

POETRY

TO A CHILD.

Laugh on, laugh on, thou darling child,  
Let grief not shade thy brow;  
And may thy laughter be as wild,  
For ever wild as now.

And may thy heart, as now it is,  
Be cheerful, light, and gay;  
Light as the zephyr, cheerful as  
The flowers that bloom in May.

But ah! it cannot be, the time  
Must come, when thou wilt know,  
What 'tis to find a fancied friend,  
A deep deceitful foe.

And see the hopes, the hopes of youth,  
Sink down into the tomb;  
Like rainbows fading soon as form'd,  
Or flowers cut down in bloom.

Though ere thy tongue could slip his  
name,  
Thy sire was snatched away;  
And fortune smiles not on thee now,  
As she did yesterday—

Laugh on, for there is One above,  
Who will protect and bless,  
The widow'd mother's orphan child,  
The infant fatherless.

THE BROKEN HEART.

I saw her, when her cheek was bright,  
And beautiful, and fair,  
Love, joy, and all that was delight,  
Which chains the heart or glads the sight.

Seemed met together there—  
The glow, the glance, from cheek and  
eye,  
Her hair or curling jet;  
The look, the smile, and stifled sigh,  
Her forehead arched, and white and  
high—  
Methinks I see them yet!

I saw her on her bridal day,  
With hope upon her brow;  
Her smile, her blush, was brightly gay,  
And joy with his ethereal ray,  
Was there to gild her vow.  
The jest, the laugh, the social cheer,  
All bitterness forbid;  
Her heart was light, her cheek was clear,  
And dark and long the lashes were,  
Which fringed her fallen lid.

I saw her, when her cheek was wan,  
Her eye looked him and dead,  
Her charms had faded one by one,  
Her hair was bleached, her smile was  
gone,  
Her every beauty fled.  
She bowed beneath the misery,  
Which hearts corroded know,  
Her face had lost its gladning glee,  
And sadly calm, she seemed to me  
A monument of woe.

I saw her, in her winding sheet,  
A senseless thing of earth,  
An aged form was at her feet,  
Her countenance with grief replete,  
'Twas her who gave her birth;  
Another, in a secret place,  
From all the throng apart,  
Was seen to glare upon her face,  
Which, smiling, lay in Death's embrace—  
'Twas he who broke her heart!

WOMAN.

The following beautiful lines are from  
the pen of Miss Landon:—  
"There is a feeling in the heart  
Of woman which can have no part  
In man; a self-devotedness,  
As victims round their idol press,  
And asking nothing, but to show  
How far their zeal and faith can go.  
Pure as the snow the summer sun  
Never at noon bath look'd upon,—  
Deep as is the diamond wave,  
Hidden in the desert cave,—  
Changeless as the greenest leaves  
Of the wreath the cypress weaves,—  
Hopeless often when most fond,  
Without hope or fear beyond  
Its own pale fidelity,—  
And this woman's love can be!"

THE AMERICAN SHOEMAKER.

Lucy, said Roger; she turned  
towards him; a gleam of moon-  
light streamed through the leafless  
boughs of the peach trees beneath  
which they were passing, and fell  
strongly on her upturned face, the  
way outline of her eyelashes was  
distinctly to be traced in shadows  
on her cheek. Roger thought she  
was pale.

Lucy, wilt grant me one mo-  
ment's attention? She looked  
towards the door of his dwelling,  
where Anna Minor and Mr Trum-

bull were then entering: she he-  
sitated and stopped.

Lucy—it is a long time since  
I have had the pleasure speaking  
to you.

It is about seven or eight  
weeks.

They seem to me ages.

Do you not like your busi-  
ness?

I do like it, because it affords  
me hope of rendering myself wor-  
thy of you. It has been told me  
(he spoke low and rapidly) that  
you are inclined to favour Mr.

Trumbull (she did not speak) I am  
poor Lucy—I must labour; I am  
without friends, and must make  
my own way; it may be years be-  
fore I shall take the station in so-

ciety which Trumbull now occu-  
pies; but as sure as I live, Lucy,  
I will be paused, for though he had  
often indulged the hope, indeed  
belief, that he should rise superior  
to Trumbull, yet he shrunk from  
expressing the anticipation. It  
seemed like a vain boast.

You do believe me, then, Lucy?

he continued, after a very long  
pause.

I have heard nothing to believe.  
Had we not better go in, cousin  
will wonder what detains us

Perhaps Mr. Trumbull will  
likewise wish to know.

If he does, I shall not take the  
trouble to tell him.

Lucy, will you tell me? are you  
engaged?

No.  
An!—and—may I hope you never  
will be engaged—that is to him?  
Lucy, I love you.

