

POETRY

THE TRANCE OF DANIEL.

Tu non inventa reperta es—OVID.  
[Apropos, talking of O'Connell, the following singular circumstance was told me by a friend. Of course I cannot vouch for its truth, but here it is. It appears that some time ago the 'Great Leviathan' had an alarming attack of illness, of what nature my informant was not aware, but it was most sudden. It was surmised that Providence, in its mercy, had liberated the 'Liberator,' for he remained in a death-like trance for two days. His medical attendants were upon the point of pronouncing him defunct, when, lo! up started the Member for all Ireland, and, in a strain of utterance the most incoherent and incomprehensible, muttered forth sounds that seemed indicative of some great internal emotion."—Letter from Dublin.]

The Spirit sat at the golden gate  
That leads to the world above;  
He sighed, alas! for many a day  
Had passed since a soul had come that way,  
That worthy of bliss to prove.

He sighed—and a tear such as spirits shed  
Fell from his star-like eye;  
And he thought—"Mankind are a gracious set,  
For the more they learn the worse they get,  
And thus they live and die!"

But soft! from the shade of the mortal world  
A freed soul hither speeds,  
By his smiling eye and placid mood,  
He seems to think that his cause is good,  
And bright the reward for his deeds.

"Soul of a mortal!" the spirit cried,  
As that form stood at the gate,  
"Thy name, and the state of thy mortal man!"  
"A Radical Chief, and my name was 'Dan,'  
"A mighty man of late!"

"From the holy priest a pass I've got,  
From sin I am duly shriven;  
I belonged to the church that can never err,  
Whose holy faith is without one slur;  
And I'm come to my place in heaven!"

Thought the spirit "the last time I heard that name,  
"Twas breathed by a sorrowful shade,  
That was wrung from its earthly home through thee,  
By the pangs of famine and agony,  
Which thy hand and voice had made.

"A Radical Chief!" and the spirit smiled,  
It was not a smile to cheer;  
"Thou'rt the first of that graceless godless race,  
Who ever had the frontless face  
To ask admission here!"

A dark Fiend sat at the gloomy gate  
Of that world of fire and flame,  
Fann'd aye by the breath of Eternity,  
And fed with the souls of Mortality,  
Their torments still the same.

Unbar'd, and back the portals swung,  
And crowds were entering there,  
Oward whir'd by the withering breath  
That breathed from the mouth of a fiend  
call'd Death,  
They rush'd in wild despair.

Quoth the Fiend at the gate, "so many of late  
Have arrived from the upper world,  
That our gates have been open day and night.  
Ho, ho! but it is a goodly sight  
To see them hither hurld!"

"Since the Whigs have govern'd in Britain isle,  
What souls from her shores here are driven?  
Her sons are so struck with their knavish tricks,  
Their wavering Whiggish politics,  
That they have not a thought for Heaven!"

On came a soul of bulky shape,  
He stood at the entrance gate;  
He entered at once, for the way was clear.  
Thought he, "They are mighty civil here,  
They do not make one wait."

As onward he roamed thro' fields of flame  
Loud voices rent the air,  
And he said to himself as he went,

"Surely Satan is holding a Parliament,  
By the din of the devils there."

He came to a dome of lofty mould—  
He entered at the gate;  
The blaze of a thousand fires shone  
From the beams of an ever-burning throne,  
Where Satan sat in state.

"Ho, friend," cried the Fiend, "approach, and tell  
Thy claims to my right-hand place."  
The devils around left off their rout,  
And they welcomed him in with a fiend-like shout,  
And grin'd with a ghastly grace.

"Mighty prince of the powers that be,  
Behold the soul of a man,  
Who never felt himself in the mood  
To do one atom of any thing good  
Since his mortal course began.

"I have sown the seed of discontent  
In spite of all the worldly rules;  
I have dazzled men's minds and bothered  
their brains,  
And picked their pockets for my pains;  
The poor deluded fools!"

"Ha, ha! by the powers, 'twas passing fair,  
Their homage and hope to see;  
I held their very souls in thrall.  
I was no fool, or their beck and call  
Had made a king of me."

"But say," said the Spirit, "what good thou hast done  
In that world where thy power was great?  
Thy fair deeds recount, perchance there may be  
Some glorious good thy soul to free,  
And uncloze yon golden gate."

"Oh! every morning and every night,  
Myself like a priest would pray,  
And strictly I kept the fast of the Lent,  
And every Sunday to chapel I went,  
And every holyday.

"And oft my sins I did confess,  
And a good example set,  
And all I did was for virtue's sake,  
No earthly reward I crave or take,  
My soul was above all that.

"And thus have I lived, and thus have I died,  
My sins are all effaced;  
Now open your portal of Paradise,  
That my soul may feast her longing eyes,  
And the living waters taste."

But the guardian Spirit with a voice as deep  
And clear as a trumpet tone,  
Nor fast, nor prayer, nor priest, nor shrine  
Availeth aught to that soul of thine,  
Thy good deeds are unknown.

