

POETRY

THE LASS'S WARDROBE.

(The whimsicality of this song will probably be enhanced by the consideration that it was written by an old unmarried lady, as a kind of burlesque of her own habits and history, and is frequently sung by her self with great glee. It has a peculiar air resembling that of the well-known song entitled "The Laird of Cockpen.")

A lass lived down by yon burn-braes,
And she was weel provided wi' claes;
She had three mutches, a' but twa,
And nae bonny lad wad tak her awa.
Tak her awa, tak her awa,
Nae bonny lad wad tak her awa;
She had three mutches, a' but twa,
And nae bonny lad wad tak her awa.

She had a gown, it was just at the making,
It wanted the forebreadth, it wanted the backing;
It wanted the sleeves, the lining and a',
And nae bonny lad wad tak her awa.
Tak her awa, &c.

She had twa stockings, they were at the knitting,
They wanted the legs, they wanted the fitting;
They wanted the heids, the heels, and a',
And nae bonny lad wad tak her awa.
Tak her awa, &c.

She had a shawl, it was just like a riddle,
It wadna been the waur o' the thried and the needle;
For the middle was holed, and the border awa,
And nae bonny lad wad tak her awa.
Tak her awa, &c.

She had a pouch to haud her siller,
Wi' it she thocht to catch the miller;
But she tint' the pouch, the siller, and a',
And nae bonny lad wad tak her awa.
Tak her awa, &c.

She had a kist to haud her claes,
It might hae ser'd her a' her days;
But, like a gawk, she gied it awa,
And nae bonny lad wad tak her awa.
Tak her awa, &c.

See now she lives in a wee bit garret,
Wit'out ae friend but a cat and a parrot;
For her father is dead, and her mither, an' a',
And nae bonny lad has ta'en her awa.
Tak her awa, &c.

And what can she do but live her lane,
Sin' a' her hopes o' marriage are gane;
For she's auld, she's bald, she's wrinkled,
and a'
And nae bonny lad wad tak her awa.
Tak her awa, &c.

Now listen, fair damsels, to my lays,
Ye wha are vain about your claes;
For if ye're nae guid as weel as braw,
O nae bonny lad will tak ye awa.
Tak ye awa, tak ye awa,
Nae bonny lad will tak ye awa,
If ye're no guid as weel as braw,
O nae bonny lad will tak ye awa.

* Caps. † Lost.

MODERN CATECHISM, ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

Question. Who is the oldest man?
Answer. The lad of fourteen, who struts swaggers, and smokes his cigar, and drinks rum, tread on the toes of his grandfather, and swears at his mother and sister, and vows that he will run away and "leave the old man," if he will not let him have more cash.

Q. Who is the promptest paymaster?
A. He that deals in promises, and is always ready to pay "next week."

Q. Who is the strongest man?
A. He that can carry off the most rum without staggering.

Q. Who is the most regular in his habits?
A. He that never takes spirits except to make him feel "better," is punctual to observe eleven o'clock and four o'clock, and never eats his breakfast before he has had his "biters."

Q. Who is the man of business?
A. He that makes the most bustle and does nothing.

Q. Who brings up their children in the way they should go?
A. He that teaches them to spend money without earning it—mixes slang, whenever he thinks it will do him good; and always saves the bottom of the glass for little Frank.

Q. Who is treated with the most apparent respect?
A. He that most deserves to be hanged.

Q. Who is the greatest bigot?
A. He that will neither sell his conscience, nor barter away his principles.

Q. Who is the most liberal man, and the most worthy of public confidence?
A. He that has neither conscience to sell, nor principles to barter away, but always floats with the tide of popular favor.

CLASSIFICATION OF DRINKS.—The *Picayune*, a spirited little paper of New Orleans, has the following table of American drinks:
A market drink is—the pig and whistle.
A vegetable drink is—mint julep.
A poultry drink is—egg nog.
A carrier's drink is—a porter-ee.
A summer drink is—a hail storm.
A funny drink is—rum punch.
A parting drink is—"Absent with any set." (Meant for "Absentee with Annette.")
A sailor's drink is—port.
A soldier's drink is—gunpowder tea.
A friendly drink is—cordial.
A gunner's drink is—ginger pop.
A rowdy's drink is—hot Tom and Jerry.
A beauty's drink is—"Parfait Amour."
And a matrimonial drink is—a "Chamber-row."

