

POETRY

HOME.

Home of the beautiful and brave,  
My own—my father's home;  
Small is the boon from fate I crave,  
To find in thee—a tomb;  
My home—my home—I've never seen,  
A dearer spot than thou hast been.

My loved—my native land,  
When Fortune scowled on me,  
I yielded to her stern command,  
And wander'd far from thee;  
From thee—to 'scape her frowns I fled,  
And shelter'd my devoted head.

Years—few and evil years,  
Have tardily gone by  
Yet merrily scarce their impress bears,  
Save were they bring a sigh:  
Though pall'd in many scenes of ill,  
My heart was ay, in Scotia still.

For other days are come,  
Misfortune's hour is past,  
Hope glides the paths of life—tho' some  
Are gloomy to the last;  
But Fortune softens her decree  
And bids me come again to thee.

The little wreath that Fame—  
To grace her poet brought,  
Amidst the years of wreck became  
A distant dream—forgot;  
But not one hour of fleeting time,  
Have I forg't thee—gentle'st clime.

Home—what a pleasing name,  
In distant climes to tell:  
Blest isman to me unknown,  
The secrets of thy spell,  
Years van'ld like a cloud from thee,  
Appears life yesterday to me.

Thine welcome happy day,  
So often said my dreams;  
Thine is the home I long'd to see,  
Not so in fact it seems;  
Alas! my friends where art ye now,  
And I—my friends—where art ye now?

Companions of my youth—  
My own companions still;  
Have ye—has Scotia aught to soothe  
A heart that sorely aches still;  
Yes—come and bid me welcome home:  
Come—O, my friends, my lover come.

Not one is left—not one,  
That sigh'd to me FAREWELL!  
And every relic there is gone,  
I loved so long and well;  
Unknown and unknown to me,  
Save yonder weeping willow tree.

Where is my father's cot—  
That cot I call'd my own,  
Ah me! it is a dreary spot,  
And weeds have o'er it grown;  
Time's countless chaplets there are seen;  
Where youthful banquetings have been.

My grandsire's horologe,  
A hieroglyphic zone,  
That told the measure of the stage  
Time made his transits on:  
That, only that, I now can see,  
Of all that was so dear to me.

With eager gaze I sought  
Some one I left behind;  
One that commingled every thought,  
Where love's soft tissues twin'd:  
Alas! my father and my bride,  
In Death lay sleeping side by side.

The stream, the sylvan stream,  
Still cleaves the flow'ry vale,  
The twilight stars that on it gleam,  
The summers' sun tide hail;  
But nought around, above I see,  
That ever seems to welcome me.

The broomwood copse, where oft  
My truant limbs I laid;  
The couch of moss, so sweet, so soft,  
Where Spring's first blossoms play'd,  
All, all, I loved, when I was young,  
With gloom and solitude are hung.

Ambition revelled there  
With his unhallow'd crew,  
And some proud nation's princely lair  
Amidst the ruin grew;  
Still that is home, her folded arms,  
But ill conceal her widow'd charms.

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Small is the boon from fate I crave,  
To find in thee—a tomb;  
My home—my home—I've never seen,  
A dearer spot than thou hast been.

WIFE LOST.

(A scene in a steam-boat, an actual occurrence.) "Which is the Captain of this boat?" inquired a tall, athletic man, as he came up from the gentleman's cabin with great precipitancy. "That gentleman yonder," said a bystander. "Are you the Captain sir?" "Yes, sir." "Where is my wife?" "Indeed I don't know sir—I've not seen her, that I know." "Now, captain, this is too bad, I came on board this boat last night, and paid you six dollars passage for myself and wife—and I should like to know where my wife has been put?" "Have you been in the ladies cabin?" "Yes, but she is not there." "Shall I have the pleasure of the lady's name, sir?" "Mrs. Mirah Smith, the wife of your humble servant." "Mary (to the chambermaid) is Mrs. Mirah Smith in the ladies' cabin?" "No, sir, I've inquired, and she's not there." "There, I told you so," said Mr. Smith in much uneasiness. "Captain," said a wag standing by, "suppose John should ring the bell all through the boat, and say—Mrs. Mirah Smith, who came on board last night, cannot be found." "That's a good idea," cried a hundred voices at once.

So John—a cream colored Leon, with an eye like Iago's set his bell ringing crying aloud at every intermission. "Lost, Mrs. Mirah Smith. Any person who knows where she is, will please hand her up to the Captain's office, for the benefit of her disconsolate husband." John bawled through the boat, somewhat to the amusement of the passengers, and finally reached the upper deck, when passing the staterooms, in a sort of desperation for want of success, he raised his voice to the stentorian pitch of a Knox—"Lost, Mrs. Mirah Smith"—when the fair lady rushed out, evidently disturbed in her slumbers, with "Who says I'm lost? Here I am—where is Jerome?" It is needless to say that this gave a very pleasant turn to the whole affair, and the captain (good soul) escaped the charge of stealing a man's wife.—*Philad. pap.*

**Anecdote.**—In a certain seaport town in Massachusetts, measures were taken by the members of the religious congregation, some thirty years since, to introduce a violincello into the choir, for the improvement of the music. This was an innovation that savord too much of the theatre to meet the approbation of the elderly members of the parish; and it was violently opposed by their most influential deacon. In spite of the opposition, however, the innovation was sanctioned by a vote of the majority and the violincello was introduced into the choir. The good deacon, on the first Sabbath of its appearance, to his seat in his pew as usual, where he sat with becoming gravity, until the first sound of the worldly instrument was heard, when he arose and advanced to the outside of the pew, with all the gravity of a French dancing master, danced a regular hornpipe down the broad aisle, and took leave of the astonished congregation by dancing out of the house.

