

POETRY

A GREEK WAR SONG.

It comes—the Crescent o'er the sea!  
With baleful light, from far,  
Oh, Greece, its flame glares woe on thee,  
Like a malignant star.

Then let us raise our brighter sign—  
The glorious Cross on high,  
And pour around its light divine,  
To blast it from the sky.

They come—the foe is on the wave;  
They proudly break the foam,  
Oh, let the ocean be our grave,  
Ere they go proudly home.

Ipsar! we'll remember thee,  
Amid the dashing spray,  
That reddens where our sails shall be  
Mix'd with the foe's array.

Thou' the dark Savage tore thy bloom,  
And slaughter'd and deail'd,  
Till thou wert like a place of doom,  
So desolate! so wild!

Yet there's a vengeance lives to sweep,  
Around thy fatal shore,  
The tyrant to the bowing deep,  
And in his shroud of gore!

Ipsara! we'll remember thee  
When o'er our fathers' graves;  
Like mountain hunters, we shall spring  
Upon the startled snakes.

The columns of our native land,  
Remind us of our race,  
That, 'mid barbarian ravage, stand  
In glory's broken grace.

So, bow'd beneath a savage yoke,  
The Grecian heart enslav'd,  
Might by the iron rod be broke,  
But not be all deprav'd.

Oh, for our temples—for our right,  
And for our lovely land,  
Raise high the Cross in Freedom's light,  
And arm its soldier's band.

Heed not the bloom that waves around  
The valleys of our birth,  
But think this soil was Freedom's ground  
When first she trod the earth.

See by each rock and mountain glen  
The trophy and the urn,  
Inscrib'd with deeds of old-like men  
That make our spirits burn.

They trembled at no Despot's look,  
Nor worship'd kindred dust,  
Their CHARACTERS from their God they took  
As an immortal trust.

Our Sires disdain'd the Tyrant's wrath,  
His purple and his chains,  
Oh, be their spirit on our path  
Whose blood is in our veins.

So we strike Oppression down,  
So quell barbaric pride;  
Nor crouch beneath the Moslem frown,  
Where the proud Persiau died.

STANZAS.

My father is dead, and my mother is dead—  
They sleep beneath the church-yard tree;  
And my brothers so brave are all in the grave,  
The greedy grave that yawns for me.  
I am an orphan without a friend—  
Courage, my heart, for life will end.

I was the delight of a gallant knight  
And he vowed he only lived for me;  
But the turtle I trow is doomed to woe,  
While her faithless mate away doth flee.  
Courage, my heart, and bear the wrong—  
Life is short, though sorrow is strong.

I had a sweet child, on me he smiled,  
And bade me live his fame to see;  
But the death-storm blew, and the cold  
night-dew  
Blasted the rose so dear to me.  
I wrapped him in his woding-sheet,  
And strewed him with flowers as frail and sweet.

My kindred are dead, my love is fled—  
Courage, my heart, thou canst love  
no more;  
Pale is my cheek, my body is weak—  
Courage, my heart, 'twill soon be o'er.  
Dim are my eyes with tears of sorrow,  
They ache for a night without a morrow.

What on earth is the matter! inquired Mr. Plumplee, as he entered the room pale as a ghost in his night-shirt, with a pistol in one hand and a lamp in the other.

It's all right, said Beagle, 'twas I that made the noise. I've been besieged by a cohort of cats. They have been at it here making most heshtful music under my bed for the last two hours, and in trying to make them hold their peace with the bolster, I upset that noisy affair that's all.

Cats! cried Mr. Plumplee, cats!—you eat a little too much cucumber, my friend!—that and the crabs were too heavy for your stomach!—you have been dreaming!—you've had the night mare! We haven't a cat in the house; I can't bear them.

You are mistaken, rejoined Beagle, they're about here in swarms. If I've turned one cat out this night, I'm sure that I've turned out twenty! I've, in fact, done nothing else since I came up. In and out, in and out! Upon my life, I think I can't have opened that blessed door less than an hundred and fifty times; and that young fellow there has been all the while fast as a church!

I tell you, my friend, you've been dreaming! We have never had a cat about the premises.

Meyow,—meyow? cried Valentine quietly.

Now, have I been dreaming? triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Beagle, now have I had the night mare?

God bless my life! cried Mr. Plumplee jumping upon Mr. Beagle's bed, they don't belong to me.

I don't know whom they belong to, return Mr. Beagle, nor do I much care; I only know that there are *are*. If you'll just hook those breeches up here, I'll get out and half murder them! Only hook 'em this way!—I'll wring their precious necks off!

They're out of my reach, cried Mr. Plumplee, Hish! hish! Finding, however, that harsh terms had no good effect, he had recourse to the milder and more persuasive cry of Pussey, pussey, pussey, titty, tit, tit!

Hish! you devils! cried Mr. Jones Beagle, who began to be really enraged.

