

POETRY

THE WATCHMAN'S SONG

[The watchmen in Germany amuse themselves during the night by singing their national songs, as well as others of a more devotional character; of the latter, the following is a specimen, taken from "the Autumn of the Rhine."—When the voices are good, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and pleasing:—]

Hark, ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!
Ten are the holy commandments given
To man below—from God in Heaven.

Human watch from harm can't ward us—
God will watch, and God will guard us;
He, through his eternal night,
Give us all a blessed night!

Hark, ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven apostles of holy mind,
Taught the Gospel to mankind.

Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve Disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffer'd rebuke for their Saviour's name.

Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
One has pealed on the belfry bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us forth in our hour of need.

Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Two resounds from the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free—
Neighbour choose the best for thee.

Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Three now tolls on the belfry bell!
Threefold reigns the Heavenly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Human watch, &c.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

My sweetest joys have faded,
My brightest hopes have fled;
And friends that might have aided,
Are mouldering with the dead;
And now the treasure only
That could a bliss impart
To me, so lorn and lonely,
Would—be a woman's heart

O! I have dreamt of glory
That never might decay—
That I might live in story,
When silent in the clay;
And all these charms are gone now,
That fancy could impart,
And I but wish to own now—
A lovely woman's heart.

And I have dreamt of treasure,
That might recall my joy—
Might bring the parted pleasure
That bless'd me when a boy;
But now the pomp and splendour
That riches can impart,
I would to fate surrender,
To claim—a woman's heart.

O! in some lonely dwelling,
Within a mountain glen,
Where on the breeze is swelling
No treacherous voice of men;
Where dew's soft sunshine nourish
The wild flow'rs far apart,
How sweet it were to cherish—
A lovely woman's heart.

POVERTY NOT A NATURAL EVIL.

There are certain evils which affect society, and which do their full part in making this a world of woe. There is squalid, miserable poverty; there is disgusting, lamentable vice; there is horrible crime, public execution, and national war. All these things, it is said, are inevitable; they spring from the nature of man, and from the laws which compel him to dwell in social connection. Those who say so are shallow thinkers.—The world is naturally a beautiful world. But what God has made a Paradise for our dwelling-place, mankind have often rendered a desert by their crimes. Nature and revelation alike proclaim that the Creator intended we should be happy; but how

has brutal ignorance, vile intemperance, gross crime, and every species of evil desires, blighted our comforts and degraded our immortal being!—It has never yet been proved that there must necessarily be poverty, which is the source of many evils. A striking instance of the absence of poverty in a large class of society is found in the case of the Quakers, or community of Friends. With some peculiarities in speech and dress, not worth while to heed, this numerous body of individuals act upon a fixed uniform principle of suppressing the passions. They curb the appetites and headlong impulses of human nature. In this may be said to lie the substance of sound morals. The Quakers, therefore, habitually practise what other classes only theorise upon, at least are seldom performing. The consequence of this guardedness in thought and action is, that altho' there are many thousands of Quakers in Great Britain, and many thousands in the United States of America, neither in the one country or the other do we ever find a Quaker begging in the streets, or an intoxicated Quaker, or any one of this class of subjects and citizens at the bar of a criminal court! The Quakers are, like other people, engaged in the common affairs of the world; they are merchants, mechanics, artificers, mariners, and otherwise employed in the ordinary business of life. They are subject to the same temptations and perversions that we are; yet, by the exercise of a singular degree of prudence, they avoid them. Here, then, is a clear demonstration, that even without the aid of civil power, but by the mere force of moral influence, there is a class of men, in the midst of society, who do escape disgraceful poverty, and who are generally free from vice and crime.

WHAT IS SUNDAY?

