

POETRY

AN OLD BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS ON MATRIMONY.

Down to the vale of life I tend,
Where hoary age creeps slowly on;
And with the burdening thought I bend,
That youth and all its joys are gone!

Successive years have rolled away
In fancied views of future bliss!
But--'twere the phantoms of a day--
And all that future died in this.

Now with a retrospective eye,
I look far back to early life,
When Hymen promised to supply
My highest wishes in—a wife.

I waited, hoped, and trusted still
That time would bring th' expected day;
But never, happily, to my will,
Did fortune throw it in my way.

Too nice, too wise, too proud was I,
To wed as taught by nature's rule;
The world was still to choose for me—
And I—the condescending fool.

Hence are my days a barren round
Of trifling hopes, and idle fears,
For life, true life is only found
In social joys, and social tears.

Let moping monks, and rambling rakes,
The joys of wedded love deride;
Their manners rise from gross mistakes,
Unbridled lust, or gloomy pride.

Thy sacred sweets, connubial love,
Flow from affections more refined;
Affections sacred to the dove,
Heroic, constant, warm, and kind.

Hail, holy flame! hail, sacred tie!
That binds two gentle souls in one!
On equal wings their troubles fly,
In equal streams their pleasures run.

Their duties still their pleasures bring;
Hence joys in swift succession come;
A queen is she, and he's a king,
And their dominion is—their home.

Happy the youth who finds a bride
In sprightly days of health and ease;
Whose temper to his own allied,
No knowledge seeks but how to please.

A thousand sweets their days attend!
A thousand comforts rise around!
Here husband, parent, wife, and friend,
In every dearest sense is found.

Yet think not man, 'midst scenes so gay,
That clouds and storms will never rise;
A cloud may dim the brightest day,
And storms disturb the calmest skies.

But still their bliss shall stand its ground,
Nor shall their comforts hence remove;
Bitters are oft salubrious found,
And lovers' quarrels heighten love.

The lights, and shades, and goods, and ills
Thus finely blended in their fate,
To sweet submission bow their wills,
And make them happy in their state.

LASS, GIN YE WAD LO'E ME.

Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me,
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me,
Ye'se be ladye o' my ha',
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me.

A cantie but, a cosie ben,
Weel plenish'd, ye may trow me;
A brisk, a blythe, a kind gudeman—
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me!"

"Walth there's little doubt ye hae,
An' bidin' bein' an' easy;
But brisk and blythe ye canna be,
An' you sae auld an' crazy.
Wad marriage mak you young again?
Wad woman's luv renew you?
Awa', ye silly doitet man,
I canna, winna lo'e ye."

"Witless hizzie, e'ens ye like,
The ne'er a doit I'm carin';
But men maun be the first to speak,
An' wanters maun be speirin'.
Yet, lassie, I hae lo'ed you lang,
An' now I'm come to woo you—
I'm no sae auld as clashes gang,
I think you'd better lo'e me!"

"Doitet body!—auld or young,
You needna langer tarry,
Gin ane be loutin' owre a rung,
He's no for me to marry.
Gae hame an' ance bethink yourself!
How ye wad come to woo me—
And mind me if your latter will,
Bodie, gin ye lo'e me!"

ARISTOCRACY OF THE SKIN AT BOSTON.

(From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.)

How far the aristocracy of the skin is carried in this pious city, may be seen by a curious document that was put into my hands by an abolitionist. A free black, some few years ago, came into possession of a pew in one of the churches here. It was the only thing he could obtain from a man who was unable, or unwilling, to pay a legal claim he had upon him. Having furnished it, he offered it for sale. Not finding a purchaser at the price he demanded (and few would be likely to give the full value for what no one imagined the owner would dare to make use of), he determined to occupy it himself; whether he was unconscious of the offence he was about to give, or thought he might as well speculate upon the white man's pride, as it would seem, the white man had speculated upon his submissiveness.—The sensation produced by his unexpected appearance among the favoured children of nature in the very sanctum sanctorum of their distinctions, can be described by those only who witnessed it. The next Sunday he took his wife and children with him. (It should be observed, that the colored people are not admitted to places of worship, except to small pews or boxes set apart expressly for them, and so placed that they can hear without offending the fastidious delicacy of the congregation. At Albany, there is one where a curtain is placed in front to conceal the occupants, when there are any; for those for whom they are destined seldom enter them, and speak of them with the contempt they deserve, as "martin-holes" and "human menageries.") It was now high time that notice should be taken of this contumacious spirit; and the intruder received the following notes:—

To Mr. Brinsley—Sir, If you have any pew-furniture in pew No. 38, Park-street meeting-house, you will remove it this afternoon.—George Odiorne, for the committee."

