

POETRY

THE SPELL BROKEN.

O, yes, thou art, though changed, the same,  
I read it in that auburn hair,  
Those speaking eyes, that thrilling frame,—  
Which breathes of heaven's divinest air:  
But yet there is a shade of gloom,  
Which to my spirit seems to say,  
That care and grief have marr'd thy doom,  
Since girlhood's bright unclouded day.

Fair creature! gazing thus on thee,  
The sunshine of the past returns;  
And, o'er what never more can be,  
My time-taught spirit hangs and burns.  
Thou wert a bud of beauty then,  
A star-gem in a cloudless sky,  
A glory idolized by men,—  
And who thy votary more than I?

How fleeteth time away! twelve years,  
With shades of grief, and gleams of joy  
Have come and gone in smiles and tears,  
Since thou wert girl, and I was boy;  
Since, unreserved, how oft with thee,  
'Twas through wood and wild to range,  
And art thou silent! can it be  
That, like our looks, the heart can change?

When within mine thy fingers thrill'd,  
Although 'twas but a moment brief,  
My heart dilating swell'd, and fill'd  
My bosom with a gush of grief;  
That pressure was a spell,— that touch  
The treasures of the past unfurl'd;  
Showing at once, how time so much  
Had changed thee—me—and all the world!

Oh, there is not an earthly woe  
So bitter, as to see the form,  
Once overbright with beauty's glow,  
Bow'd down beneath misfortune's storm!  
To mark the once clear, cloudless eye,  
That swam as in the depths of bliss  
Subdued to darkness, and the dye  
Of such a dull grey world as this.

Would I had known not this!—thou wert  
An image to my musing mind,  
Amid the sunshine of the past,  
In glory and delight enshrined;—  
But now the spell is broken;—now  
I see that thou like all canst fade,  
That grief can overcloud thy brow,  
And care thy cheek's pure beauty shade!

Yes! thou canst change like all beside;  
And I have lived to look on thee,  
All radiant once in youthful pride,  
Chill'd by forlorn adversity;  
And though, like July skies, of yore  
Glowed thy serene, unblemish'd fame,  
I've sigh'd to hear black envy pour  
Her venom on thy favourite name!

Flower of life's desert! art thou sad?  
Nought purer breathless beneath the sun  
Than thee, in thy sweet meekness clad:—  
What couldst thou ere have said or done,  
That gloom should leave the thoughts of  
rest,  
Should dim the bright eyes, cloud the  
brow,

Or hang a burden on the breast  
Of aught so beautiful as thou?  
Or is it, that, from wandering come,  
From travels of the land and main,  
It was thy hope to greet at home,  
The faces of old friends again?  
Alas! if such thy cause of woe,—  
For ever quench'd their jocund mirth;  
The old have died, and sleep below,  
The young are scatter'd o'er the earth.

"In the year 1800, a labourer dwelling near the town of Athy, county Kildare (where some of my family still resided) was walking with his comrade up the banks of the Barrow to the farm of a Mr Richardson, on whose meadows they were employed to mow; each, in the usual Irish way, having his scythe loosely wagging over his shoulder, and lazily lounging close to the bank of the river, they espied a salmon partly hid under the bank. It is the nature of this fish that when his head is concealed, he fancies no one can see his tail (there are many wise-creatures, besides the salmon, of the same way of thinking.) On the present occasion the body of this fish was visible.

"Oh Ned dear!" said one of the mowers, "look at that big fellow there; isn't it a pity we ha'n't no spear!"

"May be," said Ned, "we could be after piking the lad with the handle of the scythe."

"True for you!" said Dennis; "the spike of your handle is longer nor mine; give the fellow a dig with it."

"Ay, will I," returned the other; "I'll

give the lad a prod he'll never forget any how."

"The spike and their sport was all they thought of; but the blade of the scythe, which hung over Ned's shoulders, never came into contemplation of either of them. Ned cautiously looked over the bank; the unconscious salmon lay snug, little imagining the conspiracy that had been formed against his tail.

"Now hit the lad smart!" said Dennis; "there now—there! rise your fist: now you have the boy!—now Ned—success!"

"Ned struck at the salmon with all his might and main, and that was not trifling.—But whether the "boy" was spiked or not never appeared; for poor Ned, bending his neck as he struck at the salmon, placed the vertebrae in the most convenient position for unfurnishing his shoulders; and his head came tumbling into the Barrow, to the utter astonishment of his comrade, who could not conceive how it could drop off so suddenly. But the next minute he had the consolation of seeing the head attended by one of his own ears, which had been most dexterously sliced off by the same blow which beheaded his comrade.

"The head and ear rolled down the river in company, and were picked with extreme horror at the mill-dam, near Mr. Richardson's by one of the miller's men.

"Who does this head belong to?" exclaimed the miller.

"Whoever owned it," said the man, "had three ears at any rate."

"A search being now made, Ned's headless body was discovered lying half over the bank, and Dennis in a swoon, through fright and loss of blood, was found recumbent by its side. Dennis, when brought to himself (which process was effected by whiskey), recited the whole adventure. They tied up his head; the body was attended by a numerous assemblage of Ned's countrymen to the grave; and the habit of carrying scythes carelessly very much declined.

