening from at prize-fight, had been thrown out of his
the horse being frightened by the light , and the rider, besides, much the worse liquor, had bis ankle dreadfully aislog. He had been taken up by some pas-
gers, and conveyed, with great difficulty
his own residence, a public-house, not his own residence, a public-house, not
ce minutes' walk from where I lived e moment I entered the tap-room, whic
ad to pass on my way to the staircase, ad to pass on my way to the staircase,
rd his sroans, or rather howls, overhead e excitement of intoxication, added to agonies occasioned by the accident, ha
ven him, I am told, almost mad. H uttering the most revolting execrations
I entered his room. He damned himself his ill-luck (for it seemed he had lost con erable sums on the fight)-the comba-
ts-the horse that threw him-the thuna and lightning-every thing, in short, and
ry body about him. The sound of the mder was sublime music to me, and more
icome, because it drowned the blasphe as bellowing of the monster I was visit . Yes, there lay the burley boxer, stretch upon the bed, with none of his dress res injured -his new blue coat, with glar-
yellow buttons, and drab nnee-breeches : yellow buttons, and drab knee-breeches, en precipitated-his huge limbs, writhing restless agony over the bed-his fists
nched, and his flat iron-featured face swoland distorted with pain and rage. good woman," said I, pausing at the or, addressing myself to the boxer's wife,
io, wringing her hands, had conducted me o, wringing her hands, had conducted m
stairs; "I assure you, I am not the perstairs; I assure yould have sent to. It's a sur on's, not a physician's case; I fear I "can't much for him-quite out of my way." n't say so!" gasyed the poor creature, with
 roared my pate wht, who had overheard the
last words of his wife, turning his bloatee
face towards me" "do ay, and be - to you! Here, here-loo ye, Doctor-look ye, here ${ }^{?}$. he continued,
pointing to the wounded foot, which, all crushed and displaced; and the stocking all soaked with blood, presented a shocking ap
pearance-"look, here, indeed!-ah, tha pearance- horse! that
gnashed, and his right harse! was hist teeth
lifted up, clenched, with fury -" if $I$ don't hreak every
bone in bis
 ment, as though I had entered the very pit
and presence of Satan, for the lightning was and presence of Satan, for the lightning wa
gleaming over his ruffianly figure incessantly and the thunder rolling close overhead
while he was speaking. "Hush! hush! yhitll drive the doctor away! Fpr pity,
sake, hold your tongue, or Doctor wont same,
come into the room to you!! gasped his
 a step, and lame as I am - me! if I don't
jump out of bed and teach him civility! Here you doctor, as you call yourself!
What's to be done? much shocked, at the moment, to know.
was half inclined to leave the room imme. was half inclined to leave the room imme-
diately-and had a fair plea for doing so, in the surgical nature of the case-but the ago-
ny of the fellow's wife induced me to do
 name for the nearests surgeon, I addressed myself to my task, and proceeded to remove
the stocking His hiole body univered with
the anguish it occasioned; and I saw such fury gathering in his features, that I began
to dread lest he might rise un in a sudden to dreal lest he might rise up in a sudaen
frenzy, and strike me. © Oh! oh! oh!
Curse your clume hands! You ton't tnow Curse your clumsy hands! You don thaw
no more nor a c cild," he groaned, "whai youre about! Leave it-leave, it alone!
Give over with ye! Doctor,
off!", "Mercy, mercy, Doctor!", sobbed bed his wife, in a whisper, fearing, from my momentary pause, that I was going to take her hus-
band at his word-"Dont go away! Oh, go on-go on! It must be done, you know
Never mind what he says! He's only alit Never worse for liequor now-and then the
tle the (Go on, Doctor! Hell thank you the
pain! Go on more for it to-morrow ""一" Wife ! Here!"
shouted her husband. The woman instantly shouted her husband. He woman instau his
stepped up to him. He strethed out
Herculean arm, and graspec her by the
 exclamed, and jerked her ioleon, where the poor creature fell down, but presently rose
crying bitterly:-"GGet away! Get offlet eet
cet down stairs-if you don't want me to serve
you the same again! Say I am drunk you
 - rushed down stairs-and I was left alone
with her husband. I was disposed to follow her abruptly, but the positive dread of my with a blow) kept me to my task. My flesh crept with disgust at touching his! I ex-
amined the wound, which undoubtedly must amined the wound, which undoubtedly must
have given him torture enough to drive him mad to pay no attention to his abuse, and quit the instant that the surgeon made
his appearance. At length he came. I his appearance. At length he came. 1
breathed more freely, resigned the case into his hands, and was going to take up my hat,
when he begged me to continue in the room, with such an earnest apprehensive look, that
I reluctantly remained.
I saw he dreaded I reluctantiy remateo.. 1 saw he dreaded
as much being left lone with his patient as
II It need hardy be eaid that every step that was taken in dressing the wound, was attended with the vilest execrations of the patient. Such a foul-mouthed rufitian I ne-
ver encountered any wher.
vt steemed as
ver Yer encountered ansessed of a devil. What
though he was
a contrast to the sweet speechless sufferer whom I had left at home, and to whom my heart yeand tor
The storm still continued raging. The
rain had comparatively ceased, but the thunrain had comparatively ceased, der and lightning made their appearance
 drew down the blind of the window, observ-
ing to the surgeon that the lightning seemIng to the surgeon that the lightning ser
ed to startle our patient. "Put it p again!
Put up that blind again, I say !" he cried ump up that "Dind again, sasy he cried lightning, like my horse to day? Put it up again-or III get out and do it myselfl
I did as he wished. Reproof or expostulaItan as he wished." Reproor or expostua-
tion was useless. "Hat" hexclimed, in
He tion was useless.
a low tone of fury, rubbing his hands toge-
ther-in manner bathing them in the fiery ther-in a manner bathing them in the fiery
stream, as a flash of lightning gleamed rudstream, as a Hash of lightning gleanme it
dily over him. "There it is ! Curse just the sort of flash that frightened my horse-d-it""-and the impious wretch
shook his fist," and "ginned horribly a
Shastly smile!" "Be inient sir! ghastly smile !" "Be silent, sir! Be silent! be we will both leave you instantly. Yout
behaviour is impious! It is frightful to wit-
hess ! Forbearl-lest ness! Forbear-lest the vengeance of God
descend upon you!" "Come, come-none o'your methodism here! Go on with
your business! Stick to your shop," interyour business.! Stick to your shop, inter-
rupted the Boxer.- "Does not that tebuke
your blasphemies." I

