

POETRY

SONG.

AIR—"THE KING! GOD BLESS HIM!"
 All those who are absent a night such as this,
 I'm sure they will have to regret,
 When they hear of the hours we've spent
 here in bliss,
 With so many true hearts thus met.
 Oh! I'm happy to say, they can blame
 not a soul,
 For I'm sure they were warmly in-
 vited;
 But enough, here's a toast, come fill up
 the bow,
 Here's—The Queen and Prince Albert
 united!
 United, united—But enough, &c.

We doubtless have all, now some sweet-
 heart or wife,
 Whose charms fill each breast with
 delight,
 And as Woman's the fondest, sweet
 charmer in life,
 We will drink to her beauty to-night.
 Then fill up a bumper, come fill up with
 wine,
 For can we forget her? no, never!
 She's the joy of this heart, and the pride,
 too, of thine;
 Here's woman!—Victoria for ever!
 For ever, for ever.—She's the joy.

Come let us be happy, but merry and
 wise,
 May the maxim be general, I say,
 And the toast I now give you, who
 can despise;
 Here's the bright Royal Bride of to-
 day!
 Then fill up each goblet, come fill up
 with wine,
 "May the hearts once united ne'er
 sever!"
 And "the pure social wreath of true bliss
 e'er entwined
 Round the Queen and her Consort for
 ever!"
 For ever, for ever.—And the pure, &c

May heaven protect and e'er bless them,
 I pray,
 With offspring; the wish now pre-
 vails;
 And old England delighted will hallow
 the day
 Giving birth to a young Prince of
 Wales!
 Then fill up the goblet, each man to his
 lass—
 Oh, can we forget them? no, never;
 Upstanding, uncovered, round let the
 toast pass,
 "The Queen and Prince Albert for
 ever!"
 For ever, for ever.—Upstanding, &c

MEMORY.

Oh! what a priceless treasure Heaven
 cast
 Upon the storm-tossed mind, to chain
 the past—
 And give back every wrecked delight
 again,
 In pristine gladness, to the poet's brain!
 Fresh as the early spring, each buoyant
 thought
 Comes thronging home, with fairy fancies
 fraught!
 That trusted time, when pleasure bath
 full scope,
 And earth seems one vast magazine of
 hope—
 Progressive years but adding to our
 joy!
 What aspirations between man and boy!
 What proud resolves! what daring pro-
 jects wrought!
 The future statesman spoke—the hero
 fought!

A cloud passed over Nature's glowing
 face,
 Where sad experience left a darkened
 trace—
 And first Misfortune felled the heart, how
 low!
 It never rose above the deadening blow!

Is this the same enchanting, blithesome
 world,
 Where pleasure's radiant banner was un-
 furled?
 And expectation, with its glistening
 wing,
 Its gleam of gladness o'er the heart would
 fling?
 Yes—every floweret of the earth's still
 clad
 In gorgeous tints! the song of birds as
 glad!
 The sky's as bright!—but—in my heart a
 gloom,
 Cheerless and dismal as a sunless tomb!

The well 'tis so! for, if the world,
 in sooth,
 Kept the same charms which fascinated
 youth—
 How wean the heart from its allure-
 ments? How
 Prepare the soul to pay its final vow?
 Its passport to the grave!—to rise
 again,
 Pure and unspotted from each earth-born
 stain—
 Meet to abide, where saints and angels
 dwell
 And all the mercies of the Godhead tell
 In hymns of triumph, which through
 heaven resound,
 Whilst universal gladness reigns around,
 And MEMORY yieldeth, from its hidden
 store,
 What lends to Paradise a joy the more.

THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST
 IN ROME.

I often reflect with delight upon the
 young artist's life in Rome. A stranger
 from the cold and stormy north, he has
 crossed the Alps, and, with the devotion
 of a pilgrim, journeyed to the eternal
 city. He dwells perhaps upon the Pincia
 Hill; and hardly a house is there
 which is not inhabited by artists from
 all lands. The very room he lives in
 has been their abode time out of mind.
 Their names are written all over the walls;
 perhaps some further record of them is
 left in a rough sketch upon the window-
 shutter, with an inscription and a date.
 These things consecrate the place in his
 imagination. The names, even though
 unknown to him, are not without associa-
 tion in his mind.

In that warm latitude he rises with the
 day. The night vapours are rolling over
 the Campagna sea-ward. As he looks
 from his window, above and beyond their
 white fold, he recognises the irremediable
 blue sea at Ostia. Over Soracte rises the
 sun, above his own beloved mountain,
 though no longer worshipped there as of
 old. Before him the antique house in
 which Raphael lived, casts its long brown
 shadow down into the heart of modern
 Rome. The city lies still asleep and si-
 lent. But above its dark roofs, more
 than two hundred steeples catch the sun-
 shine on their gilded weathercocks.—
 Presently the bells begin to ring, and as
 the artist listens to their pleasant chime,
 he knows that in each of these churches,
 over the high altar, hangs a painting by
 some master's hand, the beauty of which
 comes between him and heaven, so that
 he cannot pray but wonder only!

Among these works of art he passes
 the day, but most often in St. Peter's and
 the Vatican. Up the vast marble stair-
 case through the Corridor Chiaramonti,
 through vestibules, galleries, chambers,
 he passes as in a dream. All are filled
 with busts and statues, or painted in dar-
 ing frescoes. What forms of strength
 and beauty! What glorious creations of
 the human mind! And in that last
 chamber of all, standing alone upon his
 pedestal, the Apollo found at Antium, in
 such a majestic attitude! with such a
 noble countenance! Life-like! and god-
 like!

