

POETRY

DEATH OF AN EXILE.

Thou art gone to the grave, and there's  
none to deplore thee—  
No kindred friends around thy desolate  
tomb,  
No voice but the winds, chant a requiem  
o'er thee,  
No epitaph points to the Exiles last  
home!

Thou art gone to the grave—to thy last  
earthly pillow;  
Thy wrongs, poor forsaken, were known  
but to thee;  
No more art thou tost on life's troubled  
billow;  
From the cold blasts of sorrow, thy spirit  
is free

Thou art gone to the grave, and all silent  
and lonely  
The star of thy being hath melted away,  
And friendships last tear cannot even  
bemoan thee,  
Unknown, and unwept, thou are gone to  
decay.

Thou art gone to the grave, poor unfor-  
tunate stranger;  
Thy sorrowing bosom's last sigh had  
been given;  
Thou art gone to the exiles' last refuge  
from danger,  
And O, may rich treasures await thee in  
heaven.

Thrice happy thou art, poor, forsaken,  
and lone,  
If thou wert prepared thy last summons  
to hear,  
While the dust sweetly sleeps in the  
mouldering tomb,  
Thy spirit awakes, in a far brighter  
sphere.

Farewell! when the light, o'er yon azure  
ocean  
Shall fade, my vision no more to illumine,  
Oh! may I but join thy rapt spirits  
devotion,  
Where glory enriches thy heavenly home.

WOMAN.

Not thine—not thine is the glittering  
crest,  
And the glance of the snow-white  
plume;  
Nor the badge that gleams from the  
warrior's breast,  
Like a star mid the battle's gloom!  
Nor is thy place 'mid thy country's  
hosts,  
Where the war-steed champs the  
rein—  
Where waving plumes are like sea-foam  
toss'd,  
And the turf wears a gory stain?

Not those—not those are thy glorious  
power,  
But a holier gift is thine,  
When the proud have fallen triumph's  
hour,  
And the red blood flowed like wine;  
To wipe the dew from the chimney  
brow—  
To rise the drooping head—  
To cool the parched lips' fevered glow,  
And to smooth the lowly bed!

Not thine—not thine is the towering  
height,  
Where Ambition makes his throne;  
The timid dove wings not her flight,  
Where the eagle soars alone;  
But in the hall, and in the bower,  
And by the humblest hearth,  
Man feels the charm and owns the power  
That binds him still to earth.

Yes, these are thine!—and who can say  
His is a brighter doom,  
Who wins Fame's gory wreath of bay,  
Round an aching brow to bloom?  
Oh, to watch Death's livid hues depart—  
To soothe each pang of woe,  
And to whisper hope to the fainting heart,  
Is the proudest meed below!

KISSING

There's something in a kiss,  
Though I cannot reveal it,  
Which never comes amiss,  
Not even when we steal it!

We cannot taste a kiss,  
And sure we cannot view it,  
But is there not a bliss  
Communicated through it?

I'm well convinced there is  
A certain something in it—  
For though a simple kiss,  
We wisely strive to win it.

Yes! there's something in a kiss  
If nothing else would prove it,  
It might be proved alone by this—  
All honest people love it.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF THE QUEEN AND HER AUGUST MOTHER.

—At the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, held on Thursday evening last, in Brunswick Chapel, the Rev. Rob. Newton related an anecdote, which he had from the Reverend Mr. Fordred, and for the accuracy of which he could, therefore, vouch. A poor, but truly pious widow, placed in charge of a lighthouse on the southern coast, had resolved to devote the receipts of one day in the year, during the visiting season, to the missionary cause. On one of these days a lady in widow's weeds and a little girl in deep mourning came to see the lighthouse. Sympathy in misfortune, he supposed, led to conversation, and before the unknown visitor took her departure, they had, most probably, mingled their tears together. The lady left behind her a sovereign. The unusually large gratuity immediately caused a conflict in the breast of the poor woman, as whether she was absolutely bound to appropriate the whole to the missionary-box or not. At length she compromised by putting in half-a-crown. But conscience would not let her rest. She went to bed, but could not sleep. She rose, took back the half-crown, put in the sovereign, returned to bed, and slept comfortable. A few days afterwards, to her great surprise, she received a double letter, franked; and, on opening it, she was not more astonished than delighted to find £20 from the widow lady, and £5 from the little girl in deep mourning. And who were that lady and that little girl? No other than her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and our present rightful and youthful Sovereign, Queen Victoria.

PROSPECT OF EXTENSIVE EMIGRATION. Lord Glenelg proposes to allow to the L. C. Land Company a suspension of all payments for one year. To allow all the remainder of the capital of the Company (£22 per share) to be expended in the promotion of emigration to the Lower Province. Her Majesty's Ministers, as I understand, are also to encourage settlers to proceed to the Lower Province in great numbers, with the view of rapidly augmenting the British and Irish population in the Colony; thus rendering the Lower Province, in point of numbers, at no distant day, essentially of British origin, and other measures are to be adopted to effect the same object. This is the outline of the intentions of our Government but they have not yet been officially communicated. You may rely, however, upon the general correctness of the facts I have stated.

MOST EXECRABLE & REVOLTING.

