

POETRY

LINES

Written by the late Commodore Sir Robert Hall, Knt., & C. B., at Kingston, U. C., on his natal day, 1st January, 1817.

The day beam is gone and the night follows cheerly,
Whilst we drink an adieu to the last rolling year;
To the lov'd of our souls to the friends we love dearly
And mingle the cup with a heart feeling tear.

Yes distant from thee, thou green Isle of my sorrow
Tho' coldly between us an ocean may roar,
Tis but when thou'rt hid, from the face of the morrow,
That Erin, ma vourreen, I love thee no more.

On the borders I've stray'd in the days of my childhood,
O'er the heath cover'd mountains in freedom I've rovd,
I've heard the deep echo that came thro' the wildwood
And sighed for the fate of the friends that I lov'd.

The sweetest in flight o'er the hours which are sweetest
The moments of rapture but rest and pass o'er
But the heart keeps the stamp of the bliss that is fleeting
And Erin ma vourreen I love thee still more.

Tho' the year in its course swept the friends of our bosom
And darken'd each prospect of love and delight
Not a tear not a parting embrace as we love 'em
And distant the friends that could glad the last sight.

Let us fly to the shades of our friends o'er the ocean
Where beauty and valor still hallow the shore
And oh, when our bosoms shall cease their emotions
Sweetest Isle of the Billows, we'll love thee still more.

THE VAINITY OF LIFE.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HORN.

"We all do fade as a Leaf"

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus, to thoughtless mortals calling,
With a sad and solemn sound:

"Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
"Blighted when like us you fell;
"Hear the lecture we are reading,
"Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

"Virgins! much, too much presuming,
"In your boasted white and red;
"View us late in beauty blooming,
"Number'd now among the dead.

"Gripping misers! nightly wailing,
"See the end of all your care;
"Fled on wings of our own making,
"We have left our owners bare.

"Sons of honor! fed on praises,
"Fluttering high on fancied worth;
"Lo! the fickle air that raises,
"Brings us down to parent earth.

"Learned Sophs! in systems jaded,
"Who for new ones daily call;
"Cease, at length by us persuaded,
"Every leaf must have a fall.

"Youths! though yet no losses grieve you,
"Gay in health and manly grace;
"Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
"Summer gives to autumn place.

"Venerable Sires! grown hoary,
"Hither turn th' unwilling eye;
"Think amidst your falling glory,
"Autumn tells a winter sigh.

"Yearly in our course returning,
"Messengers of shortest stay,
"Thus we preach this truth unerring,
"Heaven and earth shall pass away!

"On the Tree of life eternal,
"Man! let all thy hopes be staid;
"Which alone, for ever vernal,
"Bears a leaf which ne'er shall fade.

THE CACHE.

The spot known as the 'Cache' is about three hundred or three hundred and fifty miles from the last log house in Missouri, and about one day's travel from the 'Crossing,' which is the fording place on the Arkansas where the traders cross to take the Semirone road to Santa Fe—Two stories are connected with this spot, either of which is sufficient to render it one of special interest to the traveler.—From the first of the stories the place derives the French name by which it is known, and interesting evidence of both stories still remain upon the spot; one being a deep hole in the ground, and the other an iron cannon broken into two parts, either of which is as much as a strong man can well manage to turn over.

The road or track, running parallel with the Arkansas, crosses at this point a dry sand creek, and in a high knoll which projects into this creek the hole appears which is called the Cache.

Here, five years ago, a caravan of traders were surprised by the appearance on the other side of the river of a large warlike party of Pawnees. An encampment was instantly formed, and every preparation for defence made which the time and nature of the ground would permit. In the night, while the camp was carefully guarded by sentinels, the cache was dug in the knoll, and their most precious goods buried and hidden, in case of defeat. Day dawned, and the Indians had crossed the river, and were spread around the prairie, completely surrounded the camp of the Americans. During the whole of that day each man stood, rifle in hand, watching with perpetual vigilance, the Indians moving at a distance.

Night descended, and not daring to sleep, the besieged Americans watched until day again appeared. No fires were kindled, as lights in the camp would enable the Indians to steal near undiscovered and take sure aim at any form too carelessly exposed. And thus the night dragged on in dreary silence, broken only now and then by the sudden report of a sentinel's rifle discharged at something in the darkness which his excited imagination shaped, into an enemy.—Towards morning, however, one of these shots was followed by a sharp stifled scream which told the traders that they had at least one red skinned enemy the less.

The horses and mules of the Americans were confined within an enclosure formed by the wagons, and as the main object of the Indians was to get possession of the animals, they could not be suffered to graze and receive their natural sustenance. This day passed off as the day before, the cowardly Indians not daring to advance to the attack until advantage favoured them.