WOODEN NUTMEGS.—A ternal clean trick was served upon a feller in Market-street a jay or two ago. A tall, slab-sided Yankee, as keen as a north-west wind from the Green Mountains, who came all the way from Stonington by way of Sagadahok, in hunting up chaps to trade with, strayed into that "ere long street with the sheep sheds in the middle on't. After parading up and down some time, with his eyes every which way, he entered one of them 'ere stores where they sell jack knives, and fishing lines, and razors, and tooth brushes, and clothes brushes, and notions, and nick nacks, and what not? "Halloo, Mister," said he to a feller behind the counter, with a goose quill behind his ear, "do you want to buy any tooth-powder? I've got some that's clear grit; none of your counterfeited stuff, such as the regular 'pothecaries sell; none of your compounds of red oak, sawdust, and hemlock bark, with a little alum to make it pucky, like Aunt Nabby's apple sarce. Its real Myrrh, Peruvian, Soda, and what not? All the gals in our town use it, and it makes their jaws look like a stone wall just white-washed, and their breath like a hieffer's just out of clover." The feller behind the counter lightened up I tell ye! "What's the price?" said he. "Five dollars a gross, and here's a sample of the critter," said the Yankee, pulling out his box, nicely turned out of beech timber, with a label on the top printed on red paper, with a border of roses and chesnut burrs all round. Besides this, the box was wrapped in a printed paper, containing directions for using the powder, and certificates and recommendations as long as one of Parson Williams's fast day sermons. The feller opened the box in half a shake, and eyed the powder and smelt it, and read the directions and certificates, and was convinced that it was ginooine, and offered to take ten gross, to be paid for in cash down. The customer took him right up, and agreed to deliver in one hour. He then cut stick for his lodgings, and in about an hour or so, returned full chisei, followed by a strapping nigger, trundling a wheelbarrow full of the real ginooine tooth powder, warranted sound, made by himself, no mistake. The ten gross were all counted out, cash paid, and the bill receipted, in less than no time. The feller soon advertised his new tooth powder, and the gals and young fellers and some of the old ones too, were soon round him as thick as crows round a dead horse. But in a few hours, things began to look a little blue. His customers came back in crowds, complaining that his boxes wouldn't open. He took one, and pulled and tugged, and twisted and screwed it, but all to no purpose. The top and bottom stuck as close to one another as Aunt Ruth's nut cakes stick to the teeth.—At last, getting out of all patience, he laid it on the floor, took the store hatchet, and smashed into the top full split. This soon let the cat out. All the boxes, excepting the sample, were made of one solid stick of beech wood, the top and the bottom all in one, with no holler in the middle, and a small hair stroke of a chisel outside, to look like a joint. As for tooth powder, as there was no place to put any, there wasn't any there. "Darn the Yankee tin pedlar," says the feller, "if I don't be into him with a thousand of brick!" but the chap was amongst the missing. He had pulled foot for Baltimore, and sold the rest of his tooth powder there at ten dollars a gross. It was kinder slippery, and he ought to have been well lathered for it; but then the Market-street feller was come over about the sleekest.

THE CLIMAX.—The *Boston Post* has the following sentence:—"It is the judgment of this court, that you—you—be fined one dollar, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!" said a judge to a loafer, who was convicted for sucking cider.

A CHALLENGE.—Asking a man who has offended you to atone for it, by shooting you through the body.

Old Hackston of Rathillet, one day said to Mr. Smitbart, the minister of Cupar, who like himself, was blessed with a rather wild youth for a son, "D'ye ken, sir, you and I are wiser than Solomon." "How can that be, Rathillet?" inquired the startled clergyman. "Oh, ye see," said Hackston, "Solomon didna ken whether his son was to be a fool or wise man; and we are quite sure that our sons are fools."

