

POETRY

EVENING.

The sun is sinking in the mellowed west,  
 And golden tints are streaked along  
 the sky,  
 The trees in all their shaded colours  
 drest,  
 Are slowly nodding to the zephyr's  
 sigh.  
 The busy murmur of a distant throng  
 Comes swelling stilly on the evening  
 breeze,  
 The feathered tribe have ceased their joy-  
 ous song,  
 Their notes are heard no more among  
 the trees—  
 The beetle, humming, wings his drowsy  
 flight,  
 The surest harbinger of coming night.

'Tis now the time when lovers wish to  
 meet,  
 To rove beneath the shady greenwood  
 boughs,  
 When every word is eloquently sweet  
 That, whispering, breathes forth loves  
 enraptured vows.

'Tis now, when all is noiseless, calm,  
 and still,  
 That contemplation steals upon the  
 soul,  
 'Tis now, that as the nightingale's soft  
 thrill  
 Is heard, whose echoes round the  
 woodlands roll,  
 That sigh greets sigh, as the soft zephyr  
 blows,  
 And lips to lips in sensual pleasure close.

The day is past, the labourer's toil is o'er  
 And fast he hies him to his lowly  
 cot,  
 Where prattling infants, at the cottage  
 door,  
 Await his coming to that homely spot.  
 The cloth is laid, the homely meal is  
 spread,  
 (More sweet, perhaps, than many a  
 lordly feast.)  
 The smoking porridge and the dark  
 brown bread,  
 To him are grateful now his toil has  
 ceased;  
 He knows no care, though scanty is his  
 store,  
 He has enough, he never sighed for  
 more.

And when the meal is o'er, around the  
 fire  
 The children play in joyousness and  
 glee,  
 While some are clinging to their humble  
 sire,  
 In hopes to gain a ride upon his knee;  
 And smiles are beaming on his ruddy  
 face,  
 His heart's elated by the joyous sight,  
 He kisses them, and each one in his  
 place,  
 Receives his blessing and his warm  
 "Good night!"

They're soon undressed, their little  
 prayers are said,  
 They say "Good night," and then retire  
 to bed.

Can they that roll in luxury and ease,  
 With cringing vassals born to own  
 their sway,  
 E'er vie in bliss or happiness with  
 these,  
 When thus they meet at the decline of  
 day,  
 Let him that toils his days and nights  
 for gold  
 Go view the cotter at his evening  
 meal,  
 Then ask him if his treasures, bought  
 and sold,  
 Can equal joys the cottagers must  
 feel;  
 To them the busy world's unknown and  
 strange,  
 They have their home, they never wished  
 for change.

'Tis evening, nature's loveliest, sweetest,  
 time,  
 Who would not linger at the tranquil  
 hour,  
 And listen to the echoed evening chime,  
 As sweet 'tis swelling from the sacred  
 tower,  
 For sweet it is, when nature's in repose,  
 To linger listening in the perfumed  
 fields,  
 And as the sable night's dark shadows  
 close,  
 Drink in the pleasures that the moment  
 yields;—  
 And who, when thus they press the  
 verdant sod,  
 Could then deny the being of a God.

We extract the following from an am-  
 using Paper entitled LORD KILLIKELLY,  
 who, while in search among his poor re-  
 lations for some one to make his heir, is  
 witness of a scene not much to his taste  
 as a specimen of the genus. Miss Ver-  
 onese Rowland is the daughter of an artist,

a near relation of his lordship's mother;  
 the other young ladies are the first arriv-  
 ed guests of an evening party:

"Any body here, Very dear?" asked  
 Miss Phoebe Phillicody; and Veronese's  
 simple "no," proved that "anybody"  
 meant somebody in particular; but, in a  
 moment more, correcting herself, she  
 added, "a gentleman with papa."