"Do you snore, Abel Adams?" "No, Seth Jefferson, I do never snore." "How do you know, Abel?" "Because the other day I laid awake the whole night on purpose to see."

**A slip of the tongue.**—We remember a slip of the tongue made by a clergyman, who had formally been a lawyer. He commenced prayer with "May it please your Honor."

John Kemble would correct any body, at any time, and in any place. King George said of him. "He was once speaking to me, and found himself out of snuff. He declined putting his fingers into the Royal box, upon which I said take some—I pray you will oblige me. Upon which Kemble replied, 'It would better become your royal mouth to say oblige me,' and took a pinch."

**A Learned Tailor.**—Over the door of an unpretending house in the town of Whitechurch, in Hampshire, (Eng.) is the following notice:—"Microcosms habiliments fashionably fabricated, invisibly renovated, metamorphosed and depurated, by Wayte, Cosmopolitan."

An old lady who had ambitious views for her husband, and was much mortified that when he was elected to the House of Representatives, he never made a speech, mixed a gill of YEAST with his GIN BITTERS in the morning in order to make him rise when he went to the Hall.

**A SAILOR'S FROLIC.**—On Friday, a son of Neptune—the mate of a merchantman—was accused of capturing and running away with a milk cart belonging to the Caledonian dairy, thereby causing a great clattering of the milk cans, and the effusion of much of their contents. The offence was committed on Wednesday, on the London road. When the first witness was put into the box, and had his mouth most oracularly opened, preparing to speak, Jack twitching him by the collar with his forefinger, caused him at once to desceend, and exclaimed—"avast there; none of your jaw; who wants you to spin out a long yarn? Can't I speak to his honor, the Commodore there, myself?" Then addressing his honor—"You see your honor, and he, "having got too much

going with some of my messmates, I see'd a great clumsy Dutch lugger of a thing bearing down our way, and towed by a horse. "My eyes! said I to them, "Did you ever see such a thing? Do you think I could navigate her?" and with that I gave a quarter-deck spring upon the beast; and, not liking my pilotage, I suppose, away it ran before the wind at the rate of six knots an hour.—How the confounded ballast rolled, and what a noise it made! What could I do, as she would not answer her helm, and I having no bower or sheet anchor to throw out, and no port within sight? To the pilot of a thing they call *shay*, I sung out, that if he picked us up he would be entitled to salvage,"—(here the laughter in court, which was great before, became immoderate)—"but the lubber only rolled his tongue in his cheek, and went on his course. Well, at last I tried to put her about, and sail upon an opposite tack, seeing as how breakers were ahead; but she would not wear round; and I was considering what to do, she made a heavy lurch, which pitched me overboard and brought her on her beam ends. That is the whole naked truth, your worship's honor! and I throw myself on your reverence's mercy." The honest fellows statement was confirmed by the different witnesses, who described the catastrophe of the *lurch* as having taken place at the Abbey hill; between which and the point where he set off, the London road was literally a *milky way*.—The judge ordered the unfortunate navigator to pay a fine of a guinea, or be confined twenty days in the Lock-up-house. Some of his messmates came forward and paid the fine.

**A NEW DISCOVERY IN THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.**—Mr. Behn, a German naturalist, has found that there is a circulation of a sustaining fluid throughout the whole extent of the body of grubs of hemipterous insects: and that this circulation is altogether independent of the circulation of the dorsal vessel. The pulsation is chiefly in the upper part of the legs, and it is some times intermittent. Cuvier supposed these insects had no circulation.

A young Scotchman, who had just gone out to take possession of an estate in Jamaica, while wandering over the grounds with an old negro, observed some pompions growing on a rocky piece of waste ground, and enquired of his guide what they were.—"Dem Cotchmen, Massa," said the negro.—"And why are they called Scotchmen?" said the other. "Because," replied Sambo, "dem grow 'mong de rock and de stone—dem grow ebery where."

**GALLIWS.**—The remedy which society has provided for roguery; a cure without being prevention.

**DITCH.**—A place in which those who have taken too much wine are apt to take a little water.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

**St John's and Harbor Grace Packet**  
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 ..... 6s.  
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 IN BOAG,  
Agents, ST. JOHN'S  
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835.

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 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. 6d.  
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3 6  
Single Letters ..... 6  
Double do. .... 1  
And PACKAGES in proportion.  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will not himself account 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 CARONEAR 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 CARONEAR 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 St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kilty's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Cruet's.  
Carbonear,  
June 4, 1836.

TO BE LET

On a 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, 1836.

BLANKS of various kinds for Sale at the Office of this Paper.  
Harbour Grace.