

POETRY

WOMAN.

Woman! companion of my life,
Less loved when maiden than when
wife;
How fondly do I sing to thee,
Of wedded love and constancy,
Dear mother of my child, I trace
Thy emblem in her artless face—
I clasp the lisping babe, receive a kiss,
And feel a father's love—a father's bliss.

'Tis Woman's voice in accents low
That hushes first the infant's woe;
'Tis Woman's fond maternal arms
That shield her boy from vain alarms;
Uprear him in a world of cares,
And save him from its countless
snares.
Nurse of mankind! I fondly view in
thee
The watchful guardian of our infancy.

Now would I Woman's friendship
sing—
O 'tis a pure undying thing!
The dew that gems the blossomed
thorn
Shines brightest in the sunny morn;
but faithful Woman can bestow
A light to gild the night of wo!
Her love, like moon-beam on a stormy
sea,
Sheds o'er our cares its own serenity.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF TIME.

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree;
Or like the dainty flowers of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had:—
Ev'n such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
The flower fades, the morning hastes,
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
The gourd consumes, and mortals die.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like a bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearly dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan:—
Ev'n such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death,
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death—man's life is
gone.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing in the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gilding of a stream:
Ev'n such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides—man's life is done.

A DIRGE.

(By the Rev. G. Croly.)

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid.
Here the vassal and the King
Side by side lie withering:
Here the sword and the sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that weep them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep—
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun or winter's storm,
Song of joy or wailing woe,
None shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come on fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
I shall come in strife and toil,
I shall come in blood and spoil,
I shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones:
Then, Ambition, run thy lust!—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine—
Flashing from Heaven's golden gate,
Thousands thousands round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plume:
Tremble then thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turned to living light,

Kingdom of the ransom'd just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem!
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyr's tears
Through a thousand glorious years!
Now in hopes of him we trust
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

THE GROWTH OF AN UMBRELLA.—On
Saturday, an eccentric being, named
Kease, was charged, at one of the Dublin
Police-office, by a Connaughtman, ser-
vant to a family in Dublin, with stealing
his umbrella from a tent in Donnybrook
fair. Kease pleaded his own defence,
and so bewildered the unsophisticated
complainant by his "larnin' and logic,"
that he impressed him with the belief,
that he (Kease) had possessed the umbrel-
la ever since it was a parasol!—*Irish
Paper.*

A distinguished citizen of Ohio told
the following story, at the Commence-
ment dinner, at Hanover, a week or two
since. It is good enough to repeat.—
"Ain't you a very moral people in New
Hampshire?" asked a Western gentleman
of an emigrant from the Granite Hills.—
The letter felt highly gratified at the
compliment upon his native State, con-
veyed by the question, and was prompt
to reply, "Certainly, we are a very
moral people." "Well, I should think
so; for you turn out rogues enough,
every year, to purify any people in
Christendom."—*Clarendon (New Hamp-
shire) Eagle.*

The American ladies, as Mrs Trollope
has so graphically explained, are exceed-
ingly delicate as regards the utterance
of such words as "surt," &c., the follow-
ing is no bad specimen of this really
mauvaise honte:—"Pray, Miss Sophia,
what are you making?" said Dr. R. to a
young American lady, who was at work
upon a garment of a certain description.
"A Sophy cover' Doctor," was the
reply.

A grocer, whose shop was much in-
fested with wasps, was one day offered a
recipe by a customer for their expulsion.
A gratuity was demanded as a matter of
course before the grocer was to be made
as wise as his customer, and it was no
sooner given than the tradesman was
informed, that the legal method of ejec-
tion was to give them three months'
notice at Michaelmas, and he might
depend on the whole of them being gone
by Christmas.

The *Cheltenham Free Press*, in deep
indignation at the funeral of a suicide
says—"They buried her like a dog, with
all her clothes on."

The editor of the *Steubenville Herald*
says, "a subscriber who had been
patronising us for several years without
paying, and whose lovely wife has not
long since broom-sticked our collector
out of the house for presenting his bill
wanted to know of us last week why we
stopped his paper!"

A curious "malaprop" is related in
the *Memoirs of Charles Mathews*, as hav-
ing occurred to him in America,—"Ma-
homeian below Cesar," for "Thermo-
meter below Zero."

An orator, who wished to conciliate
some Germans just previous to an electi-
on, in order to obtain their votes, ob-
served, that though he was not a German
himself, yet he had a brother who was
remarkably fond of German sausages.

