

POETRY

THE WIDOWER'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. ABBY.

I wedded where I fondly loved;
My friends with eager voice
Destowed their sanction, and approved
The husband of my choice;
They told me that his former bride
Unmingled bliss had known,
And for her fortunes prophesied
The brightness of my own.

He too had friends—his deep distress
The pined and deplored,
And said that woman's smile should bless
Once more his hearth and board;
That he should seek the busy throng,
And mark the young and fair,
And let his children know, ere long,
Another mother's care.

Oh, sad exchange!—the heart I brought
Was full of joy and youth,
Warm, open, in its slightest thought,
And single in its truth;
While *his*, by sorrow worn and tried,
One vision only nursed,
The image of another bride,
The dearest and the first.

The lawns and bowers around the hall,
Her taste arranged and planned,
The flowery world he loves to call
A little fairy-land;
And then I sigh for some lone cot,
Where clustering boughs might twine,
Whose foliage should acknowledge not
A training hand but mine.

The old domestics mutely chide,
I meet their mournful look,
If I displace or cast aside
A picture, vase, or look;
Though mistress of this noble fane,
They gaze on me in dread,
As one who lightly dares profane
The relics of the dead.

Her kindred gather round our hearth,
And of some guest accost
With records of the grace and worth
Of her, the loved, the lost;
Then, start, and pause, and glance
around,
If I perchance draw near,
As though they kindly feared to wound,
My listening, jealous ear.

Her children—I could love them well,
Might I their trust secure,
But my caresses they repel,
Or passively endure;
And if I venture to reprove,
They trembling shun my gaze,
Or murmur of the tender love
They knew in happier days.

Yet ill like these I well could brook,
If he—my loved, my own,—
Rejoiced me with one happy look,
Or one endearing tone;
But no, his lost one ever seems
His heart and thoughts to claim,
And oft he starts from feverish dreams,
And wildly breathes her name.

Daily he hastes to solitude,
And o'er her portrait sighs;
That portrait once by stealth I viewed,
I marked the dazzling eyes,
The golden locks, the lip of rose,
The cheek of softer bloom;
My rival smiled upon my woes,
And mocked me from the tomb!

Yet my complaints must fruitless be;
The world esteems me blest,
Of power, and pomp, and luxury,
Triumphantly passeth;
And I must smile with feeling torn,
And fond affections checked,
And yield my girlhood's sunny morn
To coolness and neglect.

Yet to the youthful and the fair—
This warning I impart—
If thou can'st humbly stoop to share
A sad and widowed heart,
Known that each trial I have proved,
Thou also must sustain—
He who has warmly, truly loved,
Can never love again!

BARBER'S BROTH.—An Irish paper gives a droll story of the spouse of a barber, while engaged in the cooking of a pot of sheep's-head broth, being seized from her duty by two gossips, knowing the good-wife's taste for liquor, proposed a dram. She volunteered to go for it, and on her departure, her two guests emptied the pot of the sheep's head, and, with a remorseless appetite, proceeded to devour it. After having satisfied their hunger, they bethought themselves how they might con-

ceal their depredation, and seeing one of the barber's blocks, seized upon it, and plunged it into the pot. The barber's rib returned with her precious commodity, and the "water of life" was speedily discussed by the trio. The two visitors then took their departure before the barber came home from sermon; he, worthy soul, arrived as hungry as a hawk, and rubbing his hands with glee at the thoughts of the good dinner that awaited him, took a fork to examine what state the head was in; failing to fix his weapon in it at the first plunge, he repeated his stroke with more energy, but with similar success; not a little a tounded at this phenomenon, our man of suds made a desperate effort, and succeeded in fixing the fork. But who can depict the wonder and astonishment of our shaver, when, instead of his favourite sheep's-head, one of his own blocks met his view! Rubbing his specks, and scarcely believing his eyes, he gazed at the block, almost petrified at the metamorphosis, and then, in a paroxysm of rage, flung the block at his wife's head with such full intent, that had her skull not been of a comfortable thickness, it would have proved fatal.

