

POETRY

WHERE ARE THEY.

Where is the pleasing ease that played
With beauty round her form?
Where is the grace she once displayed,
Which might a throne adorn.

Where is the light that sweetly beam'd
With radiance from her eye?
That angel purity that seem'd
Sent by divinity?

Where is the sweetness of that voice,
That soft melodious sound,
Which ever made my heart rejoice,
And heal'd each ranking wound?

Where is that purity of mind
Which shone in every feature;
That every pleasing charm combin'd
In woman's fairest picture?

Where is the love I thought was mine;
The heart with virtue blended;
The smiles which played with light divine,
And misery's throbbing ended!

All! all have fled! that grace which played
With beauty round her form,
Is vanish'd! Evening's misty shade
Succeeds the brilliant morn.

That eye which shone with feeling bright,
Was lit by deep deceit;
To shine, then what it kindled, blight,
And fix the deepest hate.

The sweetness of that voice is gone—
Its sounds are harsh and wild;
Discordant notes by rancour born,
Express a heart defiled.

That mind is tossed by fury's rage,
And every beauty's clouded;
And fall those which might engage,
Are by the tempest shrouded.

That love is flown, and hate succeeds;
That heart is changed by folly;
Those smiles are wild—and virtue bleeds,
And bliss is melancholy.

All! all have changed! but wounded pride
Forbids regret's deep sigh;
Tho' fate looks dark its storms I'll hide,
And banish misery.

THE NATIVE MELODY.

Supposed to be recited by an exile

Once more, oh! turn and touch the lyre,
And wake that wild, impassioned strain!
I feel the delirating fire
Flash from my heart through every vein!
Yes! every swell, and every word,
Strikes on a sympathetic cord,
And conjures up, with viewless wand,
My early days, my native land!

'Tis sweet, unutterably sweet,
Upon a far and foreign strand,
The playmate of your youth to meet,
Fondly to press once more his hand:
His face to see, his voice to hear;
Though always lov'd now doubly dear,
And talk with heartfelt ecstasy,
Upon the hours of days gone by!

Beloved country! When I lose
Remembrance of thy carols wild,
Or hold companionship with these
By whom thy glory is reviv'd;
Then be my despicable lot
Unloved—renownless—and forgot—
To live, to die, to pass away
And mix with earth's neglected clay!

Oh, many a time, with many a tear,
These native accents breathing joy,
When winter's hearth was blazing clear,
I sat, and listened when a boy;
And not amid the circle round,
Cold heart or tearless eye was found,
Ah! ne'er from inspiration fell
Tones hymned so sweet, or lov'd so well

And can they be less welcome now,
Afar from all that bless'd me, when
The heart was glad unconscious how?
No, dear they are to me as then;
More soft beyond wild ocean's roar
More sweet upon a foreign shore;
And more melodious far when sung
Amid the tones of foreign tongue.

"GOOD WIVES

MAKE

GOOD HUSBANDS."

"Marriage," says an elegant writer (Dal-

las) of the present period, "is a blessing or a curse according to the sympathy of those united in it."

Congerality of sentiment, temper, and character, constitute the great essential of wedded life. Reflect before you decide, and you will be sure to act prudently. Before you irrevocably engage yourselves, let it be with a decided persuasion, that your character, after diligent investigation, assimilates. The woman who places her happiness on the idea of being worshipped and adored, and expects the common place attributes of angel, goddess, flames and darts, holds but a slender chance of happiness to a rational man. She who is satisfied with being beloved, esteemed, and respected is the one most likely to ensure a man of being a happy votary of Hymen; and if I am not much mistaken, there are few, if any, who have the means, but would wish to enter the marriage state;

"For what's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head."

Let me now earnestly recommend to you to have an adequate opinion of all the difficulties attending the state, and a firm resolution to make your husband happy; and to perform every duty annexed to the situation, however such performances may be rewarded by him who claims them. If misery ensues, it is a consolation that will not deserve it. With such sentiments and acting upon them I do not fear for you.

To form a foundation for wedded happiness, make the study of your husband's temper your great object; and by conforming your own to it, you may know where to avoid giving offence, or incurring even the shadow of dispute. "Never," says Mackenzie in his *Julia de Robigne*, "consider as a trifle what may tend to please him. The great articles of duty he will set down as his own; but the lesser attentions he will mark as favours."

Much more is lost or gained of future happiness and influence by a wife's behavior in the first months of her marriage, than is generally imagined. A woman of sweet temper and good understanding will not be tenacious about trifles, nor in exacting those attentions, which she is nevertheless gratified in receiving.

Domestic order and regularity ought to be insisted on, as essential to domestic comfort; but any change of hours, which her husband finds convenient, she makes agreeable to herself. Every thing, however trivial, which she fancies contributes to his comfort, becomes an object of consequence and interest with her. She gives the greatest attention to any anecdote, which he relates, of circumstances which have pleased or interested him.

A wife, though she be not highly accomplished, in the regular acceptance of the word, ought to be well informed in every species of general knowledge; converse well, and do the honours of the table with the ease and elegance of a well bred woman; and by her manners, expressions and appearance, should evince even to high bred neighbours, that she is a polished, if not a fashionable woman; one that reflects honor on her husband's choice, and evidently glories in her own.