SOLDIERS' WIVES.—The Duchess of York having desired her housekeeper to seek out for a new laundress, a decent looking woman was recommended to the situation. "But," said the housekeeper, "I am afraid she will not suit your royal highness, as she is a soldier's wife, and those people are generally loose characters." "What is it you say," said the Duke, who had just entered the room, "a soldier's wife. Pray, madam, what is your mistress!—I desire that the woman be immediately engaged."

A TYRANT'S PASTIME.—King Louis the XI. of France ordered the abbot of Baigno, a man of great wit, and who had the knack of inventing musical instruments, to get him a concert of swines voices, thinking it impossible.—The abbot accordingly mustered up a number of hogs of several ages, and placed them upon a pavilion covered with velvet, (before which he had a sound board painted with a certain number of keys,) thus making an organ, and as he played on the keys with little spikes, which pricked the hogs, he made them cry in such tune and concert, as highly delighted the king and court.

Judge B—, once an excellent lawyer, had begun for some time talk rather too much on the bench. Somebody observed that he was growing so old, that his nose and chin were like to come into collision.—"Yes," said Rose, "there have been a great many words between them of late."

B—, the Chancery barrister, famed for a solemn style of talking, came up to Rose, and said, "My dear fellow, I feel rather dull to-day—give me a pinch of your snuff—it always clears me." "A pinch, my dear sir," said R., "you should have a box."

A woman not far from Bangor, being cursed and tormented by a drunken husband told him, at last, that if he ever came home again drunk, she would throw herself into the river. The next evening he came staggering home, when after abusing his wife for some time, he retired to bed. When he awoke in the morning, his wife was among the missing—had, as he and the neighbours thought, drowned herself. About five years ago an affair had taken place, the gentleman (who had in the mean time reformed,) was appointed to a land agency in the State of Illinois. One afternoon, having been overtaken by a storm, he sought shelter in a house by the way side. On knocking at the door, judge of his surprise to find the summons answered by his own wife!—*Bangor Post*.

A GOD-SEND.—A Paddy was once wandering along the beach at Callao, until he came to a place where the target had stood at which one of our frigates had been firing the preceding day. Pat found one of the cannon balls on the shore, and picked it up for the purpose of carrying it off; but a cutter had just landed from the frigate, and the lieutenant ordered Pat to put the ball in the boat, as it belonged to the frigate. "I wonder," says Pat, "how your honour can say that this fellow belongs to the service, seeing that he has had an honourable discharge."

It seems that a wag lately imposed upon the *Exeter News Letter* by handing in for publication a fictitious notice of marriage. The editor says that, in future, he shall deem all matrimonial notices unauthentic unless accompanied with a large slice of cake.

A GOOD ANECDOTE RESPECTING "ABSENCE OF MIND."—A gentleman bachelor falling into ecstasies with a sweet prattler, nestling in its mother's arms, intending to kiss it, fell to kissing its mother, and was only apprised of his mistake by the fist of the husband.

A WORD NOT IN WEBSTER.—It is said that, in a history of the parish of Beverley, published not long since, a vote passed in 1776, to take measures to collect the "behindments" of certain persons in the parish, is noticed, the word "behindments" meaning arrearages.

AFFIRMATIVE LOVE MAKING.—The courtship of the last but one Earl of Pomfret, and the heiress he afterwards married, was conducted after the following fashion: "Do you like buttered toast?" "Yes." "Buttered on both sides?" "Yes." "So do I; don't you think we had better be married?" "Yes." The lady's fourth "yes," was pronounced before the altar.

The Editor of the *Eglantine*, says, that the girls of Connecticut drink a pint of yeast before going to bed at night to make them rise early in the morning.

The members of the Garrick Club, intend presenting to Mr Charles Kemble a piece of plate, as a tribute of admiration for his histrionic powers.

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 Fortugal 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 Portgal Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his 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. 1s.

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

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, be gs 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.
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 STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYOR,
Widow
Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1835.

Blanks

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