

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

(From "The Handwriting on the Wall" and other poems.)

BY B. STREET, ESQ.

Why stands Belshazzar suddenly— As though of marble moulded, His arms above his blighted eyes In anguish stiffly folded?

These eyeballs gaze on the livid wall Where the dread words blaze that announce his fall. Iopriated before the tyrant's eyes, There vivid and swift a finger flies; For the shadowy hand of the unseen God Of the conquered land, and ruined abode

THE VANISHED SEASON.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

When first the snow-drop told of flowers, Of spring, what busy hopes were ours, Whilst yet fair nature's folded powers Were silver-cold: Of April sweets in snubow-showers, And May's flower-gold.

The violet and the primrose fleet, In their old stations did we meet, As travellers, passingly, who greet, Just seen and fled: And then was spring, that maiden sweet, A beauty dead.

Then summer came, a matron fair, Showering June's roses on the air; With field-flowers waving everywhere, In meadows bright; With blissful sounds, with visions rare, A large delight.

How rich the woods! how loud with song! How glad was nature's heart and strong! With beams that might not linger long The summer shone; A scythe was heard—a sound of wrong— And she was gone.

Next sun-burnt autumn trod the plain, With ruddy fruits and rustling grain, And labouring steel, and loaded wain, And mirthful cheer; Then vanished she with all her train, From stubbles sere.

The light unspringing from the ground, The light of flowers no more is found; Nor song of birds, nor streams' glad sound, May longer flow: Now winter with dead leaves is crowned, Where shall we go?

Where gleams the fire on Milton's bust, Gold-brooding time's insidious rust; And in strong Shakspeare's light we must Our joyance take; And, to the past and present just, Fresh summer make.

It shall not be a time of gloom; Gathered from nature's endless bloom, With happy light will we illumine The season sad; And nightly make our winter-room An Eden glad.

TRUE GREATNESS.

The greatness of the warrior is poor and low compared with magnanimity of virtue. It vanishes before the greatness of principle. The martyr to humanity, to freedom, or religion; the unshrinking adherent of despised and deserted truth; who alone, unsupported, and scorned, with no crowd to infuse into him courage, no variety of objects to draw his thoughts from himself, no opportunity of effort or resistance to rouse and nourish energy, still yields himself calmly, resolutely, with invinci-

ble philanthropy, to bear prolonged and exquisite suffering, which one retracting word might remove; such a man is as superior to the warrior as the tranquil and boundless heavens above us to the low earth we tread beneath our feet.

Great generals, away from the camp, are commonly no greater men than the mechanic taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Works of profound thinking of general and great topics they cannot comprehend. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents; but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say, that he will leave the world without adding one new thought on the great themes on which the genius of philosophy and legislation has meditated for ages. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson, a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men and Milton, Bacon and Shakspeare, is almost an insult on these illustrious names.

Who can think of these truly great intelligences; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth; of their deep intuition into their soul; of their new and glowing combinations of thought; of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford—who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds; of the calm wisdom and fervid impetuous imagination which they conjoined; of the dominion which they have exerted over so many generations, and which time only extends and makes sure; of the voice of power, in which the dead, they still speak to nations, and awaken intellect, sensibility and genius in both hemispheres; who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces, and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects on which a powerful mind can be employed?

CIVIC IMPORTANCE.

A long time ago, when civic honours were honours indeed, a newly elected magistrate of a Scottish provincial town, after shutting up his warehouse for the day, took a stroll in the suburbs to inhale the pure air. Stepping along with the newly adopted cane in hand, and in the evident and entire possession of his recently acquired honours, a country-woman whose cow had strayed that evening hastily accosted him in these words—"Man, saw ye Hawkey, my cow, as ye cam' along the road?" to which interrogation the magistrate made no reply, but passed on. A second time the anxious gudewife put the same question, "I'm sayin', man, did you see my cow?" on which the bailie turned round, shook his head, and looked things so unutterable, that it may appear strange why the honest woman did not at once comprehend what was intended to be conveyed; but the truth was she held property in the cow; her whole property, and was incapable at the time of entertaining any other idea beside; consequently the same question was again propounded, and with greater earnestness than ever. "I'm sayin', man, are ye deaf?—did

you see my cow, Hawkey, as ye cam' along the road?" The bailie, now finding that looks were entirely thrown away on this stupid person, was forced at length to open his mouth, and declare himself in these words; "Woman, I tell you I'm no a man; I'm a magistrate." Mutable, however, are all earthly things. The term of this official personage came to a close; the golden chain passed to another; the cane, as a matter of course, was laid aside; and the bailie once more appeared as a plain citizen; in these altered circumstances what could he do, but confess, as he actually did, that now he was a man again.

GOVERNESSES.—An eminent English physician states, that of the female inmates of madhouses, the largest proportion consists of women who have been governesses. We should like to have this verified; although we agree with the author of "England and America," when he asks, "What condition of life is more detestable than an English governess. In England (says he), governesses, young, beautiful, well informed, virtuous, and, from the contradiction between their poverty and their intrinsic merit, peculiarly susceptible, are generally very harshly treated; imprisoned, set to hard labour, cruelly mortified by the parents and visitors, worried by the children, insulted by the servants; and all for what?—butlers' wages." The vast number of this respectable and educated class of females, and their difficulty in procuring comfortable situations, form indeed one of the most remarkable characteristics of an English society in the present day.

The story of a man in Ohio, who in falling from a lofty steep, had presence of mind enough to whip out his knife, stick it in the wood work when about half way down, and cling to it until relieved, reminds us of the lamentation of a worthy Scotchman in Edinburgh, who tumbled from the roof of a twenty-four story house, and passing a friend in the eleventh or twelfth story, cried out—"Hey Sandy, sic a fall as I shall nave."

Whiteford was once challenged to make a pun in three minutes on the Latin gerunds, *di, do, and dum*. He accepted the challenge and in one minute and a half produced the following couplet:

The mourning Queen, *Eneas* hoped would come, And wept in silence she was *Dido Dumb*. He then offered to make an off hand; pun upon any subject. "The King, said a friend. "The King is no subject," was the instantaneous reply.

BLUNT WITNESSE.—"Mr Hi I beg you won't tell us that," said Mr Whitehurst to a bluff yeoman who at the late assizes was about to detail a conversation which was not legal evidence. "Won't I," exclaimed John Bull, with a roar, "but I will!" The court burst into laughter; and John, unawed by the wig of Mr Whitehurst, proceeded in his story, but was stopped by the judge.

When the Duchess de Berri was a second time prospectively frugiverous a droll observed—whether of the straw-berry or ras-berry genus had not transpired.

At a late election an electioneer alarmed at the paucity of votes taken, loudly expressed his fears, that if more people did not come forward, neither candidate would be elected.

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 Harbor 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 & Children ..... 7s. 6d. Other Persons ..... 5s. Single Letters ..... 6d. Double do. .... 1s. and Packages in proportion.

N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will not himself be accountable for any 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 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, and 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, 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 STABLE, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYOR, Widow. Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1835.

Blanks

Of various kinds for SALE at the Office of this Paper.