

POETRY

NEW TALK.

There is truth and naivete in the following meeting-house melody.

That tall young fellow's here to-day! I wonder what's his name? His eyes are fixed upon our pew-- Do look at Sally Dame.

Who is that lady dressed in green? It can't be Mrs. Leech; There's Mr. Jones with Deacon Giles! I wonder if he'll preach.

Lend me your fan, it is so warm, We both will sit to prayers; Mourning becomes the Widow Ames-- How Mary's bonnet flares.

Do look at Nancy Sloper's veil! It's full a breadth too wide, I wonder if Susanna Ayres, Appear to day so bride!

Lord! what a splendor Rice has got! Oh, how the ladies gaze; For what she wears the singers' seats-- How neat! How dainty snare!

Whom ugly shades are those in front! Did you observe Ann Wild; Her new straw bonnet trimmed with black, I guess she's lost a child.

I'm half asleep--that Mr. Jones; His sermons are so long; This afternoon we'll stay at home, And practice that New song.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

Sunny locks of brightest hue Once around my temples grew. Laugh not, Lady! for 'tis true; Laugh not, Lady! for with thee Time may deal despitely; Time, if long he lead thee here, May subdue that mirthful cheer; Round those laughing lips and eyes Time may write sad histories; Deep indent that even brow, Change those locks so sunny now, To as dark and dull a shade, As on mine his touch hath laid. Lady! yes, these locks of mine Cluster'd once with golden shine, Temples, neck, and shoulders round, Richly gushing if unbound, If from band and bodkin free, Wellnigh downward to the knee. Some there were took found delight, Sporting with those tresses bright, To curling with living gold Fingers, no beneath the mould (Wo is me!) ground icy cold.

One dear hand hath smoothed them too Since they lost the sunny hue, Since their bright abundance fell Under the destroying spell-- One dear hand! the tenderest Ever wiped away its tears-- Even those of later years. From a cheek untimely hollow, Bitter drops that still may follow, Where's the hand will wipe away? Her's I kiss'd--(Ah! dismal day) Pale as on the shroud it lay. Then, methought, youth's latest gleam Departed from me life a dream-- Still, though lost their sunny tone, Glossy brown those tresses shone, Here and there, in wave and ring, Golden threads still glittering; And (from band and bodkin free) Still they flowed luxuriantly.

Careful days, and wakeful nights, Early trench'd on young delights, Then of ill an endless train, Wasting languor, wearying pain, Fev'rish thought that racks the brain, Crowding all on summer's prime, Made me old before my time. So a dull, unlovely hue O'er the sunny tresses grew, Thine'd their rick abundance too, Not a thread of golden light In the sunshine glancing bright.

Now again a shining streak 'Gins the dusky cloud to break;-- Here and there a glittering thread Lights the ringlets dark and dead,-- Glittering light!--but pale and cold,-- Glittering thread!--but not of gold.

Silent warning! silvery streak! Not unheeded dost thou speak. Not with feelings light and vain, Not with found regretful pain, Look I on the token sent To declare the day far spent;-- Dark and troubled hath it been-- Sore misused! and yet between Gracious gleams of peace and grace Shining from a better place.

Brighten--brighten, blessed light! Past approach the shades of night,-- When they quite enclose me round, May my lamp be burning found!

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS. Like, I confess, to see a young wife neatly dressed. There is a neatness which is perfectly compatible with plainness, and a dress may be graceful, without being ridiculous. I like a neat simplicity, because, somehow or other, there appears to be frequent connection between the outside and the inside. The exterior is to some extent, a key to the interior. If I see a person dressed like a thorough going fop, I cannot if I would, respect the mind of the person. Even where a future acquaintance discloses to me my error, it is hard to overcome first impressions.

THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.--I like to see a young man fond of ladies' society.

I like to see the ladies encourage young men more on account of their good characters, than their good clothes.

I like to see a young man wear his old coat, until he can afford to by a new one.

I like to see economy without meanness.

I like to see a man's income exceed his expenditure; 'tis more disreputable to be seen in the custody of an officer, than to be considered poor.

I like to see a young man attend to his business first, and pleasure afterwards.

I like a good reputation; it is the best capital in any business.

I like sincerity--the genuine article, not the counterfeit of hypocrisy.

Gaiety and a light heart, in all virtues and decorum, are the best medicine for the young, or rather for all. I who have passed my life in dejection and gloomy thoughts, now catch at enjoyment, come from what quarter it may, and even seek for it. Criminal pleasure, indeed, comes from Satan; but that which we find in the society of good and pious men is approved by God. Ride, hunt with your friends, amuse yourself in their company. Solitude and melancholy are poison-- They are deadly to all, but, above all, to the young.--Luther.

THE MURDER AT WOOLWICH.

George Willis (aged 18), a private in the Artillery Corps, was placed at the bar charged with the wilful murder of William Shepherd. He appeared cool and collected, and as unconcerned as if merely a spectator of the scene. He surveyed every part of the court, as if expecting to recognize some one. In a firm voice he pleaded Not Guilty.

Mr. Adolphus (with whom was Mr. Bodkin) stated the case for the prosecution. The prisoner was indicted for the wilful murder of William Shepherd on the 6th May last, in the parish of Woolwich. The jury, when the evidence was laid before them, would be convinced that the prisoner at the bar was guilty of one of the most determined, cool, and premeditated murders that ever was committed. He had rarely heard, in the history of any country, of a murder being committed with so little regard to secrecy; there was no attempt at concealment. On the day named in the indictment, the prisoner, in the presence of the whole regiment, placed his musket to the shoulder, and deliberately fixed it at the unfortunate deceased, whom he shot through the body, and who instantly expired. The prisoner was a private in the Artillery Corps, and the deceased sergeant major in the same regiment.

