

**POETRY**

**THE VOICE OF SPRING.**

BY MRS. REMANS.

I come, I come! ye have called me long,  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!  
Ye may trace my step o'er, the wakening earth,  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.  
I have breathed on the South, and the chesnut flowers  
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,  
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,  
Are veild with wreaths on Italian plains.  
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb.  
I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,  
And the Larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the rein-deer bounds thro' the pasture free,  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.  
I have sent thro' the wood paths a gentle sigh,  
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky,  
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime  
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
When the dark fur bough into verdure breaks.  
From the streams and founts I have loos'd the chain;  
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,  
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,  
They are bursting from their sparry caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.  
Coms forth, O ye children of gladness come!  
Where the violets lie may be now your home.  
Ye of the rose-check and dew-bright eye,  
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,  
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,  
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!  
Away from the dwellings of careworn men,  
The waters are sparkling in wood and green,  
Away from the chambers and dusky hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,  
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,  
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.  
But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last;  
A shade of earth has been round ye cast:  
There is that come over your brow and eye  
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die.  
Ye smile!—but your smile has a dimness yet—  
Oh! what have ye look'd on since last we met?  
Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here  
All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!  
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,  
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;  
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay,  
No faint remembrance of full decay.  
There were steps, that flew o'er the cushion's head,  
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;  
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,  
And had not a sound of mortality!  
—Are they gone?—is their mirth from the green hills pass'd?  
—Ye have look'd on Death since ye met me last!  
I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,  
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow;

Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,  
She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race:  
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,  
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.  
They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair,  
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair:  
—But I know of a world where there falls no blight—  
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light.  
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,  
I tarry no longer;—farewell, farewell!  
The summer is hastening on soft winds borne—  
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn:  
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,  
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more  
I go where the lov'd who have left you dwell,  
And the flowers are not Death's:—fare ye well, farewell!

**CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET.**

'Dorothy,' said Ichabod, pale and trembling, to his wife, 'Dorothy, I have a secret; and if I thought you would keep it inviolable, I would not hesitate to reveal it to you; But oh, Dorothy, woman.'  
Why, Ichabod, it must certainly be a secret of great importance, for you are in a woful agitation. You know husband, you can place implicit confidence in your wife. Have I ever given you occasion to doubt my fidelity?  
Never, never, Dorothy; but the secret I have to communicate is one that requires more than ordinary faithfulness and prudence to prevent you from divulging it.—Oh dear! I shudder when I think on't?  
Why husband, do you know how your lips tremble, and your eyes roll? What is the matter? Ichabod! you surely cannot mistrust the confidence of one who vowed at the altar to be faithful to you.  
May I rely on your faithful fidelity?  
Ichabod, you know you may.  
Well then,—we are both to be ruined! undone! I have committed murder!  
Murder!  
Yes, murder? and have buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard!  
Oh! awful! Ichabod. Committed murder! Then indeed we are ruined, and our children with us?  
Ichabod left the room, and Dorothy hurried off to her neighbor's Mrs. Prattle observed a great change in Dorothy's countenance, and in her general appearance; so great as to cause her to inquire into the cause of it.  
Oh! Mrs. Prattle, said Dorothy, 'I am the most miserable of women!—I am ruined for ever!  
Mercy! Dorothy, how gloomy you look! What has turned up to make you look so dejected? Why how you sigh! woman.—Tell me the cause.  
—I wish I might, Mrs. Prattle; but the occasion of my unhappiness is a secret which I am not permitted to divulge.  
Oh, you may tell me, I shall never speak of it again.  
Will you promise never to reveal it to any person living?  
—You know, Dorothy, I never tell secrets.  
Well Mrs. Prattle—I scarcely dare say it—my husband has committed murder, and buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard!

he told me of it himself. For heaven's sake don't mention it to any one!

Murder! your husband committed murder! indeed, indeed, Dorothy, you have reason to think yourself ruined! Poor thing! I pity you from the bottom of my heart!

Dorothy went home weeping and wringing her hands; and Mrs Prattle, leaving her dough-ball kneaded, and her infant crying in the cradle, hastened to hold a tete-a-tete with Mrs. Tellall. Soon after this last confab was ended, the report of Ichabod's having committed murder became general, and the disclosure of the fact was traced to his wife. Process was immediately issued against him by a magistrate, before whom, and in the presence of a multitude of anxious spectators, he gave the following explanation.

My object, said Ichabod, 'in the course I have pursued, was to test my wife's capability of keeping a secret, I have committed murder in as much as I have killed a toad, and buried it at the foot of a tree in my own orchard. How far my wife is capable of keeping a secret, has been sufficiently proved; and with respect to the murder, those who feel an interest in it, are at liberty to inspect the body.'

**New Music.**—A young lady of high accomplishments, and no pride, in the absence of the servant to the door on the ringing of the bell, which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering the beau, glancing on the harp and piano, which stood in the apartment, exclaimed, 'I thought I heard music—on which instrument were you performing Miss?' 'On the grid-iron, Sir, with an accompaniment of the frying-pan!' replied she, 'my mother is without help, and she says I must learn to finger these instruments sooner or later, and I have this day commenced taking a course of lessons.'

(Very good music may be made with a grid iron and a frying pan. A duet on these two instruments, when properly accompanied, is one of the most melodious things in the world. We admire this young lady's taste, and we wish there were more like her. It will soon be discovered that a solo, or a duet, on the piano is not so nourishing as one made through the bars of a grid iron.)

A buck being taken before a justice that was rather crooked, after the other witnesses were examined, 'What have you to say?' said the justice. 'Nothing at all,' replied the spark, 'for I see you are all on one side.'

Some days since, Lowdes, the theatrical bookseller, presented a check at the Banking house of Sir Wm. Curtis and Co. and on the cashier putting the usual interrogatory, 'How will you take it, Sir?' Lowdes replied 'Cold, without sugar.'

There are five requisites for a professed drunkard: A face of brass—nerves of steel—lungs of leather—heart of stone—and an incombustible liver.

At a doctor's shop, a few doors from Westminster bridge, may be seen written up the following notification: "J. R., Surgeon, Apothecary, Accoucheur, and Chemist to the King."

**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 1, 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. 6d.  
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3 6  
Single Letters ..... 6  
Double do. .... 1

And PACKAGES in proportion.  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will not himself account for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.  
Carbonear, June, 1835.

**THE ST. PATRICK**

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that the 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 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**

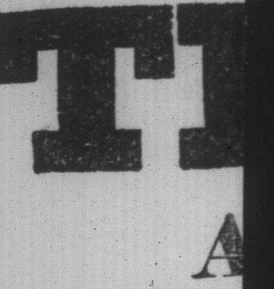
On a Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

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, 1835.

BLANKS of various kinds for Sale at the Office of this Paper.  
Harbour Grace.



Vol. III.

HARBOUR GRACE

THE B...

We feel our liberty to give to any object and should the intimate caution us a lest we should we may have And yet this say it may ry different of Barbary comes a d country obli which man to their cos  
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