

**POETRY**  
**OUR COUNTRY, RELIGION, AND LAWS.**

A CONSERVATIVE SONG.  
*Air—“ Old England for Ever.”*  
Our Country—hip! hurrah!  
In glory shines afar;  
Old England—the pride of the earth;  
On sea, or land, the same,  
Immortal is her fame—  
The land that gave Nelson his birth.  
  
Our true Church for ever!  
Shall fall not—no, never!  
While life's-blood doth flow in each  
vein;  
Rise!—Bastons strike the blow—  
Lay Recalcitron low;  
We'll conquer—our rights we'll main-  
tain.  
  
Long live our youthful Queen;  
Britannia's sons, I ween.  
The oath she will ever retain—  
Stand firm by Church and State—  
Her grand sire emulate;—  
Success to Victoria's reign.  
  
Our Constitution good,  
For ages hath it stood  
The wonder—the glory of the world;  
May he who'd sap the tree  
Of British liberty,  
From man's high estate be hurled.  
  
Deep gratitude we feel  
For Wellington and Peel;  
Right nobly they fight the good cause;  
To honour they adhere,  
And strictly do revere  
Our Country, Religion, and Laws.  
  
Then wave the banners blue,  
Ye gallant men, and true;  
Brave in the field, and on the sea;  
The Constitution Band  
Will save our native land;  
Hurrah! for the soil of the free!

**BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.**  
Proudly was gather'd the festive throng;  
Bouyant each heart, and beaming each  
eye;  
Loud was the mirth; and the joyous  
song  
A thousand voices raised to the sky.  
  
Around the monarch his satrap state,  
Sharing the bold and impious strain;  
His queens were there, in their royal  
state;  
And warriors too, a mighty train.  
  
Belshazzar gazed, with a look of pride,  
On the smiling mein that beauty were;  
“Bring forth the vessels,” in scorn he  
cried,  
“The boast of Judah in days of  
yore!”  
  
“Bring them forth! to our gods let us  
quaff  
From those goblets by her deem'd  
divine!”  
The vessels were fill'd; loud rose the  
laugh,  
As scoffing they drain'd the rosy wine.  
  
Why trembles the monarch? why pales  
each cheek,  
As smote to the heart by a sudden  
fear?  
What means that wail—that feminine  
shriek?  
Tells it of anguish and peril near?

He marks the writing upon the wall,  
The sign of his empire overthrow;  
Fled is the joy of the festival!  
Hush'd is the magic of music's tone!  
  
Monarch! arouse from thy deathly  
trance!  
The host of Persia is at thy gate!  
Up! seize the buckler, the sword and the  
lance!  
To arms! to arms! ere it be too late!  
  
Vain is the summons: the city walls  
Are gain'd by the foe's invading host!  
And the king lies dead within those halls  
That lately rang with his lordly  
boast.  
  
Thus fell the king that vainly defied  
Jehovah's wrath, in his revels gay;  
And thus will ever be crush'd the  
pride  
That trusts in the might of earthly  
sway.

**SALLY CURRY'S COURTSHIP.**  
“Well, Sally,” said I, smiling, “am  
I to lose you on Sunday night?”  
“I am afraid so, ma'am,” said she,  
sliding behind the door.  
“Don't be ashamed, Sally,” said I,  
“I have shown you such an example of  
marrying one whom I preferred, that I  
am sure I cannot blame you.”  
Upon this, Sally looked up, and I

asked her how long she had known Mr.  
Curry.  
Sally began twisting a gold ring that  
was on the fore-finger of her left hand,  
and said—

“My Mother, ma'am, was a poor  
woman in Salem, the widow of a sea-  
captain. He was lost on a voyage, and  
she fell sick, declining like I was her  
only child. It was a very stormy night,  
a year ago, and my mother was very ill.  
I sent to a neighbour to say I was afraid  
she wouldn't stand it. Our neighbour  
sent back she darsen't leave her baby,  
who was sick; but a young man named  
Curry, a very desent person, would come  
and watch with me. I was thankful to  
see a living countenance, and said he  
might come and welcome.”

“That was my forlorn night, but Mr  
Curry helped me a sight. My Mother  
was in a faint all night, and he was as  
tender as a child to her. Once he began  
to tell a sea story, to try to cheer me  
up; but he found he made me cry more,  
because it didn't seem sympath respect-  
fully to talk of the things of life by a  
death-bed, and stopped talking, and only  
now and then, when he found he could  
not comfort me, nor raise her neither, he  
would fetch up such a pitying look, as  
if he wished he could.”

“The day was just dawning, when my  
mother seemed to come to a little, and  
spoke, right out, ‘Sally, hear.’”

“‘What mother?’ says I, and my  
heart beat as if it would come through.”

“‘Is there any body with you?’ says  
she.”

“‘Yes, my dear mother, a friend,’  
says I, whispering.”

“‘Will he take care of you?’ says  
she, and she looked with a sunken eye  
full on Curry.”

“Curry got right up, and came by the  
bedside, and knelt down and took her  
thin hand, and said, in a voice quite loud  
and solemn, ‘I will take of her, so help  
me Heaven.’”

