

POETRY

THE SUMMER SUN.

It glads me to welcome the bright-eyed sun,
When every ray is a jocund one;
To kiss the wings of the summer breeze
As softly it wanders among the trees;
To watch the butterfly's restless flight
O'er the flowery meadows in wild delight;
The gorgeous palace my soul would shun,
For the freedom of earth—and the summer sun.

I'd turn my back on the festal hall,
The gay saloon, or the carnival;
The pomp and the glitter of regal state,
I'd fly as the fetters of darkest fate.
If bought at the price of a single thro'—
The mind of the chainless alone can know;
When the upstart of earth would wither
The free
With the blast of a scorching indignity.

It gives me joy to greet the birth
Of aught that's sweet and fair on earth.
The first faint rays that smiling peep
O'er nature's coverlid of sleep;
The early bird that fluttering high,
Thrills his organs to the sky;
These strike the lyre of by-gone days,
Breathe freedom's tones, and hymn her praise.

I love to gaze at stilly hour,
On blushing bud and drooping flower;
To see each pearl-drop chased away
From perfumed bower, by laughing day;
To listen to the gush of the silvery streams,
Like murmuring music in midnight dreams;
But the glories of eve ere her portal is won,
Are the crimson-started wings of the summer sun.

There is joy in his glances—there is
Might in his beam,
There is truth in his steps, there is
Warmth in his gleam,
There is health in his smile—and speed
In his wings,
And his splendour outstrippeth all earthly things.
He walketh unfettered by man's vain power,
Mid the golden gems at the noontide hour,
He poureth his flood-streams of mid-day light,
And eclipseth the train of the Queen of night.

He obeyeth none but the power on high,
The king of the worlds of the cerule sky;
He erreth not, for the being who keeps
His watch o'er the infant that smiling sleeps,
Doth govern his chariot, and guide his race,
Thro' the cloudless realms of the boundless space.
Then hail to the chief of the isles so bright
It joys me to welcome his gladsome light;
And oh! when my travail on earth is done,
Let me rest 'neath the smile of the summer sun.

THE MESSENGER THOUGHT.

I send a thought to thee
The deep, unspoken essence of my love;
I send it, like a home returning dove,
Far over land and sea;
Ah, shall it reach thee? shall it find a rest,
Beloved one! in thy breast?

I send it forth with all
The winged and burning power the lightning hath,
Through night, and storm, and tempest
is its path;
Ah, shall its radiance fall
Upon thy soul, and wake a thrilling start
Of Memory in thy breast!

I send it—a full glance
From the soul's eye, that shall, without a word,
Cause all thy spirit inly to be stirred;
Then bring a magic trance—
A momentary spell of deep delight,
Upon thy heart to-night.

'Tis gone, doth it not reach,
With its swift flights, its destined haven
now!
Doth it not whisper blessing, trust, and
vow,
In its own wordless speech?
Doth not its viewless stress thy thoughts
compel
Even now with me to dwell?

I will believe the dream—
Will fancy I can rule thy heart with
mine—
That I have power on that high soul of
thine—

Though vain the vision seem
To those who know not how my every
thought
Is with thine image fraught!

Ah, could that thought return!
Return, and bring some record of its
stay!
Vain hope! it loves too dearly to delay
Where my full heart doth yearn,
Even unto aching, at this hour to be
With thee, beloved! with thee.

A wag at Cherbourg amused himself, on the 1st instant, by maying April fools of the custom-house officers. He was seen driving a horse up one of the streets, with a suspicious looking sack on its back, and from time to time he turned himself round as if to see whether he was pursued or not. The curiosity of the custom-house officers was soon excited, and at length they judged he must be a smuggler of the most formidable description. Some of them summoned him to stop, but he only drove his horse the faster, and on their coming after him, he whipped the sack off the animal's back, threw it on his shoulders and took to his heels. This was too flagrant, so away went a posse of the officers after him, and after dodging him through several streets, for the fellow had a good pair of heels, finally caught him in a store-keeper's shop. Here he refused to open his sack being in a private house, without the presence of a commissary of police; so the commissary was sent for, the officers stood round in greedy anticipation of their capture, and the sack was opened, it was full of hay.—*French paper.*

HORRIBLE PERSECUTION.

