

POETRY

MY MINISTER!

(By an Illustrious Person, &c.)  
 Who loves each foreign dainty dish,  
 Thinks me a prize he bought of Bish;  
 And eats my soup, my fowl and fish,  
 My Minister!

Who talks of Irish Dan and bogs,  
 Of Rads and Whigs, of men and dogs,  
 And daily to my Palace jogs,  
 My Minister!

Who, while the public papers say,  
 Of late has sunk into decay,  
 Does like a pet Lamb skip and play,  
 My Minister!

Who when a nice snug place is free,  
 Will fill it up in spite of me,  
 Says 'I'm unused to Whiggery,'  
 My Minister!

Who, when to meet old friends I try,  
 Says I shall see then by and by,  
 Then reads his speech so dull and dry,  
 My Minister!

Who thinks O'Connell sterling gold,  
 That Ghost who has my places sold,  
 Because he can a tail unfold,  
 My Minister!

Who, thinking history's page to fill,  
 Points to the Poor Amendment Bill,  
 And thinks to be a Premier still,  
 My Minister!

Who when the Whigs ask'd him to stay,  
 To their entreaties soon gave way,  
 Resolv'd to be "Vicar of Bray,"  
 My Minister!

Who, if he lunch with me at three,  
 At night returns to take his tea,  
 And sups with due humility,  
 My Minister!

Who, when to raise a smile I try,  
 Says, gravely, "Madam, fie, oh fie!  
 This really is not Majesty,"  
 My Minister!

Who, when to music I'm inclined,  
 Will stand my royal chair behind,  
 Where oftentimes asleep I find,  
 My Minister!

Who, beaten on divisons fast,  
 Is never dull nor overcast,  
 But swears he'll be unto the last,  
 My Minister!

**Neglecting the Antecedent.**—Some very whimsical instance of this occur continually, especially in the answer of witnesses; when given literally as they spoke. In a late assault case, the prosecutor swore, "That he (the prisoner) struck him with a broom on his head till he broke the top of it." It narration an incident some time since, it was stated that "a poor old woman was run over by a cart aged sixty." So in a case of supposed poisoning, "he had something in a blue paper in his head, and saw him lean his head over the put it in." Another of swallowing base coin, "he snatch'd the half-crown from the boy which he swallowed,"—"which" seems to make the boy, not the money, but still the sentence is correct. An old fellow who many years sold combustible matches in Bishops-gate, had the following cry: Buy a penny worth of matches, of a poor old man made of foreign wood.

At the election of parish officers at Brighton, last week, the chairman asked if any person had a complaint against the sexton; upon which that respectable functionary gravely exclaimed, "No living man can have any complaint against me!"

During the rebellion in Scotland, Earl Chesterfield was in Ireland, and one morning, when it was reported that the Roman Catholics were about to rise, a gentleman ran very abruptly into his chamber "My lord, my lord, we are undone," says he, "all Ireland is expected to be up immedi-

ately." "Why, what o'clock is it?" says the Earl. "Ten my my lord," answered the gentleman. "Then I will get up myself," says his lordship, "for I think every man ought to be up at ten o'clock."

**How to cure a Cough.**—Well, Mrs. Lanagan, did you put the blister on your chest, as you promised? and did it rise? "Why, then, mistress dear, the niver a chest I had to put it upon; but sure and I have a little bit of a box, and I put it on that, but sorra a rise it rose; and if ye don't believe me, come and see, for it's sticking there still I'm thinking."

**A running Account.**—A bill, by the bye, is the most extraordinary locomotive engine that the genius of man ever produced. It would keep on running during the longest life time, without once stopping of its own accord.

A gentleman wanted to learn the price of coals, hailed one of the labourers at work in a tier of colliers, with, "Well, Pady, how are coals?" "Black as ever, your honour," replied the Irishman.

**Remarkable Phenomenon.**—The Hempstead Long Island Inquirer, gives an almost supernatural narration of the corpse of a young lady which was exhumed a few days since in that village for re-interment in another spot. The coffin was in a good state of preservation and on examination of the corpse, which yet presented its original shape there were found to be growing from its surface a vegetable substance, in the shape of filaments of grass, but of a whitish colour, with a small butt on the end of each one. These spires of grass had risen from various parts of the face, the forehead, upper lip, and cheeks. Several were plucked, and are now in the possession of the gentleman who informed the editor of this remarkable fact.

