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POETRY.

13

SING .- THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF ELDON AND PEEL.

112, " The Good Old Days of Adam and Eve."

days are gone,- those days of glory,-. ion I, and every good old Tory, y'd our places and our pensions, l earn'd them well by good intentions! is then we spurn'd the people's wishes, I feasted on the loaves and fishes; ile George the Fourth repair'd his palace, i Judges well supplied-the gallows. Oh, dear ! heigho ! regret 1 feel, For the good old days of Eldon and Peel.

then a young man,-ere final answer he ceived to bills he filed in Chancery,w old and grey, and ceased to smile there, ilst Eldon cried, like crocodile there; when aroused from doubt and weeping, found the barristers all sleeping,--a new Broom, that Whigs call able, sent to cleanse the Augean stable ! Oh, dear! &c. &c.

theat Castlereagh to none would cower, well maintain'd the Tories' power; 1 Sidmouth, too,---the sage and hoary,---Peterloo gain'd laurels gory ! 2 Castlereagh,---who'd crush'd rights ample,--vlored that he'd no more to trample; i, with the thought grew so besotted, stick he cut, and the carotid ? Oh, dear! &c. &c.

* # * hen Whetherell---that man I pity !-deem'd the wittiest of the witty; r, in the House, he was the very man At acted long as clown or merry-man; t, whilst on Boroughbridge he stood, Sirs, taking his footing sure and good, Sirs, I planning schemes the Whigs to leather all, bridge broke down ... - away went Wetherell! Oh, dear ! &c. &c.

Charley went, as the Recorder, keep Bristolian knaves in order; , though the first of Tory wit-ites, friends he found among the Pit-ites ! hen he in Court began to scold 'em,

him, or he'll drive us all out of our senseshe'll be killing us!" "Do something," roared my patient, who had overheard the last words of his wife, turning his bloated face towards me-"do something, indeed ? ay, and be ---- to you ! Here, here-look ve. 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 appearance-"look here, indeed !---ah, that - horse! that ---- horse!" his teeth gnashed, and his right hand was lifted up, clenched, with fury—" if I don't break every bone in his —— body, as soon as ever I can stir this cursed leg again !" I felt, for a moment, as though I had entered the very pit and presence of Satan, for the lightning was gleaming over his ruffianly figure incessantly, and the thunder rolling close overhead while he was speaking. "Hush! hush! ingly in an attitude of despair. But for that you'll drive the doctor away! For pity's motion, we should have thought him dead. sake, hold your tongue, or Doctor - won't Shocked beyond expression, Mr. - pauscome into the room to you!" gasped his | ed in his operations. I examined the eyes wife, dropping on her knees beside him .- of the patient. The pupils were both dilated "Ha, ha! Let him go! Only let him stir to their utmost extent, and immoveable. I a step, and lame as I am ---- me! if I don't | asked him many questions, but he answered jump out of bed and teach him civility! not a word. Occasionally, however, a groan Here, you doctor, as you call yourself! of horror-remorse-agony-(or all combin-What's to be done?" Really I was too ed) would burst from his pent bosom; and much shocked, at the moment, to know. I this was the only evidence he gave of con-was half inclined to leave the room imme- sciousness. He moved over on his right diately-and had a fair plea for doing so, in side-his "place turned to the wall "-and, the surgical nature of the case-but the agony of the fellow's wife induced me to do violence to my own feelings, and stay. After directing a person to be sent off, in my name, for the nearest surgeon, I addressed myself to my task, and proceeded to remove the stocking. His whole body quivered with the anguish it occasioned; and I saw such fury gathering in his features, that I began to dread lest he might rise up in a sudden frenzy, and strike me. "Oh! oh! oh! — Mr. —, who undertook to acquaint Mrs. Curse your clumsy hands! You don't know no more nor a child," he groaned, "what | happened to her husband. you're about! Leave it-leave it alone ! Give over with ye! Doctor, ----, I say-be off !" "Mercy, mercy, Doctor !" sobbed his wife, in a whisper, fearing, from my momentary pause, that I was going to take her husband at his word-"Don't go away! Oh, go on-go on! It must be done, you know Never mind what he says! He's only a little the worse for liquor now-and then the pain ! Go on, Doctor ! He'll thank you the more for it to-morrow !"-" Wife ! Here !" shouted her husband. The woman instantly stepped up to him. He stretched out his Herculean arm, and grasped her by the shoulder. "Sc-you —! I'm drunk, am I? I am drunk, eh? you lying ----!" he exclaimed, and jerked her violently away, right across the room, to the door, where the poor creature fell down, but presently rose, crying bitterly .-... "Get away! Get off-get down stairs-if you don't want me to serve you the same again! Say I am drunk-you beast?" With frantic gestures she obeyed -rushed down stairs-and I was left alone with her husband. I was disposed to follow her abruptly, but the positive dread of my life (for he might leap out of bed and kill me with a blow) kept me to my task. My flesh crept with disgust at touching his! I examined the wound, which undoubtedly must have given him torture enough to drive him mad, and bathed it in warm water; resolved to pay no attention to his abuse, and quit the instant that the surgeon made his appearance. At length he came. 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! It need hardly be said that every step heart yearned to return. ther-in a manner bathing them in the fiery

