

POETRY

ATARAXIA

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Come o'er the green hills to the sunny sea!
The boundless sea that washeth many lands,
Where shells unknown to England, fair and free
Lie brightly scattered on the gleaming sands.
There, midst the hush of slubbering ocean's roar
We'll sit and watch the silver-tissued waves
Creep languidly along the basking shore,
And kiss thy gently feet, like Eastern slaves.
And we will take some volume of our choice
Full of a quiet poetry of thought;
And thou shalt read me, with thy plaintive voice
Lines which some gifted mind hath sweetly wrought.
And I will listen, gazing on thy face
(Pale as some cameo on the Italian shell!)
Or looking out across the far blue space
Where glancing sails to gentle breezes swell.
Come forth! The sun hath flung on Thetis' breast
The glittering tresses of his golden hair;
All things are heavy with a noonday rest
And floating sea-birds leave the stillness air.
Against the sky, in outlines clear and rude,
The cleft rocks stand, while sunbeams slant between;
And lulling winds are murmuring through the wood,
Which skirts the bright bay with its fringe of green.
Come forth! All motion is so gentle now,
It seems thy step along should walk the earth—
Thy voice along, the "ever soft and low,"
Wake the far-haunting echoes into birth.
Too wild would be Love's passionate store of hope
Unmeet the influence of his changeful power—
Ours be Companionship, whose gentle scope
Hath charm enough for such a tranquil hour.
In that, no jealousy, no wild regret,
Lies like deep poison in a flower's bright cup,
Which thirsty lips for every seek—and yet
For ever murmur as they drink it up!
The memory of thy beauty ne'er can rise
With haunting bitterness in days to come;
Thy name can never choke my hart with sighs,
Nor leave the vex'd tongue faltering, faint, and dumb.
Therefore come forth, oh! gentle friend,
and roam
Where the high cliffs shall give us ample shade
And see how glassy lie the waves, whose foam
Hath power to make the seaman's heart afraid.
Seek thou no veil to shroud thy soft brown hair,—
Wrap thou no mantle round thy graceful form;
The cloudless sky smiles forth as still and fair
As though earth ne'er could know another storm.
Come! Let not listless sadness make delay—
Beneath Heaven's light that sadness will depart;
And as we wander on our shoreward way,
A strange sweet peace shall enter in thine heart.
We will not weep, nor talk of vanish'd years,
When, link by link, Hope's glittering chain was riven:
Those who are dead shall claim from love no tears—
Those who have injured us, shall be forgiven.
Few have my summers been, and fewer thine;—
Youth ruin'd, is the weary lot of both;
To both, all lonely shows our like's decline,
Both, with old friends and ties have waxed wroth.

But yet we will not weep! The breathless calm
Which lulls the golden earth and wide blue sea
Shall pour into our souls mysterious balm
And fill us with its own tranquillity.
We will not mar the scene—we will not look
To the veil'd future, or the shadowy past:
Seal'd up shall be sad memory's open book
And childhood's idleness return at last!
Joy, with his restless, ever fluttering wings
And Hope, his gentle brother—all shall cease;
Like weary hinds that seek the desert springs
Our one sole feeling shall be peace—deep peace!
Then come! Come o'er the green hills to the sea
The boundless sea that washeth many lands;
And with thy plaintive voice, oh! read to me
As we two sit upon her golden sands.
And I will listen, gazing on that face
Pale as some cameo on th' Italian shell;
Or looking out across the far blue space
Where glancing sails to gentle breezes swell!

The most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others. They are safe from reprisals, and have no hope of rising in their own esteem but by lowering their neighbours. The severest critics are always those who have never attempted, or have failed in, original composition. Hazlitt.

Sheridan having declined walking out with an elderly maiden lady, on the pretence of bad weather was met by the lady afterwards walking by himself. "So Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." "Yes, madam," said he, "enough for one, but not enough for two."

A Gentleman being asked why he had so small a wife, "why, friend," said he, "I thought you had known that of all evils we should choose the least."

