

POETRY

The "Last Song," supposed to be sung by a young and innocent girl, who feels herself forsaken of long cherished and undisciplined love.

Must it be?—Then farewell,  
Thou whom my woman's heart cherished so long;  
Farewell! and be this song  
The last, wherein I say "I loved thee well."

Many a weary strain  
(Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor breath  
Uttered, of Love and Death,  
And maiden grief, in life and child in vain.

Oh! if in after years  
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,  
Did not the pain depart;  
But shed, o'er my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me—still so young,  
Silent, tho' thou, who hast my life away,  
Daring to disobey  
The passionate Spirit that around me clung.

Farewell again! and yet,  
Must it indeed be so—and on this shore  
Shall you and I no more,  
Together see the sun of the Summer set?

For me, my days are gone!  
No more shall I, in vintage times, prepare  
Chaplets to bind my hair,  
As I was wont: oh! 'twas for you alone!

But on my bier I'll lay  
Me down in frozen beauty pale, and wan,  
Martyr of love to man,  
And like a broken flower, gently decay.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

From yonder spire I heard a knell,  
It was a hollow murmuring sound,  
My heart felt deep its solemn voice,  
It told a victim death had found.

O! yes, stern death thou'st done thy work,  
Thy shaft a mournful wound has left,  
The cheek that with the lily vied,  
Now lies cold clay, of smiles bereft.

Sybilla! art thou gone for ever,  
Is thy fair form to earth consigned,  
And does that heart now cease to beat,  
Where virtue, love and truth combined.

Thou cruel spoiler! thus to blast  
A flower so fair, just in its bloom;  
Ah! many a troubled heart will come,  
And view Sybilla's early tomb.

Yes, to yon hallowed spot I'll go,  
Her grave with fragrant flowers to strew,  
And by the moon's pale glimmering light,  
With many a tear I'll bid her woe.

Ah! gloomy now are yonder halls,  
The trickling tear bedims each eye,  
The little warblers cease their notes,  
And pensive to the thicket fly.

Let not your grief o'er pass due bounds;  
Sybilla is not dead, but sleeps,  
She rests in peace from earth's turmoils,  
And Christ in heaven her pure soul keeps.

A TALE OF WOE.

No where else on earth perhaps  
has human misery by human means,  
been rendered so lasting, so complete,  
or so remediless, as within the  
dire wall, of that Mansion of cruelty,  
the Bastille of France, which was at  
once the means and the cloak of the  
accursed tyranny of the Capet race.  
A person who had been guilty of the  
enormous crime of uttering some  
unguarded expressions of disrespect  
against Louis XV. or against his  
mistress, was immured in this prison  
by order of that weak Monarch.—  
Upon the accession of his late unfor-  
tunate successor, the ministers then  
in office, moved by humanity began  
their administration with an act of  
clemency and justice; they inspected  
the registers of the Bastille, and set  
many of the prisoners at liberty.—  
Among the number was an old man  
who had groaned in confinement for  
a period of forty seven years, between  
four thick and cold stone walls,  
hardened by adversity, which

strengthens both the mind and con-  
stitution, when men are not over-  
powered by it, he had resisted the  
horrors of his long imprisonment  
with an invincible and manly spirit.  
His locks, while thin and scattered,  
had almost acquired the rigidity of  
iron, whilst his body, environed for  
so long a time by a coffin of stone,  
had borrowed from it a firm and  
compact habit. The narrow door of  
his tomb turned upon its grating  
hinges, opened not as usual, by  
halves; and an unknown voice an-  
nounced his liberty, and bade him  
depart. Believing this to be a dream,  
he hesitated; but at length rose up  
and walked forth with trembling  
steps, amazed at the immense ex-  
panse, almost without bounds. He  
stopped from time to time and gazed  
around like a bewildered traveller;  
his vision was with difficulty recon-  
ciled to the clear light of day; he  
contemplated the heavens as a new  
object; his eyes remained fixed, and  
he could not even weep.

Stupified with the newly acquired  
power of changing his position, his  
limbs like his tongue, in spite of his  
efforts refused to perform their offices;  
at length he got through the for-  
midable gate which had so long be-  
fore closed upon him. When he  
felt the motion of the carriage design-  
ed to convey him to his former habi-  
tation, he screamed out, and uttered  
some inarticulate sounds; and as he  
could not bear his new movement,  
he was obliged to descend. Support-  
ed by a benevolent arm he sought  
out the street where he had formerly  
resided; he found it, but no trace  
of his house remained; one of the pub-  
lic edifices occupied the spot where  
it stood.

He now saw nothing that brought  
to his recollection, either that particu-  
lar quarter, the city itself, or the ob-  
jects with which he had formerly  
been acquainted. The houses of his  
nearest neighbours, which were fresh  
in his memory, had assumed a new  
appearance. In vain where his looks  
directed to all his objects around him  
he could discover nothing of which  
he had the slightest remembrance.  
Terrified, he stopped and fetched a  
deep sigh.

To him, what did it import that  
the city was peopled with living crea-  
tures, none of them were alive to him  
he was unknown to the world, and  
he knew nobody; and whilst he  
wept he regretted his dungeon.

At the name of the Bastille which  
he often pronounced, and even claim-  
ed as an asylum, and the sight of his  
clothes that marked a former age, the  
crowd gathered round him; curiosity  
blended with pity, excited their at-  
tention. The mob asked him many  
questions, but had no remembrance  
of the circumstance he recapitulat-  
ed.

