

POETRY

JOHN DAY
A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BY TOM HOOD

John Day he was the biggest man,
Of all the coachman kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wished his box a Christmas-box,
To come but once a-year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,
What armor can avail!
Seen Cupid seat an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar maid of the Crown he loved,
From whom he never ranged;
For though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of the faras,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, amongst twelve outside,
Deemed no outside like here.

One day, as she was sitting down
Beside the porter pump,
He came and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, "My taste will never run
To like so huge a man;
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can."

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued,
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;
The course of love was never smooth,
Sobis went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bone and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

"Oh, Mary! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;
Though I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better-half."

Alas! in vain he still assailed—
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint.

Worn out at last he made a vow
To break his being's link;
For he was so reduced in size,
At nothing he could shrink.

Now, some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath;
But John, though he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close;
For, looking in the butt, she saw,
The but-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
But that is only talk;
For after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.

THOUGHTS.

I saw a little pleasure boat
Upon a summer sea,
Its waving pennons all afloat,
And sailing fearlessly;
And I thought of youth in its
Season of brightness,
With a brow all joy, and a heart
All lightness.

I saw a green and flowery plain
On a laughing April day,
But there came a passing shower of rain,
And swept the flowers away;
And I thought of love with its
Hopes and fears,
Its joys and sorrows, its smiles
And tears.

I saw a fragrant spicy land
Changed to a land of death;
A land of resolution fanned
By the hot Sirocco's breath;
And I thought of adversity's
Chilling power.

How it withers and kills in
One short hour

I saw an ancient mansion lone,
Wreapt in sepulchral gloom,
Its beauty and its freshness gone,
A mansion of the tomb;
And I thought of age all scathed
And blighted,
And left alone sad and blighted.

I saw two lovely flowers grow
Upon a stem so fair,
But there came a shadowy
Viewless hand,
And left its impress there;
And I thought of the severed
Spirit's breath,
Of the chill, the icy hand
Of death.

I saw a bright unearthly thing
Its snowy pinions trying,
And Oh! I heard it sweetly sing
Of heaven as it was flying,
And I thought of a spirit
Winging its way
To the gates of immortality.

AMERICAN BRAGGING.

From Capt. Marryat's work on the
United States.

I was once in a room full of the softer
sex, chiefly girls of all ages; when the
mamma of a portion of them, who was
sitting on the sofa as we mentioned steam,
said, "Well, now, captain, you will allow
that we are ahead of you there?"

"No," replied I, "quite the contrary.
Our steam-boats go all over the world—
years are afraid to leave the river."

"Well now, captain, I suppose you'll
allow America is a bit bigger country
than England?"

"It's rather broader—but, if I recol-
lect right, it's not quite so long."

"Why, captain?"

"Well, only look at the map."

"Why, isn't the Mississippi a bigger river
than you have in England?"

"Bigger! Poch! haven't we got the
Thames?"

"The Thames? why, that's no river
at all."

"Isn't it! Just look at the map, and
measure them."

"Well, now captain, I tell you what,
you call your Britain the mistress of the
sea, yet we whipped you well, and you
know that?"

"Oh! yes—you refer to the Shannon
and Chesapeake, don't you?"

"No! Not that time, because Lawrence
was drunk they say; but didn't we whip
you well at New Orleans?"

"No! you didn't."

"No! oh, captain!"

"I say you did not. If your people
had come out from behind their cotton
bales and sugar casks, we'd have knocked
you all into a cocked hat; but they
wouldn't come, so we walked away in
disgust."

"Now, Captain, that's romancing—
that won't do." Here the little ones
joined in the cry, "We did beat you,
and you know it." And heaving me into
the centre of the room, they joined hands
in a circle, and danced round me sing-
ing—

"Yankee doodle is a tune,
Which is nation bandy,
All the British ran away
At Yankee doodle dandy."

A ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

An English paper says the fol-
lowing adventure has of late been
the subject of much conversation.
On an evening early in March
last, about dusk, a commercial
traveller was proceeding from
Cheltenham to Gloucester in a gig,
when he was accosted by a re-
spectably dressed lady, who in-
formed him that she had been dis-
appointed by the coach, and re-
quested him to give her a seat in
his gig to Gloucester. Commer-
cial travellers are proverbially gal-
lant and good natured; and the
gentleman of the road in this in-
stance possessed all the best char-
acteristics of the 'order.' He
was happy at the opportunity af-
forded him of being of the least
service to a lady, whose petition
was couched in the most moving
terms; and, delighted rather than

otherwise with his good fortune,
which had thrown such a compa-
nion in his way to beguile the so-
litary and tedious of his journey,
he at once granted the request,
and handed the lady to a seat at
his side.

The ladies proportions were
somewhat of the largest, and the
arm which the traveller assisted as
she sprang into the vehicle, ap-
peared capable of defending its
possessor from any improper li-
berties. Whether this circum-
stance induced the traveller to cast
his eyes downwards, to observe
whether all proportions corres-
ponded, or whether, like many
other gentlemen of his craft, he
boasted of being a connoisseur in
fine ankles, we do not know; but
the story goes that, while his eyes
did wander toward the feet of his
companion, the sight was far from
being gratified by detecting some-
thing which bore very much the
appearance of a man's trowsers
peeping from beneath a silk cloak
and flounced petticoat.

All the comfortable reminis-
cences of past dangers, and all the
anecdotes which he had ever heard
or read from the Newgate Calen-
dar, came fresh to his recollection.
He had no doubt he was riding
cheek by jowl with a second Dick
Turpin, who was only waiting a
suitable opportunity to rob, and
perhaps to murder him. A lucky
idea rose in his mind; he drew
his handkerchief from his pocket;
it fell into the road; it was a
splendid 'wipe,' and as valuable
as the one that an Egyptian gave
to Othello's mother; he could not
think of losing it, but his horse
was too hasty tempered to allow
him to trust the reins into the
stranger's hands—a thousand apolo-
gies; but would the lady be kind
enough to step out and pick up
the handkerchief which was now
some yards in the rear of the gig.
The lady readily assented, and
while she was performing the er-
rand, the commercial gentleman
gave the whip to his fiery courser,
and soon left his suspicious fellow
voyageur far behind. When he
felt it prudent to moderate his
speed, he discovered that the lady
had left in the seat, when she dis-
mounted, a handsome muff, and,
putting his hand inside of it, he
found a brace of pistols, loaded,
capped, and balled; and with the
muff and its formidable contents,
the traveller arrived safely in
Gloucester, congratulating himself
most heartily on the narrow escape
which he had experienced.

THE WAY TO WIN A KISS

The late Mr Bush used to tell
a story of a brother barrister. As
the coach was about starting be-
fore breakfast, the modest limb of
the law approached the landlady,
a pretty Quakeress, who was seat-
ed near the fire, and said he could
not think of going without giving
her a kiss. "Friend," said she,
"thee must not do it." "Oh, by
heavens, I will!" replied the bar-
rister. "Well, friend, as thou
hast sworn, thee may do it; but
thee must not make a practice of
it."

A Hint to Belles. Lady Bles-
sing-on says, (and surely she ought
to know), that those who are form-
ed to win general admiration, are
seldom calculated to bestow indi-
vidual happiness.

Notice

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS
St John's and Harbour 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 Per-
syal 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
FERCHARD & 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. 6d.
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 PACKAGES given him.
Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respect-
fully to acquaint the Public that she
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
Kieley'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 of
East by the House of the late captain
BRASS, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,
Widow.
Carbonear.

Blanks

Of Various kinds For Sale at the Office of
this Paper.