shading my eyes from the vivid stream of | making a sign to him, to seize the youth. lightning that burst into the room, while the But the latter taking one of his pistols, and object that they fell upon was the figure of hands stretched out, just as those of Elymas, the sorcerer, in the picture of Raphael-his face the colour of a corpse-and his eyes, almost starting out of their sockets, directed with a horrid stare towards the window .--His lips moved not-nor did he utter a sound. It was clear what had occurred. The wrathful fire of Heaven, that had glanced/ harmlessly around us, had blinded the blasphemer. Yes-the sight of his eyes had perished. While we were gazing on him in silent awe, he fell back in bed, speechless, and clasped his hands over his breast, seemunclasping his hands, pressed the fore-finger of each with convulsive force upon the eyes. Mr. — proceeded with his task. What a contrast between the present and past beha-viour of our patient! Do what we wouldput him to ever such great pain-he neither uttered a syllable, nor expressed any symptoms of passion, as before. There was however, no necessity for my continuing any -----, with the frightful accident that had

SELECTIONS.

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS SON .- I have already mentioned the Emperor Napoleon's talen

thunder rattled overhead-apparently in cocking it, threatened to shoot him if he did fearful proximity. When I moved my hands | not desist. " It is my duty to remain, and from my eyes, and opened them, the first I will remain," he said. "Go then thy way and may Heaven help thee! Thou hast no the Boxer, sitting upright in bed with both, time to lose." Another crash, which seemed to issue from the hold like a deep groan, made the boatswain's mate again start. He cast a look of horror towards the powder room, which the flames were now about to reach, and in a few seconds, perhaps, it would be too late. The stripling understood the 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." These were the last words the sailor heard. Springing into the water, he swam rapidly towards the shore, but scarcely was he ten fathoms from the ship ere it blew up with a dreadful explosion. "He was received by the people on the coast," said the Emperor, in conclusion, " and came to me at head quarters; and it was he who told us of the heroism of young Casabianca." "What should I do in the world?" said the latter to his father, who again urged him to go on shore; " you are going to die, and the French navy has this day dishonoured itsetf !" " This was a noble boy," the Emperor added; " and his death is the more to be regretted, that he would have gone farther, perhaps, than Duguay-Trouin and Duquesne-and I am proud when I consider that he was a member of my own family."-Madame Junot's Memoirs.

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.—On Tuesday week Mr. W. Patten went into 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 old Cobbett?" said somebody in the lobby; I hope they'll indict him for a breach of privilege-he's just gone into the house with a pair of pattens."

THE USE OF A DEAN AND CHAPTER.---A worthy magistrate of this city related the following anecdote to a dinner party at his

(JUNE 12.

v made the town too hot to hold him; ... o'er the tiles---a tom-cat turning---'scaped from Bristol's buildings burning ! Oh, dear! &c. &c.

