

POETRY

FAREWELL.

Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night song of mirth in your bow'r
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forget his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain,
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain;
But he ne'er will forget the soft vision that thriv'd,
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.
And still on that Evening when pleasure fills up,
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul happy friends! shall be with you that night:
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles,
Too blest, if it tells me that mid the gay cheer
Some kind voice will murmur, "I wish he were here."
Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy
Bright beams of the first which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd
Like the vase, on which roses have once been distill'd,
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS HEMANS.

The trumpet of the battle
Hath a high and thrilling tone;
And the first deep gun of an ocean fight
Dread music all its own.
But a mightier power, my ENGLAND!
Is in that name of thine,
To strike the fire from every heart
Along the banner'd line.
Proudly it woke the spirits
Of yore, the brave and true,
When the bow was bent on Cressy's field,
And the yeoman's arrow flew.
And proudly hath it floated
Through the battle of the sea,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke wreath,
play'd
Like the lightning in its glee.
On rock, on wave, on bastion,
Its echoes have been known,
By a thousand streams that hearts lie low
That have answered to its tone.
A thousand ancient mountains,
Its pealing note hath stirr'd;—
Sound on, and on, for evermore,
O thou victorious word!

A DELICATE THOUGHT.

ON BEING ASKED BY A LADY WHY VIOLETS
WERE GENERALLY FOUND IN A COUNTRY
CHURCH-YARD.
You ask me why the Violet blooms
Amongst the silent dead?
And why, amidst the mould'ring tombs,
It loves to rear its head?
Sweet woman there is often seen
To dew the ground with tears;
And where her angel form has been,
Her favorite flower appears.
Then, when she comes to deck the grave
Where her heart's treasure lies,
She finds a GARLAND ready made
To grace her obsequies.

INQUISITIVENESS OF THE AMERICANS

I left Boston for Albany, in the stage, the distance is 180 miles; the fare, £2 14s.; charge for all meals on the road, 2s. 3d. each; for bed, 2s.

3d.; nothing given to waiters or coachmen. The stage called at my lodgings at two o'clock in the morning. There was, upon my entrance into it, but one passenger; he was an American, and of course, soon obtained from me the information that I was going to Albany. We were driven about the town for an hour, taking up others; so that, before our starting, we were filled with passengers and their luggage. The man before referred to was going but ten miles; yet he must know every person, how far they were travelling, and whether or not they were "natives" of Boston. An old man, partially deaf was the last object of his attack. His seat being central, the first question put to him was—
"Where are you going, middle on?"
This being answered satisfactorily, the following dialogue ensued:—
Do you keep at Boston? No.
Where do you keep? Fairfield.
Have you been a lengthy time in Boston, eh, say? Seven days.
Where did you sleep last night? In—street.
What number? Seven.
That is John Adonis—'s house? It is my son's.
What, have you a son? Yes, and daughters.
What is your name? William—
I guess.
Is your wife alive? No, she is dead, I guess.
Did she die slick right away? No not by any manner of means.
How long have you been married? Thirty years, I guess.
What age were you when you were married? I guess mighty near thirty three.
If you were younger again, I guess you would marry earlier? I guess thirty three is a mighty grand age for marrying.
How old is your daughter? Twen-five.
I guess she would like a husband? She is mighty careless about that.
She is not awful (ugly), I guess? I guess she is not.
Is she sick? Yes.
What is her sickness? A consumption.
I had an item (a supposition) of that You have a doctor, I guess? I guess I have.
Is your son a trader? Yes.
Is he his own boss (master)? Yes.
Are his spirits kedge (brisk)? Yes; I expect they were yesterday.
How did he get in business? I planted him there. I was his sponsor for a thousand dollars. I guess he paid me within time; and is now progressing slick. He bought his store at a good lay (a good bargain).
The young man's arrival at his destination put a stop to this course of question and answer; and the inquisitive catechiser invited his elderly friend, when he should come that way, "to go by his house, and dine with him."

Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington.—During the campaign of the troops in Paris, a French citizen, who was returning from the camps Elysees, where the troops were encamped, was robbed of his watch by a serjeant in the British army. Complaint was immediately made to the commanding officer, and the troops were paraded before the Frenchman, who was thus enabled to single out the offender. A court martial was held, and the criminal condemned to die on the following morning. As early as four o'clock, the allied army was assembled in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, where the prisoner was to undergo the sentence. The charge upon which he was tried and convicted, was read aloud, and the

unfortunate man prepared for the presence of an offended Maker. Not a murmur ran thro' the ranks. The justice of the decree was acknowledged by every soldier, and if the short lapse of time between the offence and its solemn expiration excited feelings of terror, they were mingled with respect for the stern severity of their commander; the drums beat, and the black flag waved mournfully in the air. The ministers of justice had raised their engines of destruction, and the fatal monosyllable "Fire," was half ejaculated, when the Duke of Wellington rushed before their firelocks, and commanded a momentary pause, whilst he addressed the prisoner:—"You have offended against the laws of God, of honor, and of virtue; the grave is open before you—in a few short moments your soul will appear before its Maker: your prosecutor complains of your sentence; the man whom you have robbed would plead for your life, and is horror struck with the rapidity of your judgement.—You are a soldier, you have been brave, and as report says, until now, even virtuous. Speak boldly! in the face of Heaven, and as a soldier belonging to an army devoted to virtue and good order, declare now your own feelings as to your sentence."
"General (said the man) retire, and let my comrades do their duty; when a soldier forgets his honor, life becomes disgraceful, and an immediate punishment is due as an example to the army; Fire." "You have spoken nobly," said the Duke, with a tear in his eye; "You have saved your life; how can I destroy a repentant sinner, whose words are of greater value to the troops than his death would be? Soldiers, bear this in mind, and may a sense of honor always deter you from infamy." The troop rent the air with huzzas, the criminal fell prostrate before the Duke, and the word "March" was given, he arose and returned alive to those ranks which were to have witnessed his execution.
Matrimony.—no happiness on earth can be so great, nor any friendship so tender as the state of Matrimony affords, when two congenial souls are united, the mental and personal one can never be separated; the man all truth, the woman all tenderness: he possessed of a cheerful solidity, she of a rational gaiety, acknowledging his superior judgment, she complies with all his reasonable desires; whilst he, charmed with repeated instances of superior love, endeavours to suit his requests to her inclinations—his home is his heaven upon earth; and she is good Genius, ever ready to receive him with open arms, and a heart dilated with joy. How happy must such a mutual confidence make them!!!
Subjects for the Pulpit.—The preacher of everlasting truth has certainly the noblest subjects that ever elevated and enkindled the soul of man;—not the intrigues of a Philip, nor the plots of a Cataline;—but the rebellion of angels,—the creation of a world,—the incarnation and death of the son of God, the resurrection of men,—the dissolution of nature,—the general judgment,—and the final confirmation of countries millions of men and angels in happiness or misery. No subjects are so sublime; none are so interesting to the feelings of a reflecting audience: no orator was himself ever so deeply interested in his subject, as a godly minister is in the truth which he presses upon his hearers. If on any topic he can become impassioned and be carried beyond himself, it is on the theme of immortal love, and the everlasting destinies of men.

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 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 days.

TERMS.

Ladies & Gentlemen 7s. 6d.
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3 6d.
Single Letters 6d.
Double do. 1 0

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 shall 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 Kilty's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Cruet's.
Carbonear, June 4, 1836.

TO BE LE

On a Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE OF GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on the EAST by the House of the late Captain STABB, 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.
Harbor Grace.