

POETRY

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY MISS LONDON.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

We might have been!—these are but
common words,
And yet they make the sum of life's
bemoaning;
They are the echo of those finer chords,
Whose music life deplores when un-
availing
We might have been!

We might have been so happy! says the
child,
Bent in the weary school-room: during
summer,
When the green rushes 'mid the marshes
wild,
And rosy fruits, attend the radiant
comer.
We might have been!

Alas! how different from what we are,
Had we but known the bitter path be-
fore us;
But, feelings, hopes, and fancies left
afar,
What, in the wide, bleak world can
e'er restore us?
We might have been!

It is the motto of all human things,
The end of all that waits on mortal
seeking;
The weary weight upon hope's flagging
wings;
It is the cry of the worn heart, while
breaking:
We might have been!

A cold fatality attends on love,
Too soon, or else too late, the heart-
beat quickens;
The star which is our fate springs up
above,
And we but say—while round the va-
pour thickens,—
We might have been!

Henceforth, now much of the full heart
must be
A sealed book, at whose contents we
tremble!
A still voice mutters, 'mid our misery,
The worst to hear—because it must
dissemble,—
We might have been!

The future never renders to the past
The young beliefs entrusted to its keep-
ing;
Inscribe one sentence—life's first truth
and last—
On the pale marble where our dust is
sleeping,—
We might have been!

THE EXILED MINSTREL.

Behold! how the bright morn advanceth,
And the lark in his arched throne we see,
Aurora her beams swiftly launcheth,
But no tidings of joy brings to me;
No tidings of joy,
No tidings of joy,
From my home that is o'er the wide sea.
From my home,
From my home,

There how oft have I rose in the morn,
And left my neat cottage behind,
For to seek out the wild scented thorn,
Where at eve I have often reclined,
There at eve I have,
There at eve I have,
In the bliss of my youth have resigned.
In the bliss,

Although with my harp I now wander,
That my country in chains I shant see,
Here oft o'er her wild strains I ponder,
When her chords sound aloud to be free,
Her chords sound aloud,
Her chords sound aloud,
For her home that is o'er the wide sea.
For her home,

When liberty and love twin a wreath,
And my country proclaims that she's
free,
My harp from its case I'll unsheathe,
And united our songs they shall be,
United our songs,
United our songs,
To the praise of our home o'er the sea.
To the praise,

APPROVED REMEDIES FOR EVERY DAY MALADIES.

For a fit of Passion. Walk
out in the open air; you may
speak your mind to the winds
without hurting any one, or pro-
claiming yourself to be a simple-
ton.

For a fit of Idleness. Count
the tickings of a clock; do this for
an hour, and you will be glad to

pull off your coat the next and
work like a negro.

For a fit of extravagance and
folly. Go to the work-house; or
speak with the ragged and wret-
ched inhabitants of a jail, and you
will be convinced,

Who makes his bed of brier and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn:

For a fit of ambition. Go into
the church-yard, and read the
grave stones; they will tell you
the end of ambition.

For a fit of repining. Look
about for the halt and the blind,
and visit the bed-ridden and afflic-
ted, and deranged; and they will
make you ashamed of complaining
of your lighter afflictions.

For a fit of despondency. Look
on the good things which God has
given you in this world, and at
those which he has promised to
his followers in the next. He
who goes into his garden to look
for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt
will find them; while he who
looks for a flower may return into
his house with one blooming in
his bosom.

For all fits of doubt, perplexity,
and fear. Whether they respect
the body or the mind—whether
they are a load to the shoulders,
the head, or the heart, the follow-
ing is a radical cure which may
be relied on, for I had it from the
Great Physician—"Cast thy bur-
den on the Lord, and he will sus-
tain thee."

"How to get On."—The Apo-
thecary Method.—Don't you see,
said Bob; he goes up to a house
rings the area bell, pokes a packet
of medicine without a direction in-
to the servant's hand and walks
off. Servant takes it into the din-
ing parlour; master opens it and
reads the label, 'Draught to be
taken at bedtime—pills as before—
lotion as usual—the powder. From
Sawyer's, late Lockomorf's.—
Physicians' prescriptions carefully
prepared; and all the rest of it.
Shows it to his wife—she reads the
label; it goes down to the ser-
vants, they read the label. Next
day the boy calls; 'Very sorry,
his mistake, immense business,
great many parcels to deliver.
Mr. Sawyer's compliments, late
Lockomorf.' The name gets
known, and that's the thing, in the
medical way; bless your heart,
old fellow, it's better than all the
advertising in the world. We
have got one four-ounce bottle that's
been to half the houses in Bristol,
hasn't done yet.'