ASTONISHING DISCLOSURE.—*Christian treatment of the Indians on Colombia River.*—A friend has put into our hands, for publication, the following extract of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Spalding, missionary on Colombia river, dated, February 16, 1837. It requires no comment. The truth of the disclosures cannot be doubted although they are almost too wicked to be believed. The particular attention of Christians is called to it:—

“Even at this great remove from the fountain of moral corruption, a small rivulet may now and then be seen. Every year, a greater or less number of Nez Perces are taken to St. Louis, and return, if their constitutions outlive the storms of intemperance and licentiousness, to scatter the seeds of moral death among their unsuspecting countrymen. Nor have I yet, I fear, caused to be burnt all the packs of cards, which had been sold for the Bible to the inoffensive people long seeking for, and offering price to get hold of that precious book. So the Devil is found in sheep's clothing, ever on the Rocky Mountains. They tell him they have sometimes given a horse for a pack of cards, which they now call the book from below. They tell him they have for some time distrusted ‘people that would bring fire water’ to the mountain; drink it and then kill each other.”

What American citizen can read the above, and not blush for his countrymen? Who can talk about our being a Christian people, when such facts are recorded against us?—*Boston Courier*

Mr. O'Connell has been expelled the grand lodge of Ireland—what for is not stated.

Strawberries (from France) were sold in London on the 23rd of April, at eighteen shillings sterling per ounce.

Mr. George Combe, the phrenologist, is to embark for the United States in August.

It is said that Mr. Spring Rice is going to resign, and that Mr. Baring is to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—*Standard*.

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

(From a New York Paper.)

**Hard Times.** Sitting on a cold grindstone and reading the President's Message.

**A Working Man** A loafer filled with new-made beer.

**Genteel Society** A place where the rake is honoured and moralists condemned.

**Poetry** A bottle of ink thrown over a sheet of foolscap.

**Patriot** A man who has neither Property nor reputation to lose.

**Independence** Owing fifty thousand dollars which you never intend to pay.

**Dandy** A thing in pantaloons, with a body and two arms, a head without brains, tight boots, a cane, a white handkerchief, two broches, and a ring on his little finger.

**Couquette** A young lady with more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind more admirers than friends more fools than wise men for attendants.

A gentleman who had to go to his wine cellar, lit a candle for that purpose, and walked down his own throat. He did not discover his error till attacked by the heart-burn.

**How to Ruin a Son.** 1. Let him have his own way.

2. Allow him free use of money.

3. Suffer him to rove where he pleases on Sunday.

4. Give him free access to wicked companions.

5. Call him to no account for his evenings.

6. Furnish him with no stated employment.

Pursue either one of these ways, and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, or will have to mourn over a debased and ruinous child. Thousands have realised the sad result, and have gone mourning to the grave.

Nearly a century ago, Bishop Berkley made the following protest against distilleries of ardent spirits.

“Why should such a canker be tolerated in the vitals of a state under any pretence whatever? Better by far that the whole present race of distilleries were pensioners of the public, and their trade abolished by law, since all the benefits thereof put together would not balance the hundredth part of the mischief.

“To prove the destructive effects of such spirits, both with regard to the human species and individuals, we need not go so far as our own colonies, or the savage nations of America. Plain proof may be had nearer home. For albeit, there is in every town or district throughout England, some tough dram-drinkers, set up as the devils decoy, to draw in proselytes; yet the ruined health and morals, and the beggary of such numbers, evidently show that we need no other enemy to complete our destruction, than this cheap luxury at the lower end of the state, and that a nation lighted up at both ends must soon be consumed.”

**Cannon Balls.** A cannon ball, in its flight, invisible to those whom it passes, may be distinctly seen by a person standing behind the piece and commanding a perspective view of its course. I have often beheld this terrible sight. It conveys to the mind a new and frightful idea of this destruction engine, tearing through the air with the superhuman fury of a demon.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY 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 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 Gréina  
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 GRÉINA 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.  
Packets 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, Kiely's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr. John Cruet's.  
Carbonear, June 4, 1836.

TO BE LET

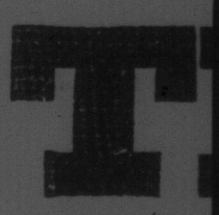
On Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

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, 1838.

Blanks

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



Vol. IV

HARBOUR GRACE

EXTRACT

“At the Noonan stop and attempt John Purcell of the 11th of St. John's night of the had retired outside the slept on the immediately was a dro other; but convenient, passage from account come of the placed again heard the the window in, and the of the robber's own down denote a ga number, as ately got out ion he took was with reflected up which he single weap this state tion, as it to his the chamber or left behind proceeded weapp, wh the door le the bed ch While he expectation robbers doo chamber, he had been p door expa mediate was burst a great bright thrown on through the parlour, aff might have little appro darkened the shutter the curtain while he at saw standi ness of the well arced the van of few were b this case-b Countless the side of after one of parlour int upon adva knife at his under the the nipple sent, that robber's b stoped its ceiving th back into blasphem snortly after received it also stagg crving ont ynce from fire into the man slept his hand, at the sma cord tied near the sw the act to coolness to derer, and emotion w out the exa in, he calu from the him. He