

POETRY

CI-DEVANT.

O no, my heart can never be  
Again in lighted hope the same—  
The love that lingers there for thee  
Has more of ashes than of flame.

Still deem not but that I am yet  
As much as ever all thine own;  
Though now the seal of Love be set  
On a heart chilled almost to stone.

And can you marvel? only look  
On all that heart has had to bear—  
On all that it has yet to brook,  
And wonder then at its despair.

Oh, Love is destiny, and mine  
Has long been struggled with in vain—  
Victim or votary, at thy shrine  
These I am vowed—these must remain.

My first—my last—my only love,  
Oh blame me not for that I dwell  
On all that I have had to prove  
Of Love's despair, of Hope's farewell.

I think upon mine early dream,  
When youth, hope, joy together sprung;  
The gushing forth of mountain streams,  
On which no shadow had been flung.

When Love seemed only meant to make  
A sunshine on life's silver sea—  
Alas, that we should ever wake,  
And wake to weep o'er dreams like these!

I loved, and Love was like to me  
The spirit of a fairy tale,  
When we have but to wish, and be  
Whatever wild wish may prevail.

I deemed that love had power to part  
The chains and blossoms of life's thrall,  
Make an Elysium of the heart,  
And shed its influence o'er all.

I linked it with all lovely things,  
Beautiful pictures, tones of song,  
All those pure, high imaginings  
That but in thought to earth belong.

And all that was unreal became  
Reality when blent with thee—  
It was but colouring that flamed,  
More than a lava flood to me.

I was not happy—Love forbade  
Peace by its feverish restlessness;  
But this was sweet, and then I had  
Hope which relied on happiness.

I need not say how, one by one,  
Love's flowers have dropped from off  
Love's chain:  
Enough to say that they are gone,  
And that they cannot bloom again.

I know not what the pang may be  
That hearts betray'd or slighted prove—  
I speak but of the misery  
That waits on fond and mutual love.

The torture of an absent hour  
When doubts mock Reason's faint control  
The fearful thinking of the power  
Another holds upon our soul!

To think another has in thrall  
All of life's best and dearest part—  
Our hopes, affections, trusted all  
To that frail bark—the human heart.

To yield thus to another's reign;—  
To live but in another's breath—  
To double all life's powers of pain—  
To die twice in another's death.

While thus things present to me seem,  
And that can now thine heart restore,  
Love as I may, yet I can dream  
Of happiness in Love, no more.

THE TRAVELLER.

The man thro' rough roads, who his journey  
has sped,  
From sun-rise to evening's dews close,  
Sups quickly, and calls for his candle and  
bed—

So when, weary and old, we have struggl'd  
our way,  
Through this troublesome warfare and  
strife,  
We are glad to lie down at the end of the  
day—  
Old age is the bed-time of life.

Epigram on the name of Short.

He's short by nature and by name—  
He's short of practise and of fame—  
He's short of skill, but not of charge—  
For all his bills are monstrous large.

MIDDLESEX COURT.

**Hogs' Wash and Pigs' Meat.**—If there was no hogs' wash perhaps there would be no pigs' meat; and probably, regarding the education of the porkers, the Chinese are perfectly right—that is, salting them before hand, and when the salt is regularly in, give 'em plenty of water—and then they grow (as Peter Dawly saith) till such times as they *bastes*. The following disquisition upon hogs' wash is somewhat instructive. John Hopkins, a costermonger, rejoicing in one eye, and whose contour of visage might be likened unto that of Polyphemus, was summoned by an unshaven, dirty, and dissolute dealer in hogs' wash, for the sum of £1 4s. for sundry pails of wash supplied to the defendant's pigs.

Commissioner. What description of wash was this?

Plaintiff. Oh, regierly good stuff—as fat'nin' as taters, and lots of wedgetables in it (laughter). I could feed any think on it.

Mr. Sergeant Heath. And what did you charge per pail?

Plaintiff. On'y a penny a pail; and there was 'nuff wedgetables in it to make reg'ler dairy-fed pork. You never seed no better. Here's a sample.

Here the plaintiff produced a John Arthur Roebuck pannikin with a "kiver" on it, and politely begged of Mr. Sergeant Heath to say if ever he seed any like it that was *better*?

Mr. Sergeant Heath very gravely said "No;" and asked the defendant uttered the following defence:—

"My lord, I 'ad a sow as far'ered, and this ear good gentleman as s'plid me with wash said as how he hadnt got no objection to take one of my pigs, and he'd be werry happy to serve me with wash. Well, so I 'grees. But vat does he send me in? Why, nuffin but sich a thing as greasy licker (liquor) no taters in it, no bones, nor any thing like wash, what I calls wash. I denies the thing in totum, and I shan't pay it."