With the above was a copy of a note, written the day before to this agent of the committee, in these words—"Dear Sir, Pew No. 38, in Park street church, is let to Mr. Andrew Ellison.—Yours respectfully, J. Bumstead."

The other letter was addressed "to Mr. Frederick Brinsley, coloured man, Elm street;" the contents are as follows:—

"Sir, The Prudential Committee of Park street church notify you not to occupy any pew on the lower floor of Park street meeting-house on any sabbath, or on any other day during the time of divine worship, after this date; and if you go there with such intent, you will hazard the consequences. The pews in the upper galleries are at your service.—George Odiorne, for the committee."

Mr. Brinsley, on going again, found a constable at the pew-door. No further attempt was made to assert the rights of property against such formidable combination; and we may seek in vain for the consequences, which Mr. Odiorne, with official brevity, says would have been hazarded by another visit to the house of God. The offender is now removed from this scene of persecution and mortification to a place "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

A similar circumstance occurred some years ago, when the question was tried in a court of justice, and decided in favour of the plaintiff, a coloured man of the name of John Easton. He had sued for damages

against certain persons who had ejected him from his pew, or rather had rendered it useless to him. Having purchased seats in a Baptist church, recently erected in the town of Randolph, in the state of Massachusetts, he found, on going thither one Sunday with his family, that the seats had been removed. They accordingly sat down as well as they could on the flooring. The next Sunday, nothing but the ground being left for their accommodation, the party were obliged to stand up during the service. The enemy, finding that these repeated inconveniences were unavailing, covered the place with pitch and tar. He was satisfied with the victory he had obtained, and showed his superiority to this petty vulgar malice by not insisting on his right.

LONDON SOLITUDE.—In London any thing may be had for money; and one thing may be had there in perfection without it—that one thing is solitude. Take up your abode in the deepest glen, or on the wildest heath, in the remotest province of the kingdom, where the din of commerce is not heard, and where the wheels of pleasure make no trace, even there humanity will find you, and sympathy, under some of its varied aspects, will creep beneath the humble roof. Travellers' curiosity will be excited to gaze upon the recluse, or the village pastor will come to offer his religious consolations to the heart-chilled solitary; or some kind spinster, who is good to the poor, will proffer her kind aid in medicine for sickness, or in some shape of relief for poverty. But in the mighty metropolis, where myriads of human hearts are throbbing—where all that is busy in commerce, all that is elegant in manners, all that is mighty in power, all that is dazzling in splendour, all that is brilliant in genius, all that is benevolent in feeling, is congregated together—there the penniless solitary may feel the depth of his solitude. From morn to night he may pensively pace the streets, envying every equipage that sweeps by him in its pride, and coveting the crusts of the unwashed artificer. And there shall pass him in his walks, poets that musically sing of human feeling, priests that preach the religion of mercy, the wealthy who pity the sorrows of the poor, the sentimental whose hearts are touched by the tale woe—and none of these shall heed him; and he may retire at night to his bedless garret, and sit cold and hungry by his empty grate; the world may be busy, and cheerful, and noisy around him, but no sympathy shall reach him; his heart shall be dry as Gideon's fleece, while the softening dews of humanity are falling around him.

Brief Enough.—"Halloo, master," said a Yankee to a teamster, who appeared in something of a hurry, "what time is it? where are you going? how deep is the creek? and what is the price of butter?" "Past one, almost two—home—waist deep—and eleven pence," was the reply.

An Irish traveller, who had ridden all day over a hard stony road, came at last to a piece of about a mile in length, which, having been macadamized, was exceedingly pleasant to ride upon. On this little tract he trotted backwards and forwards for some time, to the great astonishment of all who observed him, one of whom at last asked what he meant by such strange conduct. "Indeed," said he, "and I like to let well alone; now I have got upon a good bit of road, why, sure, I should make the best of it; from what I have seen, I don't expect to get a better bit of ground the whole way."

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 CRINA

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 CRINA 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 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 Cuet'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 est by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYOR,
Widow

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

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