POETRY.

CUPID DEFEATED. 'Twas a beautiful night in the month of May, When moonbeams lay in the flower bed sleeping, And glittering dew on each leaflet lay, And the earth shone forth like a young maid weep

Young Cupid stole out in the dewy night, To a flowery dell where he loved to slumber; His wings droop'd low, but his heart was light, For he'd won more hearts than he well could num

He soon found one of the sweetest bowers That ever was formed of flower buds twining; So he gathered himself a couch of flowers, And was lulled to sleep by the brooks soft chiming

The rogue would not part with his arms the while, So he laid them down by his cheek hot blushing And perfume stole up from the scented pile Of buds, his curly head was crushing.

His light bow was made of a hazel rod, The string was of ribband-grass neatly twisted, His arrow was tipped with a white rose-bud, Which was torn from the bower where the young ster rested.

His quiver was hung with bright sea shells, To which sweet flowers and buds were clinging; And unseen were hung little silver bells, That would waken the god with their fairy ringing

This Cupid was always an artful boy, As the bells on his quiver but proved too clearly; For should youthful hands molest the toy,
It sigh'd forth music, and those hands paid dearly

Just now, as the little mischief lay, Fast locked in sleep, midst his rosy bowers, A lovely maiden passed that way, And saw the rogue on his couch of flowers.

The maiden looked on the boy with a sigh; She knew, if awake, no peace he'd give her--So she stole to his green bed silently, And stole from his head his bow and quiver.

But the last had scarcely touched her hand,

When music around the bower was sighing---Such as might float o'er a fairy land, When the magic winds of that land were dying. "Ha, ha!" said Cupid, "is this the way?"

From his scented couch in a moment springing,

"Presumptuous girl! I'll make you pay For setting these tell-tale bells a ringing." He snatched the bow and he aimed a dart; With smiles of triumph, the mischief eyed her; But the arrow fell back from her soothless heart,

And harmless lay on the grass beside her. What can this mean?" the poor god cried, And he fluttered his wings in a dreadful passion "Tip your arrows with GOLD,"---the maid replied,

"Or you'll find that LOVE is out of fashion."

THE NOVELIST.

A RECRUIT IN LISBON. A FACT.

THE Christmas holidays had been rapidly passing away at my father's house in Somersetshire, and I was in a state of miserable anxiety, looking forward to the arrival of the day, which was to call me back to a school I most mortally detested, when my parent after an hour's meditation, broke silence with the following speech--" Tom," said he, "I have been thinking"--and there he stopped, seemingly confounded by the vast importance of his own ideas. Having kept me in a state of breathless suspense for several minutes by so extraordinary a communication, he recommended as before with--" Tom, I have been thinking that you are a well-grown lad, seventeen and upwards, and have been a long time at school; you speak French, and if you have learned only half the books your master has charged in his bills, you must be a clever lad likewise. It is now time to put you in some creditable way of gaining your livelihood, and I wish you to make choice of your vocation, for I shall send you to school no longer.

I sincerely thanked the good, and as he then ap-peared to me, very sensible old gentleman, for his kind consideration, and placed myself entirely at his disposal; but, recollecting he had observed, that I was a well-grown lad (an opinion I had entertained for some time), I ventured to hint his obtaining a commission in the army for me. My father approved, and in March, 1811, I became an Ensign in the * * * * regiment of foot, As that regiment was on service in Portugal, I was in due time forwarded to Lisbon in a transport (take the word in any sense you please) with a mixed cargo of soldiers, provisions, and warlike stores. I had been flattered, or rather confirmed in my own judgment, by the opinion of my father, that I was a well-grown lad, and the brilliant appointments of an Ensigncy, assured me at a single glance that my father was right in his assertion. To prove he was so, I determined, shortly after my arrival in Lisbon, to make a conquest, and commence my camaining the affections of some lovely young hose soft heart must necessarily make but istance to the battery of charms I could

ering about the streets, I soon had the sao observe myself noticed from a window by rable personal attractions, and ery opportunity of improving the acquainstrutting up and down the street at least a es a day, until at last, by one bold effort, I bow, which was immediately acknowledged ir one's kissing her hand. From that moecame her devoted slave. Some few days Twas walking as usual towards the house ntained my dearly beloved (that was to be) sort of waiting-maid, wrapped up in a thick passed me, saying hastily, in French, "Capbeg you will follow me, I have something to you of the last importance." I kept sight of she stopped under a gateway, when I joined d there, finding no one could overhear us, she ed me as follows: "Handsome stranger, you are so well made, and so amiable, that you will not be surprised when I tell you a young lady of quality d you from her window, and is violently

to have some private conversa-

ll not say a

who said, in a trembling voice, that she had some very wicked scandalous neighbours, and therefore begged me not to appear in the street, but to retire for an hour or two, when I might return. That she was lodging alone with the exception of her domestics, and that if I liked, we could sup together.

