

POETRY

(From the Novascotian.)

CORONATION ODE.

"Such as the Bard so is his song."—
Hogg.

God save Britannia's Queen,
And send her people joy;
Long be the olive Sceptre green,
That oft, in battle-fields, has been
The angel to destroy.

Hail! to Victoria, hail!
Be Albyn's note among
The serenades from down and dale,
Echo'd thro' England, Inisfail,
And Scotia, land of song.

The Isles that gem the sea,
May gem Victoria's crown,—
But Nova Scotia's gift shall be
"God save the Queen," from hearts as
free
And fervent as her own.

Whigs have with Tories met,
And foemen feuds delay—
Lovers there languishing forget,
And centres every amulet
In Coronation day.

Rivals there wrath have lost,
Where rivalry has been;
And beauty can on conquest boast,
Where ev'ry tongue and ev'ry boast,
Bear worship to the Queen.

Birth days become unknown,
And Levees obsolete;
The famous "forth of June" is gone,
And Coronation looms alone,
The glorious *twenty eight*.

"Hail! to the Royal maid,"—
From serf and sov'ring ring;
Can flattery, of fawns, persuade,
Such homage to a Princess paid,
As love can hither bring.

To thee, Victoria, thee,
The potentates and pow'rs,
Of mighty realms, beyond the sea,
With courtly kindness bow the knee,
And feign a flame like ours.

Kings leave their cares, to be
The ministers of thine,—
And, marshalled to the Royal *spree*,
Are clouds of princes come to see
The sun of Brunswick shine

Away with battle brand!
Ye types of tears away!
Let peace exulting wave her wand,
Before the lieges of the land,
On Coronation Day.

Swords are but symbols, where
A Queen like ours may reign,—
Famine and fraud crouch in their lair,
And crime would blush to claim a
share
In such a joyous scene.

Bear hence Barbarian zeal!
The relics of romance:
Bear hence the champion and his steel!
Let Providence append the seal,—
No ruler reigns by chance.

The powers that Britons own,
Are those that heav'n imparts;
Not by the sceptre, or the crown,
Victoria's conquest shall be known,—
But by her people's hearts!

Can Monarchs learn the might
That majesty bestow?
Drank ever despot such delight,
When triumphing o'er human right,
As now Victoria knows?

Republics may arise,
Like mushrooms from the ground,—
Bewray'd by home-averted eyes,
They vault, what'er is great and wise,
With them alone is found.

A mobbing multitude,
And anarchy, are twins;
Unfeeling—jealous—brutal—rude,
Were murder finishes the feud,
That ignorance begins

Proclaim in Askalon,
And publish it in Gath—
That muse and morals take their tone,
As Kings and Queens, that grace the
throne,
Have pointed out their path.

Sole of the Poet, still
Of Caledonia dream,—
Acadia's languid landscapes, ill
Supplant the braided Branhholm hill,
And Teviot's trembling stream.

Has earth one favour'd spot
More tranquilly sublime,—
'Tis Nova Scotia, tho' forgot,
Friendless, and fameless, here my lot
Has fall'n in evil time.

Beneath a Monarch's shade,
Daughter of England, thine,
How blest'd to swell the serenade,

* Majesty fo the people,"

Or lisp in verses the honours paid,
To Sovereigns such as mine.

Fondly the graces wait,—
Obedient to her call,—
And Hope, and Love attend in state,
That royalty may emulate
The virtuous, one and all.

Tempt not her latent might;
If pow'r from knowledge spring,
The nod that shook Olympia's height
Is but a shadow of the blight,
Her waken'd wrath would bring,

Nor yet to pow'r alone,
Is England's Queen confin'd,—
Mercy has audience at the throne,
While vengeance, with her mantle on,
Waits with the sword behind.

From the mil'ennial blaze
A coming ray is cast,—
So some irradiant meteor strays
Beyond its sphere, and spreads amaze
O'er worlds it wanders past.

The nations that between
Hell and Destruction lay,
Start at the glorious halo seen,
Like summer rainbows, round our Queen
And hail their dawning day.

How beautiful, when blest,
Are liberty and love!
Not, what licentious knaves invent,—
Not what the Arab in his tent,
But Reason, can approve.

He love, the heratomb
My country burns for me;
I love—the very winds that come
Across the ocean from my home!
My *Caledonia*, thee!

More prized than bouquets, borne
O'er the Atlantic foam,—
Shall Royalty behold the thorn,
And heath, that Scotia's hills adorn,
Embalmed in blessings come.

Or Erin's Shamrock, shorn
Of leaves that languid hung;
The Lion and the Unicorn
No longer cast an eye of scorn,
Where such a chaplet sprang.

And thine, *Acadia*, thine,—
Tho' but a feeble stem,
May with a graceful foliage twine
Where wreath the symbol and the sign,
Round Britain's *Siadem*.

Go, little *Mayflower*—meet
For Royal Maiden's zone,
More than for Coronation fete—
And with a loyal welcome greet
Victoria to the Throne.

