

POETRY

LORD JOHN (RESPONDING) COMPLAINS TO LORD M.

Dear Melbourne, of course I can't tell
(And I really don't want to be fishing)
What the rest of the colleagues may feel
In our present most awkward position.
But I own it wants very little
Of totally turning my brain,
Set up, as I am, like a skittle,
For the sport of being knock'd down
again!

Your O'Connells, your Sheils, and your
Tennysons,*
And such like expectants may shower
On our mistress their paper-like benisons,
For placing us once more in power.
To old Harry I'd freely devote it,
And the whole of the beggarly crew
With it,
Unless, my lord, now that we've got it,
They can tell what the deuce we're to
do with it!

There's that cursed Jamaica concern—
I must weather another sad bout of it;
Oh! how or which way can I turn,
For I'm in it, and cannot get out of it!
I am like Pat Macturgough's old cow
When she got in the bog, and stuck!
What can a poor flounderer do
Who can neither get on nor back?

Once I look'd for a lift to friend Joe;
I could scarcely have been *compes mentis*—

Were his aid even offer'd me now,
Oli Græcos et dona ferentes!
'Twere like offering the loan of a gun,
With the hope that you wouldn't refuse it;
When 'twas sure, after all's said and done,
To burst the first time you should use it!

And then there's our plot for *beehiving*
The young, by "filianing the conscience"

And sending our Normals a jiggling
To teach them religion is nonsense!
To me 'tis as clear as the light
I can never go onward with that
Tho' I swear we mean nothing but right,
Th'd my face is as black as my hat!

And yet I am forced to proceed,
To content us no matter if babby
Is imbued with its prayers and its creed,
By a christiana divine or a rabbi!
For this very ingenious bubble
I doubt I shall pay pretty dear,
And be sent right about for my trouble,
As they say, with a flea in my ear!

From this, and full many a scrape,
I imagined, a fortnight ago,
We had made quite a handsome escape;
But fate would not have it be so!
Then our guilt had not gone very far—
We had only on one point offended—
But now we're called back to the bar,
To be sentenced for all we intended!

* It was understood that in the course
of the Litchfield House compact, O'Connell
insisted on Mr. Tennyson for speaker,
and only withdrew him upon a pledge
of the reservation of the chair for him
when Mr. Abercromby retired. If so,
poor Mr. Tennyson has not been very
well used.

THE REPLY OF THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE TO THE LAST EDUCATION EPISTLE OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

"Well done!" my Lord John, thou hast
neatly play'd
The statesman's part—that motion was
well tim'd—
It was the knell of the expiring church,
and thou
Shalt be remembered at the Vatican
When Popes do reign in England. Soft-
ly on,
And we shall wreck them. Oh! how
finely plann'd—
To rob the arch-prelate's meeting of its
lustre,
And then to clutch the grant! All still
at Oxford,—
Ay, and at Cambridge too—no mouse is
stirring—
We'll take 'em in their sleep, or, if per-
chance
They wake, the deed is done, and all is
over!

Methinks I see my Priestly rise again
To hear our story. He listens to the tale
With silent rapture—bishops and church-
es fall,
Tithes cease, and church-rates are no
more.
Oh! how it glads them to enjoy the
sight
Of wandering curates and of exiled par-
sons!
Philosophers ascend the pulpit, and their
text

Is revolution—changing was his plea-
sure,
And now he sees its triumph—versions
old and new—

The Rhemish and the Douay—above
all
The unitarian, papists, dissenters, church-
men,
All learn at once, and all confound each
other:
'Tis Babel—but that Babel charms his
ear

These are thy glorious works, parent
of mischief
To the parsons—thine this scheme of
ruin
To England's church! O, Russell, thy
forefathers
Did rob the church of Rome, and thou
repay'st

The debt thou owest. Wyse and O'Con-
nell wait
To take thy offering. Thrice thirty
thousand
Were but a scantling of thy obligation.
Hush! and we'll take the whole—not one
mite wanting

Of centuries yet unpaid; but silence—
—lush!
Stanley and Peel do watch our footsteps
—lush!
Once get the grant, and we'll be cowards
no longer.

