

POETRY

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Weep not for the dead,  
Who tranquilly repose;  
Their spark of life is fled,—  
But with it all their woes.

The broken heart is heal'd,—  
The reign of sorrow o'er;  
Their future bliss is seal'd,  
And they can grieve no more.

Mourn rather for the doom  
Of those who struggle on,  
In dreariness and gloom,  
Until their course is done;

Who linger here, and grieve,  
As death dissolves each tie,  
That makes them wish to live,—  
Yet cannot—dare not die!

TO MARY.

How sweet beneath the moon's pale beam  
To wander thro' the grove!  
How doubly sweet those moments seem  
When bless'd with her I love!

Oft, in the stilly hour of eve,  
That rival Luna's light,  
She greets me with a tender smile,  
Such smiles as beauty grace.

O Mary! by those heavenly eyes,  
That rival Luna's light,  
My vows of love and constancy  
To thee alone I plight!

No pow'r on earth my faithful heart  
From thy lov'd form can sever;  
All other fair I may forget,  
But as to thee, O never!

Nor time—nor absence—can remove  
The love that thrills my breast;  
Yet would I hear that one sweet word—  
Tell me if I am blest.

She press'd my hand—her downcast eyes  
The tender truth discover;  
Who shall th' ecstatic joys depict  
That wait on constant lovers?

THE BROKEN HEART.

The winter blast, that sweeps along the plain,  
May shed a blight o'er Nature's joyous scene;  
But winds will hush, and spring will smile again,  
And Nature still will wear her robe of green.

The silver moon may screen her lucid ray  
Beneath the floating midnight clouds awhile;  
But night will wane, and clouds will pass away,  
And still her lamp will brightly, sweetly smile.

The vengeful storm may o'er dark ocean ride,  
And mountain waves come rushing to the shore;  
But calm the beacon glimmers o'er the tide,  
And still it glows till tempests rage no more.

And still will darkness yield to morning light,  
And still will spring its soothing breath impart,  
And still will fields be green, and skies be bright,  
But when shall smile again—THE BROKEN HEART?

WHALE FISHING.

The following anecdote is related on the authority of the author of the "Histoire des Peches," by Captain Scoresby, who, in his voyage to Greenland, says, "part of the story bears the marks of truth, but some of it, it must be acknowledged, borders on the marvellous."

The Dutch ship *Gort-Moolen*, commanded by Cornelius Gerard Ouwekaas, with a cargo of seven fish was anchored in Greenland, in the 1660. The captain perceiving a whale a-head of his ship, beckoned his attendants, and threw himself into a boat. He was the first to approach the whale; and was fortunate enough to harpoon it before the arrival of the second boat, which was on the advance. Jacques Vienkes, who had the direction of it, joined his captain im-

mediately afterwards, and prepared to make a second attack on the fish, when it should mount again to the surface. At the moment of its ascending, the boat of Vienkes happened unfortunately to be perpendicularly above it, was so suddenly and forcibly lifted up, by a stroke of the head of the whale, that it was dashed to pieces before the harpooner could discharge his weapon. Vienkes flew along with the pieces of the boat, and fell up on the back of the animal. This intrepid seaman, who still retained his weapon in his grasp, harpooned the whale on which he stood; and by means of the harpoon and the line, which he never abandoned, he steadied himself firmly upon the fish, notwithstanding his hazardous situation, and regardless of a considerable wound that he had received in his leg, in his fall along with the fragments of the boat. All the efforts of the other boats to approach the whale, and deliver the harpooner, were futile. The captain, not seeing any other method of saving his unfortunate companion, who was, in some way, entangled with the line, called to him to cut it with his knife, and betake himself to swimming. Vienkes, embarrassed and disconcerted as he was, tried in vain to follow this counsel. His knife was in the pocket of his drawers; and, being unable to support himself with one hand, he could not get it out. The whale, meanwhile, continued advancing along the surface of the water with great rapidity, but fortunately never attempted to dive. While his comrades despaired of his life, the harpoon, by which he held, at length disengaged itself from the body of the whale. Vienkes being then liberated, did not fail to take advantage of this circumstance; he cast himself into the sea, and, by swimming, endeavoured to regain the boats which continued the pursuit of the whale. When his shipmates perceived him struggling with the waves, they redoubled their exertions.—They reached him just as his strength was exhausted, and had the happiness of rescuing this adventurous harpooner from his perilous situation.