A DIP AND A DRYING. This is a punishment not uncommon in slavers, where refractory slaves, and even sailors of the crew, divested of the least rag to protect them from the heat of the noon-day sun, are alternately dipped under water and run up to the yard-arm. A lingering death often follows such treatment; the poor wretch subjected to its influence becomes so excoriated, that in seems an interposition of mercy should the running gear break, and the hapless victim of diabolical cruelty at once find a tomb in the jaws of some expectant shark. John's Legend and Romance, African and European.

A COLLOQUY ON PIGS.—"friend," said a quaker to a man who was driving a drove of swine into Penobscot, "hast thee any hogs with large bones in this drove?" "Yes," replied the drover, "they've all got big bones." "Hast thee any with long heads and sharp noses?" "Yes, they're all of them long-heads and sharp-snouts." "Hast thee any with broad flat ears, like the ears of elephants, slouching down over their eyes?" "Stran--ger every pig of 'em is that ere and no mistake;—they'll suit you exactly." "I rather think they will not suit me, friend, if they be such as thee describest. Thee may'st drive on."

WINDOW GARDENING. The season of green fields and budding flowers again returns; yet how many persons pent up in crowded

cities, are deprived of the pure enjoyment which they are calculated to afford! Still there is a substitute even for them in window gardening, which it is surprising, is not more cultivated in our large towns. What prettier sight can there be in passing along the street than a glance through a window on the interior of which are arranged, in the sweetest order, geraniums, roses, creepers, &c., all blooming as freshly in their narrow pots as if planted in the open round! It is impossible to imagine any more becoming employment for a female in leisure hours than the tending of such productions; and where there is a taste for it will be observed that the mind is more delicate and refined. There are few private houses where the plan could not be adopted: and even among those who do give attention to the subject, a much greater variety might be successfully cultivated. It is a sweet occupation, and worthy of general adoption.

WOMAN'S LOVE. How many bright eyes grow dim, how many soft cheeks grow pale, how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its sides, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cover and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshment of sleep is broken by melancholy dreams; "dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to darkness and the worm.

A Juvenile Orator. "Universal Morality, and may we become truly intellectual beings," was responded to by the very short gentleman who had worn his cloak during the evening. He made a brilliant oration, mentioned Greek, spoke of Dido in her cave; called upon the company to support the cause of morals, and to endeavour to make all men intellectual: dashed a beer-glass to pieces, and over-set a tumbler of brandy and water (plus aqua), stamped upon the toes of Davy, and, "in a fine phrenzy," spread out his arms, and gave an individual seated near him a very excellent prospect of a black eye; in conclusion, he made a splendid peroration, played with the cords of his cloak, and exclaiming with great volubility, "that—that—such will be the case!" seated himself with a self-complacent air, and amidst universal approbation.

There is man in Kentucky so sharp featured, that he cuts all his acquaintances.

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 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 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 Carboner 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 Carboner 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 PACKAGES sent by this conveyance. Carboner, 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 CARBONEAR 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 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 Carboner, and in St. John's for Carboner, &c. at Mr Patrick Kieley's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Cruet's. Carboner, June 4, 1838.

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. Carboner, Feb. 9, 1839.

Blanks

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

VOL. V. A MONUMENT FLOW. The flower... of snow banks... imputed to... with the dew... they are found... The death... a fault of... virtue which... a gloom over... ous deprivation... ber how resp... (not heart br... ways believe... while the deep... his virtues, at... confidence, in... the tomb to a... and suggested... and argued w... texts and cau... rise from the... more the child... —deep grief... naturally limit... confidence in... own particular... them, when... along propos... gerous in suc... mental argum... an event which... displace the... have produced... Those who ha... length weided... know its pain... Occupied w... such an unple... lowed into a... suburbs of the... persons, and... come to bury... The clergyman... ing a little bo... to be the only... the slender... then round th... coffin was low... forth the waco... fellow had no... look for affec... him in tones... last of his kin... he was along... When the c... had a little su... dressed us w... tion to see... prepared; and... added: "St... grave forecarr... is now chille... season, shall... in a few mo... mother come... another life... hope." The... each upon th... little William... and his mot... of his mother... Late in the... the neighbour... ground and... walked among... reading the... wondering wh... snatched so... —when scold... grave of the... previous acti... had been done... of one so ut... friends. To... most desirab... mother's sept... sitting near the... grave, looking... shoots that h... warmth of sp... covered his m... William star...