

POETRY

THE COMMON LOT.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Once in the flight of ages past
There lived a man:—and who was he?
—Mortal! how'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembles thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name is perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!
—Oh! when hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs were o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no
more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the
grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
O she was fair, but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and
main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory
threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,—there lived a man!

ATTESTING A RECRUIT.

On Monday, a *bouchel*, fresh from the spade, was brought before the sitting Magistrate at the Police Office, Cork, to be attested to serve in the East India Company's Service, when the following colloquy ensued between him and the Magistrate:

Bench. Are you willing to serve in Her Majesty's East India Company's Service?

Recruit. I am, Sir.

Bench. Now you are going to swear, and repeat what I say to you?

Recruit. Repeat what you say, sir.

Bench. Repeat after me.

Recruit. Repeat after me, sir.

Bench. Ah, you stupid fellow.

Recruit. Ah, you stupid fellow, sir (laughter).

Bench. Be silent and listen to me.

Recruit. Be silent and listen to me, sir.

Bench. Mind your oath.

Recruit. Mind your oath, sir.

Bench. Oh dear, oh dear, will you listen to me.

Recruit. Oh dear, oh dear, will you listen to me, sir (loud laughter).

Bench. Did you ever see such a fellow.

Recruit. Did you ever see such a fellow, sir (moderate laughter).

Bench. Listen to me and be quiet.

Recruit. Listen to me, and be quiet, sir.

Bench. Take him out of that, I have no patience with him.

Recruit. Take him out of that, I have no patience with him, sir (roars of laughter).

The recruit was here removed by a policeman, who, after drilling him for some time, reproduced him to his worship, and having properly gone through the formalities he was eventually sworn in. *Cork Constitution.*

NOVEL MODE OF APPLYING LEECHES.

During the mania for Leeches which prevailed some years ago in France, a country Doctor in Brittany had ordered some to be applied to one of his patients suffering from a sore throat. On calling to see the effect of his remedy, the first person he met, on entering the house, was the peasant's wife. 'Well, my good woman,' said the Doctor, 'how is your husband to-day? better, no doubt?' 'Oh, yes, surely!' answered the woman 'he is as well as ever, and gone to the field.' 'I thought so,' continued Monsieur le Docteur, 'the leeches have cured him! Wonderful effect they have! you got the leeches of course?' 'Oh yes, Monsieur le Docteur, they did him a great deal of good, though he could not take them all.' 'Take them all!' cried our friend, 'why, how did you apply them?' 'Oh, I managed nicely,' said the wife, looking quite contented with herself; 'for variety's sake, I boiled one half and made a fry of the other. The first he got down very well, but the second made him very sick. But what he took was quite enough,' continued she, seeing some horror in the Doctor's countenance; 'for he was better the next morning, and to-day he is quite well.'—'Umph!' said the Doctor, with a sapient shake of the head, 'if they have cured him that is sufficient; but they would have been better applied externally.' The woman replied she would do so next time; and, no doubt, if ever fate throws a score of unfortunate leeches into her power again, she will make a poultice of them.

A street whistler begged a passer-by for charity, in a heavy shower of rain. Why, hang it, my good fellow, said the latter, can't you be content. Haven't you had enough already to wet your whistle with?

A gentleman bachelor, getting tired of making propositions to the ladies, observes almost in despair: "My age has given the girls a spite at me, I think. I've been turned off nine times by the jadies, five young girls; three widows, and one old maid, until I begin to think 'tis time to take a hint."

Speaking Grammar. 'Well, Miss,' said a knight of the birchen rod, 'can you decline a kiss?'—'Yes, sir,' said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, 'I can, but I hate to, most plaguily.'

Perhaps they had better do it now. In old times, when editors were short of matter for their papers, they used to fill them up with a chapter or two from the Bible.

Futurity is a curtain of mercy. Happy it is that we cannot lift it, and that those who see best can but draw up a corner of the veil, to glean a few of the nearest and most simple truths.

The Shortest Way to Murder Character. 'Protest great friendship for the man—tell how much you love him; proclaim how many excellent traits he possesses: and then with a very sanctified look, and most impressive sigh express your fear, yes, your fear, that all is not as it should be! Whisper suspicion, and let conjecture with giant strength work out the ruin!' He who understands human nature in its deeper working of damnable cruelty, and selfish artifice, says a certain shrewd writer, will mark the man who stabs another under the cloak of pretended affection. The pretence has a lie, adds he on the face of it. True affection would never, never, whisper a suspicion, save into the ear of the one he beloved, and whom that suspicious concerned. Never trust that man who comes to you whining over his regard for another, while his tongue is a drawn sword to wound and kill: meet him promptly with a charge of his hypocrisy, and he will shrink with meanness before you.

A Difference. The difference between a clever man and a fool is, that the one does foolish things, and the other says them.

Hallo there! Young man! we mean that one clad in broadcloth and ruffles, who has just emerged from the bar room, having swallowed his dram of brandy and water, and who now appears with a Spanish segar in his mouth, and is mounted on a swift trotting horse—hallo there, young man! you are on the high road to ruin, and will soon trot into disgrace. Rein back, dismount, lay off your broadcloth, cast away your segar, adjure the cup, procure some mechanical or agricultural tools, and go hard to work like an honest and useful man. In this way you may regain a waning reputation, and place yourself in easy and respectable circumstances in due time.

An apt Scholar. 'What studies do you intend to pursue?' said an erudite pedagogue one day, when a Johnny Raw entered his school-room. 'Why, I shall study reading, I s'pose, wouldn't ye?' 'Yes, but you will not want to read all the time. Are you acquainted with figures?' 'It's a pity if I am't when I've ciphered clean thro' adoption.' 'Adoption? what rule is that?' said the master. 'Why, it's the double rule of two; you know that twice two is four, and, according to adoption, twice four is two.' 'You may take your seat, sir,' said the master. 'And you may take your'n too,' said the pupil, 'for it's a poor rule that won't work both ways.'

NOTICES

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

St John's and Harbour Grace Packets

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 Harbour 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 or 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, 1839

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 mornings 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 & Gentlemen 7s. 6d.
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6d.
Single Letters.
Double do.
And Packages in proportion
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.
Carbonear, June, 1838.

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 PACKETS 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 the 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 very 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 Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single 6d
Double, Do. 1s.
Parcels in proportion to their size & 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 Kilty's (*Newfoundland Tavern*) and at Mr John Cruet's.
Carbonear,
June 4, 1838.

TO BE LET
On Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded of East by the House of the late captain STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,
Widow.
Carbonear.

Blanks

Of Various kinds For Sale at the Office of this Paper.