

**LOST AND WON, OR, THE THIRD SEASON.**

he shall propose this season, and then have the gratification, the delight, the sweet triumph of refusing him! It will serve him right.

It was the language of Florence Neville's as she contemplated, with no little action, the graceful reflection of her in the glass, before which she was at for the first ball of the season.

Whom was she speaking! of whom? Why did that short rosy lip curl up such beautiful scorn, as the last look given at the snowy dress which hung in folds, like summer clouds, around the form of its young mistress? Florence was at this moment picturing to herself the oblation of one high heart which had lately refused doing homage to her; of one being in the wide world who owned her power, calmly gazed at her uneddy lovely countenance, and tranquilly proved her "style." It was insufferable Florence determined that her third season would be marked by the conquest of the tall, high, and handsome earl of St. ; not that she cared for him—oh no, as only determined to make him proud, indeed, there was a sort of playful rivalry between her cousin Emma Neville and her, on the subject, and Florence felt her at stake, if she failed.

Do you think of your "wager Florence?" said Emma Neville, as they descended the drawing room together.

Be sure! You think I shall lose it! read your thoughts.

It is the St. Clyde of last season, you only will, laughed Emma. That man is veritable, Florence.

*us verrois, nous verrois*, said the ; and taking her father's arm, she ; lightly into the carriage.

It was a brilliant ball; The rich and the ; and the young and the beautiful—all were ; and in the centre of an admiring cir- zling conspicuous, stood Florence. as preparing to waltz with a tall, dark, ding looking personage, who was ap- ly quite indifferent as to whether he rted that light figure, or that of any se; this was Lord St. Clyde. Florence e contrary, was all sparkling gaiety; as dancing with him for the third time; er moment, and they were flying round role with equal grace.

ings—went on exceedingly well: Flo- knew her ground, and the game she laying and as she passed Emma, the e exchanged glances. That of Florence "he is won!—that of Emma," not

afraid you are fatigued, said Lord St. , as he led his partner to a seat.

no; not much, replied Florence, but oms are very warm. It is impossible ce, and still more to breathe—partly here.

e was in one corner of the room, the crowded, and removed from either or window.

e conservatories are cool, said the Earl, did not offer to lead her there. Florence perfectly aware that the conservatories cool, but she knew also that they had ner advantage—they were perfect groves e choicest flowers and orange trees; quently no spot was ever better suited iritation—perhaps for a proposal. With ienced policy, however, she only leant fully back, and gently fanned herself. St. Clyde stood by her side. He was ing but a ball-room man—for though gare was faultless, and his dancing just o show it off, he had none of that g fluency of conversation which a ; partner should have; he could not ompliment if he did not feel it—he not, if he thought it was expected: re, had he been Mr. St. Clyde, jr., he ave been a great bore in society; as he was a most delightful young man uch proper reserve.

gallopade in Gustave roused the Earl e reversis.

you too much fatigued to join in the pe, Miss Neville?

yes! I never gallopade—it fatigues me It is possible you like that romp, Lord Clyde.

he Earl persisted, but Florence would dance; he persuaded her, but she would listen; he condescended to repeat the rest, and allowed a compliment to escape ; no, Florence was firm; the Earl said ore, but drew himself up. Suddenly ence rose with her brightest smile, am too selfish, my lord! that gallopade is nspiring that I cannot resist it.

change came over the spirit of St. Clyde, e was another creature; and Florence was self again all triumphant. The next ent the dancers were thrown into con- on, there was a rush towards the windows Lord St. Clyde was seen darting through crowd towards the conservatories, with a ting figure in his arms; it was Florence ille!

he cousin bent affectionately over the noble girl, and the Earl knelt by her a glass of water. It was my fault! ex- ed St. Clyde, in an agitated voice; I

made her dance—good God! how lovely she looks! she does not revive; what shall we do?

Has no one salts? cried Emma; call my uncle; I think we had better go home; who has any salts? The Earl was already gone for them. With a stifled laugh, Florence opened her wide beautiful eyes, and started up.

