

POETRY

WOMAN.

Extracted from "The Dream, and other Poem," by Mrs. Norton, just published.

"And be not thou cast down, because thy lot
The glory of thy dream resembleth not,
Not for herself was woman first create,
Nor yet to be man's idol, but his mate.
Still from his birth his cradled bed she tends,
The first, the last, the faithfullest of friends;
Still finds her place in sickness or in woe,
Humble to comfort, strong to undergo;
Still in the depth of weeping sorrow tries
To watch his death-bed with her patient eyes!
And doubt not thou,—(although at times deceived,
Outraged, insulted, slander'd, crush'd, and griev'd;
Too often made a victim or a toy,
With years of sorrow for an hour of joy;
Too oft forgot amidst Pleasure's circling wiles,
Or only valued for her rosy smiles,—)
That, in the frank and generous heart of man,
The place she holds accords with Heaven's high plan;
Still, if from wandering sin reclaim'd at all,
He sees in HER the angel of recall;
Still, in the sad and serious hours of life,
Turns to the sister, mother, friend, or wife;
Views with a heart of fond and trustful pride
His faithful partner by his calm first side;
And oft, when barr'd of Fortune's fickle grace,
Blank ruin stares him darkly in the face,
Leans his faint head upon her kindly breast,
And owns her power to soothe him into rest,—
Owns what the gift of woman's love is worth
To cheer his toils and trials upon earth!

"Sure it is much, this delegated power
To be consoler of man's heaviest hour!
The guardian angel of a life of care,
Allow'd to stand 'twixt him and his despair!
Such service may be made a holy task;
And more, 'twere vain to hope, and rash to ask.
Therefore, oh! loved and lovely, be content,
And take thy lot, with joy and sorrow blent.
Judge none; yet let thy share of conduct be,
As knowing judgment shall be pass'd on thee
Here and hereafter; so, still undismay'd,
And guarded by thy sweet thoughts' tranquil shade,
Undazzled by the changeful rays which throw
Their light across thy path while life was new,
Thou shalt move sober on,—expecting less,
Therefore the more enjoying, happiness."

THE VIOLET GIRL.

When fancy will continually rehearse
Some painful scene once present to the eye,
'Tis well to mould it into gentle verse,
That it may lighter on the spirit lie.
Home yestern eve I wearily returned,
Though bright my morning mood and short my way
But sad experience in one moment earned
Can crush the heart enjoyments of the day.
Passing the corner of a populous street,
I mark'd a girl whose wont it was to stand,
With pallid cheek, torn gown, and naked feet,
And bunches of fresh Violets in each hand.
There her small commerce in the chill
March weather
She plied with accents miserably mild;
It was a frightful thought to set together
Those blooming blossoms and that fading child:—
—Those luxuries and largess of the earth,

Beauty and pleasure to the sense of man.
And this poor sorry week cast loosely forth
On Life's wild waste to struggle as it can!
To ME that odorous purple minsteas
Hope-bearing memories and inspiring glee,
While meanest images alone are hers,
The sordid wants of base humanity.
Think after all this lapse of hungry hours,
In the disfurnish'd chamber of dim cold,
How she must loathe the very smiling flowers
That on the squalid table lie unsold!
Rest on your woodland banks and wither there,
Sweet precluders of Spring! far better
Than live misused to fill the grasp of care,
And serve the piteous purpose of woe.
You are no longer Nature's gracious gift,
Yourselves so much and harbingers of more,
But a most bitter irony to life
The veil that hides our vilest mortal sore.

A RECONCILIATION; AND MORE OF BOZ ON "BABBIES."

