

POETRY
THE OLD FARM GATE.
 BY ELIZA COOK.

Where, where is the gate that once served
 to divide,
 The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road
 side.
 I like not this barrier gaily bedight,
 With its glittering latch and its trellis of
 white.
 It is seemly, I own—yet oh! dearer by
 far
 Was the red-rusted hinge and the weath-
 er-warp'd bar.
 Here are fashion and form of a moderin-
 ed gate,
 But I'd rather have look'd on the old
 farm gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gath-
 er to play,
 In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-
 day;
 For the stream running high and the hil-
 locks of sand
 Were temptations no dirt loving rogue
 could withstand,
 But to swing on the gate rails, to clam-
 ber and ride,
 Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory and
 pride;
 And the car of the victor or carriage of
 state
 Never carried such hearts as the old
 farm gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced
 to and fro,
 When the moon was above and the glow-
 worm below;
 Now pensively leaning, now twirling his
 stick,
 While the moments grew long and his
 heart-throbs grew quick.
 Why, why did he linger so restlessly
 there,
 With church-going vestment and sprucely
 comb'd hair;
 He loved, oh! he loved, and had prom-
 ised to wait
 For the one he adored at the old farm
 gate.

'Twas here where the grey headed gos-
 sips would meet
 And the falling of markets or goodness
 of wheat—
 This field lying fallow—that heifer just
 bought,
 Were favorite themes for discussion and
 thought.
 The merits and faults of a neighbour just
 dead—
 The hopes of a couple about to be wed;
 The parliament doings—the bill and de-
 bate,
 Were all canvassed and weighed at the
 old farm gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to
 bound
 With the strength of a steed and the grace
 of a hound;
 The beagle might hunt and the spaniel
 might swim,
 But none could leap over the postern like
 him.
 When Dobbin was saddled for mirth
 making trip,
 And the quickly-pull'd willow-branch
 served for a whip.
 Spite of hugging and tugging he'd stand
 for his freight,
 While I climbed on his back from the old
 farm gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure
 and faun
 May come winging our moments and
 gilding our name;
 But, give me the joy and freshness of
 mind;
 When away on some sport—the old gate
 slammed behind,
 I've listened to music but none that could
 speak
 In such tones to my heart as the teeth
 setting creak
 That broke on my ear when the night
 had worn late,
 And the dear ones came home through
 the old farm gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,
 But it darkens a picture my soul longed
 to trace.
 I sigh to behold the rough staple and
 hasp
 And the rails that my growing hand
 scarcely could clasp.
 Oh! how strangely the warm spirit
 grudges to part
 With the commonest relic once linked to
 the heart;
 And the brightest of fortune—then kind-
 liest fate—
 Would not banish my love for the old
 Farm Gate.

of that truth is from the editor of
 the *Baltimore American*. It will
 be felt and appreciated by every
 parent, and most heartily do we
 commend it to the attention of
 children:

"If children could only be
 made aware of the heartfelt delight
 with which parents behold the de-
 velopement of talent and noble
 sentiment in their offspring, with
 what avidity would they seek the
 means of expanding the sphere of
 their intelligence, and cherish the
 moral sentiments that impart dig-
 nity to the human character. From
 infancy to manhood the welfare
 and the happiness of the child is
 the sole object of the parent's sol-
 icitude. Under all circumstances
 through good or evil fortune, the
 present and future condition of
 those whom they may have rocked
 in the cradle, or dandled on the
 knee, is the polar star to which
 their affections point with unde-
 vating constancy. Should their
 path through life be prosperous,
 the possession of wealth and dis-
 tinction is only precious in their
 eyes, as affording the means of
 conferring on those who are, in
 future years, to be their represen-
 tatives, the honors that attend
 riches and exalted character; and
 should adversity be their lot, and
 difficulties beset them, they are
 forgotten in the hope that circum-
 stances may ensure a better fate
 to their children. The child may
 be affectionate and tender, but the
 filial relation is not susceptible of
 the intensity of affection which
 belongs to the parental tie. It is
 this depth of love which enables
 the old to pass from the stage of
 life without regret. They feel
 that in their children they will con-
 tinue to live, and that, however
 this world and its concerns may
 be lost to them, succeeding gen-
 erations will recognize in their off-
 spring portions of themselves. With
 what unspeakable delight does a
 father behold the first mani-
 festations of exalted intelligence
 in a son, and how does he dwell
 upon actions that bespeak nobil-
 eity of purpose and soundness of
 integrity.

If these feelings of gratification
 are inexpressibly delightful, so on
 the other hand the emotions with
 which he views indications of an
 opposite character, are unutterably
 painful. To see the object of his
 solicitude, over whom he has
 watched day after day, and year
 after year, falling off from the path
 of virtue, and deaf to the appeals
 of honorable motives, is to have a
 source of bitterness of regret, to
 which no temporal blessing can
 furnish an antidote. Honors may
 await, and the confidence and love
 of his fellow beings may, for a mo-
 ment, cheer his path through life,
 but when he reflects that his honor
 and love are to be changed into
 contempt and dislike in the person
 of his own child, he feels as if it
 were better to be deprived of all
 than to witness so heart rending
 a contrast. If there be reserved
 for human life, a joy a more ex-
 alted than all others, it is that of
 beholding its last moments cheer-
 ed by the fondness and affection
 of a worthy and virtuous progeny,
 and if there be a pang more ag-
 onizing than any other, it is that of
 a dying parent, whose last thoughts
 rest upon the crimes of a depraved
 but fondly loved child."

Truth Beautifully Expressed.
 The following passage, beautiful
 in its truth and in the expression

One of the iron steamers lately
 made a voyage from Glasgow to
 Liverpool and back in 46 hours.

On Sale
Just Landed
*Ex Jane Elizabeth, Nathaniel Mun-
 den, Master,*
FROM HAMBURG,
 Prime Mess PORK
 Bread
 Flour
 Oatmeal
 Peas
 Butter.

Also,
15 Tuns BLUBBE.
For Sale by
THOMAS GAMBLE.
 Carbonear,
 Jan. 9, 1839.

ON SALE
BY THE
SUBSCRIBERS,
*Ex NAPOLON 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.
 Harbor Grace,
 July 3, 1839.

Capt THOMAS GADEN
BEGS to inform the Public in general
 that he intends employing his
 Ketch BEAUFORT, the ensuing Season
 in the COASTING TRADE, between St.
 John's, Harbor Grace, Carbonear, and
 Briggs, 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 CRUET'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 deter-
 mined on:—FROM CARBONEAR, 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 unusual
 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 responsi-
 ble for any Parcel that may be given in charge to
 him.
 Carbonear

Notices
CONCEPTION BAY PACKET
St John's and Harbour 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 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 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, 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 given him.
 Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICKS
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 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 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 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., to
 be received at his House in Carbonear, and at
 St. John's for Carbonear, &c., at Mr Patrick
 Kieley'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 on
 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



VOL. V.

HARBOUR GRACE

From the



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MAY IT PLEASE

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