Mr. Heath very learnedly charged the jury upon the subject of ho's' wash and in about three quarters of an hour the jury came to a verdict for the plaintiff for one half the amount claimed.

**The Fontarabian Male.**—Mister Henry Cordova Ledger, a young gentleman of the mermaid order, a sort of civil military man, deeming himself

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,"

a sort of modern Pygmalion, barring the legs, which were of that circular description that might have afforded my Lord Brougham a splendid illustration of the parabolic curve, was summoned by an ugly Scotch tailor (and certainly nothing on earth can be more nasty) for the sum of £1 14s. 10d. the price of a pair of unmentionables, which he, of Lech Scratchery, had in vain endeavoured to settle upon the leglings of the defendant.

Commissioner. How will you pay this, Mr. Cordova?

Defendant. Eh, Mr. Commissioner—what, sar? eh?

Commissioner. Don't trifle in that way, sar, when will you pay this?

Defendant (whose head awtully oscillated upon a huge shirt collar). Pay, sar, why, when he fits me.

Plaintiff. Haud yer bleth'n, sic a pair of legs naebody saw; luke, ny lord, at these things. Stou aboon, mon, and show these gude jontiemun the legs, as you ca' them. Oh, but yer fit for a Hee'land mon gin ye were big enough, 'deed and yer a braw boy, (laughter).

Commissioner. Pray, sir, be quiet a little; are the trowsers in court? Defendant. Yes, sir, I have them on, and I'm willing to stand by your decision.

Commissioner. Then just stand out, sir, where the jury can see you.

Defendant, altogether unconscious of his ugliness and the number of ladies in court, here stood out and exhibited as dapper a pair of bow legs as ever were encased in good broad cloth.

A Juryman. I must say I never saw any thing so ugly.

Defendant (in a towering passion). Sar, I beg to say my legs have nothing to do with the trowsers; and if a gentleman can't be fitted he oughtn't to pay, that's my max'm. Why, sir, when I was in Fontarabia I—

Commissioner. Rode the mules considerably, I suppose?

Defendant. I did, sar; and I do assure you that I—

Commissioner. Have a most awkward pair of legs I assure you, and these gentlemen do not see exactly how you can complain; they appear to be very well adapted for taking away the trowsers; and I advise you to do so as soon as possible, and pay the tailor directly.

It was some time before the semi-natural understood that the case was decided against him, and when he did extend his "parallel lines," no barrow pig could conscientiously say that it was obstructed. No human being could possibly desire to pass through the world easier than did a chubby-head English boy through this worthy't inverted commas.

**Warm Affections of Cats.**—A favorite cat, much petted by her mistress, was one day struck by a servant. She resented the injury so much, that she refused to eat any thing given to her by him. Day after day he landed her dinner to eat, but she sat in sulky indignation, though she eagerly ate the food as soon as it was offered to her by any other individual. Her resentment continued undiminished for upwards of six weeks. The same cat having been offended by the housemaid, watched three days until she found a favourable opportunity for retaliation. The housemaid was on her knees washing the passage, when the cat flew at her, and left indubitable marks on her arms that no one could ill-use her with impunity. It is, however, but fair to record her good qualities as well as her bad ones. If her resentment was strong, her attachment was equally so; and she took a singular mode of showing it. All the tit-bits she could steal from the pantry, and all the dainty mice she could catch, she invariably brought and laid at her mistress's feet. She has been known to bring a mouse to her door in the middle of the night and mew till it was opened, when she would present it to her mistress. After doing this, she was quiet and contented.

**Jealousy of the Robin.**—Some winters ago the wife of a working man was in the habit of encouraging a robin to come into her house. The little bird sought shelter with her, it soon became very tame, and when the door was not open would fly in through a broken pane in the window. At length it became quiet sociable at the tea table, and would pick up the crumbs that lay about. Some weeks afterwards the good woman had to go to town, and left in the house her favourite robin together with another that had intruded itself to share her hospitality. On her return home she discovered that the old bird had killed the intruder, for it lay dead on the floor.

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 CRUINA

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 CRUINA 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 3s. 6  
Single Letters ..... 6  
Double do. .... 1

And PACKAGES in proportion.  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will not himself be accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.  
Carbonear, June, 1835.

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 or 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 Kiely's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Cruick's.  
Carbonear, June 4, 1835.

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 TAYOR,

Widow

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

BLANKS of various kinds for Sale at the Office of this Paper.