Highly delighted with this proposition, I tenderly kissed the hand which was extended towards me, requesting at the same time the honour of being allowed to furnish our meal. This I had been informed was a custom in foreign countries. That is not at all necessary, replied the lady, but as you may not prefer those things which I have provided, you must do as you please. Overjoyed at this additional proof of her affection, I took my leave, for fear of exciting the suspicion of such wicked scandalous neighbours as unfortunately lived in the street, and ordered, from the nearest hotel, a magnificent supper, with four bottles of the best wine, and the finest fruits that could be procured, to be sent to the lady's house at nine o'clock, at which time I also presented myself.

She received me very graciously, took me by the hand, and conducted me to a well furnished apartment. I should suppose it was the room in which she slept, there being a bed, the hangings of which were of a vellow brocade ornamented with silver flowers, and I remarked that in a recess under a sort of pavillion of rose coloured taffeta there was a bathing tub.

In this apartment there was a table handsomely laid out, and a side-board garnished with my wine and fruits. It was with manifest delight I beheld these preparations which promised so agreeably, and the only wish I had was, that my amiable companion would be a little more cheerful; for she could not conceal from me, (spite of her endeavours), that she had some secret uneasiness at heart. Being anxious to discover the cause of this disquiet, I implored her in the most pathetic terms to make me acquainted with it .-- "Handsome unknown Englishman," replied she, sighing, "since I cannot conceal that from your penetrating glance, which I fain would have done, I must inform you of a most unlucky mischance which has this night befallen me. My brother, on whom I am totally dependent, and whom I thought was with his regiment, the Cacadores, has within this hour returned to Lisbon. I would have sent, and informed you of it, had I been acquainted with your residence:" but, added she, "as he is going out to supper, and will certainly not return before midnight, we can at least have the satisfaction of enjoying each other's society until then, and we may moreover derive consolation from the knowledge that he must leave this city on his return to the army, in two days---were it not for this, I swear to you I should be inconsolable, for he is without exception, the most violent man on earth, and values the honour of his family more than his life. You cannot imagine the restraint I am under in his presence; but heaven be praised, we shall soon be rid of him, and for some length of time." This piece of information considerably damped my spirits. The unexpected return of a brother, and such a very violent brother too, was no laughing matter. I drew very bad omen from it, and most sincerely wished] had been kept in a state of blessed ignorance.

Although certainly not a coward, I felt I was unarmed, young, and of course not able to cope with such a diable of a brother as she had described her's to be. Determined however to put a good face on the affair. I bid her be under no apprehensions, as I feared him not, should he return that very moment. Sincerely in my heart did I hope I should never see his face. Supper being brought in, we sat down to table. Every thing appeared as if we were about to enjoy ourselves; but scarcely had the covers been removed, when we were alarmed by a violent knocking at the door --- "Oh! Heavens," cried my charmer, with every appearance of horror and affright, "there is my brother, what will become of me? I shall certainly be

Any one would imagine, that under all the circumstances of the case I should have boldly faced this disturber of our happiness; but the dread I had of him, from the picture my imagination had painted, quite overcame me. He being a Portuguese, with the most jealous notions of family honour, I fancied nothing could save me from the point of his stiletto, if I were found in his sister's apartment. I endeavoured to conceal myself under the bed, but the sister thinking I should be far more secure in the bathing tub, made me get into it, and covered me over with a piece of carpet. Unfortunately for me, the tub having been recently used, was still wet, which rendered my situation doubly uncomfortable.

The door had been opened in the mean time to this terrific brother, and he had scarcely entered the room, when astonished, or pretending astonishment, to see a table and sideboard so handsomely decorated, he stared without uttering a syllable; but at last he cried out in a peremptory tone, "Sister, what is this? Why all these preparations? For whom is this feast?" "For you," replied the trembling lady, "and I have waited your arrival." "No such thing," interrupted he, "you are not used to treat me with such magnificence, and this never could have been intended to welcome my return from the army; for I told you it was my intention to sup elsewhere to night." "1 am aware of that," replied the lady, "but you know my dear brother, you used often to tell me so and return, and have been angry with me if your supper has not been prepared." "I am not at all satisfied with your 'excuse," muttered he surlily, " and 1 much fear the scandalous insinuations of your neighbours are not without foundation. For a young lady of quality, my sister, you are not sufficiently circumspect in your actions. Sister," continued he, "you know my delicacy on the score of reputation, therefore, beware how you in the least degree transgress;" saying this, he drew a poignard and examined the point. "But come, let us sup," added he, "for this once at least 1 will believe you have had no evil intentions." He now sat down to table in my place, and the sister opposite him---they began to devour my unfortunate supper, and the rascal did not appear even content with feeding at my expence---he found fault with every thing, and contradicted every word uttered by the lady; and if she did not exactly coincide in all he said, he conducted himself like a madman, swore a volley of oaths, and heaped torrents of abuse upon her. 1 often lifted up a corner of the carpet to endeavour to see the countenance of this terrible fellow, but the