The following anecdote is stated to have occurred under Captain Scoresby's own observation:

"In one of my earliest voyages to the whale fishery," says Captain Scoresby, "I observed a circumstance which excited my highest astonishment. One of our harpooners had struck a whale; it dived, all the assisting boats had collected round the fast-boat, before it arose to the surface. The first boat which approached it advanced incautiously upon it. It rose with unexpected violence beneath the boat, and projected it, with all its crew, to the height of some yards in the air. It fell on its side, upset, and cast all the men into the water. One man received a severe blow in his fall, and appeared to be dangerously injured; but soon after his arrival on board of the ship he recovered from the effects of the accident. The rest of the boat's crew escaped without any hurt."

*The Spirit Moved.*—In the late American war, a Trader was chased by a small French privateer, and having four guns, with plenty of small arms, it was agreed to send a brush with the enemy rather than be taken prisoners.—Among the passengers was an

athletic quaker, who, though he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking to and fro on the deck, the enemy all the time pouring in their shot.—At length the vessels being alongside of each other, a disposition to board was manifested by the French, which was soon put into execution. The quaker looked as pacific as ever, but as soon as the first man had jumped on board, Aminadab sprang unexpectedly upon him, and grappling him by the collar, coolly said, "Friend, thou hast no business here!" and hoist him up, and plumped him into the sea.

During the war of 1796, a sailor went into a watchmaker's in the city, and handing out a small French watch to the ingenious artist demanded how much the repairs would come to. The watchmaker, looking at it, said it would cost him more in repairs than the original purchase. "Oh, if that's all, I don't mind that," answered the tar, "I will even give double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch." "What might you have given for it?" inquired the watchmaker. "Why," replied Jack, twitching up his trowsers, "I gave a French fellow a knock on the head for it, and if you will repair it I will give you two."

*Being tried by your Peers.*—A certain sea-captain, and the cook aboard his vessel, were once to be tried for an offence against the laws of the navy, of such a nature as put their lives in some jeopardy. The cook displayed every mark of fear and apprehension for his safety; but the captain, who placed great reliance on the partiality of his brother officers, seemed, on the contrary, buoyed up with good spirits, and said to the cook, "Cheer up, man—why should you be cast down! I fear nothing, and why should you?" "Why faith, your honour," replied the junk-boiler, "I should be as courageous as you are, if I were to be tried by a jury of cooks."

A marine, of the name of Hill, only 21 years of age, who was quartered on the poop of the *Genoa*, had both his arms shot off at nearly the same moment. He instantly turned to captain Dickenson, the commander, who stood near him, and said, with the utmost coolness, "I hope you'll allow, sir, that I have done my duty."

In speaking of a leaured sergeant who gave a confused, elaborate, and tedious explanation of some point at law, Curran observed, "that whenever that grave counsellor endeavoured to unfold a principle of law, he put him in mind of a fool, whom he once saw, struggling a whole day to open an oyster with a rolling pin."

Mr Curran was once asked, what an Irish gentleman just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "he's trying to catch the English accent."

Mr Curran, cross-examining a horse-jockey's servant, asked his master's age. "I never put my hand in his mouth to try," answered the witness. The laugh was against the counsel until he retorted, "You are perfectly right friend for your master is said to be a great bite."

An officer once maintained in the presence of Sir Sidney Smith, that he could not assault a particular post, because it was unattackable. "Sir," said the gallant knight, "that word is not English."

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 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 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 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.

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, 1836.

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, 1837.

Blanks

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

THE

Vol. IV.

HARBOUR GRACE

In the PORT COURT, and JUNE

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF CARBONEAR, INSOLVENT.

WHEREAS WILLIAM W. BLYTHE, of Carbonear, aforesaid, is the major part of the said INSOLVENT, and appointed ESTATE AGENT

IN

IS

THAT the said WILLIAM W. BLYTHE, are ordered as the Court shall think fit to make the said INSOLVENT, and the said EFFECTS belonging to the said

WE

THE

FROM

an APP

AL

HOW

H

H