



AND
Conception Bay Journal.

HEARTS RESOLVED AND HANDS PREPARED, THE BLESSINGS THEY ENJOY TO GUARD.—SMOLLET.

VOL. V.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1840.

No. 301

HARBOUR GRACE, Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN THOMAS BURTON, at his Office, opposite the MARKET PLACE

POETRY

THE ISLAND QUEEN.

BY ALLAN GRANT,

How sternly beautiful art thou,
Romantic northern land;
Whose lofty cloud encompassed brow,
And look of high command.
Bespeak the wont to have thy will,
To wake or bid the world be still,

Amidst the surging ocean thrond,
That laves thy queenly feet;
And round by girdling mountains zond
Thou tak'st thy regal seat,
The sovereign lady of the sea,
Hope of the brave—home of the free,

I've seen the summer coronal
Thy princely rope with flowers,
And autumn gather sweets from all
The upland dingle bowers,
And breathe around thee, the perfumes
Of all his fairest mountain blooms.

But when hoar winter round thy brow
His white tiara bound,
And like a spotless vestal thou,
(In dazzling beauty crown'd,
Sat pinnac'd in grandeur there,
What sight on earth so calm so fair!

Now o'er thy vales the virgin Spring,
Her joyous smile hath thrown,
And from the woods, love warblings ring
In many a varied tone;
And lambs upon the green sward leap,
And herds are lowing on each steep.

And all is fair and free from thrall,
Where despot none is found;
For shackles from the captive fall,
Who touches English ground;
And by each rude and gentle tongue
Upon the earth thy praise is sung.

Hast thou not to the nations been
A hope inspiring star!
When despots made the world a scene
Of carnage, waste, and war,
Till forth thy serried legions throng'd
To spoil the spoiler—right the wrong'd.

But calmly thou'rt reposing now
Like lion on his lair,
And peace hath charm'd from thy brow
The tempest cloud of care,
But woe to him would wake thy ire,
'Twere better rouse old Etna's fire.

All lovely art thou, ocean queen,
Most beautiful and free;
And where on this terrestrial scene,
Is aught may vie with thee;
For on thy consecrated sod,
Hath freedom chosen her abode.

And long to her may incense rise,
From city, cot and word,
Until the moon in dotage dies,
The sun grow dim and cold;
Then be the dirge of nature sung,
And Heaven's last trumpet summons rung.

Varieties.

Able Unberhill, editor of the Massillon (Ohio) Gazette, offers himself as a candidate for the Legislature. Among other qualifications, virtues, and accomplishments, he says he possesses the following: "I believe in phrenology and ANIMAL magnetism, and that virtue exalteth a nation. I can

mow and cradle, plough or hoe, chop wood, lay a stone wall, or dig potatoes, bleed, pull teeth, or administer a bolus." A man whose faith is so great, and whose capabilities are so extensive, ought not to be neglected.—*Boston Transcript*.

Nelson.—It is long since we have seen any newspaper record of the name of Nelson, as connected with that of the great Admiral. The following is from a summary of foreign intelligence in the New York Star:

The Countess Nelson and family have returned to Trafalgar Park, near Salisbury, from Weymouth, where they have been passing the bathing season. Earl Nelson, who has just completed his 16th year, will shortly enter one of the Universities. The present Earl is a clergyman, and brother to the great Admiral.

It is stated as a singular fact, that of four female Sovereigns who have occupied the throne of England, not one was ever a mother. Three out of the four were married; the first Mary, married to Philip of Spain; the second Mary, joined in the sovereignty with her ever-to-be-remembered husband, the hero of the Boyne; and Anne married to Prince George of Denmark; Elizabeth never was married. None of the three, however, left a child to inherit her crown.

Longevity. We take the following items from a paragraph in an English journal:

Died. At Loughboy, near Drogheda, aged 115, Mr. Robert Baben, gardener. He had twenty three children, and lived to see the youngest child, now 13 years old, brought to school by his great-grand-children. At Greenock, widow M'Farlane, in her 96th year. She lived 56 years in the room where she died, retained her faculties to the last, and a short time before her death mended clothes for her great grandson.

We notice, in a Scotch paper, that a public dinner was lately given in Glasgow, to celebrate the departure from Scotland, of the first colony for New Zealand.

