

POETRY

LOVES TELEGRAPH.

AIR—"Smile again my bonnie lassie."

When you're with a bonny lassie,
Never heed her tongue!
With her prattle, every lassie
Leads her lover wrong;
But if she, with sly bright glances,
And with blushes red,
Kindly meets your fond advances,
Little need you dread;
For each lass has ways of showing
How her heart inclines,
And her lover, with joy glowing,
Soon translates the signs.

When you ask a bonny lassie,
Is her heart her own,
Seldom, with her tongue, the lassie
Will the secret own;
But Love's Telegraph the lassie
Works in silent way—
Smiling look or love surpsesses
All that tongues can say:
And all find, who lasses study,
Nature never lies,
When she tells their thoughts, with ruddy
Blushes and bright eyes.

THE LITTLE HAND.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY

Thou wak'st, my baby boy, from sleep,
And through its silken fringe
Thine eye, like violet, pure and deep,
Gleams forth in azure tinge.
With frolic smiles and gladness meek,
Thy radiant brow is drest;
While fondly to thy mother's cheek
Thy little hand is prest.

That little hand! what precious wit
Its history may discern,
Ere time its tiny bones shall knit
With manhood's sinews stern?
The artist's pencil shall it guide?
Or spread the snowy sail?
Or hold the plough with rural pride?
Or ply the sounding flail?

Through music's labyrinthian maze,
With thrilling ardour rove?
Or weave those tender tuneful lays,
That beauty wins from love?
Old Coke or Blackstone's learned tome
With weary toil explore;
Or trim the lamp in classic dome,
Till midnight's watch be o'er?

The pulse of languid sickness press?
Or such high honor gain
As in the pulpit raised, to bless
A pious listening train?
Say, snail it find the cherished grasp
Of friendship's fervour cold?
Or startling, feel the venomous clasp
Of treachery's serpent fold?

Or linked in hallowed union, blest
Of changeless love benign,
Press some fair infant to thy breast,
As thou dost cling to mine?
But oh! may the Almighty Friend,
From whom our being came,
This dear and powerless hand defend
From deeds of guilt and shame;

From cruel war's discoloured blade,
From withering penury's pain;
From dark oppression's direful trade,
And from the miser's gain.
Grant it to dry the tear of woe,
Wild folly's course restrain,
The alms of sympathy bestow,
The righteous cause maintain.

Write wisdom on the wing of time,
Even 'mid the morn of youth,
And, with benevolence sublime,
Dispense the light of truth.
Discharge a just, a useful part,
Through life's uncertain maze;
Till, coupled with an angel's heart,
It strikes the lyre of praise.

Moral Cowardice Why is it, in fact, that the tone of morality in high places of society is so lax and complaisant, but for want of the independent and indignant rebuke of society? There is reproach enough poured upon the drunkenness, debauchery, and dishonesty of the poor man. The good people who go to him can speak plainly, and with authority of his evil ways. Why is it then, that fashionable vice is able to hold up its head, and sometimes occupy the front ranks of society? It is because respectable persons, of hesitating and uncompromising virtue keep it in countenance. It is because timid woman stretches

out her hand to a man whom she knows to be the deadliest enemy of morality and of her sex, while she turns a cold eye upon the victims he has ruined. It is because there is nobody to speak plainly in matters like these.

And do you think that society is ever to be regenerated or purified under the influences of these unjust and pusillanimous compromises? I tell you never. So long as vice is suffered to be fashionable and respectable, so long as men are bold to condemn it only when it is clothed in rags, there will never be any radical improvement. You may multiply temperance societies, you may pile up statute books of lay against gambling and dishonesty, but so long as the timid homages of the fair and honoured are paid to splendid iniquity it will be in vain; so long will it be felt, that the voice of the world is not against the sinner but the sinner's garb; so long every weapon of association, and every baton of office will be but a missile feather against the leviathan, that is wallowing in the low marshes and stagnant pools of society, *Dewey's Moral Views.*

Too late for the Church.—An old negro in Connecticut, who had always been very constant in attending church, and prided himself furthermore on being among the first there, happened one morning to be detained far beyond the usual hour.

"John," said Cuffee, as he stood carding his wool for the occasion, "had the kindness to tell me what o'clock him be."

"Can't tell you, Caesar, the clock has stopped; I should think it was pretty considerable late."

"Ise wouldn't be exprised if 'war half hour top o' dat," returned Cæsar, and mugged across lots to church, as fast as his bandy legs would carry him. He entered toward the end of the sermon, just as the parson was reiterating his text for the last time, "The last shall be first, and the first last." Cuffee turned up his heel and went out, exclaiming.

"Dat mean me, I come last, but Ise out fusser, any how, 'de next time dis nigger goes late to meetin, he no go at all."

Royal Present from Persia. A splendid *cadeau* from the Persian court to her Majesty Queen Victoria has just reached this country by the *Hermes* steamer. It consists of between 50 and 60 shawls, woven in the looms of Shiraz and Ispahan, and exhibiting proofs of skill and taste that fully authorise the Shah to anticipate a favourable reception for the "rich gifts" he has transmitted. The borders of some exhibit, in all its details, a triumphal procession: trains of camels and Arab steeds, sumptuously caparisoned—elephants carrying palanquins, musicians gathered in groups, and the countless attendants of mighty chiefs, being all portrayed with equal fidelity and splendour. These striking and complicated objects are woven in the most exquisite colours, with perfect accuracy of outline, and present a combination of forms and hues, blended into one great *ensemble* of beauty, with which the workmanship of Europe would, perhaps, strive in vain to compete.

Letters from Rome state that a large promotion of Cardinals was to take place on the 8th July.

On Sale

Just Landed

Ex Jane Elizabeth, Nathaniel Menden, Master,

FROM HAMBURG,

Prime Mess PORK
Bread
Flour
Oatmeal
Peas
Butter.

Also,

15 Tuns BLUBBE.

For Sale by

THOMAS GAMBLE.

Carbonear,
Jan. 9, 1839.

ON SALE

BY THE

SUBSCRIBERS,

Ex NAPOLON from HAMBURG,

BREAD, FLOUR and
4000 Bricks

The latter at Cost and Charges if taken from the Ship's side immediately.

ALSO,

90 Tons

SALT

And,

20 Tons Best House

Coals,

Ex APOLLO, Captain BUTLER from LIVERPOOL.

RIDLEY, HARRISON & Co.

Harbour 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 Brigus, as Freights may occasionally offer. He will warrant the greatest care and attention shall be paid to the Property 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 determined 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 improvements as to combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers, with sleeping berths, and commanded by a man of character and experienced safety is already well established. She is constructed on the safest principle of being divided into separate compartments by water tight bulkhead, and which has given such security and confidence to the public. Her cabins are superior 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 responsible for any Parcel that may be given in charge to him.

Carbonear

Notices

CONCEPT DAY 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 Portugal Cove on the following days.

FARES.

Ordinary Passengers7s. 6d.
Servants & Children5s.
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 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 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 these 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 expence, 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 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 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 Kiely's (*Nesfoundland 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 est 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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