A late number of the Cincinnati News contains an account of a meeting held in that city on the 7th, in relation to the Mormon persecution in Missouri, in which a Mr. Greene recounted a number of instances which out-Cromwell Cromwell and out-Herod Herod. From the News' report of that recital, we extract the follow as samples:

"They, (the Mormons) were ruthlessly driven from their homes, their property destroyed the women and children forced into the woods, without any shelter from the inclemency of the weather, it being in the month of January, where they roamed about till their feet became so sore that their enemies tracked them by foot-prints of blood. The men were in many instances cruelly murdered.

On one occasion the mob attacked a smith shop, in which nine of the Mormons and two boys had taken refuge: it being a log house, the mob fired between the logs and killed every individual of the nine men; they then entered and dragged the two boys from under the bellows, who begged for mercy in most piteous tones. One of the miscreants, applying his rifle to the ear of the youngest, (who was but nine years old,) said, "My lad, we have no time to quarter you, but we will halve you," and immediately shot away the whole upper portion of his head. The other boy was severely wounded in the hip, but had the presence of mind to fall and remain quiet, and so escaped; he is still living, and is at Quincy, Illinois. Speaking of the massacre he said: "They had killed my father and brother, and said I was afraid, if I moved, they would kill me too."

To cap the climax, the villains plundered the dead bodies of their clothes, &c. In another instance a part of the mob pursued an aged

man, who, finding he could not escape, turned, and raising his hands to Heaven, begged for mercy; the reply he received was a shot from a rifle, and he fell mortally wounded; he still besought them to spare him, when one of the party picked up a scy-or sickle, and literally hacked him to pieces as he lay on the ground. This man assisted in the achievement of our liberties in the revolutionary way. Mr. Greene's narrative contained many such instances, and was indeed a tale of woe and suffering, at which the heart sickens."

[Can it be believed that the human-like acts of barbarity above related, were committed by the citizens of that nation, which boast of being the most civilized and free in the World!]

Government of Temper. Every human creature sensible of the propensities, to some indrinity of temper, which it should be his care to correct and subdue, particularly in the early period of life; else, when arrived at a state of maturity, he may relapse into those faults which were originally in his nature, and which will require to be diligently watched and kept under through the whole course of life: since nothing leads more directly to the breach of charity, and to the injury and molestation of our fellow-creatures, than the indulgence of an ill temper.

Extraordinary Pedestrian Undertaking.—Molloy, the celebrated pedestrian, who accomplished, a short time since, the Herculean task of walking 1250 miles in 1000 successive hours on Bromley common, commenced on Wednesday night at 10 o'clock his more Herculean match of walking 1000 miles in 1000 successive half hours, for 500 guineas, in Hall's cricket ground, Southampton street, Chamber-well. Molloy is a slight built man, with thin visage, and about 30 years of age; he dresses in a white jean jacket carelessly buttoned, white trousers, black neckerchiefs, white hat, and Wellington boots, and always carries in his right hand a small hooked stick; his steps are short, but his action is rapid, giving full play to both his arms. At seven o'clock last night, (Friday,) he had accomplished 90 miles, and appeared as fresh as when he commenced his undertaking. He performs two miles at a time, that is to say, he begins at a quarter after, each hour, and as he takes upon an average 13 minutes to each mile, he throws himself upon two chairs for two minutes, and then starts upon a second mile. These two miles being accomplished, he rests for half an hour, which he devotes to sleep and to refreshment, the latter consists of tea, coffee, rump steak or an egg; he avoids all spirituous liquors. He speaks confidently of success, although the odds are considerable against his winning. Bets to a great amount have been laid upon the match, which has excited intense interest among those who are fond of such sport. Should Molloy accomplish his task, it will have surpassed the greatest pedestrian feat on record. *Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

The vessels commissioned by Capt James Ross, for a Southern voyage of discovery. The Hecla and Terror—are expected to be ready in August.

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 *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 or Postages or Passages, nor will be 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 favours.

The NORA CREINA 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. 6d.
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6d.
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 he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which has a considerable expanse, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET, BOAT; having two cabins, (part of the fore-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 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 Kiely'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 of East by the House of the late captain STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,
Widow.

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1839.

Blanks

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

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