

POETRY

A LOYAL TRIBUTE TO ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

BY EDWARD KENNEDY SILVESTER.

Oh! the Queen of merry England! I saw her midst the band,  
Of the magnates of the nation, at the solemn altar stand;  
And her cheek was very pale, but proud and high her mien,  
As they plac'd the crown upon her head, and hail'd her England's Queen.  
And warriors bold, and statesmen old, and barons of high degree,  
With mitred prelates, crowded round, and humbly bent the knee,  
And high-born dames, of lofty state, and beauty proudly rare,  
Were mingled with the throng, to pay a willing homage there.

Oh! the Queen of merry England! The lovely and the young,  
I saw her in the halls, where loud the strains of gladness rung;  
When the mirthful dance tripped laughingly, and sweet was the minstrel's lay,  
While the syren pleasure reigned around, and each heart and lip seem'd gay.  
But the fitful bloom on her changing cheek, her pure brow's pensive shade,  
Bore tales of a fair girl's dream of youth, in its freshness undecay'd;  
And well I traced in the wand'ring glance of her soft and speaking eye,  
The woman's heart, though veil'd beneath the pomp of majesty.

Oh! the Queen of merry England; I saw her yet again,  
With her nobles, and her court around, in the revel's laughing train;  
And the queenly pride had left her brow, the wandering glance was gone,  
She stood midst the glad festivity, apart, but now alone;  
For a youthful form was by her side, and his earnest gaze was bent  
On those downcast eyes, that blushing cheek, where love grew eloquent;  
And the gay dance passed unheeded, by the minstrel's lay unheard;  
For to them was sweeter melody in each fondly whisper'd word.

Oh! the Queen of merry England! our lovely virgin Queen,  
She stands in quiet dignity amid the royal scene,  
But the queenly brow is chasten'd now with the woman's trusting pride,  
As she looks on her loved affianced one, who standeth by her side;  
For a brighter world before her spreads, with a loving heart to share  
The lonely joys of royalty, its deep corrod'ng care;  
For soon would the regal state, its pride, and grandeur, weary prove,  
While the spirit yearneth for a home, in the heart of one we love.

Oh! the Queen of merry England! Ye children of the isle,  
Long, long by freedom hallowed, and cheered by woman's smile,  
Ye sons and daughters of the land, arise to bless the tie  
That links our Sov'reign's heart with ours in kindred sympathy.  
Arise to bless the lovely One, our glory, hope, and pride,  
The mother of the people, and Britain's chosen bride,  
For aye hath woman's holy love, our guardian safety been,  
Oh! a blessing on VICTORIA, a blessing on the QUEEN!

STANZAS, TO ISABEL.

BY CHARLES GRAFTON.

I know not why I burst the chains,  
I thought no time could sever;  
I know not how I broke the link  
That should have bound for ever.

It was not that I loved her not,  
Or that I loved her less—  
Oh! no, my heart could never tire  
Of so much loveliness.

And yet—and yet, we could not meet,  
As we had met before;  
'Twere better, far, for both our sakes,  
That we should meet no more.

I could not coldly clasp in mine,  
The hand, if lightly giv'n;  
Or watch, unmov'd, the eye that beam'd,  
As beams the light of heav'n!

'T would sting my pride amid the crowd,  
To seem as half unknown  
By her who lived in auld lang syne,  
In one snort word—my own!

And should I chide her lofty soul,  
If higher than mine;  
Supreme, it broke the rebel heart,  
And taught me to resign?

I could not blame the angry fair,  
And yet I knew too well,  
She'd rather call old times again—  
Once more my Isabel!

It must not be, it cannot be,  
Though hearts are rent in twain;  
We still may live, and still may love,  
But never meet again!

Sometimes a thought may cross thy mind,  
It may be of regret;  
Remember then, in banishment,  
I never can forget.

Thy miniature is *next* my heart,  
But semblance stamped within;  
I wear it as an amulet,  
To guard 'gainst every sin!

But need it not to conjure up  
Thy form and matchless grace;—  
E'en now in gazing o'er  
That all-expressive face,

I still behold the snow white brow,  
And locks of sunny hue;  
Those deep blue eyes in sadness, seem  
Violets steeped in dew!

Farewell, for ever: fare thee well,  
In all but thought, farewell!  
There live, and be as thou hast seen,  
My own loved Isabel!

*A Lie.*—"A great lie," says the poet  
Crabbe, "is like a great fish on dry land,  
it may fret and fling and make a frightful  
bother, but it cannot hurt you. You  
have only to keep still and it will die of  
itself."

A cockney having ensconced himself  
opposite a lady in one of the Richmond  
coaches, had manifested a disposition to  
be jeering, in some of his observations.  
At length, seemingly exhausted in his  
fund of self-merriment, he cast a glance  
on the road-side, and seeing a notice stuck  
up, he read it aloud, which was, "Rubbish  
may be shot here." To which the  
lady replied, "Tell the coachman to stop  
then." He was silent afterwards.

LORD BROUGHAM AT THE BAR.