The following definition of Sunday we copy from a Philadelphia paper of 1804, and, notwithstanding the thousands of lectures that have been given from the sacred desk, since that year, on the due observance of this holy day, but little improvement has been made in the old manner of spending it.—Sunday is the day in which people in general lie in bed late. Barbers, bakers and doctors, are seen busy in the streets, as usual. Merchants transfer the counting-house to the parlour, it is so convenient a time and place to settle intricate accounts and write letters. Young bucks take a ride into the country; apprentices take a stroll. It is a day for dinners, for visits and for walking with all who pretend to any thing like gentility, and also among what is called the lower classes; with this difference, however, instead of dinners they have drinking bouts. The streets, the commons, and the wharfs are crowded on this day; Gray's and Harrowgate's are generally overflowing. The roads leading to these places, and to Germantown, appear as if the country was invaded. It is the day for mobs and accidents; on it the constables find full employ. We had, many years ago, a chief magistrate who used to invite one of the constables to dine with him in rotation, every Sunday. Boys and children stroll into the country on this day, to rob orchards and do other mischief, and return home, tired with their walk. If an invalid wants a carriage on this day, he must wait; they are all engaged by the sons of pleasure and relaxation from business. I have heard of a well-meaning woman, in easy circumstances, who was caught at work by an acquaintance on Sunday. Her reply was, Don't scold me, for indeed I

did not know what to do. The author of 'The Year Two Thousand Five Hundred' tells us, in his Tableau de Paris of a shoemaker, who, on seeing a man drunk in the street, stopped, and after regarding him with fixed attention for some time, lifted up his hands and exclaimed with a sigh, 'WELL, THAT IS WHAT I MUST COME TO ON SUNDAY.' On Sunday, our hater, our tailor, and our shoemaker, furnish us with new apparel. Our cook is expected to give us a better dinner than common. We read some work that we have no time to attend to in the week; and with many it is the day to form their most important plans and schemes."

A Hopeful Babe.—A fellow who had grown so tall that, he could not stand up out of doors, and said to be so thin in the face, that there could be but one person look at him at the time.

"Holloa, Jack, what are you going to do with Tom, there?" inquired the captain of a man-of-war, in the heat of action, of a black fellow, who was dragging a sailor by the heels across the deck. "Doin, massa! Why, I goin to trow 'em overboard." "But you black imp, he isn't DEAD yet. Don't you hear him tell you so?" "Sartin, massa; but den he lie so, nobody eber know when to believe him 'em."

A Carolina paper says Colonel John Hunting of Haverstraw, has invented a new and perfect washing machine, which expels every particle of dirt in no time. A little girl of thirteen years washed a pair of sheets, three towels, and a pair of pillow cases, perfectly clean, in about five minutes.

Reasons for retaining Office.—"A grandiloquent minister, finding his grandeur in a little danger, cries out, 'Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you!' He assures his audience that he took office against his will, knowing he was too old for it; but he must not abandon the king.—He therefore remains a little longer; that is as long as he can. Another grandee has also a duty to perform (of course to the country), and cannot refuse to save that country by refusing to coalesce with the party that is uppermost. A third suddenly discovers that he has been in error all his life, but has become open to conviction; that is, he sacrifices all the principles for which he had fought for years when his friends were in power, but, in consequence of this conviction, sides against them now they are out!"—*Illustrations of Human Life*, by the author of "Tremaine."

"Let me alone," said O'Connell, "and in five years I'll make Ireland the first country on the face of the earth." "No," was the answer. Let you alone, and in half the time you will make England peerless."

A few days after Sir R. Peel's speech, as a group of baristers were conversing on it in Westminster Hall, a gust of wind blew in one of the windows. Campbell, the attorney-general, who happened to be passing by, looked peculiarly startled. "Poor fellow," said one of the group, "since he read the election of the lord rector, he can't bear the sound of Glass-ge."

A lady, who professed to be charmed with Talleyrand's wit, begged of him to write his name in her album. His gallantry could not refuse, and he could not refuse, and he began to write a verse. "Arretez, Monseigneur!" exclaimed the lady, "it may be very well for inferior persons to write verses but the name of Talleyrand alone is enough to appear in my book. It is fame." He fixed his keen eyes on the supplicating fair one, and wrote his name, but at the very top of the page. The anecdote spread, and all Paris laughed at the happy evasion of perhaps seeing his name, signed to a billet of 10,000 francs.

The friends of protestantism are watching their opportunity to introduce missionary agents into Spain.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS
St John's and Harbor Grace Packet.

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 Port-au-Cocq on the following days.

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 & BOAG,
Agents, ST. JOHN'S,
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1836

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 morning 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.
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6d.
Single Letters 6
Double do. 1

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 expense, he has fitted out, to ply between CARONEAR 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 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 CARONEAR 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 cabin, 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 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 on East by the House of the late Captain STARR, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYOR.

Widow

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

Blanks

Of various kinds for SALE at the Office of this Paper.