

POETRY

TO SPRING.

BY THE LATE KEFNEITH GUNTERLEY.

Where dost thou loiter, Spring,
While it behoveth
Thee to cease wandering
Where'er thou rovest,
And to my lady bring
The flowers she loveth.

Come with thy melting skies
Like her cheek blushing,
Come with thy dewy eyes
Where fountains are gushing;
Come where the wild bee hies,
When dawn is dushing.

Her where by the brook
The first blossom keepeth,
In the sheltered nook,
The cello bud sleepeth;
Or with a timid look
Through its leaves peepeth.

Lead her where on the spray
Birthily enrolling,
First birds their rouncelay,
For my lady sing—
But keep, where'er she stray,
The love blossoming.

LOVE.

Say, what shall I liken to love?—
Nest thou look'd on the sky
When a summer's sun first peep'd above
The tops of mountains high?
He scatters light where darkness lay—
From summit and defile
The chilling mist rolls fast away,
And nature wakes to smile;
So both the heart—when love begins
To shed his morning ray,
Sweetly he waxes, and o'er it wins
A more than magic way.
New wishes, feelings, hopes, spring up,
A charm invests them all—
The soul partakes of rapture's cup,
Her dreams the dregs are gall!

Time wanes—that sun has reached his height,
And earth looks happier still—
Who sighs to witness pure delight
Might come and gaze his fill.
Fut lo! a small, yet growing cloud,
Its pinions bath unbar'd,
And spreads until it seems a shroud
About to hap the world!
But there the lightning's dizzy dash,
In its dark bosom nurs'd,
And a flash—look round!—what greets their eye
Where all just now was gay?
Black heaps of smoking ruins lie—
The rest hath passed away!

Who hath may be love's fate. I've known
At least one instance, where
Two hearts were twin'd that now are lone
And sorrow—all they share.

THE BROKEN RING.

"Hout lassie," said the wily Dame Seton to her daughter, "dinna blear your een wi' greeting. What would honest Maister Binks say, if he were to come in the now and see you looking baith daff and dour? Dight your een, my bairn, and smooch back your hair—I see warrant you'll make a bonnier bride than ony o' your sisters." I care na whether I look bonny or no, since Willie winna see me," said Mary, while her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, mother, ye have been over hasty in this matter; I canna help thinking he will come harpe yet, and make me his wife. It's borne in on my mind that Willie is no dead."

"Put awa such thoughts out o' your head lassie," answered her mother; "naebody doubts but yourself that the ship that he sailed in was whummed ower in the saut sea—what gars you threep be's leaving that gate?"

"Ye ken, mother," answered Mary, "that when Willie geed awa on that wearid voyage, to make the crown a pound, as the auld sang says, he left a kist o' his best claes for me to take care o'; for he said he would keep a' his braws for a day that's no like to come, and that's our bridal; now, ye ken it's said that as long as the moths keep aff folk's claes, the coner o' them is no deat—so I've took o' his bit things the day, and there's no a broken thread among them." "Ye had little to do to be howking among a dead man's claes," said her mother; "it was a bonny like job for a bride."

"But I'm no a bride," answered Mary sobbing. How can ye hae the heart to speak o't, mother, and the year no out since I broke a ring wi' my ain Willie! Weel hae I kept it my half o' it; and if Willie be in this world, he'll hae the other as surely."

"I trust poor Willie is in a better place," said the mother, trying to sigh; and since it has been ordered sae, ye maun just settle your mind to take honest Maister Binks; he's rich, Mary, my dear bairn, and he'll let ye want for naething." "Riches canna buy true love," said Mary.

"But they can buy things that will last a hantle langer," responded the wily mother; "so Mary, ye maun take him, if you would hae me die in peace. Ye ken I can leave you but little—the house and bit garden—

maun gang to your brother, and his wife will make him keep a close hand; she'll soon let you see the cauld shouter. Poor relations are unco little thought o'; so, lassie, as ye would deserve my benison, dinna keep simmering it and wintering it any longer, but take a gude offer when it is made ye."

"I'll no hae him till the year is out," cried Mary; "wha kens but the ship may cast up yet?" "I fancy we'll hae to gie ye your ain gate in this matter," replied the dame, "mair especially as it wants but three weeks to the year, and we'll need that to hae ye cried in the kirk, and to get a' your braws ready."