Nursed where the mountain Roe,
And Eagle's home, have been,—
Away, to beauty's banquet go,—
The flow'r that buds beneath the snow
May bloom before the Queen.

Ev'n *Canada*, from far,
Uplifts a longing eye,
And all the pomp of punic war
Loses its lustre, like a star
When Sol ascends the sky.

But 'tis no vulgar hand
May England's garland glean,
Stand forth, the Laureate of the land,
And bid a paradise expand
Around the virgin Queen.

Decaying flow'rs and dull,
'Tis mine to breathe upon,—
But what are bland and beautiful
I fondly kiss—but may not cull
To wither here unknown.

In their lethean abode
Chimera Hydres hide,—
Joy swallows up, like Aaron's rod,
Whatever serpent else, abroad,
Appears in rival pride

Bath'd in the blissful dream,
The peasant poet's eye
Peers thro' the mist, to catch a gleam,
Of justice, from the parent stream,
That rolls reluctant nigh

To dwell in peace—unseen,
I ask, to live—unknown:
So 'wake my harp, and bless the Queen,
Whose semblance never yet has been
Annointed for the Throne.

Vice, of a vampire caste,—
And valour, half divine,—
Fill up the *epic ages* past,—
But virtue stands unweild'd at last,
Victoria in thine.

The gath'ring word is gone,
Thro' ev'ry clime and coast,—
The Halcyon bears the message on
Love, from the people to the Throne,
And party spirit lost.

Lost too, the idle lay,—
And words are wove in vain,—
What tribute shall the muse essay,
Where Nations come uncall'd to pray—
Victoria long may reign?

Enough—the din is heard,

In Ocean's farthest Isles,
Hush'd be the harp, and mute the bard,
For Albyn's is no cringing card,
To court, his Sov'reign's smiles.

*Mr. Grant Thorburn of New York has sent as bouquet of flowers by the Great Western, Steamer, for the Queen's service at the Coronation.

Chalybeate Water.—"Have you drank the waters, Mr Weller," inquired his companion as they walked towards the Highstreet? "Once," replied Sam. "What did you think o' them, sir?" "I thought as how they was paticulery unpleasant," replied Sam. "Oh," said Mr John Smanker, "you didn't like the killybeate taste perhaps?" "I don't know much about that ere," said Sam, "I thought they'd a weyr strong flavour o' warm flat-irons."

Borrowing. The Wheeling Times thinks that although it would be rather an ungenteeled thing, to borrow your neighbour's shirt, it is equally so, and still more perplexing, to borrow his newspaper.

I know well enough, said a fellow, where fresh fish come from, but where they catch these ere salt fish, I'll be hanged if I can tell.

A smooth bullet wrapt tight in a silk handkerchief, may be melted over a candle, without burning the handkerchief.

A good old lady when condoling with her neighbour for the loss of her child, was informed by the bereaved mother, that she had no doubt it had gone directly to *Leechzebub's bosom*. O, said her neighbour, you mean *Abraham's bosom*. Ah! replied the mother, it makes no difference, they are both scripture names.

An old gentleman, whose character was unimpeached and unimpeachable, for some slight cause was challenged by a dissolute youth Hotspur, who was determined the old man should give him honorable satisfaction. The old gentleman very good naturedly refused to fight, and the fellow threatened to 'gazette' him as a coward. 'Well,' replied the old gentleman, 'go ahead: I rather fill twenty newspapers than one coffin.'

SALUTATION.—In some countries they rub noses; in other they pull one another's ears; France pluck out a hair and presented it; the Japanese take off their slipper when they meet. In some of the South Sea Islands they spit in the hands, and then rub your face for you in others, it is the height of politeness to fling a jar of water over your friend. In Europe, we bow, curtesy, shake hands, take off our hats, or kiss; and the science consists in knowing on what occasions; and with what persons these respective modes of salutations are to be pursued.

Extraordinary instance of Gambling.—It is well known upon the western waters that the fire men and other hands employed upon the boats spend much of their idle time in playing cards. Of the passion for gaming, thus excited, an instance has been narrated to us upon most credible authority, which surpasses the highest wrought fictions of the gambler's. A coloured fireman, on a steamboat running between this city and New Orleans, had lost all his money at poker with his companions. He then staked his clothing, and being still unfortunate, pledged his own freedom at a small amount, losing this, the bets were doubled, and he finally, at one desperate hazard, ventured his full value as a slave and laid down his free papers to represent the stake. He last, suffered his certificate to be destroyed, and was actually sold by the winner to a slave dealer, who hesitated not to take him at small discount upon his assessed value. When last heard of by one who knows him, and who informed us of the fact he was still paying in servitude the penalty of his criminal folly.

'I say, Mr. Auctioneer, may I bid what I please?' 'Yes Sir.' 'Well, then, I bid you good morning, and be hanged to you.'

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 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, 1835

Nora Creina
Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, inreturning 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, 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 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, Kieley'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.

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