

SONGS OF THE PASSIONS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.
From *Lady Blessington's "Book of Beauty" for 1839.*

LOVE.
Where the golden hand of morn
Touches light the singing fountain,
There a maiden, lowly born,
Guides her flock along the mountain,
Bashful as the fawn, and fleet,
She invests the world with beauty:
Simple grace, and manners sweet,
Dignify her humble duty.

Sudden light has wreathed the earth,
Robed the fields and flowers in glad-
ness;
New delights—too deep for mirth;—
Gentle griefs—too sweet for sadness!—
Who this sudden charm hath wrought?
Sent this flow of bright revealings?
Mind, that springs with joyous thought!
Heart, that glows with heavenly feel-
ings!

Surely, 'tis some angel strayed,
Not a shepherd's daughter solely,
Who hath earth like heaven arrayed,
In a light and love so holy!
Oh, when stars, like drops of pearl,
Glimmer o'er the singing water,
There I'll woo my mountain girl,
Proudly wed the shepherd's daughter!

DESPAIR.
I had a dream of many lands,
A voyage fleet and far,
Beyond the waste and desert sands—
The light of sun or star.
I saw a fearful shape arise,
The Angel of Despair;
His awful head gloom'd 'mid the skies,
and clouds his footsools were!

The scars and furrows myriad years
Had branded on his head,
Where channels old of human tears
That from all time were shed:
His shadowy hands, from east to west,
Obscured the troubled air;
And nations saw in dead their guest—
And shrieking, breathed Despair!

The billows backward roared and roared,
One spring the Tempest took,
And flashed around his lightning sword
Whist hills and forests shook;—
And Nature, to whose gentle breast
All human griefs repair,
Could find no home for the oppress—
No refuge 'gainst "Despair!"

REVENGE.
The midnight lamps were burning dim
In an old ancestral room,
And the low lament of a funeral hymn
Told a youthful chieftain's doom;
For the last of Ronna's ancient race
Lay shrouded, cold, and pale;
And the joyous cheer of the forest chase
Had turned to fear and wail!

The last of Ronna's race—the last—
On this couch of death was laid;
Thus, one by one, each heir had passed,
By steel or snare betrayed.
Yes: sire and son, and daughter bright,
As by some demon banned;
By the poison bowl, or the sword by
night,
And none might trace the hand.
But, lo!—ere fled the burial gloom
For the last of Ronna's line,
Some hand had writ on his hasty tomb,
Revenge! Revenge!—He's mine!
Oh, wild was the fright of the watcher
lone,
As tomb by tomb he passed,
For that seal of fate was on every stone—
Revenge!—mine—mine at last!

MORE ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

We learn from the Dublin Freeman's Journal, that the great Popish prop of her Majesty's ministers entered the ancient and very fishy town of Galway at "just four o'clock on SUNDAY evening" last; that he was received with "great joy and affection" not only by the CLADAGH boys and FISH EAGS, but by many decent whisky brewers and else; who followed him "screaming like mad" to Kilroy's Hotel on the green. From one of the first-floor windows of which house he almost directly after popped out his head and said:—"It is impossible adequately to express the gratitude with which my soul glows for the men of Galway; and yet I solemnly (SILENCE!)—How don't be after calling silence, for it never comes when you call for it."—(That's TRUE FOR YOU OLD JONTLEMAN!)—"It is impossible for Ireland to obtain her rights unless she rouses her millions" (SHILLAHOO! LONG LIFE TO YE DAN!) * * * The aristocracy—the bigoted tory aristocracy of the House of Lords—that body, engendered in the stagnant pool of corruption,—the vile

offspring of the Castlereaghs and the Wellingtons; those men have congregated to inflict every injury upon us." (TO THOUGHT BOUGHAL WITH 'EM!—SHILLAHOO!) * * * The House of Lords is the strong hold of ENGLISH INTOLERANCE; and we must give it a DASH of the IRISH GREEN before we'll get any good from it.—(INDEED WE WILL!) We have already on more than one occasion conquered Peel, and Wellington of Waterloo—(SHILLAHOO!—INDEED WE DID)—that Wellington who never struck his colours but to IRISHMEN!—(AROO, AROOH, SHILLAHOO!) And why shouldn't we do it again? NO REASON IN LIFE WHY! But I must first rouse the multitudinous voice of mighty Ireland until like the roar of the mountain torrent it is heard at a distance." (Here the boys roared so loud that they might be heard half way up Lough Corrib; and no doubt many of them damaged their throats thereby.)—"Much remains for us to do. In the first place there are the tithes—bitter bad luck to 'em say I! (SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER AND SCREECHES OF DELIGHT.) * * * Rathcormac is still red with the blood, and the tears of the disconsolate widow are not yet dried up. (GO VIOCH A DIEU URIO!) * * * Did ye ever hear of the Reverend Johnny O'Rourke, of Moylough? (Loud laughter)—because I have here a letter addressed by this Johnny O'Rouks of Moylough to an estate catholic gentleman in this country, calling upon him to pay his tithes. Now I request that you will not call him any nicknames, for it is impossible you can invent one worse than that of 'Johnny O'Rourke' itself (laughter)—As the barber said to the bad razor—the devil a worse, please your honour (more laughter). But to come to the letter,—how did ye think it was sealed? (DIVVLE A KNOW WE KNOW.)—Why with the great seal of the Orange Lodge;—with the glorious plous and immortal memory!—There's a settener for the blackguard parson's tithes!—(Who do you mean? demanded a voice from the outside of the crowd)—Why the REVEREND JOHNNY O'ROUK, you rascal! (should Dan at the very top of his voice, and somewhat cracked it in the effort.)—Did ye never hear of him before? (Loud laughter).—He prays for some six, eight or ten protestants, and then he asks you and all the other good catholics in his parish to pay him for that.—Thank ye for nothing says I. (Loud cheers and laughter.) * * * Well I am come to rouse Ireland—I have left Kerry in motion—I have been through Munster—and the universal county of Cork is up and stirring to a man; and the glorious county of Tipperary has come forth before the world to echo my voice.—Yes the voice of universal Ireland shall go forth like the thunder of Heaven—too loud to be heard and too powerful to be resisted.—(SHILLAHOO, AROO, AROO, SHILLAHOO!) * * * But if we don't succeed then I will say hurra for repeal! (We'll join you in THAT any how!) I now come among you on a dark winter's day; but if English bigotry—bitter bad luck to it!—will not give us our rights, I'll come to you again some sunny day in June, when Heaven seems smiling on our undertakings for REPEAL.—(SHILLAHOO, SHILLAHOO, WHACK SHILLAHOO!) The Honourable Dan then dismissed them by enjoining them to post THEIR TIN for him and his PRAY-CURSE HER society; and promised them that in order to let them know what was doing, he would send them from Dublin one Sunday paper for every two hundred subscribers of one shilling each;—that is to say he would return them FOUR PENNY-WORTH of news for every TEN SOVEREIGNS sent into his exchequer.—All the world knows that Dan is a great LIBERAL!