shading my eyes from the vivid stream of
lightning that burst into the room, while the lightning that burst into the room, while the
thunder rattled overhead-apparently in
When earruu proximity.
from my eyes and opened them, the first from my eyes, and opened them, the irss
object that they fell upon was the figure of he Boxer, sitting upright in bed with both hands stretched out, just as those of Elymas,
the sorcerer, in the picture of Raphael the sorcerer, in the picture of aph hia e ees,
face the color of a corse- and his
almost starting out of their sockets, directed face the colour of a corpse -ackets, directed
alomst starting out of ther
with a horrid stare towards the window.with a horrid stare towards the window--
His lips sound. It was clear what had occurred The wrathful fire of Heaven, that had glaneed harrullessly around un, had blinded the
blasphemer. Yes-the sight of his eyes had blasphemer. Yes-the sight of his eyes ina
perished. While we were gazing on him in perished. Whil we were gaing on she spess,
silent awe, he fell back in bed spechle and clasped his hands over his breast, seem-
and ingly in an attitnde of despair. But for thal
motion, we should have thought him dead Shocked beyond expression, Mr. - paus
 to their utmost extent, and immoveable.
asked him many questions, but he answered asked him many questans, however, a groan ed) would burst from his pent bosom; and this was the only evidence he gave of con
tiousness He moved over

 of each with convulsive force upon the eyes.
Mr. proceeded with his task. What a Mr. proceded with his task.
contrast between the present and past beha
viour of our patient I Do what we wouldput him to ever such great pain-he neithe uttered a syllable, nor expressed any symp-
toms of passion, as before. There was, toms of passion, as berore. There was
however, no necessity for my continuing any Ionger; so $I$ left the case in the hand
Mr.
who appened to her hustand. fici. tent that had

