

POETRY

THE KERRY SMUGGLER.

A New Ballad, Biographical, Political, and Sentimental.

Air—"MOLLY DREW."

There was a Kerry smuggler,
He lived in Derrynane,
Who smuggled much commodities
From Holland, France, and Spain—
Tobacco, wine, and cogniac,
Tea, coffee, rum, and gin;
He laughed at customs and excise,
And said it was no sin.

CHORUS.

With his smuggling and his juggling,
And his rambling up and down,
And his packages and baggage—
In country and in town.

This hero Diomed Cunnill hight,
A far-famed lad was he,
Well known all over Kerry land,
From Tarbat to Tralee;
His shoulders were of ample breadth—
He measured six feet tall;
His cranium huge, potato face,
Thick arms and legs withal.
With his smuggling, &c.

When he had a stock of cash laid up,
The smuggling he forsook,
And to become a barrister,
He dived into his book.
He traveled through his terms, then
paced
The Four Courts' hall so big,
Deck'd out in costume "a la mode,"
With glossy gown and wig—
With his brief-bag and his pleading,
His quills and repartees;
And his angling and his wrangling
For clients and for fees.

He had a voice of thunder, and
A frontispiece of brass,
And every weak competitor
He trampled down like grass.
The rabble, in astonishment,
Proclaimed him a great man:
So through the land, on every side,
His name like lightning ran.
With his boasting and his bragging,
And his swagging and his fro,
And his bellowing, and his puffing,
And his making a great show.

He got a coach and horses,
And servants clad in green;
And such a smuggler's turn-out ne'er
Before that time was seen.
Then he commenced a patriot, with
The rabble at his heels,
Denouncing, as the nation's foes,
The Wellingtons and Peels.
With his roaring out "ould Ireland,"
His own dear native LAND,
And his growling at old England's rule
And Protestant command.

In a duel once he murder'd his
Antagonist, D'Esterre,
Which to this present hour has filled
His coward heart with fear.
Still he bullies and he hectors, and
He knits his horrid brow,
But will not fight, because, forsooth,
In heav'n he lodged a vow.
With his balderdash and blarney,
His insolence and rant,
With all his scrupulosity,
Hypocrisy and cant.

To the priest he offered homage,
Upon his bended knees;
Confessed, got absolution, and
Discharged their ghostly fees;
He was cried up as a holy soul,
Without a spot or taint—
And simple folks at once believed
He was a perfect saint.

With his kneeling at confession,
Craw-thumping and his sighs,
And his blubbing at the altar,
And his turning up his eyes.

Now view our Kerry smuggler,
A demagogue first rate,
With priests and rabble at his back,
Convulsing church and state;
He made his hapless followers bid
Defiance to the law;
But who were sabred, shot, or hanged,
He valued not a straw.
With his gatherings and his rabblement
His spouting and his uproar,
His ribbonmen, and rippingmen,
Spread all the country o'er.

He levied contributions, for
He levied at vast expense,
And moved about in splendour, like
An oriental prince:
The priests, as his tax-gatherers,
Went round from door to door,
Exacting and extorting from
The rich and from the poor.
With his penny tax and his shilling
tax,

His crown tax and his pound,
And his begging-box in every place
A farthing could be found.

When the pop'ry code was cancelled, and
A civil treaty made,
He could not let the land repose—
Sedition was his trade.
More agitation he should have,
More tribute and more rent;
So down, he cries, down, down with
tithes,
Restore our parliament.
With his sneers at slaughtered parsons,
At widows tears and moans,
With his cut-throats and incendiaries,
His death's-head and cross-bones.

With the priest in bloody fellowship
He gained such Jread command,
That in quick time he spread the reign
Of terror through the land:
He drove men to the hustings, as
To market we drive beeves;
And turned the British Commons' House
Into a den of thieves.*
With his yelling at the Saxons,
Oppressors, tyrants fell,
Black orangemen, and Brunswickers,
And such like imps of hell.

The whigs when fix'd in office,
Pursuing a strange plan,
Thought fit for their own ends to make
A treaty with this man;
They grant him mighty patronage—
He gives them his support:
So now he is connected, through
Lord Melbourne, with the court,
With his shouting for Lord Norman-
by,
Incomparable man;
And with all the leaves and fishes
for
His own poor hungry clan.

He still affects reforms, to keep
The rabble at his back;
But his voting for the tithe bill shows
The ministerial hack:
The mask he wears so plain appears,
That man must be a goose,
Who does not clearly see that he
Is playing fast and loose.
With his bawling for precursors, and
Enlargement of his tail,
And his tag-rag corporation,
And his croaking for repeal.

