

POETRY

THE DEPARTED.

By the Author of the Funeral, &c.

Oh yes, I knew him! Many a summer's day  
We've bask'd together 'neath the sun's  
bright ray,  
Or the shade, retiring from the sun,  
Studied our lessons till our task was  
done.  
Then to the bridge, or up the creek or  
brook,  
From the dull school our flight, we gladly  
took—  
Follow'd the windings of the glassy  
stream,  
Till on its bosom glanced the moon's  
pale beam,—  
And home returning, we have parted  
then,  
With vows of friendship till we meet  
again!

Oh yes, I loved him! In those early  
hours,  
When Life's new path seem'd only strewn  
with flowers;  
When the young heart was free from care  
and guile,  
And in her works all nature seem'd to  
smile,—  
I knew and loved him:—and in after  
years,  
When my warm feelings had dissolv'd  
in tears—  
Oft o'er my soul the fresh'ning memory  
came,  
Of our young friendship, and I felt the  
same!

Years told their course; when passing in  
the strife,  
Which rag'd too fiercely in my troubled  
life—  
Gladly I hastened to the spot where  
youth  
Had once experienced love and friend-  
ship's truth,—  
But ah! where was he who had been  
to me  
The friend of my young life's happiest  
round?  
I was told with a tear to affection dear,  
They had taken his corpse to the bur-  
ial ground!

The bright and the fair, and the young  
were there,  
And they stood beside his tomb;  
But over them all, like a funeral pall,  
Hung one deep cloud of gloom.

And I saw not an eye but with tears was  
dim,  
Nor one breast but was filled with regret  
for him,  
The early dead! As they carried away  
His remains, to mingle with kindred  
clay,—  
Through the gather'd crowd, from boy  
to man,  
One convulsive electric shudder ran,  
And the tear, unbidden, again would  
start  
From the swelling springs of the o'erfill'd  
heart!

But ah! there were mourners who came  
not there—  
The weak and the old, the sweet and the  
fair—  
At home sat the mother in grief forlorn,  
Mourning the death of her earliest-born;  
While the lisping infants in childish  
play  
Were striving to charm her care away;  
And the lovely sisters, like beings of  
light,  
Were wrapp'd in the mantle of sorrow's  
night;  
And the manly father,—his grief, though  
deep,  
Was draining life's springs while it  
seem'd to sleep!

With me all is over:—for, one by one,  
The links in life's chain have been un-  
done;  
As I wake from the dream of the early  
past,  
Its ruins in fragments are round me cast.  
Friendship and love for aye have fled,—  
The pleasures of Hope have long been  
dead,  
And I calmly await the appointed hour,  
To find a rest in the funeral bower—  
And only desire one tear for me,  
May hallow, like his, my memory!

(Continued from first page.)  
twist your neck into granny's knot.—  
The words we scarcely uttered  
when down he went, an old sail  
having been thrown over him from  
above, and all was again in total  
darkness. 'Ha, you scape-grace!'  
cried old Harvey, struggling—  
'you'll come to the gangway some  
day for your tricks, you will!

halloo! Sanders! halloo! turn  
out, man, and lend us a hand.'  
'Smash me if Sanders gangs a  
foot—I canna be faash'd. If you  
play wi' kittens you must foresight  
to be scratchet; but there's Paddy  
Howard—rouse him out, mon,  
turn him out.' Och by my con-  
science,' cried Pat, 'you're a  
soft-head swab, so you are. Faith  
and I'll turn out without calling.  
Arrah, where are you, jewel?'  
'Here I am,' said Harvey. 'By  
the toe of my grand-father, and so  
you are; and now I'll go and  
fetch a light.' 'Ay ay, bear a  
hand, mate, bear a hand.' Pat  
was sometime absent, during  
which the old man swore, raved,  
and growled, with all the sublime  
pathos of a bear. At last the  
light appeared: 'Bear a hand  
with the glim, you bog-trotter, do.'  
He was obeyed; and though I  
was drenched to the skin and shiv-  
ering with the cold, sitting astride  
the muddy cable, yet to have  
kept from laughing at the scene  
which presented itself was utterly  
impossible. Pat Howard, a tall  
raw-boned figure, full six feet high,  
with the remnant of a shirt upon  
his shoulders, under which a blan-  
ket was roiled round, resembling  
a petticoat, and leaving an im-  
mense length of train behind, one  
am entirely void of covering,  
thick bushy hair and whiskers,  
with a pair of hands and a beard  
outrivalling the shades of night,  
now made his appearance. 'Hal-  
loo, Pat!' cried Harvey; 'why  
you look like a comet revolving  
round the rays of a farthing can-  
dle.' This drew my attention to  
the speaker. He was neither sit-  
ting, lying, nor kneeling, but ap-  
peared to be in all three postures  
at the same time. His efforts to  
get disengaged had forced his head  
through the sail, and his strug-  
gles had twisted it several turns  
round his throat, threatening stran-  
gulation, but displaying a most  
formidable cravat. On being re-  
lieved from this superfluous article  
of dress, how was I surprised to  
find that the old boy had been all  
this while actually hanging by the  
middle in a running noose thrown  
over him, and hauled taught upon  
deck for this purpose! 'Lower  
away!' bellowed Pat, turning the  
quarter-master round on his jack  
like a roasted capon, 'lower away  
handsomely.' It was done, and  
he stood once more on his legs.—  
'I'll trounce the young rogue for  
this!' exclaimed Harvey, 'I'll  
keel haul the young lubber! No  
more sleeping in his watch!—  
Whisht,—whisht,—dinna mak  
a blathering about it, but gang your  
ways, and let honest men sleep.'  
said Sanders; while Pat assisted  
me in arranging my hammock and  
shifting my dress. Pascoe now  
appeared: 'Why, Harvey, what's  
the matter here?' 'Matter!' cried  
the enraged veteran; 'I'll tell  
you what, young sir, you've play-  
ed these tricks too long, and now  
—' 'You'll go and have a glass of  
grog' exclaimed the midshipman,  
interrupting him. 'Ay, ay, with  
all my heart; but no more of the  
monkey.' 'I kenn'd as much,'  
roared Sanders; while with a hea-  
vy heart and dear-bought caution  
I once more essayed to enter my  
bed, and with Pat's assistance  
succeeded. But sleep departed  
from me. The novelty of my si-  
tuation, the discipline I had under  
gone, with the smarting of my  
shins, all combined to keep me  
awake; and 'twas not till very  
near morning that I closed my  
weary eyes, and forgot all my

