

POETRY

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Why do I weep?—to leave the vine,
Whose clusters o'er me bend?
The myrtle—yet, oh! call it mine!
The flowers I lov'd to tend?
A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
—Oh! therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister!—we have play'd
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er the foam and the dower?
Yes! thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more—
Kind sister! let me weep!

I leave thee, father!—Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gather'd grapes and the lyre in
tune
Thy homeward steps to greet!
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled,—
I leave thee?—let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee!—on thy breast
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless—yet I go!
Lips that have hush'd me with your strain,
Eyes that have watch'd my sleep!
Will earth give love like yours again?
—Sweet mother! let me weep!

SONG OF THE MARINER.

Hurra! along the foaming tide
With wild waves dashing round,
With furious speed I onwards ride
And love the rearing sound.

Blow! blow! thou loud and fearful wind,
Roll on thou angry sea!
I'll drink to those I leave behind—
I'll drink, Joanne, to thee.

Oh! who would tremble at the storm,
Or, like the coward weep?
I'd rather feel my bosom warm
At every lengthen'd sweep.

The land is for the dastard mind,
The deep! the deep! for me;
I'll drink to those I leave behind,
I'll drink, Joanne, to thee.

Love, dearest maid! like mine, ne'er shall
In empty words depart;
It still shall flourish fresh and fair,
Within my faithful heart.

Yes, there's a Power who dwells above,
Who guards the brave and free;
He sees, and will reward our love—
So here's a health to thee.

Blow! blow! thou loud and fearful wind,
Roll on thou angry sea;
I'll drink to those I leave behind—
I'll drink, Joanne, to thee.

COURT OF REQUESTS.

The old building groaned on Friday, under the weight of its visitors. There were "elegantly dressed ladies" and thin dandies in tights; there were "four and twenty tailors," and numberless barbers, a due proportion of sweeps, and about 200 poor women and children; the majority of the latter were summoned by sly looking tallmen and beer-shop keepers; but there was no lack of the ludicrous; and poor human nature appeared in a variety of fantastic forms—for instance, a wife was summoned by her own husband, a mother-in-law by her son, and a little bandy-legged dwarf, named Barluss, was summoned by a female as tall as the Swiss giantess, for money lent. All these cases were very speedily disposed of; but a most knotty point was heard regarding a pair of lady's stays, which were of such a magnitude that Mr. Commissioner Dubois likened them to Jack Falstaff's girdle.

Miss Clifford, a very intelligent

young lady, appeared to support a claim for £1 11s. for a pair of stays supplied to a lady of the appropriate name of Chuney. This was the third pair of stays made by Miss Clifford for Mrs. Chuney; but of so remarkable a character was the latter lady that that which fitted exceedingly well one day, was altogether too large or too small the next, and it was a fact that she (Miss Clifford) had absolutely altered one pair of stays as often as sixty nine times (laughter).

Commissioner. Really, Madam, your patience must have exceeded your customer's capaciousness. Is the lady in Court?

Here an apothecary, as pale and wan as he who supplied the fatal potion to the despairing *Romeo*, stepped forward, and said he had the honour of representing Mrs. Chuney (considerable laughter).

Commissioner. But, my good Sir, what can you possibly know about the stays? You never fitted them on did you?

Defendant. No, Sir; but I am instructed to say they don't fit; they are not big enough.

Commissioner. Upon my word, Sir, you have undertaken a very pleasant task. Have you got the stays with you?

Here the stays were produced; they presented an alarming expanse of steel, whalebone, and cord, and when extended along the Commissioner's table, looked nearly as large as the mainsail of one of his Majesty's frigates.

The Jury, after a very attentive examination, decided that, as the Doctor was no judge of the matter, and also that Miss Clifford had been put to considerable trouble, the full amount claimed, with costs, must be awarded.

The stays were then carried out of court by the porter, who assisted in bringing them there.

AN UNLUCKY SUITOR.

Peter Patrick, a very savage looking specimen of a Tipperary lad, summoned Margaret Flynn for money alleged to have been lent to her in Ireland. Pat stated his case thus:—"Mighty the trouble, me Lord, every mother's son of us has beer put to through that woman, and glad is it I am I've have bate her at last. I summ'd her in Dublin, and she run away to London. I summoned her to the city court, and there they said they'd do nothing at all, at all, bekase she lived in Westminster; then, me Lord, I summ'd her to Westminster, but never could git a hold of her till she got to St. Giles, and now, me Lord, I've summoned here, and, more power to ye, I know you'll give me justice, and make her pay me all the expences.