But as the "gentleman with papa"  
 meant nobody, Miss Phoebe Phillicody  
 entered, and seeing at a glance that the  
 "gentleman with papa" was neither tran-  
 scendently handsome, nor military, nor  
 foreign, nor even mustached, she decided  
 in a moment that his presence was not  
 worth remembering; so, going up to the  
 glass, she began to thrust her fingers  
 through her long ringlets, and see that  
 the inventory of her charms was all cor-  
 rect, talking all the time in a sharp  
 cheerful voice, while the sentimental  
 young lady, with just one stolen look,  
 sank down on the end of the sofa in a  
 very lack-a-daisical style indeed.

"Well I declare," exclaimed Miss  
 Phoebe, "and is not that idle cousin of  
 ours come yet? Has he let us get here  
 before him? I will scold him, Very  
 dear, I am so offended! Don't you think  
 I ought to be offended?"

Veronese did not know on what particu-  
 lar account Miss Phoebe Phillicody  
 founded her right of being offended, hav-  
 ing some slight idea that her own title  
 was better.

"Have you seen this swain of ours  
 yet?" asked Miss Phoebe.

"No," replied Veronese, and she sigh-  
 ed; but whether with disappointment or  
 regret, our history telleth not.

"I give you fair notice, Very dear,  
 that I mean to make this cousin of ours  
 fetch and carry and go errands for me, if  
 he should turn out to be passable. I re-  
 member him a long time ago—when I  
 was young"—Miss Phoebe was almost 18  
 —"filling his boots with water, and his  
 hat with sand, and tearing my own  
 clothes unmercifully in the bargain—and  
 mama used to be so cross. Pray do you  
 remember him?"

Why Veronese blushed at this harmless  
 question, we are too innocent to tell; but  
 she said carelessly enough, "Yes, she  
 recollected him."

"But you have seen him," said Miss  
 Phoebe, turning to the sentimental young  
 lady. "You have seen him. Pray what  
 is he like? Is he passable?"

"He is not in my style," said that  
 young lady languidly.

"Not in your style; and pray what is  
 your style?"

"O, I must have a refined mind,"  
 replied Miss Sophia Crooks, turning up  
 her eyes, as if her expected to find the  
 gentleman in the ceiling, and laying a  
 fat white hand upon her heart. "He  
 must have a refined mind."

"Well, but his refined mind must  
 have a body to contain it—a casket for  
 the jewel—and what sort of a body must  
 that be?"

"O, I care nothing for his person—  
 nothing in the world, so that he has a  
 refined mind! Let him only have that,  
 and I care for nothing beyond it; only I  
 might like him as well if he had good  
 teeth, and good eyes, and an aquiline  
 nose, and fine hair, and if his hands and  
 feet were not too large, and if he had a  
 good figure, and I shall like him to be  
 tall—but it is his mind—his mind?"

"Good teeth, and good eyes, and an  
 aquiline nose, and fine hair, with a post-  
 script for hands, and feet, and figure, and  
 height," said Phoebe, "and a refined  
 mind into the bargain; and this is your  
 style—a very tolerable style indeed—and  
 what would you give in exchange for  
 such an invoice?"

"You know that I am all heart!"  
 replied Miss Crooks, laying her fat white  
 hand on the place where that package of  
 hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows,  
 is generally supposed to be bound up;  
 "you know that I am all heart!"

We are not prepared to say what  
 weight in the scale the lady reckoned for  
 the rest of her body, though to ordinary  
 eyes the latitude and longitude of her  
 corporeal frame might have been con-  
 founded with each other.

The first instance of bribery detected  
 in the Commons occurred in Wiltshire  
 in the year 1571, May 10. Thomas  
 Long, "a very simple man and unfit,"  
 is questioned how he came to be elected.  
 He confesses that he gave the Mayor of  
 Westbury and another the sum of four  
 pounds for his place in Parliament.—  
 They are ordered to repay the sum, to  
 appear to answer such things as should  
 be objected to them in that house, and a  
 fine of twenty pounds is to be assessed  
 on the Corporation and inhabitants of  
 Westbury for their scandalous attempt."  
 —Parry's "Parliaments and Courts  
 of England."