A good story is related of President Humphery, of Amherst's College. One morning before recitations, some of the students fastened a living goose in the President's chair. When the President entered the room and discovered the new occupant of his seat, he turned on his heel coolly observing,—“Gentlemen, I perceiving you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore leave you to your studies.”

A New Almanac.—Bend the first and third fingers of the left hand—and commencing with March at the thumb, count on—the bent fingers will indicate the months which contain only thirty days. No mistake!

Judge Foster.—A short time before this great lawyer's death, he went the Oxford circuit, in one of the hottest summers that had been remembered.—His charge to the Grand Jury was as follows:—"Gentlemen the weather is extremely hot, I am very old and you are very well acquainted with your duty—practise it."

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACETSK

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 *Portugal 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, 1835

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 6d.
Double do. 1s.
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 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 ditto, 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 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.

On Sale

FOR SALE at the Office of this Paper, Price 2s. 6d. (prompt)

A RECORD
OF THE
EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY
OF NEWFOUNDLAND,
IN THE
ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT
OF
Surgeon KIELLEY,
AND SUBSEQUENT ARREST OF
The Honorable Judge LILLY
AND THE
High-Sheriff (B. G. GARRETT, Esq.
For, (as the House has it!)
"Breach of Privilege!!"
Harbour Grace,
October 10, 1838.

G. P. Jillard

HAS RECENTLY RECEIVED
FROM ENGLAND,
And just opened a handsome assortment of
PATENT LEVER and other WATCHES
With a great variety of Watch Chains and Ribbons
Gilt, Silver, and Steel Guard Chains
Seals and Keys
Women's Silver Thimbles
Silver Pencil Cases
German Silver Table and Tea Spoons
Gold Wedding Rings
Lady's Ear Rings and Finger Rings
Very Superior Single and Double Bladed Pen Knives
With a variety of other Articles, which he will sell very low for CASH.
Harbour Grace,
July 4, 1838.

TO BE LET

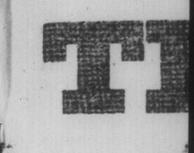
ON A BUILDING
Lease,
About Two Acres of Cultivated Land, well Fenced, situated on the Carbonear Road, immediately in rear of the Court House.
Apply to
Mrs. CAWLEY.
Harbour Grace, Oct. 31.

COMMISSION

WILLIAM DIXON having a commodious Premises, which from its detachment is comparatively secure from Fire, will be happy to receive GOODS of any description for disposal on Commission, by Private or Public Sale.
N. B. A Public Sale will take place weekly.
Harbour Grace.

A CARD

MRS. M. A. STOWE
RESPECTFULLY begs to acquaint the Gentry and Public in general, that in compliance with the wishes of several of her Friends, she has opened SCHOOL for a limited number of Young LADIES.
The Branches she proposes to Teach are
Reading, Writing and Arithmetic
Grammar
Fancy Needle Work, Embroidery
Preliminary Lessons on the Piano Forte
And Drawing.
Hours of attendance from 10 to 4, Saturdays excepted.
Terms can be known on application at Mrs. S's residence opposite Mr. JACOB MOORE'S.
Harbour Grace,
Nov. 14, 1838.



Vol. IV.

HARBOUR GR

GETTING U

So many written upon and troubles of Newspaper subject has stale. For always as much ed any allusion which so ma been written. in the abs acc news, we are ter a little rep who expect t every Paper. body.

What would instance, say should find pair of boots not fit his fo undertake to no workman, he even were this, and ma boots that did for nothing, a body; would down an ass- cially the co measure a ne standard of o uniformly to

Now be it ert judges, th an experience paper is to every day. ed out all his he would fi minority of t he. The bes a skill is to p melange, fro offer to all ta critical, a cha for their pec

Other .cri correctness. Newspaper. that Editors knowledge, u pable of erro ings to which is liable. T upon all th world, and t lished while there must n mistake in a must be no cumbstance, attested acc story must be little reflectio critics that t little more t be compelled complish.

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