The time did not appear so long to them at table, as it did to me in the tub; and I could not comprehend how so very passionate a man could have had the patience to eat such a length of time. They sat a full hour at supper, which appeared an age to me. If he ate well, he drank better-he emptied three of my bottles during the repast; and when they had taken away the dishes, he ordered some cigars to assist in dispatching (as he termed it) the fourth. The lady endeavoured to persuade him to smoke in his own room, and leave her to her repost; but he flatly re-fused, saying he should not go until he pleased, and that he had made up his mind to pass the night in the one he at present occupied. The cup of my mi-sery was now full. I had been in hopes that this abominable fellow, when he had eaten and drunk as much as he possibly could, would have retired to his own apartment, and suffered me to pick the bones. and | had hoped at least that the latter part of the evening | corporation

apprehension I was under prevented me from viewing

in a female en deshabille, I recognised my charmer, | would pass more pleasantly than the former; but | He was a decided enemy to a permanent army ever in this I was doomed to be disappointed. The lady, as if she participated in my misfortune, endea-youred to turn his resolution; but finding prayers and tears alike of no avail, she quitted the room with

many outward signs of affliction.

She had no sooner left the apartment, than he began to behave like a man intoxicated or deranged. First would sit down, then hastily rise and walk about the room, with his cigar in his mouth; then he danced; then drawing his sword, he began fencing against the wall. In short, after whistling, singing, and playing a thousand mad pranks, he swore, by all the saints in the calendar, he would exterminate the very first person that dared look him in the face. After having passed half the night in doing what I have related he placed, for the sake of precaution, his drawn sword and a brace of pistols close to the bed-side, and threw himself, dressed as he was, at full length on the bed Heaven be praised, thought 1, my sufferings are nearly over---but even here 1 was unfortunately deceived for the wine he had drunk did not possess that blessed sleeping quality so devoutly to be wished; for, instead of feeling drowsy, he kept coughing and talking to himself for full two hours; and every now and then, starting up in bed, he called out as loud as he was able, "Qui va LA?" just as if he had heard a noise in the room---and 1 am sure 1 made none in the tub, except by lifting the corner of the carpet, to ascertain if it were possible to make my escape from this accursed house. At last heaven had pity on my sufferings, for just at day-break this wretch fell asleep, and I determined, at all events, to attempt getting away. I crept out of the tub as softly as possible, reached the chamber-door, walking on tip-toe, with my shoes in my hand---lifted up the latch, fortunately found the door open, and made my way into the street. 1 reached my rooms in safety. Tired to death, 1 threw myself upon my bed, with the following soliloquy:--"Tom, Tom, take good care, my boy, the next time you write to your father, to forget to tell him this story --- and, above all things, be sure you never mention it at the mess-table."

SELECTIONS.

ANOTHER PORT .- It is well known that gentlemen of the Lower House are in the habit of sleeping at their posts. One evening, during the debate upon the reform bill Mr. -, the Irish Member, laid himself off, as usual, to repose. On awakening from a refreshing slumber, he inquired, of the Irish Secretary, who sat next to him, "Stanley, my dear boy, what are they at now?" "Milborne Port, Sir," replied Mr. S.— 'Did you say Milborne Port? Is it Milborne Port, then?" said the member; "Sure I have tasted Southampton port, and Tawny port, and curiously crusted port; but the devil a bit of me ever heard of Milborne Port till this blessed moment, sure ?"-World of Fashion.

ROYAL CRUELTY.—The following story

which is stated in a history of King Ferdinand, by Colonel Rotalde, now in the press can hardly be credited was signalized for his cr The Queen had a dog and Ferdinand, whilst pretending to play with him, caused him ball, in which were small pins stuck in various directions, and then covered them over with paste. The unhappy dog swallowed the fatal ball, when the Prince of Austrurias, holding in his hand a piece of twine, to which he had attached the ball, began to draw it upwards. The dog uttered piteous cries. The Queen ran to his aid, and the young wretch, redoubling his efforts, caused a portion of the intestines of the animal to attach to the pins, and drew it through his

THE SULTAN AND THE PACHA OF EGYPT .-The war between these two parties, according to certain current accounts of the genealogy of the two princes, is a war between uncle and nephew. The Egyptian Pacha is said to be, by birth, a Frenchman of St. Domingo, who, with his sister, was taken by the Algerines, at an early age, and both being sold as slaves, the female, who was beautiful, was purchased by the Sultan then reigning, became his favorite, and gave birth to the present ruler of the Turkish empire. Through her influence her brother was raised from post to post, till by a course of promotion, of which there are abundant examples in the East the poor captive became, at last, nominally Pacha, but, in fact, really sovereign of Egypt! Such is the account which we have from a friend long in the Levant, and with good opportunities for being well informed.—Scotsman.