Or perhaps he passes into the cham-
 bers of the painters, but goes no farther
 than the second; for in the middle of
 that chamber, a large painting stands
 upon the heavy easel, as if unfinished,
 though more than three hundred years
 ago the great artist completed it, and
 then laid his pencil away for ever! leav-
 ing this last benediction to the world.—
 It is the Transfiguration of Christ by Ra-
 phael. A child looks not at the stars
 with greater wonder, than the artist gazes
 on this painting. He knows how many
 studious years are in it. He knows the
 difficult path that leads to perfection,
 having himself taken some of the first
 steps. Thus he recalls the hour when
 that broad canvas was first stretched up-
 on its frame, and Raphael stood before it
 and laid the first colours upon it, and
 beheld the figures one by one, born into
 life, and "looked upon the work of his
 own hands with a smile, that it should
 have succeeded so well." He recalls,
 too, the hour, when the task was accom-
 plished, the pencil dropped from the dy-
 ing master's hand, and his eyes slowly
 closed, to open upon a more glorious
 transfiguration; and at length the dead
 Raphael lay in his own studio, before
 this wonderful painting, greater than any
 conqueror under the banners and hatch-
 ments of his funeral!

Think you, that sights and thoughts
 like these, do not move the heart of a
 young man and an artist! And when he
 goes forth into the open air, the sun is
 going down, and the gray ruins of an an-
 tique work receive him. From the palace
 of the Cæsars he looks down into the
 Forum, or towards the Colosseum; or
 westward, and sees the last sunshine
 strike the bronze archangel which stands

upon the tomb of Adrian. He walks
 amid a world of art in ruins. The very
 street lamps that light him homeward,
 burn before some painted or sculptured
 image of the Madonna. What wonder
 is it if dreams visit him in his sleep—nay,
 if his whole life be to him a dream!
 What wonder if with a feverish heart and
 quick hand, he strives to reproduce those
 dreams in marble or on canvas!

CURIOUS PROPHECY.—An old alma-
 nack contains the following prophecy:—
 "About ye fifteth day of Novembre, in
 year of grace one thousand eight hun-
 dred and fortye, manye childrene will
 be borne in ye realme of Great Britayne."

ARGUMENT FOR A FUTURE STATE.—Dr.
 Nichol concludes his remarkable work
 on "The Architecture of the Heavens"
 with the following:—"This at least is
 established on grounds not to be remov-
 ed. In the vast heavens, as well as
 among phenomena around us, all things
 are in a state of change and progress;
 there, too—on the sky—in splendid hiero-
 glyphics, the truth is inscribed, that
 the grandest forms of present being are
 only germs swelling and bursting with a
 life to come. And if the universal fabric
 is thus fixed and constituted, can we im-
 agine that aught which it contains is un-
 upheld by the same persevering law,
 that unimpaired is a possibility, real or
 virtual—the stoppage of the career of any
 advancing being, while hospitable infini-
 tude remains! No! let night fall, it
 prepares a dawn when man's weariness,
 will have ceased, and his soul be refresh-
 ed and restored. To come! To every
 creature these are words of hope spoken
 in an organ tone; our hearts suggest
 them and the stars repeat them, and
 through the infinite aspiration, wings its
 way rejoicing as an eagle follows the
 sun."

A HOS WITH A ROMAN NOSE.—On
 looking over the pints of a hos with a
 view to buy, 'tis well to pint out all his
 defects and make the most of 'em. Now
 though a Roman nose is no ornament,
 yet I don't know that I should stand off
 or on for a five pound note, if I liked a
 hos all but that. I'd sooner see a hos
 with a nose like the Duke of Wellington's
 than with a great long tail like Daniel
 O'Connell's.—*Rough Rider.*

LACONICS.—The fierce struggle between
 the Chiefs O'Neill and his neighbour
 O'Donnell (towards the close of the 15th
 century, in Ireland) is said to have com-
 menced by a correspondence truly laco-
 nic:—"Send me tribute, or else—"
 was the brief mandate of O'Neill. "I
 owe you no tribute, and if —" was the
 significant answer of O'Donnell.—*Moor's
 History of Ireland.*

Sir Robert Inglis states, that when the
 Sheriffs were brought up by the writ of
habeas corpus to the Court of Queen's
 Bench, to the custody of the Sergeant-at-
 Arms, the shout of the people reminded
 him of the shout which attended the ac-
 quittal of the seven Bishops.

The editor of the *Northern Star*, after
 alluding to the Royal Pair as "a beggar-
 lad and a pauper-girl," proclaims that he
 "yields to none in his attachment to the
 Royal person!"

Ringing the Changes.—A man in
 Maine, last week, murdered his wife, by
 twisting her neck till he broke it, and
 nearly wringing her head off. His own
 will be broken by a different process.—
American Paper.

The only prisoner in the Nantucket
 gaol has given the sheriff notice that, un-
 less the gaol is put in a more comfortable
 condition, he will "dig out." The door,
 he says, has no latch, and he has hard
 work to keep himself confined.—*Boston
 Notion.*

The Americans, tired of the "sea ser-
 pent," have now caught a mackarel ten
 and a half feet long.

At the anniversary meeting of a Ladies'
 Bible Association, at the west end of the
 town, a day or two since, one of the
 speakers stated, that a calculation had
 been made respecting the proportionate
 value of the services of gentlemen and
 ladies, as collectors for charitable and
 religious purposes; and it had been found
 that one lady was worth exactly thirteen
 gentlemen and a half!

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS
 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 careful-
 ly 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 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 ACKNOWLEDGMENTS given him.
 Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respect-
 fully 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 PACKETS
 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
 the 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
 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.
 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.
 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, 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 the
 EAST by the House of the late captain
 STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,
 Widow.
 Carbonear.

Blanks

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