Irishman's Notion of Discount.—It chanced one gloomy day, in the month of December, that a good-humoured Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long though not an unusual date; and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run, "That's true," replied the Irishman, "but then, my honey, you don't consider how short the days are at this time of the year."

Singula Coincidence.—Thursday at Hatton-gardens three individuals met in a charge, whose respective names were Farthing, Halfpenny, and Penny; and on the previous day in a charge of assault, the two defendants, man and wife, were stone blind, the complainant was also stone blind, and the wife of the latter had but one eye, and the assault was committed when the parties were "blind drunk."

Unprecedented Travelling.—Two British officers of the royal artillery were on parade with their battalion, on Friday two weeks, at Woolwich, England (some miles on the eastern side of London), and dining on Sunday with one of their countrymen, at Beltzhoover's Hotel, in Baltimore. They came by the Great Western.

Classification of Newspaper Readers.—Shenstone, the poet, divides the readers of a newspaper into seven classes.

1. The ill-natured look at the list of bankrupts.
2. The poor, to the price of bread.
3. The stock-jobber, to the lies of the day.
4. The old maid, to marriages.
5. The prodigal, to the deaths.
6. The monopolizers, to the hopes of a bad harvest.
7. The boarding-school and all other young misses, to matters relating to Gretna Green.

NEW YORK PILOTS.—The Pilot of New York is a perfect contrast to the Pilots we had been in the habit of seeing in the Firth of Forth. He is an intelligent, well-dressed person; in short a gentleman in appearance and manners.—*Mr. Stuart.*

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 be 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 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. 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 ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS 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 CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two cabins, (part of the fore-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 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 of 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 the Office of this Paper.

On Sale

Just Landed

Ex Jane Elizabeth, Nathaniel Mun den, Master,

FROM HAMBURG,

Prime Mess PORK
Bread
Flour
Oatmeal
Peas
Butter.

Also,

15 Tuns BLUBBE.

For Sale by

THOMAS GAMBLE.

Carbonear,
Jan. 9, 1839.

FOR SALE

BY THE

SUBSCRIBERS,

Ex NAPOLEON from HAMBURG,

BREAD, FLOUR and
4000 Bricks

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

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 general that he intends employing his Ketch BEAUFORT, the ensuing Season in the COASTING TRADE, between St. John's, Harbour Grace, Carbonear, and Brigus, as Freights may occasionally offer. He will warrant the greatest care and attention shall be paid to the Property committed to his charge.

Application for FREIGHT may be made, and Letters or Parcels left at Mr. JAMES CLIFF'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 determined 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 improvements as to combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers, with sleeping berths, and commanded by a man of character and experience. The character of the NATIVE LASS for speed and safety is already well established. She is constructed 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 superior 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 6d.
Double Ditto 1s. 0d.

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

Carbonear.



VOL. V.

HARBOUR GRACE

THE CH

From the Statesman

We have never a body of sedition appeared to us commiseration a federated disturbers. Is it disingenuous to act in this way? Now Provisions are comparatively by peculiar pressure pressing the opibouring classes. be, it seems incredible multitude of progress in various land, and the of the reports to us from the many. What then is this or Convent on Birmingham, ex unmeaning itself to be heard through the me with twelve hundred said signatures petition rolled to Common under Atwood, of B sent about a Atwood on Friday to this petition, the distress of the middle classes and manufacture shared—on the ing classes to a for their labours of effectual relief monetary system pointment of the benefit from the for all which the petitioners, these enlightened Char own peculiar universal suffrage fragments, as a remedy from us to the distress of the or of any class of We do not most gravely doubt of this alleged distress reject and disbeliefluent cause of the theatrical multitude. If such distress did not Mr Atwood representative of for a specific particular subject? would not have an pot. That might fatal to Chartism rished revolution we are satisfied that Chartism would no tress removed by his own.

We look upon political thing; as which society has rather than us an