Commissioner. Do you owe this money, Mrs. Flynn?

Mrs. Flynn, with all the blarney peculiar to her nation, said, Don't be asking me such questions, me jewel; if I owe it may be he knows best; and I know another thing too, me Lord, I've bate Peter Patrick more than woust, and now its mee-elf will bate him again—he's summoned me, my Lord.

Well? Whilst mightn't he as well summoned me husband (roars of laughter).

Commissioner. Why the woman's married. You're in the wrong box again, Mr. Peter Patrick. I must dismiss the suit.

Plaintiff. Och, bad luck to her! if I had but got her in Tipperary I'd knock her to smidreens. Och, thin-na mon dioul, there's no justice for ould Ireland (laughter).

The disappointed suitor fairly

howled his way out of hearing of the Court, Mrs. Blarney Flynn very wisely remaining under its protection until Patrick could be beheld no longer.

A Newspaper a Hundred Years ago.—The following extracts are from a newspaper entitled "*Kendal Weekly Courant*," published in 1736.—"A short time previous to *Gin being prohibited*—Last Wednesday, one William Alexander, who lived near the Bull's Head, in Nightengale-lane, a professed votary to gin, being too deeply affected at the approaching fate of his idol, (the gin,) resolved not to see that unhappy day, took a rope, went up stairs, shut himself in, and hanged himself up. He was not found till seven at night, when he was stiff and cold." Turpin, the Highway man, Sept. 15.—We hear that Turpin has been in Holland, from whence he returned about six months ago in the Ostend packet boat. It is said that Dan Malden, the highwayman, knew him there, and that Turpin endeavoured to prevail with him to go into foreign service and see England no more." Sept. 18.—Next Tuesday Mr Allerton is to raise a ballad, at the Bell, at Brompton, whilst a shoulder of mutton is a-roasting."

July 14, 1737.—On Wednesday some evil disposed persons, moved at the instigation of the devil, entered Westminster hall unseen, and whilst the Court of Chancery was sitting, and busy about some affairs of importance, a large parcel of paper was conveyed, bound up, and set on fire, under the seat of the councillors in the court of chancery, which was by the keeper of the court kicked down the steps into the common-hall, and immediately blew up at three several times, and made a very large report and smother in the hall, and put the judges, councillors, &c. into the utmost consternation, some of them falling down the steps, leaving their wigs and gowns behind them."

A notorious punster, limping into a room with a long face, that seemed to supplicate for sympathy and condolence, was asked what ailed him? "I am a small garret." "Pray explain," said the enquirer? "Why, I am a little rheumatic"—(room attic).

The learned profession seem to rival each other in disinterestedness. A short time since we had a clergyman who had refused to marry a couple, till the bridegroom went out and begged sufficient to pay the fees; a doctor refuses to administer an emetic till he knows who is to pay him; and a learned counsel declines fulfilling an engagement till his bankers' account announces the receipt of his wages.

Let a Woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and care of nature—yet, if boldness is to be read in her face, it blots all the lines of beauty.

NICE POINT OF LAW.—Blackstone, speaking of the right of a wife to dower, asserts, that if land abide in the husband for a single moment, the wife shall be endowed thereof; and he adds in a note, that this doctrine was extended very far by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were both hanged in one cart; but the son was supposed to have survived the father, by appearing to struggle the longest, whereby he became seized of an estate by survivorship in consequence of which seisin his widow obtained a verdict for her dower.

The Pythagorans thought that the souls of poets transmigrated into grasshoppers, which sing until they starve. However this may be, I think grasshoppers the happiest people in the world, in summer; nothing to do, but to dance about, and to see which can jump the farthest.

We are more afraid of shame, than of sin. So vulgar minds hold their breaths at the thunder, which is harmless; but wink at the lightning which may be fatal.

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE.—A person has advertised a house to be let, within one thousand five hundred yards of HELL-GATE.

CASH.—A very good servant but a bad master.

NOTICES

CONCEPTION BAY PACKET 115

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 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 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 day.

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 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 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 in St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kielty'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 STARR, 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,