## SELECTIONS.

The Captain and his Sow.-I have alreain story-telling. When describing a naval action, his powerful words, like those of Ho tion, made the cannon roar, and represent
o your fancy the groans of the wounded He would place you on board of a line-o battle ship, whose decks, covered with dead
bodies and streaming with human blood began to creak from the action of a horrible
fre which was consuming the vessel, and
 darted through the open port-holes, and as
cended,
like curling snakes, the rigging and cended, like curling snakes, the rigging and
yards. This ship, which a few hours before rode sovereign of the Bay of Aboukir, and
contained more than five hundred human beings, full of life, and energy, and health was now deserted; for all who had escaped
the hostile ball and dread splinter, had sought their safety by jumping into the sea and swimming to the shore. Dee man alon
remained unhurt upon the deck, and, with his arms crossed upon his broad chest, and
his face covered with blood and smoke stoo contemplating, with an eye of deep sorrow another individual, who still breathed, buu hio was seated at the foot of the mainmast
with both his legs shattered, and the blood
stre streaming from the numerous wounds he
had reecived. He was sink king into eternity without uttering a single complaint; on the contraty, he huanked the worlo. His eyes
drawing him from
were raised to behold, once more, the flas were raised to behold, once more, the flag
of republican France waving over his head A few paces from the dying man stood
youth about fourteen, dressed in llain clothes youth a dirk be his sise side and a a brace of pis-
tols in his belt. He looked at the wounded man, with a countenance expressive of th most profound grief, combined, however,
with resignation, which indicated that also was fast approaching the term of life The ship was the Orient [burnt at the battle of Aboukir], the dying man was Casabianca,
captain of the flag ship of the Egyptian ex captain of the flag ship of the Egyptian ex-
pedition, and the youth was the captain's pon.-"Take this boy," said the captain to sone - Take thins mote, sho tha captainine with him, " and save your lives-you have
still time still time, and let me die alone-my race e th
run." "Aproach me not," said the youth, to the sturdy seaman; "ssave thyself. As
for me, my place is here, and I I shall not for me, my place is here, and 1 shall not
leave my father:"" "My son," said the dying officer, casting upon the boy a look on
the tenderest affection, "my dear boy, co tenderest aftection, "my dear boy,
command you to go,"-At this moment a dreadful crash shook the timbers of the ship, and the flames burst forth on an sides
A frightful explosion already told the fate of one of the victims of this dreadful dayand the same fate awaited the Orient. Already had the planks of the deck begun to
kindle the boatswain's mate was for an inkindle; the boatswan 's mate was, for an in-
stant appalled, and cast a glance of longing stant appalled, and cast a glance of longing
towards the shore, from which the ship was only about two toises distant. "For,", said the Emperor, "A Admiral Brueis, the wretch-
ed man, fought pent up in the bay!" But ed man, fought pent up in the bay", But
this feeling so natural to a man desirous of preserving life, , asted only an instant; and
te boatswain's mate resumed his careless the boatswan's mate resymed his careless
making a sign to him, to seize the youth.
But the latter taking one of his pistols cocking it, threatened to shoot him if ifhe did not desist. " It is my duty to remain, and
will d remain," he said. "Go then thy way time to lose." Another crash, which seem ed to issue from the hold like a deep srommade the boatswain's mate again start. He cast a look of horror towards the powder reach, and ine flames were now about to would be too late. The stripling understood he feelings of that look, and lying down
by his father's side, took the latter in his arms. "Go now," said he-" and you, my father, bless your son."
words the saese were the last
wailor heard.
Springing into the words the sailor heard. Springing into the
water, he swam rapidy towards the shore, but scarcely was he ten fathoms from the
ship ere it blew up with a dreadful explosion. "Hip ere it thew up with a dreadful explosion.
"Was received by the "He was received by the people on the
coast," said the Emperor, in conclusion, and Came to me at head quarters; and it
vas he who told us of the heroism of young Casabianca.". "What should I do in the gain urged him to go on shore; "Yo are
going to die, and the $F$ renclo nacey hus this day dishonoured "itsetf?" "This was a no-
ble boy," the Emperor added; ", and his would have gone farther, perthaps, that Du guay-Trouin and Duquesne-and 1 am proud
when I consider ,that he was a member of when I
my ow.
mors.

Breach or Priviliger.-On Tuesday week
Mr. W Patten wentinto the House of Commons with his brother, who was to remain under the gallery. during the debate. It
chanced that Mr. Cobbett joined the party as they entered the House-" Do you see I hope they'III indict him for a breach of
privilege-he's just gone into the house with privilege- hh's just gone into the house with The Use of A Den and Chaptrr.-A -
worthy magistrate of this city related the following anecodote to a dinner party at his
house some short time since: The Bishop of London, speaking of cathedral abuses, said, he could not see of what use a dean was, except to ask the canons to dinner; or of
what use the canons were, unless to accept he invitation of the de It is an authentic fact that one of the bi-
hops in the time of James I, some se the Bishop of Durham, others, as D Israeli, yake him a Welsh bishop- made an apology oi that monarch ior preierring the Deity to
his majesty! Dr. Neale, he Bishop of Duram, at the period, dectarea that Jul.
George the Third, being very near sighted somewhat roughly. "Let it alone, yourthonour", said the sentinel. "Dost thou know
mee?" said the King, somewhat haughtily Yes, sir," replied the soldier, without be your majesty knows I must not disobey orders." The king immediately put a piece
of gold into his hand. of gold into his hand
Scexe at a Frexch Military Ballor..-I.
We went to the plateau to see them draw 4 little bossu made abundant merriment for is comrades; one asked him if he had
brought his knapsack along with him; another if he intended to take his wife en croup. He, however, had quite as many answers
ready as they had jokes, and flourished his ready as they horge at the end of it, at the
stick, with an orange head of a band of young men, who had left the hay fields to take their chance for the
fields of wars. There did not, hovever, seem to be a very military spirit abroad among rich, and the sweets of prosperity make them
desirous of keeping their children at home to take care of it. A fine young man, six which appointed him to serve: his greyheaded apthererted fung his arms round his neek, and sought to comfort him as if he were a
little box going to school. "I tell him it is It who have cause to weep," said the por Y who have cause to weep, said the poor
old man to us, "that see him taken from
me when I I have most need of him." When any drew a lot of exemption, a grand shout by-standers ran with all speed to the cottage y-standers
of the fortunate party with the news of his escape. Some, however, were equally glad to march as others were to stay at home; they
shouted Vive la Charte, Vive Louis Phit hppe, and danced to the music of the drums flag in an eestasy of delight, which made lis father smile and his mother weep.--Sia
$\qquad$ During the epriod of Lord Mansfield's oc
Upation of the bench, it was usual, when cupation of the bench, it was usual, when-
ever the Merchant of $V$ enice was played for Portia, in the celebrated speech abou miercy, to mimic the gesture, tone, and manner of his lordship.
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