As rational religion is the true source from which every good principle springs, I must have it understood, that those ladies whom I now address are supposed to be possessed of this essential and strongest foundation for a man to look for happiness. A woman without religion is to be carefully avoided.

The man may, indeed, be congratulated and envied, who is so fortunate as to select such a wife, and every day will the more convince him of the justice of such congratulations.

It a wife makes home agreeable to her husband, he will never go from home in search of amusement, which is sometimes the case when a woman acts differently.—Some render themselves and their husbands unhappy, by a too romantic indulgence of overcharged sensibility. If they do not meet with happiness in the form they had expected to find it, they resolutely shut their eyes against every other means of comfort; and with all the selfishness attached to romance, and what is usually known by the name of sensibility, they disregard wholly the feelings of all around them, and think only of indulging their own.

I hope never to see the day when I shall think there is not any merit in complying with the habits or even prejudices which, custom has made pleasant to my husband.

I am a great advocate for family harmony, and I have pleasure and heartfelt gratification in making some sacrifices to secure it.

"Woman once anxious to please, have the happy art of finding out the way; and ungrateful must his nature be, who is not won by tender attractions!"

"As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defined,
First fixed our attention:
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practised at first sight,
Must save it from declination."

Read this address ye married as well as unmarried women; think of it seriously—it is of vital importance; I implore of you seek your husband's happiness, and you will promote your own.

Believe me,
Your very sincere and
Disinterested friend,
A very happy married Woman.

CALAMITIES OF GENIUS.

Homer was a beggar—Plautus turned a mill—Terence was a slave—Boetius died in gaol—Paul Borghesse had fourteen trades, and yet he starved with them all—Tasso was often distressed for a few shillings—Bectivoglio was refused admittance into an hospital he had himself erected—Cervantes died of hunger—Camons, the celebrated writer of the *Lusiad*, ended his days in an almshouse—and Nageles left his body to the surgeons, to pay his debts, as far as it would go. In our own country, Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress—Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold—Spencer, the charming Spencer, died forsaken and in want—and the death of Collins came through neglect first causing mental derangement—Milton sold his copyright of *Paradise Lost* for fifteen pounds, at three payments, and finished his days in obscurity—Dryden lived in poverty and distress—Otway died prematurely, and through hunger—Lee died in the streets—Sceele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs—Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was sold for a trifle to save him from the gripe of the law—Fielding lies in the burying ground of the English Factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot—Savage died in a prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of eight pounds—Butler lived in penury, and died poor—Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

Voltaire, having satirized a nobleman who was powerful at Court, the latter sought every occasion to revenge himself, and challenged Voltaire to fight him with swords.—"We are not equals," replied Voltaire—"you are very great, I am little—you are brave, I am a coward—you wish to kill me *eh bien*, I will consider myself as dead."—This made the great man laugh, and disarmed his anger.

The Editor of the *St. Clairsville* (Ohio) Gazette, having lately taken a wife, announces the fact in the following novel manner:—

It is not good that man should be alone.—The Editor has the pleasure of informing his numerous and respectable readers, that he has taken a *Partner*, not for one, two, or a term of years, but as long as we both shall live—nor for the purpose of assisting in the labours of the Printing Office, but to participate with him in "life's joys, and vicissitudes."

Pleasure, says Dr. Johnson is seldom found where it is sought. The brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odours from time to time, in the paths of life, grow up, without culture, from seeds scattered by chance.

A young lady in London who was handsome, and had a fortune of £12000, while she was buying some small article of a young shopkeeper, with whom she had some trifling acquaintance, took a piece of Flanders lace, and out of mere gaiety and frolic went hastily out without paying for it. The shopkeeper, who had a good head for speculation, followed and seized her, and charged her with the theft, and in a serious and peremptory manner, said to her, "Miss you may take your choice, either to go with me before a magistrate and suffer the penalty of the law for stealing my lace, or go before a clergyman and marry me." After a short pause, (and who could blame her?) she chose the latter.

The celebrated Lord R— being at a masquerade in the humorous disguise of a baboon, perceived an officer of the army of his acquaintance, and began to banter him by asking, in a feigned voice, if he had heard of the sudden death of the well known rake? No, replied the military wit, I have not heard of it, but should not be at all surprised, for added he, (taking hold of the baboon's tail,) I find he has put an end to himself.

The abilities of man fall short on one side or the other, like too scanty a blanket when a-bed; if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare—if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered.—*Sir W. Temple.*

What is the life of a man? Is it not to shift from side to side?—from sorrow to sorrow?—to button up one cause of vexation and to unbutton another.

Man's life may be divided into three parts—from infancy to manhood, which is spent in acquiring knowledge; from manhood to middle age, spent in forming resolutions and breaking them; from middle age to death spent in sorrow, remorse, and repentance for the past.

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 & ROAG,

Agents, St. John's.

Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835.

NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and

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. 6d.
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3 6d.
Single Letters 6d.
Double do. 1 0

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 shall 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 Mornings 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 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 Kiely's (*Newfoundland Tavern*) and at Mr John Cruick.

Carbonear,
June 4, 1835.

TO BE LET

On a Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

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

MARY TAYLOR,
Widow

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

BLANKS of various kinds for Sale at this Office.
Harbour Grace.