

POETRY.

A FANCY.

(From the Dublin University Magazine.)

It was a child—a little child,
He died upon the deep;
The waves were raging stern and wild,
They rocked him into sleep!

The night is dark the hulk drives on
Over the lonely sea;
And now methought a red flash shone,
And smote it on the lee;

The hulk is struggling still, and where,
Where is the little child?
He sleeps upon a cabin chair,
His dreams are soft and mild.

Once did he move his drooping hand,
As if he sought another,
And murmuring of some distant land,
He smiled and lisped "My Mother!"

The tempest ceased—'twas brief—and still
The old hulk swam the sea,
And idly drifted on until
It went down silently!

It dropt upon a coral bank,
Its last stout timbers riven;
Dream-like the vanished vessel sank,
—The infant woke in heaven!

AUTUMN.

'Tis Autumn now, 'tis Autumn now,
Its winds are sweeping o'er my brow,
And everything around me seems,
To whisper of departed dreams.

'Tis Autumn now, its leaves are spread,
Faded, scentless, 'neath our tread,
"And all that's best of good and bright,"
Are meeting in the Heavens to night.

'Tis Autumn now, and oh, I feel,
Its blight upon my bosom steal,
Its deep sad voice comes sighing by,
Like spirits mourning for the sky.

'Tis Autumn now, and every leaf,
Is bowing to the blast of grief,
'Tis Autumn now, and I am here,
Alone amid the wild and drear.

'Tis Autumn now, but where are they,
Who saw the last? Away away:
They're sleeping now where grief nor blight,
Can reach them in that world of light.

'Tis Autumn now, 'tis Autumn now,
Before the next full, many a brow,
That dreams it not, will dreamless lie,
Forgotten, 'neath that starry sky.

If blessed then how blest.

To His Excellency Sir THOMAS JOHN COCHRANE, Knight, Governor, and Commander-in-chief in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies, and of the same, &c., &c.

May it please your Excellency,—We, the undersigned inhabitants of the town of Harbour Grace, desirous of participating in the general and genuine regret manifested by all classes of the community residing in Conception Bay on your intended departure from this Island beg leave to approach your Excellency to offer our most sincere expressions of respect, and to deplore the existence of any circumstance that should deprive the Colony however short the period, of the truly important and valuable benefits arising from your Excellency's administration of its government.

While we lament the causes that have induced your Excellency to depart from this Island at a time when your zeal, ability, integrity and extensive local knowledge would have been so especially necessary, and have so materially assisted in rendering efficient the great changes commenced under your government, we console ourselves with the assurance that measures so eminently calculated to promote and secure the best interests and happiness of every grade of society will incontrovertibly demonstrate your purity of principle and remain unperishable proofs of your virtue and wisdom.

Previous to your leaving this country,

where your constant and invaluable services during the last nine years, have been thoroughly understood and justly appreciated by every intelligent individual of its inhabitants, we trust that it will be acceptable for you to receive our assurance, that whether we have the happiness of seeing you resume the government, or that you are called by our most gracious Sovereign to lead your gallant associates into honourable danger, you will carry with you our best wishes and prayers for your happiness and welfare.

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN.—Among the testimonials of regard and esteem which, on my departure from this Government it has been my happiness to receive from the inhabitants of Newfoundland, this Address from the respectable community of the ancient town of Harbour Grace, will always I assure you, hold a high place in my estimation.

It would be as unnatural, as it would be impossible for me to quit a people, among whom I have lived for the period of nine years of the prime of my life, cherishing in the exercise of the important functions our Gracious Sovereign had confided to me, an earnest and zealous solicitude to promote their welfare and happiness, and not feel on bidding you farewell, the deepest regret.

While that regret does indeed painfully occupy my mind, I feel the more sensibly the kindness and consolation of the tribute which you pay me, accepting gratefully, but with the confidence of one possessing the conscious feeling that his aim and constant endeavours have been actuated solely by the honest desire to advance your prosperity and happiness.

I assure you gentlemen, that when far removed from these shores, the people of Newbour Grace will always share largely in my regards, and that hearing of their prosperity will at all times be a source of gratification to me.

To His Excellency Sir THOMAS JOHN COCHRANE, Knight, Governor, and Commander-in-chief in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies, &c., &c., &c.

May it please your Excellency—The public prints having announced your Excellency's intention of speedily departing from this Island for the Parent Country: we the undersigned inhabitants of Brigus in Conception Bay, feel it a duty to approach your Excellency with the warmest expression of our gratitude at the recollection of the vast and important advantages which have accrued to Newfoundland under your Excellency's Administration; and with the hope that nothing may tend to prevent your Excellency's return to resume the reigns of government.

