

(To the Editor of the Star.)
Mr. Editor,

I have sent to you two little selections for your next Paper; such as will, no doubt, please some of your Female readers; and will bring you as much credit, as half a dozen advertisements. The Ladies have more influence in the affairs of the world, than the Male part of it, are at all times willing to acknowledge; and now that we have an ADELAISE upon the Throne, we must expect that her reign will produce something of a chivalrous spirit amongst her subjects; and, if Belted Knight should be still a kind of Quixotic personage, we, the most devoted, and most loving of Her Majesty's subjects, shall never become so unfashionable as to allow the Ladies to "wait for ever."

Mr. Editor,
Yours,
ONE OF THE MALE NATIVES.
Madden Island,
3d August, 1837.

A LOVE SCENE.

I felt that I could look upon her face for ever without being weary, and discover new charms the longer I gazed; that I could bear her in my arms through a long summer's day without a murmur; that I could hear her talk for ages, and never wish for her voice to cease. And then I wished that she was mine; that my heart could close upon her like amber, and leave her there enshrined.

To ride upon its panting triumph,
I reached my home; and was silent. I stole quietly to bed: my mother heard me not. In sleep my fancy wandered back to the cottage, but Shakspeare mingled with my dreams, and Margaret and her father became *Miranda* and *Prospero*, and I bore logs in the forest, and when weary I sat down in the cave, and Margaret drew my head to her bosom.— Then I wandered along the wild sea-banks, and heard the shouts of mariners in distress, and held converse with *Caliban*, or joined the Bacchanal chorus with *Stephano* and *Trinculo*. Anon I heard *Ariel's* voice singing between me and the sky, and it sounded like Margaret's. Then the loud thunder boomed over the old wood, and the lightning hurried past me, and a sound of water rung upon my ears, and she whom I loved lay lifeless upon the sea-shore. I drew her cold face to my bosom, and kissed the sand from her lips, and dashed the oozy sea foam from her ringlets. Then *Antonia* and *Sebastian* pointed their weapons at me, and strange shapes did "moe and chatter" before me amid strains of wild music, now sounding like Margaret's voice, then like her father's. Then the scene changed, and I became a forester, and lived in the wood-cottage, and she whose image was imprinted upon my heart was my wife, and we wandered together through glen and glade, happy in our loves. Then I awoke and saw that the sunbeams had fallen upon my pillow.

How light did labour sit upon my fingers all that day; for I knew that Shakspeare, and a visit to the wood, and far above all these, an interview with Margaret, would be my reward in the evening; for her father had invited me to call them whenever I chose.— Smile not, ye lovely daughters of a courtly race. I should have been but a poor wooer in your princely halls; I should have sat

abashed on your silken ottas, and walked awkwardly through your dances. But let me ramble with you through your old woods and extensive parks; let me whisper the poetry of Shakspeare into your ears—tell you how *Juliet* loved and *Viola* sighed—and trust me to finding a listener in your hearts.— There was a time when bards struck their harps in your bowers; and many a high-born damsel has sighed in the blue twilight for a peaceful home with the minstrel-page. The nightingale sings now as sweetly as it did in days of yore, in your thickets; but its strain sinks not so deeply into your years. The poetry of love and nature has nearly dwindled away. Nymph, and Faun, and Dryad, have vanished. The romance of simplicity has yielded to dry realities. Believe me, fair creatures, ye were made to be more lovable than wise, more innocent and beautiful than studious and plotting. For what power have we over you if you leave us nothing to teach?

Evening came again. I seemed like the wind, felt not the grass bend beneath my footsteps, I heard not the branches rustle as I passed them. I swept through the wood and reached the cottage door; it was opened by Margaret. "Was her father within?" "No, he had gone to see if the game was safe." Then she looked down upon the threshold, for she blushed deep; then she lifted up her large soft eyes, and I felt a burning sensation flush my face, and we both began to pull the leaves from a woodbine that grew before her dwelling, and tried who could tear them into the smallest pieces. She then enquired how I got home, and said her father was wishing that I might call; and then we set off to meet him. How lovely she looked in her round gipsy-hat. Oh! how I envied the wind as it dallied with her long ringlets; even the envious hazels would not let her pass without sweeping over her innocent lips. I stuck a blue-bell unseen in her bonnet, and the flower became enamoured of her beauty, arching its gaudy head as if to reach her face. She hung not upon my arm; thrice I essayed to ask her, but the words stuck in my throat. We wandered along by a broken foot-path, by which a brook flowed; and in the clear water I had a full view of her angelic form, mirrored between me and the sky. I little deemed then how true an emblem was that stream of our love, showing too truly the blue heaven which was to separate us.