The following traditional anecdote of Cromwell is from the relation of an old man, who had heard it repeated many times in his youth by ancient members of his family.—During the times of the commonwealth, there befel a scarcity of corn, in consequence of a short harvest. Though it was known that the preceding years had produced plentiful crops, yet the farmers of those days like forestaliers and comptrollers of the markets in latter times, artificially increased the scarcity by withholding their grain from the public till a famine seemed to threaten the metropolis. On a market day (I was told by my narrator,) at Uxbridge, a stout, ruddy, respectable, gentlemanly man, dressed like a substantial country yeoman, purchased nearly all the supply of grain in the market. The farmers supposing him to be employed by some merchant, or probably by government, were well pleased with him, and invited him to dine at one of the inns in their company, which invitation he accepted.—After dinner whilst regaling themselves over their tankards, &c. he told them he had a large commission for corn, and was disposed to give a good price. He likewise offered a premium to him who brought the greatest quantity for sale. Accordingly on the next market day, Uxbridge had never displayed a larger supply of corn. Then too, appeared our substantial yeoman with several attendants, and bags of gold. He purchased and paid for nearly all the grain that was brought. The competition among the farmers for the prize had emptied many a groaning granary, and the lucky farmer who had brought the greatest quantity was called for by the gentlemanly purchaser to receive at his hands the promised douceur. Exultingly he received and pocketed the money; but as he was turning away from his liberal customer, he was asked by that gentleman to return him two pence, which the farmer did accordingly. The gentleman with a commanding air and a severe tone thus addressed him:—Dost thou know what thy two pence is for? He answered no. Well then, I'll tell thee: I consider thou art the biggest rogue in this market. This two pence is to purchase a cord to hang thee withal. Corporal Stubbs, (addressing one of his pretended servants) there lives a cord twister over the way; with this two pence buy thee a rope, and hang this fellow upon the sign post of this very house, as a warning to all such accursed Achanes; for surely, as saith the Scriptures, "Cursed is he that withholdeth bread from the poor." The immediate execution of the farmer took place, for it was Cromwell who commanded it; and Uxbridge market for the future was well and regularly supplied with grain.

The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat. The nearer the stones the sweeter the grass. These trifling sayings are said to have originated with Dr Stevens and his servant Sambo, in this way. The Doctor thought the vegetable diet, chiefly, was more conducive to Sambo's health, or rather perhaps to the Doctor's purse, than too much meat, as

it would clear his ebony skin of eruptions, and make it shine well without oil. Now Sambo was fond of good living, grumbled at this treatment, and finally, one day, his patience being entirely exhausted at having nothing but bones to pick, remonstrated most violently with his master. The Doctor endeavoured to appease Sambo by telling him that too much meat would make him unhealthy, and that the meat he eat was the sweetest, for every body knew that the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat. Sambo thought a good deal of this, and was determined to try the effect on his master's horse when a convenient opportunity offered. A few days after this, the Doctor told Sambo to take the horse and tie him in the field where the sweetest grass was to be found, for in a couple of days he was going to Berwick to preach. Saturday afternoon came; the horse was ordered to the door for the intended journey; he made his appearance, but the Doctor scarcely knew the beast, he was so lank, so weak, so wo-begone. What ails this horse, Sambo? Did you put him in the field as I told you? asked the doctor. Yes, massa, said Sambo. Where did you place him? show me instantly. Sambo marshalled the way to a large ledge of rocks, and shewed his master where he had tethered him. You scoundrel, said his master, how dared you to place him here? Why, massa, said Sambo, (scratching his head, grinning, and significantly turning up the white of his eye,) you tell me tudder day de nearer de bone de sweeter de meat, as I pose de nearer de stone de sweeter de grass. But you black dog, here you could not get a mouthful of grass. Berry true massa, said Sambo, I pose massa no forgot tudder day Sambo had all bone and no meat; so I guess what good for Sambo, must be good for ole horse. This had the desired effect, and ever after Sambo had more meat than bones, and only a reasonable share of potatoes.

Of all Napoleon's relations, his brother Lucien proved himself the most determined opposer of his views and plans. One day, while they were disputing warmly on some subject, Lucien drew out his watch, and dashing it violently on the ground addressed to his brother these remarkable words:—"You will destroy yourself as I have destroyed this watch; and the time will come when your family and friends will not know where to shelter their heads."

Laconics—Great men of ancient and modern times, such as Cæsar, Suwarow, Nelson, &c., have been celebrated for the laconic style in which they have narrated great events: but history does not record any similar efforts of females:—It was reserved for the present memorable year to supply the defect, which has been done by the discovery of the following letter, which was opened by some inquisitive culprit in the bar room of a tavern in Ohio. Its chirography corresponded with its orthography:—

"Deere Kuzzin—Gif my luff to ant Betsy. We are awl well thank God! Ant Caddogan has hang'd hernself very affekshinatly

ures,

Mika Parkins."

A barrister observed to a learned brother in Court, the other morning, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too bare-faced."

He who never courts solitary reflection, knows none of the pleasures of an intellectual being.

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

And PACKAGES in proportion.  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will not himself account for all LETTERS and PACKAGES 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 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 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 a 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,  
Widow

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

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