"Tis not for the face of a hasty prayer,  
Forgotten as soon as said,  
Nor fast, nor worship at glittering shrine,  
With a crouching form and a face divine,  
That man alone was made.

"All this may be done by the veriest wretch,  
That the day e'er smiled upon,  
With a brow of heaven, but a heart of hell,  
Whose life of curse and of crime could tell  
Of many a dark deed done.

"Thy sins are all forgiven! thou fool!  
Away with thy soul of pride;  
Can man to man each crime remit,  
Unsanctioned by sentence of Holy Writ,  
And grace with the Godhead divine?"

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"And their hope,—ha, ha! their hope was this,  
That men should be so blind,  
That I, who rich by their means had grown,  
Should study their state instead of my own,  
What fools are the mass of mankind!"

"But I pursed their money and promised them fair,  
And when good was to be done,  
I strove with all my soul and might  
To prove that wrong which I knew to be right,  
And to reason I yielded none.

"For I knew full well their wishes gained  
And their cause of complaint set free,

"Adieu to their idol, their homage, their hope,  
No further need with their foes to cope,  
No further pay for me.

"In private life I was deem'd a saint,  
My course was fair to view;  
"Och! often I've smiled within my heart,  
To think I was acting so good a part,  
And that fools should think me true.

"I went to confession once a month  
And absolution got;  
And when I had cleared off all the old score  
I went on—just the same as before,  
Contented with my lot."

He ceased; and through that deep divan  
Rang laughter, wild and free,  
And the chief Fiend cried, with a voice of mirth,  
"Thou had'st better return again to earth,  
Thou art too bad for me!"

As back to the world that soul was borne  
He dwelt on his sad mischance,  
He came to the Abbey of D—y—e,  
Where his mortal body had lifeless lain,  
And he rose from his death-like trance.

A Surgeon aboard a ship of war used to prescribe salt water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened, by some mischance, to be drowned. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars next day if he had heard anything of the doctor. "Yes," answered Jack, after a turn of his quid, "he was drowned in his Medicine chest."

It is related, that before the particulars of the engagement between Monsieur Confians and Admiral Hawke were generally known at Paris, a sea-officer, relating the event to the King of France, was interrupted by his Majesty's saying, "But did Hake strike?" "Yes, sire," answered the officer, "he struck such a blow as your Majesty's navy will not recover these three years."

One evening, a captain of a trading vessel, passing through St. John-street, "hall-seas over," popped his head into a tailor's workshop, exclaiming, "What's o'clock, my hearty?" The knight of the shears, who was a bit of a wag, lifting up his sleeve-board, and giving the fellow a good whack on his nob, bawled out, "It has just struck ONE!" The son of Neptune, thinking it might have been a repeater, quietly walked off.

An Irish officer in battle happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and took off the head of a sailor who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

When Lord Nelson was before the town in Corsica, he was astonished to find what General Dundas could have seen to have made a retreat necessary, and remarked that a thousand men could certainly take Bastia, "For," said he, "with five hundred, and my ship Agamemnon, I would attempt it. My seamen are now what British seamen ought to be, almost invincible: they really mind shot no more than peas."

Lord Nelson.—His Lordship, shortly after the memorable battle of Copenhagen, had occasion to write to his wine merchant, to whom he facetiously apologised for not answering his letter before "as he had been engaged!"

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 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 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, 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 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 ..... 6d.  
Double do.

AND PACKAGES in proportion.  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and P.A. KAGES given him.  
Carbonear, June, 1835.

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-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 be 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 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 abin 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, 1835.

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 TAYLOR,  
Widow.  
Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1837.

Blanks

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

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Vol. IV.

HARBOUR GRACE, C

In the NORTH COURT, Harb and JUNE Term

IN THE MATTER OF ST. LATE OF CARBONEAR NORTHERN DISTRICT

INSOLVENT. WHEREAS the was, on the Inst. in due form of Law by this said Court of O Whereas ROBERT WILLIAM W. BE Carbonear aforesaid, tors, of the said is the major part in of the said INSOLV chosen and appointed ESTATE of the

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IS HERE THAT the said ROBERT WILLIAM W. BEMIST TEES, are duly Orders as the sa Court shall from to make thereon, to Realise the DEB the said INSOLV indebted to the said ing in their Possess FEETS belonging with to the said T

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WE Herely a ROBERT PAC W. W. BEMIS

THE Subscrib titants of emly generally, ens in his SCHO PUPILS. He at he has commence Room for the F friends, which w tion after the both which Scho prise all the br spect ble Educa As proof of is a fair trial.

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FROM the on the last,

MICH an APPRENTI Court), about black hair, full a Native of St. all Persons from the said DESI seduct to the

Bryant's Co

ALL Pers against HOWELL, o ed, are request Subscribers for 25th Instant. the said Estate diate settleme MARY W. W. Carbonear,

HAY SEE

Harbor Grace