ZINC MILK-PAILS.—Among the patents
lately taken out in America, one is a
process for extracting cream from milk
by the use of zinc. It is said, that, if
zinc be put into the milk-pail, or the
milk be put into a vessel made of that
substance, the same milk will yield a
greater proportion of cream or butter.—
Repertory of Inventions.

A JEW DE MOT.—Somebody asked a
wealthy Jew to take venison. "No,"
said the capitalist, "I never eat when-
shen; I don't think it so coot as mutton."
"Oh," said his friend, "I wonder at
your saying so; if venison is not better
than mutton, why does venison coast so
much more?" "Vy, I will tell you vy;
in dish world de people always preferah
vat ish deer sheep."

SORREL.—Sorrel is found wild in gras-
sy pastures throughout Europe, from the
Alps of Lapland to Greece. It is now
scarcely known as a potherb in this coun-
try except at fashionable tables, and the
small demand having now nearly banish-
ed it from the metropolitan markets, it
fetches the price of dainty forest plants.
This is owing principally to the caprice
of fashion, which extends even to our ve-
getable food, variety being more fre-
quently coveted than excellence. The
use of correl is of great antiquity, as are
its medicinal properties, which from its
nature are acid and cooling. It is grate-
ful to the stomach, quenches thirst, allays
the heat of the choler, and is an excellent
anti-scorbutic. A handful of the leaves
boiled in a pint of whey is an excellent
medicine in April; in short it is one of
the most effectual remedies against the
scurvey, if the leaves are eaten green, or
their juice drunk at the time above men-
tioned.—*The Vegetable Cultivator, by
John Rogers.*

JAMES THE FIRST AND THE CITIZENS
OF LONDON.—A good story is related of
James I. and one of the Lord Mayors, in
reference to the property of the twin
cities, and which, for its happy, quiet
laudation of the Thames, it would be un-
pardonable to omit. James being in
want of £20,000, applied to the corpora-
tion of London for a loan of that sum.
The corporation refused; upon which the
King, in high dudgeon, sent for the lord
mayor and some of the aldermen, and, rat-
ing them in severe terms for their dis-
loyalty, insisted upon their raising the
money for him. "Please your Majesty,"
said the lord mayor, "we cannot lead
you what we have not got." "You must
get it," replied the King. "We cannot,"
said the lord mayor. "I'll compel you,"
rejoined the King. "But you cannot
compel us," retorted the lord mayor.—
"No!" exclaimed the King; "then I'll
ruin your city for ever. I'll make a de-
sert of Westminster; I'll remove my
courts of law, my parliament, and my
court, to York or Oxford; and then what
will become of you?" "Please your
Majesty," rejoined the lord mayor, meek-
ly, "you may remove yourself and your
courts wherever you please, but there
will always be this consolation for the
poor merchants of London—you cannot
take the Thames along with you."

A FACT. A worthy individual resid-
ing not fifty miles from Bunker's Hill,
Bradford, lately erected a domicile for
his ass. All went on well, and the build-
ing was completed—covered in and all
that. Rejoicing over his work, a passer
by asked, "How d'ye get into it?" He
then discovered to his amazement there
was no door way.
On a noted wit of the present day say-
ing that of all the difficult things to carve,

he thought the cutting up a hare was the
most difficult, a gentleman, alluding to
his own bald head, observed that he had
found no difficulty in *cutting his hair*.
"True," said the wag, "but you have
not cut it thick."

Lord Durham in his report, complains
that so little care, knowledge, or fore-
sight, has been used in making grants of
lands in Canada, that some allotments
have been found to consist almost wholly
of lakes!

The Rev. Sidney Smith observing Lord
Brougham's one-horse carriage, remarked
to a friend, alluding to the B surrounded
by a coronet on the panel, "There goes
a carriage with a B outside and a Wasp
within."

The servant of a gentleman a few miles
from town wanted to pass through a
turnpike without paying, stating that his
master would pay the next time he came
that way; but the dame was not in the
"pon tick" line, and said the man
should not pass. Shortly afterwards the
master came by, and remonstrated with
the dame rather angrily, and said,
"What are you afraid to trust me for
2d., who will, when I die, leave thousands
behind me?" "Oh, is that all," cried
the old lady; "when I die, I shall leave
the whole world behind!"