When night again came the traders ventured to lead out the poor brutes to graze, as to allow them to starve in confinement would be as bad as to be robbed of them by the Indians. Under a strong guard the animals were led forth, while the most spirited, beasts were secured by long halters and held by the armed sentinels, who with cocked rifles watched around for any approach of danger. As was anticipated the Indians soon became aware of this movement and resolved upon an effort to secure the booty. Mounted upon their half wild horses a hundred Pawnees approached the camp in silence, until within a sufficient distance to distinguish the position of their prey and the best plan of securing it; then raising their blood freezing whoop and striking their squars into their horses sides, they dashed past the American camp, endeavoring to terrify the animals and drive them off before them. But the traders understood this mode of attack and prepared for it, and while one half of the men held in the frightened animals, the other half levelled their rifles at the flying forms of the Indians, and many a death scream arose in the night air, mingling frightfully with the yells of the red assailants.

Emboldened by this successful defence the traders next day determined at all hazards to proceed upon their journey, as starvation stared them in the face to remain thus besieged where they were.—So leaving their valuable goods concealed in the cache lest they should still be conquered by the Indians, they struck camp and moved off towards Fort William For three days the red robbers of the prairie followed upon their trail, harrassing them night and day; but they eventually succeeded in reaching their destination with but the loss of two men, who rendered desperate by thirst, ventured too far from camp in search of water. Some months after the traders returned and opened the

cache, from which the goods were removed, and the deep hole remains open to this day, warning the traveller of the dangers which surrounded his fate.

The story of the broken cannon is as follows. A large caravan, comprising nearly two hundred souls, were moving along the Arkansas, when early in the morning a party of twenty left the main body to go in pursuit of buffalo. The caravan journeyed on and camped at this spot, when in the evening nineteen of the hunters returned, having spent the latter part of the day in a fruitless search after their other companion, who had strayed away and was lost. While daylight lasted the wilderness was scoured in every direction by the traders, but when night lowered and still there appeared no signs of their lost comrade, it was determined to discharge the cannon that the report, if possible, might reach him and give him token of their whereabouts.—This was done and the cannon exploded, flying into two pieces in the midst of the camp, yet fortunately and almost miraculously, not a soul was injured. It served the purpose, however, for the lost man heard the report and soon after found his way into the camp on foot.

He had killed a cow near the river bank; while taking the meat was surprised by the appearance of five Indians, from whom he happily escaped by plunging into the river and concealing himself among some rotten logs. The Indians finding the newly slaughtered cow instantly commenced searching for the concealed trader, who would soon have been dragged from his hiding place, butchered, and scalped, but that they in turn became alarmed by the appearance of the other American hunters, searching for their companion, and the Indians now fled, taking with them the horse which they found tied by a halter to one of the horns of the dead buffalo. The unfortunate hunter, not daring to peep from his concealment, was wholly unaware of the flight of the Indians or the near neighbourhood of his own companion, and supposing that the five savages were watching for him, he remained all day up to his chin in the water with his head concealed among the drift wood. Even when night descended, knowing the deliberate and persevering cunning of the Indians, he did not dare to leave his hiding place, and in this miserable situation he still remained, when faintly the distant explosion of the cannon reached his ear, and he crawled from the water, chilled and sickened by five hours intense terror and watchfulness. By speeding as fast as his weakened limbs would permit him in the direction from whence the sound came, he soon caught sight of the camp fires; and the poor hunter who it is said was one of the merriest and most lighthearted of men knelt down and wept when he found himself once more among his companions.

BONAPARTE'S COSTLY COSTUME.—Much has been the discussion of late as to the cost of the dresses so recently displayed on the coronation of Queen Victoria of England, and of the Emperor of Germany, at Milan; but these were surpassed by the ordinary appearances of the Emperor Napoleon on state occasions, when attired in the full dress uniform of a French general, as the following estimate, drawn from official sources, will testify:

Velvet embroidered suite, full dress Uniform,	£126 0
Half boots, gold embroidery,	6 0
Military Hat, finest beaver,	1 10
Diamond buttons, weight 277 carats, for hat,	232,000 0
Sabre the blade of best Damascus Manufacture,	10 0
Sabre hilt, a crocodile, solid gold weight 27 ounces,	108 0
Diamond, called the Regent, in the mouth of the crocodile,	126,000 0
Diamonds, set as eyes in the crocodile,	1,580 0
Epaulets, formed of the finest brilliants,	30,000 0
Total cost	£389,751 10

Thus, on analyzing the above, it will appear the clothing, hat and boots, including the gold embroidery, was only £133 10s, leaving on the score of ornament, the enormous sum of £389,681.

The Governor of Upper Canada has offered a reward of one thousand dollars for discovering the Vandal who blew up the Monument erected in honor of General Brock.

Her Majesty has, we understand, been pleased to appoint Lady Mount Edgcombe to be one of her Ladies in Waiting. Her ladyship is niece to the Marchioness of Lansdowne.—Globe.

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 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-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. 6d.
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 expense, 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.
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 Kielty'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 of 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.