Was it not well done?

Good heaven, Florence!

Well, my dear, did you never hear of any one fainting before? You will lose the wager *cusina mia!*

My dear Florence, how you frightened me.

Never mind—hush, here they come; new take papa to the ball room for my beaver; and leave the rest to me.

Emma did as she was desired, and for some to ask any question until they got home; then she anxiously inquired, did he propose?

No! provoking man! but very nearly—did I not faint well!

Yes; it will not do, Florence; that man does not care for you.

Never mind that; he shall propose. But you don't care for him.

*Qui importe? he shall propose.*

Never.

I will make him! Remember this is only the first ball of the season.

Lady Monteagle gave a *fete* at her villa at Putney's. Mr. and Miss Neville were there of course. Florence had an exquisite bouquet, but she saw Lord St. Clyde advancing towards her; therefore she prudently dropped it into the centre of a large myrtle bush.

You have no bouquet, Miss Neville, was one of his lordship's first remarks; are you not fond of flowers?

Yes, passionately, said Florence, but I have lost mine; I am sorry, for I fear I shall not easily find another so beautiful.

Will you allow me to endeavor to supply its place with this! was the instant reply.— Florence smiled and blushed as she took it; the smile was art, but the blush nature—for she could not help it. Lord St. Clyde's eyes were fixed on her face, and the next moment she found herself walking with him whilst Mr. Neville was speaking to the hostess, whose grand daughter was looking very spiteful. Florence played her part to admiration. Lord St. Clyde was in her power, for she had engaged him in an animated flirtation. They were standing on the brink of a beautiful fountain, when the Earl exclaimed.

Do you know the language of flowers, Miss Neville?

No, said Florence, but it must be very pretty; do you know it, my lord?

Yes, by heart.

Then tell me what these mean! exclaimed the beauty, quite innocently, as she offered him his bouquet, which was composed of a white rose, a pink rose bud, some myrtle, and one geranium. The Earl hesitated, and laughed; then suddenly recovering himself, he said.

They speak in their simple language, the sentiment that I dare not express.

Florence felt her heart beating, but she only laughed—the laugh encouraged the Earl—

Florence, forgive me, if—

Ah, Miss Neville, I have been looking for you every where, and here you are, all alone! cried one of Florence's gay train, the elegant Sir Percy Hope.

Oh, not alone, said Florence, rather annoyed; Lord St. Clyde—why where is—

The Earl was gone.

Florence, did Lord St. Clyde propose to-day? said Emma to her cousin, in the evening.

Not quite, but as nearly as possible; I declare I will never speak to Sir Percy Hope again.

Time! time! can nothing stay thee!

The season was passing rapidly, and Florence had four proposals; of course she had refused them, although they had not been tendered by the Earl of St. Clyde. Still she continued her gay and giddy round—still she said he shall propose, until the last opera of the season.

Pale, languid, but still delicately beautiful, the spoiled and petted Florence leant back in her box, deaf to the strains of the *Cristi*—regardless of the adulation around her, and disgusted with every thing in the shape of gaiety. She leant back in her chair and closed her eyes for a second; on opening them, she saw a pair of dark eyes fixed with more than common earnestness on her face. It was Lord St. Clyde—those mild eyes could only belong to him. What possessed Florence at that moment? She did not bow—she did not smile—she merely bent forward and whispered the word of departure to her champion; then, winding her eschmere round her, she placed her arm within that of Sir Percy Hope, and left the box.

The next morning Florence was really unwell. She said not at home to every one, and began to tune her harp. String after string gave way, as she drew them up. Like me, poor harp! she sighed, you are sinking, spoiling from neglect.

Suddenly the door opened and a visitor was announced.

Not at home, cried Florence, hastily

Pardon me, for once I disobey, said a voice, and Lord St. Clyde entered. He continued—I have intruded, I confess, but it is only for a moment. I come, Miss Neville, to wish you—to bid you—a long, perhaps a last farewell.

Farewell! said Florence, dropping her harp key; this resolution has been suddenly taken, has it not?