cares and troubles in a sweet re-  
freshing slumber.

**Causes for Marriage.**—One  
man marries a woman because she  
looks well when she dances—she  
never dances afterwards. Ano-  
ther man marries because she has  
a handsome foot and ankle, which,  
after marriage, he never takes the  
trouble to admire. A third mar-  
ries for love, which wanes with  
the honey-moon. A fourth for  
money, and finds that his wife does  
not choose to die, to complete his  
satisfaction. And a fifth, being  
old in wisdom, and years, marries  
a young woman, who soon be-  
comes a suitable match for him by  
growing old with grief.

**Caution.**—It is said that red nos-  
es are among the many injurious  
effects of tight lacing. 'A word  
to the wise,' &c.

**How to feel Silly.**—Imbibe ju-  
laps till you are fresh—then tread  
on some one's toes, and feel com-  
pelled to plead in excuse that you  
are "a little in-in-tosticated."

**Tall Walking.**—"Did you run  
away from Texas?" said a man  
to his friend, who returned from  
that country in something of a  
hurry, shortly after Fanning's mas-  
sacre. "No--no, no; I did not  
run away exactly, but I gave some  
of 'em a specimen of mighty tall  
walking!"

**Bodily Strength.**—A friend of  
ours says he is growing weaker  
and weaker every day. He has  
got so now that he can't raise five  
dollars.

**Charity.**—Spending ten dollars  
in your own amusement that 25  
cents of it may be devoted to some  
charitable purpose.

**How to make good Resolutions.**  
Make and break, till custom make  
you an adept.

**To find the matchless value of  
Justice.**—Ask a lawyer.

**To learn Resignation.**—Submit  
to be shaved.

**Fashionable Reading.**—The Tai-  
lor's Magazine.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

(From the Doncaster Chronicle.)

I.  
The Throne! the Throne of England!  
That hath for ages stood,  
For which the true, the brave, the free,  
Have shed their noblest blood.  
Now in its hour of utmost need,  
Let all repeat the vow:  
"Our fathers have upheld the Throne,  
We will uphold it now."

II.  
The Lords! the Lords of England!  
The bulwarks of her power,  
Her champions in the time of dread,  
Her strength in danger's hour,  
That strength the vaults of hosts of foes,  
Hath never made to bow;  
To traitors it hath never bent,  
And what shall bend it now?

III.  
The Church! the Church of England!  
Through martyrs' blood and flame,  
That holy house of God hath stood,  
And standeth still the same;  
Our sires in days of war and strife,  
Bled for that Church, and how  
Can we reflect on what they bore,  
And not protect her now?

IV.  
The foes! the foes of England!  
They ne'er have conquered yet;  
In battle-plain, in council-tent,  
Their star hath ever set,  
But aye the crown of victory  
Hath decked her patriots' brow,—  
They have been conquerors of old,  
They shall be conquerors now!

V.  
Now is the time to strike the blow  
For truth and liberty;  
Be England's glory all our care,  
Our watchword "VICTORY;"  
Thus must we fight for freedom's cause,  
And heed our solemn vow,  
They have not beaten us of old,  
They shall not beat us now!

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 accom-  
modations, and otherwise, as the safety, com-  
fort and convenience of Passengers can pos-  
sibly require or experience suggest, a care-  
ful 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 Por-  
tugal 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 careful-  
ly 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 fa-  
vours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further no-  
tice, start from Carbonear on the morning  
of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, posi-  
tively 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.  
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6d.  
Single Letters ..... 6d.  
Double do. .... 1s.

AND PACKAGES in proportion.  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold  
himself accountable for all LETTERS  
and P.A. KAGES 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 fit-  
ted 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 Gentle-  
men with sleeping-berths, which will  
he trusts give every satisfaction. He now  
begs to solicit the patronage of this respect-  
able 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 abin 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, 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 east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow.  
Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1837.

Blanks

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

Vol. II

HARBOUR GRACE

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and JUN

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