At length accident brought in his  
way an ancient domestic, now a su-  
perannuated porter, who confined to  
his lodge for fifteen years, had barely  
sufficient strength to open the gate,  
he did not even know the master he  
had served; but informed him that  
grief and misfortune had brought his  
wife to the grave thirty years before,  
that his children were gone abroad to  
distant climes and that of all his re-  
lations and friends, none now remain-  
ed. This recital was made with the  
indifference which people discover  
for events long passed, and almost  
forgotten. The miserable man  
groaned, and groaned alone. The  
crowd around offering only unknown  
features to his view, made him feel  
the excess of his calamities even more  
than he would have done in the dread-  
ful solitude that he lately quitted.

Overcome with sorrow, he present-  
ed himself before the minister to

whose humanity he owed the liberty  
that was now a burden to him. Bow-  
ing down, he said "Restore me again  
to that prison from which you have  
taken me: I cannot survive the loss  
of my nearest relations, of my  
friends; and, in one word, of a whole  
generation. Is it possible in the  
same moment to be informed of this  
universal destruction, and not to wish  
for death? This general mortality  
which to the rest of mankind comes  
slowly and by degrees, has to me  
been instantaneous, the operation of a  
moment. Whilst secluded from so-  
ciety I lived with myself only; but  
here I can neither live with myself  
nor with this new race, to whom my  
anguish and despair appear only as a  
dream. There is nothing terrible in  
dying, but it is terrible indeed to be  
the last.

The minister was melted, he caus-  
ed the old domestic to attend this un-  
fortunate person as he only could  
talk to him of his family. This dis-  
course was the single consolation that  
he received; for he shuddered all  
intercourse with a new race, born  
since he had been exiled from the  
world; and he passed his time in the  
midst of Paris in the same solitude as  
he had done whilst confined in a  
dungeon for almost half a century.—  
But the mortification of seeing no  
person who could say to him, "We  
were formerly known to one another,"  
soon put an end to his existence.

The following whimsical dialogue  
between a Candidate for an office in  
this university and an Elector, took  
place a short time since:—

E. I am surprised at your applica-  
tion? we have one of your family  
in office already!

C. I had understood my brother's  
conduct had given general satisfac-  
tion, and on that ground I ventured to  
be a candidate.

E. Your brother, Sir, is a most  
unexceptionable man—to meet with  
one such a man is very difficult—to  
meet two such in the same family is  
quite impossible. You will never do  
depend upon it!

The Candidate, who was unac-  
quainted with the Elector's manners,  
felt much mortified at his reception  
and was about to leave the room,  
when he added, "the experiment,  
however, is worth trying, and I will  
do every thing in my power to serve  
you."—*Cambridge Chron.*

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

He knelt—the Savior knelt and pray'd,  
When but his Father's eye  
Look'd thro' the lonely Garden's shade,  
On that dread agony!

The Lord of all above, beneath,  
Was dowl'd with sorrow unto death.  
The sun set in a fearful hour;  
The heavens might well grow dim,  
When his mortality had power,  
So to o'ershadow Him!

That He who gave man's breath might know  
The very depths of human woe.  
He knew them all:—the doubt, the strife,  
The faint perplexing dread;  
The mists that hung o'er parting life,  
All darken'd round his head;  
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—  
Yet pass'd it not, that cup away!

It pass'd not—tho' the stormy wave  
Had sunk beneath his tread;  
It pass'd not—tho' to him the grave  
Had yield'd up its dead,  
But there was sent him, from on high,  
A gift of strength for man to die!

And was his mortal hour beset  
When anguish and dismay?  
How may we meet our conflict yet  
In the dark narrow way?  
How, but thro' him, that path who trod?—  
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

A covetous man makes a halfpenny of a  
farthing—a liberal man makes sixpence  
of it.

Notices

NEWSPAPER PACKETS

St John's and Harbor Grace Packet

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 Harbor  
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 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 & BOAGE,  
Agents, St. John's,  
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835.

NORA CRUINA

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 CRUINA will, until further no-  
tice, start from Carbonear on the morning  
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. 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 in his hand.  
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 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 respec-  
table 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 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 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  
Kielty's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at  
Mr John Cruet's,  
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  
STABB, and on the est by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow.  
Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1835.

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

CHESE

The was co  
dinner  
The  
the I  
for the  
was su  
with g  
in gol  
was p  
and st  
Will  
comp  
The  
Comm  
The  
about  
The  
The  
throu  
these  
being  
jects,  
The  
hunan  
time  
The N  
ham s  
found  
arind  
The  
and g  
was ce  
thust  
health  
ble of  
was dr  
The  
of the  
with t  
The  
that n  
they fi  
about  
them t  
he was  
ry tru  
which  
—(che  
they al  
gious  
and m  
hear),  
and al  
tion, a  
round  
and th  
person  
He wa  
lower  
when  
was co  
such v  
all cla  
the Ch  
—(It  
Lieu t  
ating  
tholte  
might  
oppose  
ple, no  
was ca  
whom  
nail, t  
questi  
be glau  
by rec  
vantag  
We co  
monos  
his life  
creed,  
satisfy  
ascend  
men p  
of "N  
oceans  
knew,  
the Bo  
tamely  
sions, a  
Roman  
them?  
advant  
before,