Odd Sermon.—The Rev. Mr.
Thom, minister of Govan, was
alike distinguished for shrewd
sense, his sarcastic wit, and his ul-
tra whig principles. On days of
national feeling, during the Ame-
rican war, Mr. Thom found fitting
occasions for expression of his po-
litical opinions. His church be-
ing in the vicinity of Glasgow, his
well known peculiarities generally
attracted large audiences on these
occasions. It is told of him, that
on the day appointed for a public
national thanksgiving at the ter-
mination of the American war, he
commenced his sermon after the
following fashion. "My friends,
we are commanded by royal au-
thority to meet this day for the
purpose of public thanksgiving.
I should like to know, what it is
we are to give thanks for. Is it
for the loss of thirteen provinces?
Is it for the slaughter of so many
of our countrymen? Is it for so
many millions of increased nation-
al debt?" Looking around upon
his hearers, whose risibility had

been excited, he addressed them
thus. 'I see my friends, you
are all laughing at me, and I am
not surprised at it, for were I not
standing where I am, I would be
laughing myself.'

NO TRUST IN PRINCES.

A droll adventure occurred to
the Emperor Alexander on the
eve of one of the imperial reviews.
The emperor was fond of walking
about alone and unattended. On
the occasion here alluded to he
had taken a very long walk, and
finding himself much fatigued, he
got into one of the public sledg-
es.

Drive me to the imperial palace
at St. Petersburg, said he, to the
iswotschik (sledge driver.)

I will take you as near to it as I
can, replied the man; but the
guards will not allow us to ap-
proach the gates.

On arriving within a little dis-
tance of the palace, the sledge
stopped.

We must not go any further,
said the sledge driver.

The emperor jumped from the
sledge, saying, wait there, and I
will send some one to pay you.

No, no, replied the man, that
will not do. Your comrades often
make me the same promise, but
they always forget to keep it. I
will give no more credit. If you
have not the money, leave some-
thing with me until you get it.

The emperor smiled, and unfast-
ened the clasp of his cloak, he
threw it into the sledge. Here,
said he, take this.

On ascending to his apartments,
he directed his valet-de-chamber
to take fifty roubles to iswotschik
who had driven him, and bring
back his cloak. When the valet
reached the spot where the em-
peror had left the sledge, he found
about twenty drawn up in a line.

Which of you drove the empe-
ror? inquired the valet.

No one answered.

Who has got a cloak? said a
valet.

An officer left a cloak with me,
exclaimed a sledge driver.

Give it to me, and here is your
fare.

By the Great Saint! exclaimed
the astonished driver, and seizing
his reins, he drove rapidly away
amid the shouts of the assembled
iswotachilks. This happened on
the eve of one of the grand re-
views. After the troops had de-
filed, all the commanders of corps
formed a group round the empe-
ror.

Gentlemen, said Alexander, I
am much pleased with the fine ap-
pearance and excellent discipline
of your troops. But tell your of-
ficers from me, that they last night
made me submit to the humiliati-
on of leaving my cloak in pledge
for my honesty. Every one start-
ed with astonishment. I assure
you, resumed the emperor, the
sledge driver, who brought me
home, refused to trust me, because
he said my comrades often forgot
to pay him.

A Yankee M. D. advertises a
"corrective," by the use of which,
he says, "the propensity to sleep
can be obviated entirely."

Making Love.—Hearing one lie,
and telling another,

A flock of sheep, 64 in number,
belonging to Mr. Clark, of Mil-
ford, Conn., were all killed by a
flash of lightning a few days since.
They were under a tree which
was struck, and the entire flock
was stricken dead by the same
bolt.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS
St John's and Harbour 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, 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 fit-
ted 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 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 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 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
Kielty'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
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. IV.

HARBOUR GRACE,

IN the NORTH
COURT, Har-
and JUNE Term

THE MATTER OF ST
LATE OF CARBONEAR
NORTHERN DISTRICT
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