The abruptness and impetuosity  
with which he spoke seemed the  
effect of feeling which he could  
not repress. Lucy was so surpris-

ed and confused, that she was  
obliged to lean on his arm for sup-  
port, so there was no opportunity  
for her to show much anger at his  
presumption. Roger had forgot

that he had ever been poor and a  
shoemaker. The first conscious-  
ness of being beloved seems to a  
young man as the crowning point  
of his ambition. He feels elevated

for he has secured the empire of  
one heart, which he would not  
forego for the ceptre of Napo-  
leon

Roger walked into the parlor of  
Squire Hartwell that evening with  
the air of a man who has no far-  
ther cares for what may betide him  
in his life; and Anna Minor said  
he asked the consent that very  
evening.

Roger is well enough, said Mrs  
Hartwell, and I shall say nothing  
against the match now. A mer-  
chant's wife has a very respectable  
station, though nothing very grand

However, if Lucy has no ambi-  
tion, it does no good for me to talk;  
I have already been too anxious  
about her marrying well.

I think, my dear, she is going to  
marry well, said Squire Hartwell;  
Roger will be a great man.

Yes, yes, husband, I have heard  
you say a thousand times, that he  
would be a great man. But I never  
see any prospects of it for my  
part. Anna Minor, in my opinion  
does marry well. Mr. Trumbull  
is a lawyer, and may be a judge.

So may Roger.  
Oh! that is impossible. He  
has never been educated.

He can educate himself.  
Well, neither you nor I shall  
ever live to see Roger Sherman a  
Judge.

But they did live to see Roger  
Sherman a Judge, and signer of the  
Declaration of Independence.—  
*American pap.*

EXAMINATION OF A WITNESS.

Judge. What is your business,  
sir? What do you follow for a  
livelihood?

Witness. Nothing particular.

Judge. You do not appear to  
be a man of property—how do you  
get your bread?

Witness. I sometimes get it of  
Mr Humbert, the baker, sir, and  
sometimes—

Judge. Stop, sir. Understand  
my question. How do you sup-  
port yourself?

Witness. On a chair, sir, in the  
day time; and on a bed at night.

Judge. I do not sit here to trifle.  
Are you a mechanic?

Witness. No, sir.

Judge. What are you, then?

Witness. A Presbyterian sir.

Judge. If you do not answer  
me, I will have you taken care  
of.

Witness. I would thank your  
honor to do it; for the times are  
so hard that I cannot take care of  
myself.

Judge. You work around the  
wharves, I suppose?

Witness. No, sir—you can't get  
around them without a boat, and  
I don't own one.

Judge. I believe you are an  
idle vagabond?

Witness. Your honor is very  
slow of belief, or you would have  
found that out before.

Judge. What do you know of  
the case now before the court?

Witness. Nothing, sir.

Judge. Then why do you stand  
there.

Witness. Because I have no  
chair to sit on.

Judge. Go about your business

*Bon mot of the poet Cambell.*—  
A dinner was lately given to Pro-  
fessor Wilson, in the town of Pais-  
ley, the inhabitants of which it is  
customary to call in Scotland 'the  
Paisley bodies.' The professor, in  
returning thanks to his fellow citi-  
zens, eloquently enlarged on the  
respectability and importance of  
his native town. It contained he  
said, sixty thousand souls, Camp-  
bell, the poet, who was sitting on  
the other side of the chairman,  
leant over to Wilson and said in a  
low voice, 'Ah, but remember  
Jock that that is counting a soul  
to every body.'

*Fork up!*—A person being dan-  
gerously sick, was visited by a cler-  
gyman, who perceiving the poor  
fellow give way to despondency,  
kindly inquired if any heinous sin  
lay heavily on his heart. The sick  
man replied with a sigh, that he  
had been guilty of a grievous sin,  
but its magnitude was so great  
that he was almost afraid to name  
it. The clergyman asked him if  
he had been an unkind husband?

No. A tyrannical father? No.  
A treacherous friend? No, I be-  
lieve not; but alas! blubbered  
out the despairing invalid, 'I have  
taken a newspaper two years and  
neglected to pay for it.'

A Printer, whose talents were  
but indifferent, turned physician.  
He was asked the reason of it.  
'In printing,' answered he, 'all  
the faults are exposed to the eye,  
but in physic they are buried with  
the patient, and one gets more easi-  
ly off'

*Deliberate Hanging.*—A man in  
Hampshire, lately took a bundle  
of flax to a neighbor's and broke  
it; he went to another and swung  
led it; to a third and made a rope!  
He went home, and hanged him-  
self!!

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 carefully  
attended to; but no accounts can be kept  
for Postages or Passages, nor will the Pro-  
prietors 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, po-  
sitively 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 3 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 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 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  
Kielty's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at  
Mr John Cruet's.  
Carbonear,  
June 4, 1835.

TO BE LET

On a 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.

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1835.

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