Titty, titty, titty!—pus, puss! repeated Mr. Plumplee in the blandest and most seductive tones, as he held the pistol by the muzzle to break the back or to knock out the brains of the first unfortunate cat that made her appearance; but all this persuasion to come forth had no effect; they continued to be invisible, while the mewing proceeded in the most melancholy strain.

What on earth are we to do? inquired Plumplee, I myself have a horror of cats.

The same to me, and many of 'em! observed Mr. Beagle. Let's wake that young fellow, perhaps he don't mind them.

Hollo! cried Plumplee.

Hul-lo! shouted Beagle; but as neither could make any impression upon Valentine, and as both were afraid to get off the bed to shake him, they proceeded to roll up the blankets and sheets into balls and to pelt him with infinite zeal.

Who's there? What's the matter? cried Valentine at length, in the coolest tone imaginable, although his exertions made him sweat like a tinker.

For Heaven's sake, my dear young friend, said Mr. Plumplee, do assist us in turning these cats out.

Cats! Where are they? Hish! cried Valentine.

Oh, that's no use whatever. I've tried the hishing business myself. All the hishing in the world won't do. They must be beaten out; you're not afraid of them, are you?

Afraid of them! afraid of a few cats? exclaimed Valentine with the assumption of some considerable magnanimity.

Where are they?  
Under my bed, replied Beagle. There's a brave fellow! Break their blessed necks! and Valentine leaped out of bed and after striking at the imaginary animals very furiously with the bolster, he hissed with great violence and scratched across the grain of the boards in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of a room, when he rushed to the door, and proceeded to make a very forlorn meowing die gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.—Valentine Vos, the Ventriloquist.

The English East India Company was established on the 31st of Dec. 1600:—First voyage, under Captain Lancaster, fitted out 5th February 1601—reached the Indies on the 5th June 1602—having lost a great number of their men by the scurvy, &c.

Sir Humphry Gilbert, 2d Expedition to Newfoundland with four ships, June 11, 1583—St. John's Harbor was regularly taken possession of by Sir H. under a Patent from the Crown of England—a piece of Timber being erected, with the King's Arms in Lead fastened upon it. After suffering great hardships in a small vessel called the Squirrel, and the loss of his largest ship on the coasts—the Squirrel was supposed to have foundered at sea—and Sir H. and the crew completely lost.

Henry May, wrecked in a French ship, 1583, on the island of Bermuda 1612.13; Bermuda taken possession of by Sir George Somers; had children borne there, a boy named *Bermudas*; a girl called *Bermuda*. First attempt made by Sir W. Alexander to colonize Nova Scotia—1621 proved unsuccessful.

A case was tried at the late session of the Supreme Judicial Court, held at *Machias*, which shows the importance of taking newspapers. A piece of land in No. 13, which had been improved for thirty years, having been advertised for sale for a few dollars taxes, was sold unbeknown to the owner and occupier, agreeably to law, and the usual time allowed for redemption. The only plea the defendant could make was; "that he did not see the advertisement, not having taken the Newspaper." Thus, by withholding from the Printer 2 dollars a year the wise, prudent, and economical farmer, lost his land.—*Eastport Sentinel*.

TEMPERANCE.

We have now, says Mr. John Andrews, jun. of Leeds, in the town and neighbouring villages, at least three hundred, many of whom have become honorable, consistent, and useful members of Christian churches.

In *Edinburg*, we are informed by Dr. Ferrier, about one-half the congregation of Mr. Wright, pastor of an Independent Church, are reclaimed *Drunkards*; and that not fewer than *One Thousand* reclaimed *Drunkards* are in the new *Edinburg Society*, while the old could scarcely number *one*.

At *Birmingham*, writes Mr. John Cadbury, we have hundreds who were once drunkards, now, not only sober men, but regular frequenters of a place of worship. I have in my own employ several men, once the most degraded characters in this town, who are now filling responsible and important situations, requiring great attention and stability.

The Temperance publications gratuitously distributed by the Society since 1835, inclusive, in the form of reports, tracts, periodicals, &c. has equalled the amount of *forty three millions of duodecimo pages*. They have been disbursed in about the following ratio per year. In 1835, 6,000,000 pages; in 1836, 30,000,000 pages; in 1837, 5,000,000 pages; and in 1838, between 2 and 3,000,000 pages. All these publications inculcated total abstinence. The decrease in the circulation of papers for the past two years, has been owing to the sad reverses that have fallen upon the city, on account of which the society has found it impracticable to raise funds as formerly for this object. Confidence in this kind of instrumentality, is not in any degree abated.

Notice

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

St John's and Harbour 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 Foroyal 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 the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or 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. 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. 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 fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR, and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET'S 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 Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will the 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 very 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.  
Packets 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 Kieley's (*Newfoundland Tavern*) and at Mr John Cruet's.  
Carbonear, June 4, 1836.

TO BE LET On Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded off East by the House of the late captain STARR, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR, Widow.  
Carbonear.

Blanks

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