At the sight of their perjured relative,
Mrs. Kenwigs turned faint and pale, and Mr. Kenwigs rose majestically.
"Kenwigs," said the collector, "shake hands."
"Sir," said Mr. Kenwigs, "the time has been when I was proud to shake hands with such a man as that man as now surveys me. The time has been, Sir, said Mr. Kenwigs, "when a visit from that man has excited in me and my family's boozous sensations both paternal and awakening. But now I look upon that man with emotions totally surpassing every thing, and I ask myself where is his honor, where is his straight-forwardness, and where is his human nature?"
"Susan Kenwigs," said Mr. Lillyvick, turning humbly to his niece, "don't you say anything to me?"
"She is not equal to it sir," said Mr. Kenwigs striking the table emphatically. "What with the nursing of a healthy baby, and the reflexions upon your cruel conduct, four pints of malt liquor a day is hardly able to sustain her."
"I am glad," said the poor collector meekly, "that the baby is a healthy one. I'm very glad of that."
This was touching the Kenwigses on their tenderest point. Mrs. Kenwigs instantly burst into tears, and Mr. Kenwigs evinced great emotion.
"My pleasantest feeling all the time that child was expected," said Mr. Kenwigs, mournfully, "was a thinking, if it's a boy, as I hope it may be, for I have heard his uncle Lillyvick say again and again he would prefer our having a boy next—if it's a boy, what will his uncle Lillyvick say—what will he like him to be called—will he be Peter, or Alexander, or Pompey, or Diorgeenes, or what will he be? and now when I look at him—a precious, unconscious, helpless infant, with no use in his little arms but to tear his little cap, and no use in his little legs but to kick his little self—when I see him a lying on his mother's lap cooing and cooing, and in his innocent state almost a choking himself with his little fist—when I see him such an infant as he is, and think that that uncle Lillyvick, as was once a going to be so fond of him has withdrawn himself away, such a feeling of wengeance comes over me as no language can depict, and I feel as if even that holy babe was a telling me to hate him."
This affecting picture moved Mrs. Kenwigs deeply. After several imperfect words which vainly attempted to struggle to the surface, but were drowned and washed away by the strong tide of her tears, she spoke.
"Uncle," said Mrs. Kenwigs, "to think that you should have turned your back upon me and my dear children, and upon Kenwigs which is the author of their being—you who was once so kind and affectionate, and who, if any body had told us such a thing of, we should have withered with scorn like lightning—you that little Lillyvick our first and earliest boy was named after at the very alter—oh gracious!"
"Was it money that we cared for?" said Mr. Kenwigs. "Was it property that we ever thought of?"
"No," cried Mrs. Kenwigs, "I scorn it."

"So do I," said Mr. Kenwigs, "and always did."
"My feelings have been lacerated," said Mrs. Kenwigs, "my heart has been torn asunder with anguish, my unoffending infant has been rendered uncomfortable and fractious, Morleena has pined herself away to nothing; all this I forget and forgive, and with you, uncle, I never can quarrel. But never ask me to receive HER—never do it, uncle. I will not, I won't."
"Susan, my dear," said Mr. Kenwigs, "consider your child!"
"Yes," shrieked Mrs. Kenwigs, "I will consider my child!" "I will consider my child! my own child, that no uncle can deprive me of, my own hated, despised, cut-off little child!" And here the emotions of Mrs. Kenwigs became so violent that Mr. Kenwigs was fain to administer hartshorn internally and vinegar externally, and to destroy a staylace, four petticoat strings, and several small buttons.
"Newman had been a silent spectator of this scene, for Mr. Lillyvick had signed to him not to withdraw, and Mr. Kenwigs had further solicited his presence by a nod of invitation. When Mrs. Kenwigs had been in some degree restored, and Newman, as a person possessed of some influence with her, had remonstrated and begged her to compose herself, Mr. Lillyvick said in a faultering voice:
"I never shall ask any body to receive my niece. Kenwigs and Susan, yesterday was a week she eloped with a half-pay captain."
Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs started together.
"Eloped with a half-pay captain," repeated Mr. Lillyvick, "basely and falsely eloped with a half-pay captain—with a bottle-nosed captain that any man might have considered himself safe from. It was in this room," said Mr. Lillyvick, looking sternly round, "that I first see Henrietta Petowker. It is in this room that I turn her off for ever."
This declaration completely changed the whole posture of affairs. Mrs. Kenwigs threw herself upon the old gentleman's neck, bitterly reproaching herself for her late harshness, and exclaiming if she had suffered, what must have been his sufferings! Mr. Kenwigs grasped his hand and vowed eternal friendship and remorse.—Nicholas Nickleby.

Truck of Arabian Traders.—At Leyla on the Red Sea, a natural port and emporium for the productions of South Abyssinia, and where all European commodities are sold to the natives, it is the custom to trade in so barbarous a manner, that guns, for example, being purchased by length of barrel, and every span paid for at a settled price, the Arabian brokers who are exclusively employed, cut through the muscle which connects the thumb with the fore-finger to gain the advantage of spanning farther in their measurement.

Death of Lord Arden. It is with regret we have to announce the death of the above venerable peer. His Lordship who was not taken ill until Monday last, expired at half-past seven at his mansion in St. James's place. Doctors Holland and Jackson have been in attendance on his Lordship, and after Thursday last gave no hopes of his recovery.

Anecdote of Counsellor Missing. The abovenamed learned gentleman being retained to defend a person who had been committed for trial at the Portsmouth petty sessions for stealing a donkey from off a common in the neighbourhood, met with the following smart retort from the prosecutor in the case, whom he was cross-examining. Mr. Missing: "You maintain that the donkey was your property?" Prosecutor: "I do." "And you say that the ass was stolen from off the common in question on a certain day, as has been stated?" Prosecutor: "No, I never stated any such thing! but I will say the ass was Missing." The Court was convulsed with laughter.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS St John's and Harbor 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 Porugal 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 Carina 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 CARINA 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. 6.
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6.
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, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public that the 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 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, 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 off 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.