“She didn't say another word, but  
just gave a kind of sigh, as it were,  
sorrowful, but as it she was satisfied, and  
squeezed his hand, and she died.”—*Am  
paper.*

**KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—CURIOUS IL-  
LUSTRATION.**—At a meeting which took  
place the other evening for the purpose  
of forming a North London Mechanics'  
Institution. Mr. Basil Montagu, as an  
illustration of the maxim that knowledge  
is power, related the following anecdote:—  
He was walking a few months ago in  
Portland-place, when he observed a large  
crowd of people assembled, and found  
that it was in consequence of a large  
mastiff dog having a lesser one in his  
gripe. Several persons tried, by splitting  
the mastiff's ear, and biting and pinching  
his tail, to make it let go its hold, but  
in vain. At last a delicate and candified  
young gentleman came up, and making  
his way through the crowd into the cir-  
cle, requested to be allowed to separate  
the dogs; assent was given amid jeers  
and laughter, when the dandy slowly  
drew from his pocket a large snuff box,  
and having taken a pinch himself, inserted  
his fingers again into the box, and, with-  
drawn a larger pinch, deliberately ap-  
plied it to the mastiff's nose. The snuff  
operated so powerfully on the animal's  
olfactory nerves, that it not only im-  
mediately let go its hold, but made its  
escape as fast as it could. The dandy  
was loudly cheered, upon which he  
stopped for a moment, and said, “Gentle-  
man, I have merely given you a proof  
that ‘Knowledge is Power.’”

**CONSUMPTION.**—There is a dread dis-  
ease which so prepares its victim, as it  
were, for death; which so refines it of  
its grosser aspect, and throws around  
familiar looks unearthly indications of a  
coming change—a dread disease, in  
which the struggle between soul and body  
is no gradual, quiet, and solemn, and  
the result so sure, that day by day, and  
grain by grain, the mortal part wastes  
and withers away, so that the spirit grows  
light and sanguine with its lightening  
load, and feeling immortality at hand,  
deems it but a new term of mortal life,  
a disease in which death and life are so  
strangely blended, that death takes the  
glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt  
and grizzly form of death; a disease  
which medicine never cured, wealth  
warded off, or poverty could boast  
exemption from; which sometimes moves  
in giant strides, and sometimes at a  
tardy sluggish pace, but, slow or quick,  
is ever sure and certain.—*Nickleby for  
July.*

**A WIFE.** Some men are fond  
of having a wife that can sing,  
while some consider singing the  
most abominable of accomplish-  
ments in a consort. A certain  
writer says, “A singing wife is  
like a pipping bulfinch, great fun  
for your friends—deuced tiresome  
to yourself.”

**On Sale**

**Just Landed**  
*Ex Jane Elizabeth, Nathaniel Mun-  
den, Master,*  
**FROM HAMBURG,**

Prime Mess PORK  
Bread  
Flour  
Oatmeal  
Peas  
Butter.

*Also,*  
**15 Tuns BLUEBBE.**  
*For Sale by*  
**THOMAS GAMBLE.**  
Carbonear  
Jan 9, 1839

**FOR SALE**  
**BY THE**  
**SUBSCRIBERS,**  
*Ex NAPOLEON from HAM-  
BURG,*

**BREAD, FLOUR and**  
**4000 Bricks**  
The latter at Cost and Charges,  
if taken from the Ship's side im-  
mediately.

**ALSO,**  
**90 Tons**  
**SALT**  
And,  
**20 Tons Best House**  
**Coals,**

*Ex APOLLO, Captain BUTLER from*  
*LIVERPOOL.*  
**RIDLEY, HARRISON & Co.**  
Harbor Grace,  
July 3, 1839.

**Capt THOMAS GADEN**

**BEGS** to inform the Public in general  
that he intends employing his  
Ketch BEAUFORT, the ensuing Season  
in the COASTING TRADE, between St.  
John's, Harbor Grace, Carbonear, and  
Bridgus, as Freights may occasionally of-  
fer. He will warrant the greatest care  
and attention shall be paid to the Prop-  
erty committed to his charge.

Application for FREIGHT may be  
made, and Letters or Parcels left at Mr.  
JAMES CLIFT'S, St. John's; or to Mr  
ANDREW DRYSDALE, Agent, Harbour  
Grace.

N. B.—The BEAUFORT will leave St.  
John's every Saturday (wind and weather  
permitting).  
May 1, 1839.

**For Portugal Cove**  
The fine first-class Packet Boat  
**NATIVE LASS,**  
*James Doyle, Master,*

Burthen 23 tons; coppered and copper fastened.  
The following days of sailing have been deter-  
mined on:—from CARBONEAR, every MONDAY,  
WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, precisely at 9  
o'clock; and PORTUGAL COVE on the mornings of  
TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 12.

She is completely new, of the largest class, and  
built of the best materials, and with such improve-  
ments as to combine great speed with unusual  
comfort for passengers, with sleeping berths, and  
commanded by a man of character and experienced

The character of the NATIVE LASS for speed and  
safety is already well established. She is con-  
structed on the safest principle of being divided  
into separate compartments by water tight bulk-  
heads, and which has given such security and  
confidence to the public. Her cabins are superi-  
or to any in the Island.  
Select Books and Newspapers will be kept on  
board for the accommodation of passengers

**FARES:—**  
First Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d.  
Second Ditto 5s. 0d.  
Single Letters 0s. 6d.  
Double Ditto 1s. 0d.  
N. B.—James Doyle will hold himself respon-  
sible for any Parcel that may be given in charge to  
him.  
Carbonear.

**Notices**

**CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS**  
St John's and Harbor 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 Port-  
ugal 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 care-  
fully attended to; but no accounts can be  
kept or Postages or Passages, nor will the  
Proprietors be responsible for any Specie to  
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 PACKAGES given him.*  
Carbonear, June, 1836.

**THE ST. PATRICK**

**EDMOND PHELAN**, begs most respect-  
fully to acquaint the Public, that the  
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 fore-  
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 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  
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, Feb. 9, 1839.

**Blanks**

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

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