We wandered along by the brook—Margaret was before me. A bramble arched its armed neck across her path, she stooped to remove it, and a thorn lodged in her finger. She put out her small fair hand for me to examine the wound. How my fingers trembled as I tried to extract the thorn lest I should give her pain; I wished that every bramble in the forest had been bound around me to have prevented the wound. But then her hand was in mine; I felt her breathe upon my cheek; her lips were in reach, closed at the corners, but slightly apart in the centre.—

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.
The wind blew one of her long ringlets across my lips; it rested there a moment, she put up her other hand to remove it, and touched my forehead. I had extracted the thorn; still her hand was in

mine, she stirred her lips as if to thank me, but spoke not—her eyes were fixed upon the stream. She moved aside—our hands were still clasped—but that motion had placed my arm around her waist.
How beautiful she looked! her conscious heart glow'd in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong. Our eyes met—I drew her closer to me; it was not force, but a communicated impulse, that caused her at the same moment to lean heavier upon me. I whispered, "Margaret," it was rather thought than said; she spoke not, "but her eye discoursed," and a long-drawn sigh made answer. I drew her head towards me, and we saw nothing but the love that was in each other's eyes.

WOMAN.

That beauty will always be a lovely flower in the path of man, that youth will steal upon his senses, like the first breath of spring, cannot be denied; but what we would maintain is, not that woman, as relates to personal appearance, is no longer an object of sense; but that the Christian lover and husband of this age are bound to woman by stronger and more lasting feelings than those of mere passion,—feelings of companionship, which hallow the domestic hearth,—feelings of loving consideration, which sweeten the social board—and, above all, feelings of tender sympathy in sickness, which smooth the wedded couch.— Yes, such are the fruits of Christianity; such the feelings of the Christian husband, often (for I have seen it) surviving both the youth and the beauty of the wife. Let woman, then, with the book of salvation open to her, learn to estimate her high and glorious prerogative, that heirloom of God's grace, which the mothers and daughters of India have transmitted to her, and which can never be lost, or acquiesced in, but by her own act. He, the Saviour of souls, the Regenerator of hearts—He, the sinless one! who told the accused adulteress to "go and sin no more"—who permitted the polluted Magdalen to touch his immaculate feet—He has left a lasting and triumphant testimonial of the regard in which He held woman; woman by him so honored, as to bear in her bosom the incarnate God, the long-expected Paraclete; the only Saviour of souls!—woman his last care when dying, and his first chosen herald when risen again from the dead; and who still, if she watches like the loving Marys at his tomb, will see him one day in the garden of eternity! Regret not then, ye young and fair romancers, the days of chivalry; nor sigh for the loves of those by-gone days. Trust to the voice of Truth: Woman never rose so high in the scale of being as now, when her mind makes her the companion and not the puppet of man; who, in this happy age, is not ashamed to honor in woman, both the tender parent that bore him, and the blessed mother of the God that redeemed him. And who is more tenderly than ever bound to the partner of his fortunes and earthly fate, by their common hopes of a joyful reunion, and a glorious immortality hereafter.

HOW TO DINE AT HALF PRICE.—Wear a pair of spectacles of strong magnifying power; at dinner time you will find a penny roll transformed into a two penny loaf.

POETRY

(From the Bermuda Royal Gazette.)

When boyhood days are spent and past,
And scenes of youth gone by;
Scenes far too bright on earth to last
Except in memory's eye;

'Tis sweet then to recall the deeds,
The happy hours we've spent,
In roving through some flow'ry meads,
Our hearts on pleasures bent.

'Tis sweet by the Moon's soft silver light,
To think on friends apart;
While fancy brings once more to sight
Those dearest to our heart.

'Tis sweet while all around is rest,
And smoothly glides my boat,
To think with how much eager zest
I'd fly to friends remote.

'Tis sweet to think on her we love,
When she is far apart,
And what is there, that e'er can move
Like it the lover's heart.

Yes, Eliza, no thought so sweet
As when I think of thee,
Skimming with a light snowy sail
O'er the bright moonlit sea.

Sweet moonlit hour I love thee well,
For thou art all to me,
Since fate has left me nought to tell,
But thoughts that's raised by thee.

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 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 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 favours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice, start from Carbonear on the morning of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock, and the Packet Man will leave St. John's on the Mornings of THURSDAY, 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 expense, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET BOAT, carrying 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 he trusts give every satisfaction. Hence he begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable 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 Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d.
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single 6d.
Double, Do. 1s.

Packages 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 Kieley'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 STARR, 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.

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