No, replied the Earl, I am going to seek in Italy the happiness which is denied me here.

Italy! exclaimed Florence, turning her eyes like melting sapphires on the Earl—dear, bright, sunny Italy! my own fair land!

Is it yours, Miss Neville, said St. Clair eagerly.

Yes, my lord; Florence was my birth place, and my home for fourteen happy years.

Lord St. Clyde paused; nothing is so awkward as a pause in a *tete-a-tete*; he felt this, and quickly rousing himself, he said hastily.

I will not interrupt you any longer—farewell—perhaps we may meet again.

Perhaps we may—good by, said Florence, extending her hand; it was slightly, very slightly pressed, and she was alone. For a moment she felt as if the past were a dream; but glancing on the ground, she saw a white glove—it was the Earl's; she turned away, and leaning on the marble slab of the beautiful mirror, she gazed at the faultless reflection of her face.

Beauty, beauty! murmured she—paltry gift! since it could not win St. Clyde! And burying that young face in her hands, she fairly burst into tears.

Florence! my own, idolized! said a voice close to her. She turned and uttered a real, genuine, unartificial shriek.

The Earl of St. Clyde was at her feet.

Well, Florence, said Emma Neville to the Countess of St. Clyde, one day, you must really give me a lesson on proposals; how well you managed your husband's—teach me your art.

No, no, you are quite mistaken, laughed Florence; no one could be more surprised at St. Clyde's proposal than myself, for I had given him up. Art failed, my dear Emma, and nature gained the day in this case. Take care how you make nets, they never answer. Men are shockingly sharp-sighted now.

**Postage Stamps.**—Any person attempting to erase the obliterating mark from these stamps, and use the stamps a second time, is liable to a penalty of £20 for every offence.

"Pa," said a little fellow the other day "wasn't Job an editor?" Why, Sammy?" "Because the bible informs us that he had much trouble, and was a man of sorrow all the days of his life?"

**POETRY**

To—

The moonbeams slept upon the wave,  
Which scarce a wand'ring zephyr curl'd;  
And, with their silv'ry brightness, gave  
Dreams of a fairer, holier world.

The distant Isles their shadows threw,  
Dark'ning the water's fair expanse,  
While Nature's placid stillness drew  
By witchery forth the soul's romance.

A rapture o'er my spirit broke,  
Till that still hour unknown before;  
And many a thought which love awoke,  
Was utter'd on that lonely shore.

For wild and lovely was the scene  
On which the sacred beams descended;  
Rock, Isle and wave, and forest green,  
In lights and shades were softly blended.

Along the lonely beach we stray'd,  
And gazed upon the shining sea;  
And raised our eyes to Heav'n, and prayed  
As bright and calm our lives might be.

The drowsy world had sought repose;  
No wand'ring footstep linger'd near,  
To check thy song, which sweetly rose,  
Like fairy music, in the ear.

Your cheek was pillow'd on my breast,  
My arm around you fondly clung;  
And, as the bird bends o'er its nest,  
In peace and joy, o'er thee I hung.

And from the glorious, grand array,  
Which nature spread before the sight;  
Turn'd, half unconsciously away,  
To watch your eye's unsullied light.

The Pilgrim thus, mid fairest Bowers,  
One cherish'd, deep sensation feels;  
Nor needs the bright and fragrant flowers,  
While to his guardian Saint he kneels.

**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 Harbor Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and *Porugal 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 or Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Spect to other monies sent by this conveyance

ANDREW DRYSDALE,  
Agent, HARBOUR GRACE  
PERCHARD & BOAG,  
Agents, St. John's  
Harbour Grace.

**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 CARBONNEAR, and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKETS 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 the 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 CARBONNEAR 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 of weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., &c. received at his House in Carbonnear, and in St. John's for Carbonnear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kieley's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Crust's.

Carbonnear,  
June 4, 1838.

**Nora Greina**  
Packet-Boat between Carbonnear 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 CABINA will, until further notice, start from Carbonnear 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 PACKAGE given him.

Carbonnear, June, 1838.