"Oh, mother, mother, I wish ye would let me die!" was Mary's answer, as she flung herself down on her little bed.

Delighted at having extorted Mary's consent to the marriage, Dame Seton quickly conveyed the happy intelligence to her son-in-law elect, a wealthy Burgess of Dunbar; and having invited Annot Cameron, Mary's cousin, to visit them, and assist her in cheering the sorrowful bride, the preparations for the marriage proceeded in due form.

On the day before that appointed for the wedding, as the cousins sat together arranging the simple ornaments of the bridal dress poor Mary's feelings could no longer be restrained, and her tears fell fast. "Dear sake Mary, gie ower greeting," said Annot; "the bonny white satin ribbon is wringing wet." "Sing her a canty sang to keep up her heart," said Dame Seton. "I canna bide a canty sang the day," answered Mary, "for there's ane running in my head that my poor Willie made ae night as we sat beneath the rowan-tree outby there, and when we thought we were to gang hand in hand through this wearid world;" and she began to sing in a low voice.

At this moment the door of the dwelling opened, and a tall, dark-complexioned woman entered, and saying, "my benison on a' here," she seated herself close to the fire, and lighting her pipe, began to smoke, to the great annoyance of Dame Seton. "Gude-wife," said she, gruffly, "ye're spoiling the lassie's gown, raising such a reek; so here's an awmous to ye, and you'll just gang your ways, for we're unco thrang the day."

"Nae doubt," rejoined the spawwife, "a bridal time is a thrang time, but it should be a heartsome ane too."

"And hae ye the ill manners to say it's otherwise?" retorted Dame Seton; "gang awa wi' ye without anither bidding; ye're making the lassie's braws as black as coom." "Will ye hae your fortune spaid, my bonny May?" said the woman, as she seized Mary's hand. "Na, na," answered Mary. "I ken it but ower weel already." "You'll be married soon, my bonny lassie," said the sybil. "Hech, sirs, that's piper's news, I trow," retorted the dame, with great contempt; "can ye no tell us something better worth the hearing?"

"Maybe I can," answered the spawwife; "what would you think if I were to tell you that your daughter keeps the half o' the gold ring she broke wi' the winsome sailor lad near her heart by night and by day?"

"Get out o' my house, ye tinkler!" cried Dame Seton, in wrath; "we want to hear nae such clavers!"

"Ye wanted news," retorted the fortune-teller; "Hark ye, my bonny lassie, ye'll be married soon, but no to Jamie Binks—here's an anchor in the palm of your hand, as plain as a pikestaff."

"Awa wi' ye, ye leeing Egyptian that ye are," cried Dame Seton, "or I'll set the dog on ye, and I'll promise ye, he'll no leave ae dud on your back to meid another."

"I wadna redd ye to meddle wi' me, Dame Seton," said the fortune-teller. "And now, having said my say, and wishing ye a blythe bridal, I'll just be stepping awa;" and ere another word was spoken, the gipsy crossed the threshold.

"I'll no marry Jamie Binks," cried Mary wringing her hands; "send to him, mother and tell him sae." "The sorry take the lassie," said Dame Seton, "would you make yourself and your friends a world's wonder, and a' for the clavers o' a leeing Egyptian, black be her fa that I should ban."

"Oh, mother, mother," cried Mary, "how can I gie ae man my hand when another has my heart?" "Troth, lassie," replied her mother, "a living joe is better than a dead one ony day; but whether Willie be dead or living, ye shall be Jamie Bink's wife, the morn; sae take nae thought o' that ill-deedy body's words, but gang ben the house and dry your een, and Annot will put the last steek in your bonny white gown."

With a heavy heart Mary saw the day arrive which was to seal her fate; and while Dame Seton is bustling about, getting everything in order for the ceremony, which was to be performed in the house, we shall take the liberty of directing the attention of the reader to the outside passengers of a stage-coach, advancing from the south, and rapidly approaching Dunbar. Close behind the coachman was seated a middle-aged substantial looking farmer, with a round, fat, good-humoured face, and at his side was placed a handsome young sailor, whose frank and jovial manner, and stirring tale of shipwreck and captivity had pleasantly beguiled the way.

"And what's taking you to Dunbar the day, Mr Johnstone?" asked the coachman.

"Just a wedding, John," answered the farmer; "my cousin Jamie Binks is to be married the night."

"He has been a wee ower lang about it," said the coachman.