A contemporary informs his readers  
 that two fine bullocks were slaughtered  
 on Wednesday last at Launceston, one of  
 them an ox and the other a cow!

On Sale

Just Landed

Ex Jane Elizabeth, Nathaniel Mun-  
 den, Master,  
 FROM HAMBURG,

Prime Mess PORK  
 Bread  
 Flour  
 Oatmeal  
 Peas  
 Butter.

Also,

15 Tons BLUBBER.

For Sale by

THOMAS GAMBLE.

Carbonar.  
 June 9, 1839.

ON SALE

BY THE

SUBSCRIBERS,

Ex AP OLEON from HAM-  
 BURG,

BREAD, FLOUR and  
 4000 Bricks

The latter at Cost and Charges  
 if taken from the Ship's side im-  
 mediately.

ALSO,

90 Tons

SALT

And,

20 Tons Best House  
 Coals,

Ex APOLLO, Captain BUTLER from  
 LIVERPOOL.

RIDLEY, HARRISON & Co.

Harbour Grace,  
 July 3, 1839.

Capt THOMAS GADEN

BEGS to inform the Public in genera-  
 that he intends employing his  
 Ketch BEAUFORT, the ensuing Season  
 in the COASTING TRADE, between St.  
 John's, Harbor Grace, Carbonar, and  
 Brigus, as Freights may occasionally of-  
 fer. He will warrant the greatest care  
 and attention shall be paid to the Prop-  
 erty committed to his charge.

Application for FREIGHT may be  
 made, and Letters or Parcels left at Mr.  
 JAMES CLIFT'S, St. John's; or to Mr.  
 ANDREW DRYSDALE, Agent, Harbour  
 Grace.

N. B.—The BEAUFORT will leave St.  
 John's every Saturday (wind and weather  
 permitting).

May 1, 1839.

For Portugal Cove.

The fine first-class Packet Boat

NATIVE LASS,

James Doyle, Master,

Burthen 23 tons; coppered and copper fastened.  
 The following days of sailing have been de-  
 termined on:—from CARBONAR, every MONDAY,  
 WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, precisely at 9  
 o'clock; and PORTUGAL COVE on the mornings of  
 TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 12.

She is completely new, of the largest class, and  
 built of the best materials, and with such improve-  
 ments as to combine great speed with unusu-  
 al comfort for passengers, with sleeping berths, and  
 commanded by a man of character and experienced

The character of the NATIVE LASS for speed and  
 safety is already well established. She is con-  
 structed on the safest principle of being divided  
 into separate compartments by water tight bulk-  
 head, and which has given such security and  
 confidence to the public. Her cabins are superi-  
 or to any in the Island.

Select Books and Newspapers will be kept on  
 board for the accommodation of passengers

FARES:—

First Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d.  
 Second Ditto 5s. 0d.  
 Single Letters 0s. 6d.  
 Double Ditto 1s. 0d.

N. B.—James Doyle will hold himself respon-  
 sible for any Parcel that may be given in charge to  
 him.

Carbonar.

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 Portu-  
 gal 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 care-  
 fully 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 Carbonar 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 Carbonar on the mornings  
 of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, posi-  
 tively 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 sent him.  
 Carbonar, 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 expense, he has fit-  
 ted out, to ply between CARBONAR,  
 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  
 he 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  
 every gratification possible.

The St. PATRICK will leave CARBONAR,  
 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 Carbonar, and in  
 St John's for Carbonar, &c. at Mr Patrick  
 Kieley's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at  
 Mr John Cruet's.

Carbonar,  
 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  
 EAST by the House of the late captain  
 STARR, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,

Widow.

Carbonar, Feb. 9, 1839.

Blanks

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