"Why do you not drink it before it is done foaming," said a girl to her companion, as she held a glass of beer within a few inches of her lips, waiting for the effervescence to cease. "Humph!" returned she, "do you suppose I'm going to drink it boiling hot—wait till it cools."

An officer, after a battle, ordered the dead and the dying to be buried pell-mell. Being told that some were alive and might be saved, "Oh," he said, "if you pay attention to what they say, not one of them would allow that he was dead."

An ignorant fellow was once boasting of his knowledge of Astronomy, when a person in the company asked him if he had ever looked at the Great Bear through a telescope. "Yes," replied he, "and brought him so near that I could hear him growl."

A Pedant once asked a whaleman if he had ever digested many scraps of Latin and Greek. "No," said the other, "but I have digested more whale scraps than you can shake a stick at."

The captain of a smack had on board his vessel one large cannon placed amidships, which the mate always itched to be firing off. The vessel lay at anchor at a short distance from the beach; and when

the captain went ashore, he charged a sailor very particularly to hail him with the speaking trumpet, and let him know, in case the mate fired off the Long Tom in his absence.

**Hunting a pig with a soaped tail** is an excellent amusement, practised much in England. Grunter, with his tail well soaped is set off at the foot of a hill, and is quickly pursued; but the person who can lay any claim to him, must first catch him by the tail, and fairly detain him with one hand. This is an almost impossible feat, for the pig finding himself pulled back, tries to run forward, and the tail slips from the grasp of the holder. It is pretty well known that such is the obstinate nature of the pig, that on being pulled one way, he will strive all he can to go a contrary. In London a butcher bet a waterman that he would make a pig run over one of the bridges quicker than the waterman could row across the river. When the signal for starting was given, the butcher catching hold of the pig's tail endeavored to pull him back, upon which the pig pulled forward and with great rapidity ran over the bridge, pulling the butcher after him who arrived on the opposite side before his opponent.

A traveller riding down a steep hill, and fearing the foot of it was unsound, called out to a man who was ditching, and asked him whether it was hard at the bottom. "Ay," said the man, it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant it." The traveller, however, had not ridden half a dozen yards before the horse sunk up to the saddle girths. "Why, you rascal," said he, "calling out to the ditcher, 'did you not tell me it was hard at the bottom?' 'Ay,' replied the fellow, 'but you are not half way to the bottom yet.'"

**A Truth.**—"This is a very impartial country for justice," said Sam. "There aint a magistrate going, as don't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people."

**Poetry.**—Poetry makes life, what light and music do the stage. Strip one of its false embellishments and the other of its illusions, and what is there real in either, to live or care for?

**THE FUTURE.**—Who rests with the present? None. We have all deep within us a craving for the future. In childhood we anticipate youth; in youth manhood; in manhood old age; and to what dose that turn, but to a world beyond our own? From the very first, the strong belief is nursed within us; we look forward and forward, till that which was desire grows faith. The *to come* is the universal heritage of mankind; and he claims but a small part of his portion who looks not beyond the grave.

A man having built a house asked what he should do with the rubbish. A workman standing by, told him to cause a pit to be dug for it. And what shall I do with the dirt that comes out of the pit? To which the workman with great wisdom replied, make 'he pit so large as to hold all.

A gentleman the other day on asking a market man the price of eggs, was answered, "Eggs are eggs now." Indeed, I am glad to hear it with all my heart, for the last I bought of you were half chickens.

"Do you think these creatures have any feeling?" said an inquisitive consumer of oysters, to a well-known wit. "Feeling!" replied his friend, "to be sure they have; did you never hear them crying about the streets."

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 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 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 PACKAGES given him.  
 Carbonear, June, 1835.

THE ST. PATRICK

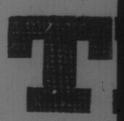
EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which at a considerable expence, he has fitted out, to ply between CARONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping 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 CARONEAR, 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, Kiely'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 on EAST by the House of the late captain STARR, and on the east by the Subscriber's.  
 MARY TAYLOR,  
 Widor.  
 Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1837.

**Blanks**  
 of Various kind for SALE at the Office of this Paper.



Vol. IV

HARBOUR GRACE

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