Brougham's eloquence at the bar was  
well appreciated, and he has done all he  
can to preserve its memory for other times  
by publishing his speeches. But it is  
doubtful whether, though he have again  
breathed into them, they will be able to  
fulfil his mandate, and live. It is doubtful  
whether their trinsic merit be such as  
to keep them buoyant above the tide of  
time, without the aid of those circum-  
stances under whose auspices they were  
originally brought forth. Notwithstand-  
ing his mighty energy and illusive vehe-  
mence, his command of sounding words  
that always came in the precipitous flow,  
and often with the force and grandeur of  
a cataract—he was, as an advocate, far  
inferior to Lyndhurst or O'Connell. His  
mind is naturally torturous, his temper  
capricious, his disposition perverse, his  
judgment warped, his discretion continu-  
ally at fault. As the tree in its fullest  
autumnal foliage is acted upon by the  
blasts of the wind, so is he a slave to  
every gust of passion which agitates and  
gives a voice to his thronging thoughts.  
He is an agotist to a ludicrous and pitia-  
ble extent. He lacks, moreover, the reason-  
ing power, and that accuracy of know-  
ledge on which alone a man can lean with  
vigorous confidence, and from which he  
can spring aloft with irresistible power.  
In some of Brougham's happiest efforts  
the ground has sunk a little under him;  
and whenever he attains a height, he fails  
not to bring up the mud with him.—  
*Lawn Magazine.*

MARCH OF TEMPERANCE.—Only  
TWO persons served notice for taking  
out Publicans' Licenses at the present  
Sessions. The number used to be FOUR  
HUNDRED AND FIFTY.—*Nenag pa-  
per.*

An old Laird of Grant formerly des-  
patched one of his clan to the Earl of  
Findlater with a present of chickens and  
venison, out the Highlander not being a  
good linguist, delivered his message in a  
most deferential manner as follows:—  
'The Laird o'Grant's compliments to the

Laird o'Fin-later, and sends him *sickness  
and vengeance.* If he wants more he  
can have them!

The late Mr. R. B. Sheridan was once  
placed in a dangerous situation when in  
the north, but his ingenuity was equal to  
every emergency, and delivered him on  
this occasion. The Duke of Atholl hav-  
ing furnished him with an escort of High-  
landers, besides a luxurious and very  
substantial luncheon, he began the day's  
sport by sitting down to finish the wine  
and refreshments, during which unusual  
commencement of the campaign, his com-  
panions, after consulting aside for some  
time, came forward in a body, and sternly  
asked whether he were any relating to  
'tha' wicked fellow Sheridan of London,  
who had dared to abuse Lord Melville?  
'What do you take me for?' answered  
Sheridan, with well-feigned indignation.  
Related to such a fellow as that; if I  
could only catch the rascal, I would hang  
him on the spot? 'So should we, as  
soon as look at him!' replied the trusty  
escort, confidentially, and poor Sheridan,  
who frequently told the story afterwards,  
lost no time in making a pretext to hurry  
home."

PARIS.—An extraordinary dis-  
covery is announced here, and it  
is even asserted that a satisfactory  
experiment has been made. It is  
said that a very humble individual  
has found the means of fixing the  
electric spark for public lighting,  
and that he can produce a perman-  
ent flame of 30 inches in diameter  
which would light a great part of  
Paris. The discovery appears to  
me to be so improbable, that I  
should not have believed if had I  
not been assured by a gentleman  
that he has witnessed the result  
spoken of to fixing the light. The  
only danger attending it is said to  
be in the apparatus of supply  
which must be isolated, as it is so  
strongly charged that a person  
touching it would be struck dead  
immediately.

Baron Solomon de Rothschild  
has just alienated property to the  
amount of £400 a year, for the  
purpose of giving wedding portions  
annually and for ever, to four  
young females of irreproachable  
conduct and poverty, and without  
distinction of religion faith, and  
who are to be natives of Brunn,  
the capital of Moravia.

*A Cargo.*—The United King-  
dom, a large ship built last year in  
our American colonies, arrived at  
Liverpool a few days ago from  
Charleston, with the following enor-  
mous cargo: 3,218 bales of cot-  
ton, 695 barrels of tar, 820 barrels  
of turpentine, and other minor ar-  
ticles, materials which, if piled in  
shape, might be made to resemble  
no inconsiderable village.

*The Late Murderers, &c.* It  
has been remarked as a peculiar  
coincidence, that Gould was a pot-  
man, Oxford a potman, and Cour-  
voisier originally a waiter.

*A Quick Racer.* A Pat asked  
an emigrant Yankee, at the Maze  
races, if they had any such remark-  
ably swift horses in America?  
Swift! said Jonathan, why I guess  
we have; I saw a horse at Balti-  
more, on a sunny day, start against  
his own shadow, and beat it a  
quarter of a mile at the very first  
heat!

The *Spificator* says there is a  
man living in that city whose nose  
is so large that nobody can see it  
at once, they are obliged to look  
twice.

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 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 careful-  
ly attended to; but no accounts can be  
kept or Postages or Passages, nor will the  
Proprietors be responsible for any Specie  
to 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 fa-  
vours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further no-  
tice, start from *Carbonear* on the mornings  
of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, pos-  
itively 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 ACKAGES given him.  
Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respect-  
fully 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 *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 Gentle-  
men with sleeping-berths, which will  
the 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  
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 of  
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  
STARR, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow.  
Carbonear.

Blanks

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