The facts of the case already known were sworn to by several witnesses. The Jury found the prisoner Guilty.

The learned Judge then put on the black cap, and, addressing the prisoner, said that he had been found guilty on the clearest evidence of the wilful and deliberate murder of the deceased, a man whom he was bound to protect as his superior officer, and a man, too, from whom he had received so many marks of kindness and forbearance. It was difficult to ascribe any rational motive for the act, but it was evident that revenge had been rankling in his mind for some time against his unfortunate victim.-- Under such circumstances he could expect no mercy on this side of the grave, and that a speedy and ignominious death must follow his crime as a warning to others. The learned judge, after a feeling admonition to the prisoner, pronounced sentence of death upon him.

The prisoner, who preserved the greatest composure throughout the trial, and exhibited no alteration of countenance even when the sentence was pronounced, left the bar with a quick and firm step, and was conveyed to the body of the prison.

COMPLIMENT ON THE SPOT. D'Orsay, in remarking on a beauty speck on the cheek of Lady Southampton, compared it to a gem on a rose leaf. "The compliment is *far-fetched*," observed her Ladyship. "How can that be," rejoined the Count, "when it is made on the spot?"

The death of a printer is thus chronicled in an English paper: "George Woodcock, the * of his profession, the *type* of honesty, the ! of all; and although the *type* of death his put a. to his existence, every *§* of his life was without *off*."

A FORGIVING HUSBAND.--The Chillicothean, an Ohio paper, publishes the following:--

NOTICE.--My case-hardened wife Charlotte, has again fled from my just authority and protection, without consulting me on this doubtful and impolitic step, nor is it the first offence of this kind that she has committed, for nine years past she has annually served me the same trick, and always about this time of the year, which I cannot account for. I have had Job-like patience, and have forborne thus far to tell the world of the shame she has cast upon me. Now let all whom it may concern, know, that from this day forth, I will pay no debts of her contracting.

WALTER CROUCH.

N. B.--This is the tenth time she has run away, nine times have I taken her in again, and if she ever takes me in again, I'll be--

William Penn's maxims are little sought after in the present day. He says of method, that it goes far to prevent trouble in business; for it makes the task easy, hinders confusion saves abundance of time, and instructs those that have business depending what to do and what to hope,

Tillitson says that it is a great mark of the corruption of our natures, and what ought to humble us extremely, and excite the exercise of our reason to a nobler and juster sense, that we cannot see the use and pleasure of our comforts but by the want of them.

Dr. Johnson, at a late period of his life, observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds: "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendships in constant repair."

A Spanish proverb says, that the Jews run themselves at their pass-overs, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians in their lawsuits.

Pythagoras gave this excellent precept Choose always the way that seems best, how rough soever it be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.

Some desire is necessary to keep like in motion; and he whose real wants are supplied must admit those of fancy.

A THIRD:--Happiness consists in a virtuous and honest life, in being content with a competency of outward things, and in using them temperately.

Idleness, says a great writer, is the nest in which mischief lays its eggs.

They have a right to censure that have a heart to held; the rest is cruelty not justice.

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 or Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie to other monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE, Agent, HARBOUR GRACE PERCHARD & BOAG, Agents, St. John's Harbour Grace, May 4, 1833

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 Double do. And PACKAGES in proportion

N.B.--JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him. Carbonear, June, 1833.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which has 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 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 Kiely's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Cruet's. Carbonear, June 4, 1833.

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 STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR, Widow. Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1833.

Blanks

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



VOL. V.

THE INSURANCE

TO PROMOTE

A rich capitalist name M. Lebrun, terrisping and spe. Not a new project was applied to for- fecton, and in gaged in was crown long since he was his study at his cabinet boys up descended a young appearance and fi not known to the fre He demanded to sp of the house and w to M. Lebrun. His and robe de cham live as indolent as mersed in the wild Paris.

"You will excuse the young man, quit of an arm chair, for troubling your to you of matters of affair in question is and most pressing consequences so many city, and so exhor its projectors, that of your forgiveness respecting it."

"Speak on, Monsieur ion," said the ear legs and drawing closely about him.

"Who could have said the stranger, w that in quating an incertitude like the a period so remarka fired and certain as eighteenth century e turned, because the every thing; in the exists because noted It is by means of ins is now reorganizin there that is not n it has lately been wh Rothschild think ser company for insur through, and for fixin in possession of the fact, insurance is the which will be brou vanced state of huma sought by Fourier, S

"But what is the preamble? interrupted mansion, in a dry, me are aware, I presu something positive--a ing a stress on each e

"My project unites said the stranger,

"Well then let us further preliminaries,"

"The fact is," s "that the matter is because that I am oblig for my proposal."

"I think I can give an insurance company, propose to insure, Ma

"Since I must spe plan is to insure m against being old ma "Hum-m-m," rumm

wealth, again fixing rou de chambre, which the of the moment had dis

"The idea is ingenit "You perceive that which must arise in eve to avoid celibacy, w insure, and the prof cruous."

"Yes that is clear on you manage the rate of

That must be graduat the beauty, fortune, and The chance of old maid the same for all, nor o