He now is lab'ring might and main
His infamy to hide;
But all in vain—he's marked like Cain
Throughout the world wide.
The very priests denounce him,†
We d—d him with our pen:
Accurs'd this old precursor be—
Good people say, Amen.
With his last grab for the shillings;
And now we say again,
Curs'd be this old precursor—let
The people say, Amen.

* This is the whole for a part.
† See Father Davern's letter.

Madrid Papers contain a dis-
patch from General O'Donnell,
dated the 5th inst., addressed to
Espartero, inclosing another from
Gen. Aspiroz, announcing the
fall of the castle of *Albuenele* after
bombardment, and the capture of
the troops forming the garrison,
including the Governor and other
officers. Intelligence has also
been received that on the 11th
General Ayerbe had taken the
town of *Cantavieja*, on the fron-
tier of *Arragon*, after much resis-
tance on the part of the *Carlists*,
who, previous to retiring, set fire
to it. *Cabrera*, it is said, has
thrown himself into *Morella*,
which was about to be invested by
Espartero, and had resolved to
defend it to the utmost extremity.
The fortifications are very strong,
and the garrison amounts to *fifteen
hundred men*; but as a heavy bat-
tering train of artillery was about
to bombard the place, it was ex-
pected shortly to fall into the
hands of the *Queen's* troops.

The works of the *new Houses of
Parliament* are rapidly progressing
but no inconsiderable difficulty is
every day occurring in the different
offices, where the clerks are com-
pelled to shift their quarters, in
consequence of their rooms com-
ing down to make way for laying

the foundation inside the river
wall, which has now been for some
days completed. The committee
rooms in the Speaker's house will
be levelled to the ground in a few
days, and four committee rooms
are in preparation in the old build-
ing over the archway, at the en-
trance to the court-yard, and which
was for many years used as a part
of the old *Star Chamber*.

The materials of nine iron tanks,
constructed in the form of an octa-
gon, *fifteen feet in diameter by
nine feet deep*, capable of contain-
ing *ten thousand gallons of water
in each*, were received at the *Royal
Arsenal, Woolwich*, on Wednes-
day, for the purpose of being put
together, to ascertain if they are
perfect, previous to their being
taken off the contractor's hands.
These immense cisterns are in-
tended for the military stations in
Bermuda, where the value of wa-
ter is duly appreciated during the
long continuance of dry weather
to which that country is often
subject.

A widow said once to her daugh-
ter, When you are of my age, you
will be dreaming of a Husband.
Yes mamma, (replied the thought-
less little hussy,) for the second
time.

Courvoisier, the murderer of Lord
Wm. Russell, was executed at Newgate
on the 6th July.

Boots vs. Stockings. A com-
mercial gentleman going recently
into the travellers' room, at one
of the inns in *Barasley*, enquired
for the boot- In a few minutes a
shrimp of a lad, in rustic attire,
presented himself. Well, said the
traveller, are you the boots? The
youth, supposing no doubt, that
the gentleman was up to sport re-
plied, no! I'm the stockings, sur.
The traveller not exactly pleased
with the answer, asked him, what
he meant by such a reply! Wha,
repeated the boy in a sort of sim-
ple laugh, I'm the stockings, sur.
Stockings! What do you mean
by stockings, you impertinent
snapper, you? Wha, sur, said the
boy, with an unaltered countenance
I'm under boots; so ha must be
stockings, sur. The gentleman
turned round to the window in a
twitter, and the rogue of a lad
walked winkingly away, whistling
the air, Oh, a bagman's life is the
life for me!

An old man and a dashing
young one conversing, the youth,
to show his penetration and dis-
cernment on the subject they were
talking about, said he could smell
a rat as far as any body. "So I
should suppose," cried the old
man, "by the length of your
whiskers."

A young ensign of a regiment,
stationed not far from *Manchester*,
residing in lodgings, the sitting-
room of which was very small, was
visited by one of his fashionable
friends, who on taking leave, said
"Well, Charles, and how much
longer do you mean to stop in this
nut shell?" to which he wittily re-
plied, "Until I become a kernel."

Four reasons for a cheerful glass.
The first glass for myself; the
second for my friends; the third
for good humour; and the fourth
for mine enemies.

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 *Por-
tugal 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 careful-
ly 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 ACKNOWLEDGES given him.
Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respect-
fully to acquaint the Public that he
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 PACKETS
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 Gentle-
men with sleeping-berths, which will
the 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 on the
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.