Doctor Russell, dark fiends urging, Parliament began the purging and plied us with his bitter potions, ":en laugh'd at our uneasy motions; re sharp retrenchment's sword cut sure, Sirs, r left us healing sine-cures, Sirs ; and William's self,---ah ! that's the deep ill,--mbin'd against us, with his People ! Oh, dear! &c. &c.

refuge now from destitution, . left me by this Revolution ! snug close boroughs are abolish'd . pite of Hunt's orations --- polish'd ! mere'er I go, the little boys all sue my steps, with vulgar noise all, laiming --- "Ha! old cove of Gatton, 'we got a bad, --- a shocking hat on !" Oh, dear! heigho! regret I feel, For the good old days of Eldon and Peel.

THE BOXER.

From the Diary of a late Physician.

The patient who required my services, streaming from the numerous wounds he moved to be one Bill -----, a notorious boxhad received. He was sinking into eternity who, in returning that evening from a without uttering a single complaint; on the eat prize-fight, had been thrown out of his contrary, he thanked his Creator for with-, the horse being frightened by the lightdrawing him from the world. His eyes ng, and the rider, besides, much the worse were raised to behold, once more, the flag r liquor, had bis ankle dreadfully aisloof republican France waving over his head. lated. He had been taken up by some pasas much being left alone with his patient, as A few paces from the dying man stood a youth about fourteen, dressed in plain clothes igers, and conveyed, with great difficulty his own residence, a public-house, not that was taken in dressing the wound, was with a dirk by his side and a brace of pisee minutes' walk from where I lived. attended with the vilest execrations of the tols in his belt. He looked at the wounded e moment I entered the tap-room, which patient. Such a foul-mouthed ruffian I neman, with a countenance expressive of the ad to pass on my way to the staircase, I ver encountered any where. It seemed as most profound grief, combined, however, ard his groans, or rather howls, overhead. though he was possessed of a devil. What with resignation, which indicated that he e excitement of intoxication, added to a contrast to the sweet speechless sufferer also was fast approaching the term of life. agonies occasioned by the accident, had whom I had left at home, and to whom my The ship was the Orient [burnt at the battle iven him, I am told, almost mad. He of Aboukir], the dying man was Casabianca, s uttering the most revolting execrations captain of the flag ship of the Egyptian ex-The storm still continued raging. The I entered his room. He damned himself pedition, and the youth was the captain's rain had comparatively ceased, but the thun--his ill-luck (for it seemed he had lost conson .- " Take this boy," said the captain to der and lightning made their appearance erable sums on the fight)-the combathe boatswain's mate, who had remained with fearful frequency and fierceness. I drew down the blind of the window, observinots-the horse that threw him-the thunwith him, " and save your lives-you have ... and lightning-every thing, in short, and still time, and let me die alone-my race is ing to the surgeon that the lightning seemerv body about him. The sound of the run." "Approach me not," said the youth, ed to startle our patient .-... "Put it up again ! under was sublime music to me, and more to the sturdy seaman; "save thyself. As Put up that blind again, I say !" he cried incloome, because it drowned the blasphefor me, my place is here, and I shall not leave my father."—" My son," said the dyimpatiently. "D'ye think I'm afear'd of the us bellowing of the monster I was visitlightning, like my ---- horse to day? Put reg. Yes, there lay the burley boxer, stretching officer, casting upon the boy 'a look of it up again—or I'll get out and do it myself!" | upon the bed, with none of his dress rethe tenderest affection, "my dear boy, I I did as he wished. Reproof or expostular oved, except the boot from the limb that command you to go."-At this moment a tion was useless. "Ha!" he exclaimed, in as injured-his new blue coat, with glardreadful crash shook the timbers of the a low tone of fury, rubbing his hands togeyellow buttons, and drab knee-breeches, ship, and the flames burst forth on all sides. · iled with the street mud into which he had A frightful explosion already told the fate of stream, as a flash of lightning gleamed ruden precipitated—his huge limbs, writhing one of the victims of this dreadful daydily over him. "There it is !- Curse it-Weeks on the Loire. in restless agony over the bed-his fists and the same fate awaited the Orient. Aljust the sort of flash that frightened my tenched, and his flat iron-featured face swolready had the planks of the deck begun to During the period of Lord Mansfield's ochorse-d- it !"-and the impious wretch i and distorted with pain and rage. "But, kindle; the boatswain's mate was, for an iny good woman," said I, pausing at the or, addressing myself to the boxer's wife, shook his fist, and "grinned horribly a ghastly smile!" "Be silent, sir! Be silent! stant appalled, and cast a glance of longing or we will both leave you instantly. Your towards the shore, from which the ship was behaviour is impious ! It is frightful to wit- only about two toises distant. "For," said ho, wringing her hands, had conducted me stairs; "I assure you, I am not the person you should have sent to. It's a sur- ness! Forbear-lest the vengeance of God the Emperor, "Admiral Brueis, the wretchner of his lordship. on's, not a physician's case; I fear I can't descend upon you!" "Come, come-none ed man, fought pent up in the bay!" But much for him-quite out of my way." o'your methodism here! Go on with this feeling so natural to a man desirous of Printed and Published by D. E. GILMOUR, at the · Oh, for God's sake- for the love of God, your business ! Stick to your shop," inter- preserving life, lasted only an instant; and Star Office, Carbonear, Newfoundland, to whom all ion't say so !" gasped the poor creature, with rupted the Boxer .-... "Does not that rebuke the boatswain's mate resumed his careless Communications must be addressed .--- Subscription, .irighted emphasis-"oh, do something for your blasphemies ?" I inquired, suddenly air, after another attempt, on the captain ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM payable half-yearly.