BOARDING SCHOOL FARE.—"And do
you live well, my poor boy?" said
Cuthbert. "Lots of grub," said Tom,
"such as it is. Sundays we has paked
beef—long bonny bits—hunder done, and
plenty of ar'd pudden. Saturdays, scrap-
pings and stick-jaw. Hobbling to bolt
all the fat, else we kitches toko. They
gives us swipes for dinner and supper,
with cheese as ar'd as hiron, hand as
black as my ar; but they tells us it's
cleosome."—*Curvey Married.*

RUSTIC ACUMEN.—A short time since
one of the beadies of Brighton took a
quantity of butter from a countryman,
because it was deficient in weight; and
meeting him a few days after in a public-
house, said to him, "You're the man I
took twenty pounds of butter from."
"No, I beant," replied Hodge. "I am
sure you are," says the beadie. "I tell
ye I beant," rejoined the countryman;
"and if thee lik'st I'll lay the a guinea
on't." "Done!" replied the beadie; and
the money was quickly posted. "Now,"
says the countryman, "thou didst take
twenty lumps of butter from me; but if
they had been twenty pounds, you'd
have no right to take them; and this,"
continued he, very coolly pocketing the
money, "will pay me for the loss of the
butter."

RURAL SIMPLICITY.—A young lady
who had never been out of the sound o'
Bow-bell, and whose ideas of a country
life were formed from reading "Thom-
son's Seasons," received an invitation to
spend a few weeks with her aunt about
forty miles from London; and was
extremely disappointed at the total
absence of that moral elegance, that Ar-
cadian simplicity, which she had pictured
to herself of a country life. One day,
however, she considered herself fortunate
in encountering a shepherd returning
from the fields, with hook in hand, quite
a la Corydon. "Youth," said the
citoyenne, "why have you not your pipe
with you?" "Bekase, ma'am," answered
he, "I han't got no backee."

SWEDISH SOLDIERS.—A company of
soldiers, as I thought from their appear-
ance, of the foot-guards, marched into
town yesterday, and the captain and six
men were billeted upon my landlord.—
They were remarkably fine-looking
grenadiers, well dressed in white round
jackets, with yellow epaulets and blue
trousers, and all their appointments
seemed substantial, clean, and soldier-
like. Their evening parade upon the
street before our door struck me very
muck. After the rock was called, and
the reports and orders delivered, the
commanding officer called one of the
soldiers out of the ranks, it appeared to
me without turn or selection; and the
whole company taking off their caps at
once, this man repeated the Lord's
Prayer, after which they all sang a hymn
very beautifully, and the parade was
dismissed. This morning early, about
two o'clock, the company mustered be-
fore the door again to march to their next
halting-place before the heat of the day
set in. Between sleeping and waking,
I heard the same service repeated—the
Lord's Prayer, and a morning hymn sung,
before they marched off. The service
was not hurried over. It lasted from
fifteen to twenty minutes, and was gone
through as slowly and solemnly as in
any religious meeting. This is a remnant
of the military practice of the great
Gustavus Adolphus, which has been re-
tained in the Swedish service since the
Thirty Years' War.—*Lain's Tour in
Sweden.*

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKET

St John's and Harbor Grace Packets

THE EXPRESS Packet being now
completed, having undergone such
alterations and improvements in her accom-
modations, and otherwise, as the safety, com-
fort and convenience of Passengers can pos-
sibly require or experience suggest, a care-
ful 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 *Por-
tugal 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 careful-
ly attended to; but no accounts can be
kept or 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, 1839

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 fa-
vours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further no-
tice, start from *Carbonear* on the mornings
of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, posi-
tively 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, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respect-
fully to acquaint the Public, that he
has purchased a new and commodious Boat
which at a considerable expence, he has fit-
ted 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 Gentle-
men with sleeping-berths, which will
he trusts give every satisfaction. He now
begs to solicit the patronage of this respect-
able 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 at
St. John's for *Carbonear, &c.* at Mr. Patrick
Kielty's (*Newfoundland Tavern*) and at
Mr. John Cruel's
Carbonear,
June 4, 1838.

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 est by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,
Widow.
Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1839.

Blanks

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



VOL. V.

HARBOUR GRACE

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