*Lines written by Voltaire, proving
his belief of a God, although a dis-
believer in Revelation.*

This vast expanse of azure light,
From chaos drawn, in lines so bright,
No compass form'd, no pivot turn'd,—
A word alone the work perform'd.

"Stay with us," said a gentleman to
his friend, "and let me have the plea-
sure of your company. We have, indeed,
not much of a dinner;—nothing but a
mutton-pie, quite in the family way."—
"Then," answered his friend, "we are
likely to have an addition of a brood of
lamb patties."

Some time ago in the Court of Com-
mon Pleas, Mr. Shiel, in an argument
relative to a matter of Account, address-
ing the Court, said, "My Lord, I shall
demonstrate this point by a *numerical*
—" "Mr. Shiel," said the learned and
facetious Lord who presided, "let us
have no more *new miracles.*"—*Dublin
Post.*

On Sale

Just Landed

Ex Jane Elizabeth, Nathaniel Mun-
den, Master,
FROM HAMBURG,

Prime Mess PORK
Bread
Flour
Oatmeal
Peas
Butter.

Also,

15 Tuns BLUBBER.

For Sale by

THOMAS GAMBLE.

Carbonear,
June 9, 1839.

ON SALE

BY THE

SUBSCRIBERS,

Ex NAPOLEON from HAM-
BURG,

BREAD, FLOUR and
4000 Bricks

The latter at Cost and Charges,
if taken from the Ship's side im-
mediately.

ALSO,

90 Tons

SALT

And,

20 Tons Best House

Coals,

Ex APOLLO, Captain BUTLER from
LIVERPOOL.

RIDLEY, HARRISON & Co.

Harbour Grace,
July 3, 1839.

Capt THOMAS GADEN

BEGS to inform the Public in genera-
l that he intends employing his
Ketch BEAUFORT, the ensuing Season
in the COASTING TRADE, between St.
John's, Harbor Grace, Carbonear, and
Brigus, as Freights may occasionally of-
fer. He will warrant the greatest care
and attention shall be paid to the Prop-
erty committed to his charge.

Application for FREIGHT may be
made, and Letters or Parcels left at Mr.
JAMES CLIFT'S, St. John's; or to Mr
ANDREW DRYSDALE, Agent, Harbour
Grace.

N. B.—The BEAUFORT will leave St.
John's every Saturday (wind and weather
permitting).

May 1, 1839.

For Portugal Cove.

The fine first-class Packet Boat

NATIVE LASS,

James Doyle, Master,

Burthen 23 tons; coppered and copper fastened.
The following days of sailing have been deter-
mined on:—from CARBONEAR, every MONDAY,
WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, precisely at 9
o'clock; and PORTUGAL COVE on the mornings of
TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 12.

She is completely new, of the largest class, and
built of the best materials, and with such improv-
ments as to combine great speed with unusual
comfort for passengers, with sleeping berths, and
commanded by a man of character and experienced
The character of the NATIVE LASS for speed and
safety is already well established. She is con-
structed on the safest principle of being divided
into separate compartments by water tight bulk-
head, and which has given such security and
confidence to the public. Her cabins are superi-
or to any in the Island.

Select Books and Newspapers will be kept on
board for the accommodation of passengers

FARES:—

First Cabin Passengers	7s. 6d.
Second Ditto	5s. 0d.
Single Letters	0s. 6d.
Double Ditto	1s. 0d.

N. B.—James Doyle will hold himself respon-
sible for any Parcel that may be given in charge to
him.
Carbonear.

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 accom-
modations, and otherwise, as the safety, com-
fort and convenience of Passengers can pos-
sibly require or experience suggest, a care-
ful 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 Por-
tugal 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 care-
fully attended to; but no accounts can be
kept or Postages or Passages, nor will the
Proprietors be responsible for any Specie to
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 fa-
vors.

The NORA CREINA will, until further no-
tice, start from Carbonear on the mornings
of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, posi-
tively 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 respect-
fully to acquaint the Public that he
has purchased a new and commodious Boat,
which at a considerable expense, he has fit-
ted 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 Gentle-
men with sleeping-berths, which will
he trusts give every satisfaction. He now
begs to solicit the patronage of this respect-
able community; and he assures them it
will be his utmost endeavour to give them
every 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 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
Kielty's (*Newfoundland Tavern*) and at
Mr John Cruet's.
Carbonear,
June 4, 1839.

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, 1839.

Blanks

Of Various kinds for sale at this Office, of
this Paper.