The day your Excellency first put foot upon our soil, will in future be referred to as the epoch of improvement in every thing which concerns the best interests of the people. Your Excellency had scarcely landed when one work of public utility after another at once astonished and prepossessed the inhabitants strongly in your favour; whilst every subsequent Act of your Excellency's Government has been obviously intended for the accomplishment and completion of that which your Excellency so nobly and laudably began.

The knowledge of your Excellency's worth, is not confined to the capital; most of the outports have had the honour of your Excellency's visits—the benefit of your Excellency's suggestions, and the assistance of your Excellency's public and private benefactions.

Much however, as Newfoundland has derived from your Excellency it has not reached that state in which it could afford to dispense with your Excellency's services: nay, we feel persuaded that the present circumstances of the country more than ever require in the Executive the exhibition of that characteristic firmness and decision so conspicuous in your Excellency's public conduct.

It is too well known to attempt concealment that there have been seasons when your Excellency has been placed in critical and trying situations, out of which your Excellency has not escaped without a share of that calamity which is truly said to be but the shadow of merit;—it must be gratifying to your Excellency as a public character to know that with the thinking and well-disposed of all communities your Excellency's conduct is universally approved.

As the inhabitants of an outport, we have an additional reason to lament your Excellency's departure; for we had hoped that when time had somewhat more matured the infant institutions of our country, we might have calculated on your Excellency's countenance in any attempts to share the common benefits of our new Constitution.

We conclude our short address by wishing your Excellency a safe and pleasant passage across the Atlantic and hoping that the ensuing spring may bring your Excellency back to rule over us for many ensuing years should it happen otherwise we beg to assure your Excellency that it will be a source of deep regret to every good citizen in whose remembrance your Excellency will ever

hold that place which alone, is awarded to public and private virtue.

We have the honour to remain Your Excellency's most obedient Very humble servants.

[Signed by 130 of the principal Inhabitants.]

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN.—Your suffrages united to the voice of your numerous countrymen, who have addressed me in a strain of kindness and goodwill which I could scarcely expect, cannot but be highly gratifying to me as a farther proof that good intentions will ultimately meet their reward, and that my anxiety for the welfare of his Majesty's subjects in this Island, is duly appreciated in those more distant districts where they can comparatively have little benefited by my wishes on their behalf. May I request gentlemen, that you will convey to your fellow townsmen my sincere thanks for the manifestation of their good will; and assure them they will at all times hold a very lively place in my regard and that I shall ever hear of their prosperity with the sincerest gratification.

To His Excellency Sir THOMAS JOHN COCHRANE, Knight, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies, &c., &c., &c.

Sir,—We the inhabitants of Port de Grave in the Island of Newfoundland, beg leave to address your Excellency on the eve of your departure from this Colony. Your long residence amongst us has given us an opportunity of estimating your conduct and your services; and we cannot allow your Excellency to quit our shores without conveying to you our high sense of the integrity and impartiality with which under difficulties of no common magnitude you have directed the affairs of this Government.

If our gracious Sovereign should again command your Excellency's services in this Island we shall hail your return with sincere satisfaction; but should you prefer the retirement of private life, or be honoured by our King with a more extensive field for the exercise of that zeal and that judgement which has ever characterized you here, we in common with a great majority of our fellow colonists deeply feel and cherish.

Regretting that time has not been afforded us to include the signatures of all the inhabitants of this populous division, and commending your Excellency to the Providence of him "who holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand," we have the honour to remain

Your Excellency's most obedient, and very faithful servants.

[Signed by 303 inhabitants.]

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN.—I assure you I receive with much pleasure this mark of your esteem and regard which is the more acceptable as from the short notice you could have had of my intended departure and your distance from hence nothing but an anxiety to testify your favourable sentiments towards me, could have led to your undertaking so unpleasant a journey at this season of the year.

I have been prevented by circumstances from visiting your interesting settlement much longer than I intended, but you have been no less in my recollection, and have been equally with every other part of this Government the object of my solicitude and care; and I leave with you my earnest hope that you may continue to enjoy all those blessings which will not fail to attend a good and moral people.

EXAMINATION OF A YOUNG PRETENDER.

By the Modern Dilworth.

Q. Are you a Gentleman?
A. I am.

Q. By what signs do you know that you are a Gentleman?
A. I have nothing to do, go to Almack's, and eat olives after dinner.