"I'm thinking," replied the farmer, "its no the poor lassie's fault that the wedding hasna been put off longer; they say that bonny Mary has little gude will to her new joe."

"What Mary is that you are speaking about?" asked the sailor?

"Oh, just bonny Mary Seton," that's to be married the night," answered the farmer.

"When?" cried the sailor, giving whistle. "I doubt," said the farmer, "she'll be but a waeft' bride, for the scugh gangs that she hasna forgot an auld joe; but you see he was away, and no like to come back, and Jamie Binks is weel to pass in the world, and the mother, they say, just made her life bitter till the poor lassie was driven to say she would take him. It's no right in the mother, but folks say she is a dour wife, and had an ee to the siller." "Right!" exclaimed the young sailor; she deserves the cat-o-nine-tails."

"Whisht, whisht, laddie," said the farmer; preserve us! where is he gaun?" he continued, as the youth sprung from the coach and struck across the fields. "He'll be taking the short cut to the town," answered the coachman, giving his horses the whip.

The coach whirled rapidly on, and the farmer was soon set down at Dame Seton's dwelling, where the whole of the bridal party was assembled, waiting the arrival of the minister. "I wish the minister would come," said Dame Seton. "We must open the window," answered Annot, "for Mary is like to swarf awa." This was accordingly done; and as Mary sat close by the window, gasping for breath, an unseen hand threw a small package into her lap. "Dear sirs, Mary," said Dame Seton, "open up the bit parcel, bairn; it will be a present frae your uncle Sandie; it's a quee-like way o' gieing it, but he ne'er does things like ony ither body." The bridal guests gathered round Mary as she slowly undid fold after fold. "Hech!" said Dame Seton, "it maun be something very precious, to be in such sma' bouk."

The words were scarcely uttered, when half of a gold ring lay in Mary's hand. "Where has this come frae?" exclaimed Mary, wringing her hands; "has the dead risen to upbraid me?"

"No, Mary, but the living has come to claim you," cried the young sailor, as he vaulted through the open window, and caught her in his arms. "Oh, Willie, Willie, where hae ye been a' this weary time?" exclaimed Mary, while the tears fell on her pale cheek. "That's a tale for another day," answered the sailor; "I can think of nothing but you, while I haud you to my breast, which you will never leave mair."

"There will be twa words to that bargain, my joe," retorted Dame Seton; "let go my bairn, and gang awa wi' ye; she's trysted to be this honest man's wife, and his wife she shall be."

"Na, na, mistress," said the bridegroom, "I hae nae broo o' wedding another man's joe; since Willie Fleming has her heart, he may e'en take her hand for me."

"Gude safe us," cried the farmer, shaking the young sailor by the hand, "little did I ken wha I was speaking to or the top of the coach. I say, gudewife," he continued, "ye maun just let Willie take her; nae good e'er yet came of crossing true love."

"Deed, that's a truth," was answered by many bonny bride's maids, Dame Seton, being deserted by her allies, and finding the stream running so strongly against her, at length gave an unwilling consent to the marriage of the lovers, which was celebrated amidst general rejoicings; and at the request of his bride, Willie, on his wedding day, attired himself in the clothes which the moths had so considerably spared for the happy occasion.

THE RIVAL EPICURES.—Perhaps the following case of gluttony may be rather hard to beat. It occurred a few years back at Boulange-sur-Mer, and I can vouch for the truth of it. Two gentlemen one a D.D. and the other a half-pay captain in the army both cursed with a palate, and stomachs well calculated to the indulgence of it, chanced to reside in that town at the same time. Their means being rather slender, they were unable to appear often at first-rate tables d'hote, but were in the habit of now and then meeting at a certain restaurateur's where they would sit down late-a late, to enjoy themselves. On one luckless day, just as the master of it had placed on their table two smoking hot oyster patties, for which he was famous, down dropped the doctor in epileptic. The usual means of restoration being at hand, Richard was himself again in about quarter of an hour, when, casting his eyes towards the table, he missed his oyster patty. "What's become of my patty?" said he as soon as he was raised. "You have eaten it, sir," belloyed he to the captain: with a look of much anger and mortification he was right; the captain had eaten whilst his friend lay on the ground.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKET

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 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.
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 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 fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR 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 Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will he 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 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.
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 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 West by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYOR.

Widow

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

Blanks

Of various kinds for SALE at the Office of this Paper.