Powerful Delegation. The Chillicothe Guards and the Chillicothe Grenadiers; both composed of Germans, have been appointed delegates to the Whig State Convention of Ohio, which assembles on the 25th April.

When Lord Glenlyon and his

brice lately left the scene of their marriage ceremony, they were, says the Perth Constitutional, followed by "the hearty good wishes of all assembled, not forgetting the good old custom of a shower of old shoes for good luck!"

Take dimensions of the souls of all men you come in contact with, and be guided accordingly. Look not to a man's relations, to see whether they are rich or poor, high or low, to fix your estimate of him by that rule; no matter, if a few generations back, one of the family happened to be hung, "a man's a man for a' that;" but where you find him honest and true, stick by him, through thick and thin, albeit:

"His ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood."

Zeno. This philosopher said to a garrulous youth; "Nature gave us two ears and one mouth, that we might hear much and speak little."

We were travelling not long since in Illinois, and called at a house near the road side to solicit a drink of water, when the following conversation occurred: "Well, my boy, how long have you lived here?" "I don't know, sir, but mother says ever since I was born." "Have you any brothers or sisters?" "Yes, a few." "How many?" "Ten or eleven, I reckon." "Pretty healthy here, isn't it?" "Yes; but sometimes we have a little ager." "Any of you got it now?" "Yes, a few of us goin' to have the shakes this afternoon." "How many?" "Why all on us, except sister nance, and she's sich a darnation cross critter, the ager wont take on her; and if it did, she is so tarnaal contrary she wouldnt shake, no how you could fix her!"

Niggerology. "Pete, what color are you niggers when you have the blues?" "Why no you ax me dat for? Ebery body knows dat when a nigger hab de blues, he am a brue brack."

Ocean. Almighty, yet gentle power! Thou rushest in anger against the earth, and devourest it, and thy vast Briareus-arms encircle its whole circumference.—Yet dost thou silence the foaming stream and subdue it into gentle waves; gently dost thou play round thy smiling children, the little islands, and dost lick the careless hand that toys with thy surface, from the passing skiff.
Jean Paul.

Useful suggestions to Young Men. In the course of my travels I have seen many a promising and fine young man gradually led to dissipation, gambling, and ruin, merely by the want of means to make a solitary evening pass pleasantly. I earnestly advise any youth who quits that abode of purity, peace, and delight, his paternal home, to acquire a taste for reading and writing. *Clayton's Sketches in Biography*.

Disease of Cattle—its remedy. numbers of cattle, during the last winter, died from over feeding, or other obstructions of the intestines; the symptoms were a protruded size from swelling, sometimes very suddenly. A sure remedy has been found by the farmers of Bradford, Hillsborough, and some other towns, by mixing a quantity of apple cider with old cheese made from the milk of the cow, say half a pound or more of cheese grated in a pint of cider. This mixture, poured down the throat of the swelled animal, has been known to effect a cure by carrying off the swelling in a few minutes.

Windsor Castle. The superior palace is situated in a garden, or park, 52 miles in circumference, which is surrounded by a wall of iron bars, about 3 yards and a half high. The park has 40 gates, splendidly wrought, and through it run several fine streams like rose water, and its trees are noble, producing a beautiful shade. The carriage roads are so finely paved, that a person might take his repose upon them. Roses of every kind, and flowers of every hue, in this park. Its land is green, like emerald, its prospect is pleasure to the eye. Gazelles, antelopes, and deer, are in thousands. Pheasants, partridges, wood cocks, and game of every kind abound, all of which are enjoying this delightful place. Nightingales, goldfinches, and their associates, keep with their sweet voices watch in this garden. It is naturally carpeted with a beautiful green velvet. My pen tells me, do not proceed; I am incapable of describing it—it is Paradise. In one part of this Eden, there is a hill, two miles in circumference, on which the palace is built, and affords a most beautiful view of the park. The mind cannot but be astonished at this splendid edifice, whose description exceeds the powers of human writers. *Journal of Persian Princes*.

Read This. In a shop window in High Holborn is to be seen a paper on which is written, "These extensive premises to be let on a lease one hundred and nineteen feet long."