in story-telling. When describing a naval action, his powerful words, like those of Homer, would set the waves of the sea in motion, made the cannon roar, and represent to your fancy the groans of the wounded. He would place you on board of a line-ofbattle ship, whose decks, covered with dead bodies and streaming with human blood, began to creak from the action of a horrible fire which was consuming the vessel, and whose thousand forked and glaring tongues darted through the open port-holes, and ascended, 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. One man alone remained unhurt upon the deck, and, with his arms crossed upon his broad chest, and his face covered with blood and smoke stood contemplating, with an eye of deep sorrow another individual, who still breathed, but who was seated at the foot of the mainmast, with both his legs shattered, and the blood

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 the invitation of the dean .--- Western Times.

It is an authentic fact that one of the bishops in the time of James I, (some say the Bishop of Durham, others, as D'Israeli, make him a Welsh bishop) made an apology to that monarch for preferring the Deity to his majesty! Dr. Neale, the Bishop of Durham, at the period, declared that James the first was the breath of their nostrils.

George the Third, being very near sighted once touched the sun-dial on Winsor terrace somewhat roughly. " Let it alone, your honour," said the sentinel. " Dost thou know me?" said the King, somewhat haughtily. "Yes, sir," replied the soldier, without being in the least moved; "yes, sir, I do, but your majesty knows I must not disobey orders." The king immediately put a piece of gold into his hand.

SCENE AT A FRENCH MILITARY BALLOT .---We went to the plateau to see them draw. A little bossu made abundant merriment for his 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 stick, with an orange at the end of it, at the head of a band of young men, who had left the hay fields to take their chance for the fields of war. There did not, however, seem to be a very military spirit abroad among them. The farmers of La Vendee are all 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 feet high, wept bitterly at drawing the lot which appointed him to serve: his greyheaded father flung his arms round his neck, and sought to comfort him as if he were a little boy going to school. " I tell him it is I who have cause to weep," said the poor old man to us, " that see him taken from me when I have most need of him." When any drew a lot of exemption, a grand shout of exultation was set up, and some of the by-standers ran with all speed to the cottage 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 Philippe, and danced to the music of the drums as they went away; one of them kissed the flag in an eestasy of delight, which made his father smile and his mother weep .--- Six

cupation of the bench, it was usual, whenever the Merchant of Venice was played, for Portia, in the celebrated speech about mercy, to mimic the gesture, tone, and man-