

KILRUSH PETTY SESSIONS

"Pretty wig making and no hair on the block!"
 Sheridan acknowledged himself "over head and ears in debt" when he hap not paid for his wig; Larry O'Leary appeared before their Worships in a similar predicament, for with a head as bare as that of the

"Bald Coot bully, Alexander,"

he came forward to answer a charge of having unlawfully made his own of and subsequently demolished a wig, the property of "little Siny Scales," who had manufactured the Caxon for said O'Leary, in consideration of the sum of 6s. 6d. which moneys Mr. O'Leary declined paying, and managed to demolish the wig in the scramble that ensued.

Are you a Wig Maker? said his Worship.

Siny Scales coloured and looked down; then heumed, and looked up. Why then I am an' I am not, he returned; I do be thyrin' me hand at it for work ov an odd time, bekase yo see, sir, I spint tree months of a time in the house wid an aunt's brother o' mine that was a wig maker by thrade, an' be dad 'twould surprise you some-times the nate fit I give. (loud laughter.)

Oh, don't be wiggin' the gentleman, Siny, dear, said O'Leary, facetiously; see your reverence, that I may be cut up in four pieces, but 'tis more like a thrush's nest what that little excuse for a man manufachers, than a real wig; but the times are bad, be gounies, an' 'thim that has no hair—' you understand me, sir, there's an ould sayin'. Iss, indeed, 'tis only the height o' distress id make a poor man put his skull oundher the like ov a hedgehog's skin ov the kind. (great laughter.)

Magistrate. When did you last demand payment for the article, Scales?

Be dad only ere itherday, sir, replied Siny. I met Larry as consuited as you plazze, houldin up his head like a recetin' sargint, an' his hat 'pon three hairs. I must have money or marbles, Mister O'Leary, says I. Don't spake to me, you little batch, says he, sure 'tis in dhread I am to turn my head, says he; so it is, or this example ov a wig will fall o' me. Wid that he was passin' on, an' well an' good ov he was, I made a spring, thru off his ould hat, grabbed me wig, an' away I skirris. (a laugh).

O'Leary. Arra, Siny, eroo! why don't you mention the headache you gev me, from the polihogue in the side of the head I got from your own purty list.

Oh? God love you, and give uz pace, returned the cranium-thatcher; be all that's lovely, gentlemen, he never waited to pick up his caubean, but followed myself hot fut an' gev me a thrip, that I'll be bail soon upshot me. Dickons hoise you, you schemin nagur! says he, dhraggin the wig from me; bad luck to you, what a show you make o' the people! then he gev me a fist in the pit o' my stomach, an' tore the wig into fifty nine pieces. There, now! says he, may be you'd wait 'till twou'd be convenient to your customers to pay you, evermore.

His Worship inquired if a portion of the wig yet remained?

Ah! he Jepurs it's just so sir, exclaimed O'Leary, handing up something like a singed fragment of a furze-bush, put on the

gloves, your reverence," continued Larry, with a significant nod, "an' presarve that for the barrister as a pattrn; I'm not joking, Siny Scales though 'tis a could bare skull you left me this day."

"You never ped a lawfull debt yet," growled little Siny.

Thine for you aragal, returned Larry, pocketing the specimen of the little fiseur's skill, an' more shame for me, whin I had you down, that I didn't settle the balance between uz, afther you openin' an account on the side o' my head.

After a few more jocose observations, and a solemn protestation oe the part of little Siny Scales that he had received five shillings each, for wigs of a similar pattern and manufacture, at the last Ballyket fair, Mr. O'Leary was directed to pay three shillings and the costs, which he did rather reluctantly, remarking that now let people say what they liked, 'twas a dhroll world they lived in

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

(From Abbot's Corner Stone.)

On the side of a bleak and barren hill, stands a miserable house, or rather hovel. It attracts the attention of a stranger, by its ruinous condition, and the pale, sickly, wretched children which shiver at the door. It is the home of a DRUNKARD! Did you ever consider what is to be seen almost every night, inside the house? Come with me and see:

"The door, hanging by a single hinge, opens creakingly, and the cold, empty, miserable room looks even more wretched than you had expected. The sickly, worn out wife is trying in vain, from former remnants to make out some food for herself and her half-starved children. They sit around the room, or hover over the embers, in a half stupor. They not cry: the extreme of hunger is silent; and these wretched ones are beyond tears. The mother is hurrying through her work to get them away from an approaching danger. What is that danger which she does not dare they should meet? Why, their FATHER is coming home. If it was a storm of thunder and lightning, or if it was a midnight thief, she would gather her children around her, and they would feel safer and happier together. But their Father is coming home, and she sends her Children away. She hides her babe in the most secret place she can find—a thin shivering boy spreads over himself the scanty covering which is all that is left, and draws up as if he was trying to shrink away from the cold: and perhaps a girl, by a choice of miseries, has pleaded for permission to stay along with her mother.

"All this is, however, the mere beginning,—the preparation for the scene of real misery, which the return of this abandoned father and husband is to bring. He is a Drunkard!—But here I must stop; for if I was to describe the scene just as it is actually exhibited in thousands of families, all over England and America every night, my readers would lay down the book, sick at heart, at the contemplation of the guilt and misery of man.

A wag once remarked, that of all the kinds of lying, the most common is that of lying in bed late in the morning, except among political newspapers, and they lie after they get up.

ON MISS ANNA BREAD.

"Toast any girl but her," said Ned,
 "With every other flutter,
 I'll be content with Anna Bread;
 And wont have any but her."

A Definition. Gentility is neither in birth, manner nor fashion; but in mind. A high sense of honour, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness toward those with whom you have dealings, are the essential and distinguished characteristics of a gentleman

It is said that a piece of anchovy almost instantly restores the just tone of voice to any one who has become hoarse by public speaking.

A match for Carter the Lyon King. A Mr. Radcliff recently took a benefit at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, and drove a pair of Panthers, harnessed to a chariot, across the stage.

POETRY

PASSING AWAY—A DREAM.

BY J. PEIRPOINT.

Was it the clime of a tiny bell,
 That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
 Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
 That he winds on the beach, so mellow
 and clear,
 When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
 And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the deep—
 She dispensing her silvery light,
 And he his notes as silvery quite,
 Whilst the boatman listens, and ships his oar
 To catch the music that comes from the shore?
 Hark! the notes on my ear that play
 Are set to words: as they float, they say—
 "Passing away! passing away!"

But no;—it was not a fairy's shell,
 Blown on the beach so mellow and clear;
 Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
 Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
 As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
 That told of the flow of the stream of Time:
 For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
 And a plump little girl from a pendulum swung,
 (As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
 That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing);
 And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
 And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say—
 "Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels that told
 Of the lapse of Time, as they moved round slow!
 And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
 Seemed to point to the girl below.
 And lo! she had changed: in a few short hours
 Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers.
 That she held in her outstretched hand,
 and flung
 This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
 In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,
 That told me she soon was to be a bride;
 Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
 In the same sweet voice I heard her say—
 "Passing away! passing away!"

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS
 St John's and Harbor 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 Passengers7s. 6d.
 Servants & Children5s.
 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, 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 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. 6.
 Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6.
 Single Letters.
 Double do
 And PACKAGES in proportion
 N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and ACKAGES 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 fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR, 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 very 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 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 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 off EAST by the House of the late captain STARR, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,
 Widow.
 Carbonear.

Blanks

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