CURIOUS MODE OF PUNISHING A MURDERer.—Sir George Staunton visited a man in India, who had committed a murder; and in order not only to save his life, but, what was of much more consequence, his caste, he submitted to the penalty imposed; which was, that he should sleep seven years on a bedstead without a mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron, resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of the rhinoceros, but more callous; at that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his "bed of thorns," and remarked, that at the expiration of the term, he should most probable continue that system from choice, had been obliged to adopt from Penny Magazine.

sulting his constituents. He was ble in his attendance, and in report

in time of peace, and used his utmost efforts to have it disbanded. He was also opposed to the excise laws. The corporation rewarded his diligence, as well as that of his colleague, Mr. John Ramsden, by an occasional present of a cask of ale.—In 1665, we find Marvell attending Parliament at Oxford, where he began to correspond with his constituents almost every post. Many of his letters, written after this period, have been preserved, and are curious for their historical and parliamentary information. It would appear, that the mysteries of political economy were just as puzzling to the agriculturists of those days as they continue to be to the landowners of our own time. The cry has always been with them, "The rents are falling-we must do something to keep them up." And so, in their consummate wisdom, they passed a law to prohibit the importation of Irish cattle! There certainly were some practical legislators in the Commons at that time; for Sir John Pritiman, member for Leicester, having been suspended from his seat for a breach of privilege, and having been sent for to the Speaker's chamber to receive sentence upon his knees at the bar. it was found that he had effected his escape by the back door. The door was forthwith ordered to be nailed up for the future! A bill was passed making all the conventicles riots; and a penalty of five shillings was directed to be imposed on all those who took part in them, and who refused to tell their names. If they were not able to pay the five shillings, it was provided, that they should work it out" in the House of Correction!

THE EFFECTS OF LITIGATION.—A century go there resided in Iniskea two persons who were remarkable for superior opulence, and had become the envy and wonder of their poorer neighbours. Their wealth consisted of a flock sheep, when unfortunately, some trifling dispute occurring between them, a dissolution of partnership was resolved upon .-To divide the flock, one would suppose, was not difficult, and they proceeded to portion the flock accordingly. They possessed 101' sheep; 50 fell to each proprietor, but the odd one-how was it to be disposed of? Neither would part with his moiety to the other, and after a long and angry negociation, the sheep was left in common property between them. Although the season had not come round when sheep are usually shorn, one of the proprietors, requiring wool for a pair of stockings, proposed that the fleece should be taken off. This was resisted by his co-partner, and the point was finally settled by shearing one side of the animal. Only a few days after, the sheep was found dead in a deep ditch; one party ascribed the accident to the cold feelings of the animal having urged him to seek shelter in the fatal trench: while the other contended that the wool remaining upon one side had caused the wether to loose his equilibrium, and that thus the melancholy catastrophe was occasioned.-The parties went to law directly, and the expenses of the suit actually devoured the produce of the entire stock, and reduced both to a state of utter beggary. Their descendants are pointed out to this day, as being the poorest of the community, and litigants are frequently warned to avoid the fate of "Mailey and Malone."—Wild Sports of the West.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A ludicrous example of this kind of absurdity is told of Mr. K-, a courtier in the reign of George the Third.—This personage, who is said to have been the most absent man in the three kingdoms, went one birth-night to White's coffeehouse, Saint James's, full dressed, except his stockings which he accidentally discovered in ? consequence of spilling some hot coffee upon his legs; he immediately sent the waiter to bring him a pair of white silk stockings, expressing his astonishment at the inadvertency he had committed, and congratulating himself on having so fortunately found it out. The stockings being brought to him, he put them both on one leg, and went to

Conscience.—Mr. —, who always indulges himself in speaking unceremoniously to persons of the highest rank, said the other day to a certain Marquis, "What answer can you give to the populace who so justly complain of your endeavours to trample on their rights!", "None," said the Marquis _"I clothe myself in the mantle of my conscience." "Then your lordship wears very light clothing this cold weather," rejoined the other. - Magazine of the Beau Monde.

A Furious Wife.—A tradesman and his wife having had a bitter quarrel, in order to appease their fury they threw all their portable furniture out of the window. The wife then drew the bed to the window, ripped the ticking, and set all the feathers affoat in the air, then rushing to the balusters of the breaking her arm upon them, exwith an insane energy, "Now you ndrel, you must pay for a surgeon!"—
ords of my Life, by the late John

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