

great dread of dying an old maid, that some gentleman will consider her case, although a habit of dropping her petticoats may be looked on as an objection by those who do not like their wives should wear the breeches.

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POETS' CORNER.

WINTER.

THE Sun's still faint and dim, the weather cold,
 The prattling brooks bound fast in icy hold,
 Their murmurs still, each softly gurgling sound
 In silence lost, cease longer to resound.
The desolated, hollow, leafless, wood
Stands dress'd in mournful white-robed winterhood: *
 A dreary sight, when midnight Boreas howls,
 And flying clouds shoot forth their angry scowls.
 Once verdant fields now lie a lonely waste,
 All nature seems in terror, looks aghast,
 And rural notes that fill'd the pleasant dale,
 No more arise to greet the gentle gale.
 Ah! winter, emblem of the human mind,
 Too faithful picture, when no taste refined
 The bosom swells; lost to each soaring thought,
 O man! thy life is gloomy and wee-fraught.

G. C.

EXHIBITION. A Raree-sight, to be seen every day, by the public, through the windows of a house in Notre-Dame street: a fondling, dandled most delightfully in the arms of its exulting father. N. B. Friends and acquaintances are admitted within, gratis, and much entertained by a description of the intellectual powers, and personal beauties of the little *bambino*.

WANTED. Two hundred shares of the stock of a common and public nuisance, for which ten per cent above the market price will be given. Apply to

TOM TAN,

Puffer to the Junta for gulling the public.

* These two lines contain a redeeming beauty of novel poetic excellence, that makes amends for the mediocrity and inanity of the rest of these verses.