Q. What is your fortune?
A. A younger brother's allowance of six hundred a-year.

Q. What is your income?
A. About five thousand a-year.

Q. I perceive you distinguish between fortune and income?
A. I do. Every man of fashion does so.

Q. Explain the distinction.
A. By fortune I mean what may be called a man's own money; income, on the contrary, is made up of various articles and goods that come into his possession by virtue of credit, or otherwise.

Q. How do you rate your yearly income?
A. By desiring my servants to cast up the year's bills.

Q. Suppose you procure cash for an accommodation bill, how do you consider it?
A. As an accession to my income; I account myself so much the richer.

Q. How old are you?
A. Twenty.

Q. How long have you been on the town?
A. Three years.

Q. What is the ordinary period of a man of fashion's life?
A. A man of extreme fashion is accounted old at one-and-twenty, and if he has lived

all his life, he commonly dies of extreme old age and infirmity at six and twenty or thereabouts.

Q. What are the boundaries of town?
A. Town is bounded on the North by Oxford street, on the East by Bond street and the Haymarket, on the South by Pall Mall and Picadilly, and on the west by Park lane.

Q. Is Portman square then out of town?
A. No it certainly is not; but, I do not know how to bring it into town, nor how to leave it out: but many persons hold with good authority, that the North of Oxford street cannot be quite right.

Q. Where is Russell square?
A. I don't know.

Q. Have you ever heard that place named?
A. I certainly have heard it named, but only as a capital joke; it is a place very much laughed at by witty men.

Q. Repeat one of those capital jokes?
A. In the House of Commons, Mr. Croker, having named Russell square, added a doubt whether any Members knew where it was.

Q. You read the debates then?
A. No, I beg leave to explain that I heard this story; Croker tells it himself, and laughs a good deal at it; I think more than a Gentleman ought to laugh.

Q. Do you ever read?
A. Yes, I read John Bull, the Army List, and the Newmarket Calendar.

Q. How many tailors are there in London?
A. Two.

Q. How many boot-makers?
A. Five.

Q. Hatters?
A. Hats may be got any where in Bond street, or St. James's street.

Q. What is the most wonderful invention of modern times?
A. The starched neckcloth.

Q. Who invented the starched neckcloth?
A. Brummell. Brummell fell into disgrace, he devised the starched neckcloth, with the design of putting the Prince's neck out of fashion, and of bringing his Royal Highness's muslin, his bow, and wadding, into contempt. When he first appeared in this stiffened cravat, tradition says that the sensation in Saint James's street was prodigious; dandies were struck dumb with envy, and washer-women miscarried. No one could conceive how the effect was produced; tin, card, a thousand contrivances were attempted, and innumerable men cut their throats in vain experiments; the secret, in fact, puzzled and baffled every one, and poor dandy L—d died raving mad of it; his mother, sister, and all his relations, waited on Brummell, and on their knees implored him to save their kinsman's life by the explanation of the mystery; but the beau was obdurate, and L—d miserably perished.

When Brummell fled from England, he left his secret a legacy to his country; he wrote on a sheet of paper, on his dressing table, the emphatic words, "starch is the man."

Q. Is Brummell an authority now?
A. No, none at all; but still, in his exile, he has exercised an indirect influence on the coats and breeches of the age, for he suckles young dandies at Calais.

Q. Who is the king of the dandies now?
A. There is no king, the two great tailors are dictators.

Q. Why is Mr. Hayne called Pea Green; is it on account of his extraordinary greenness, or what is the reason?
A. It is not on account of his greenness, that is a vulgar newspaper mistake; but because he first came out in a pea green coat, which he threatened to turn yellow in the autumn.

Q. Did you ever see any one eat fish with a knife; I do not insult you by asking whether you are guilty of such an abomination?
A. Never, Sir.

Q. But you have heard of such practices?
A. I have read of them, as of other vile practices, and know how to despise them.

Suppose you were Dining with the Guards, what should you eat?
A. I should eat much pastry, for the Guards live on tarts, and support nature on various fruit pies.

Q. What should you drink with the Guards?
A. Lemonade.

Q. What quantity of wine will an exquisite of the present day swallow, without making a beast of himself?
A. An exquisite of the first water will complain of head ache, and confess of intoxication, after two glasses of light wine; we are in fact no match for the women, many of whom swallow a frightful quantity of liquor at dinner.

Q. Is there any place where it is right to wear boots in the evening?
A. Yes, the Opera.

Q. Why the Opera?
A. Because there is an order against boots, and therefore, to appear in them there is a proof that one is somebody with the door keepers.

Q. Supposing a woman of fashion sets you down in her carriage, what is the established etiquette?
A. To be rude.

Q. How do you make love to a chambermaid at an inn?
A. I knock her down with the boot-jack

COACH

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