

POETRY

THE GAME OF LIFE.

The little *Miss*, at three years old,
Plays with her doll and prattles;
The little *Master*, stout and bold,
Plays with his drums and rattles.

The *Boy*, detesting musty books,
Loves romping with the lasses;
And *Miss* grows older, studies looks,
And plays with looking glasses.

The jolly *Toper*, fond of fun,
Plays with his friend at drinking;
The *Sportsman* plays with dog and gun;
And *Wise Men* play at thinking.

The *Beauty*, full of haughty airs,
When young, plays at tormenting;
But wrinkled, turned to other cares,
And sports at last repenting.

Wretched from self-orated woe,
The *Miser's* game is hoarding;
Eager to meet his country's foe,
The *Sailor* plays at boarding.

The *Lawyer* plays his game so well,
As gets him many a greeting;
The *Auctioneer* with things to sell;
The *Gunton* plays at eating.

To play at dosing, *Doctors* know
A lengthy case is cheering;
And those who would to Congress go,
Play at electioneering.

With ledger busied *Merchants* take
A game at calculation;
And *Congressmen* too often make
A plaything of the nation.

By speaking much and doing nought,
By bustling, threatening, raving,
Congress the nation have not taught,
That they have played at saving.

With looks profound, and thoughtful
mind,
Projectors play at scheming,
Till worn with care, at last they find,
They've all along been dreaming.

The *Lover* sad, and weeping wan,
Plays day and night at fretting;
Whilst, laughing at the silly man,
His *Delia* sports coquetting.

Conards, while none but *conards* nigh,
Are fond of gasconading;
And *Statesmen* fawn, and cringe, and lie,
And play at Masquerading.

At setting types the *Printers* play,
And sometimes with their quills;
Their *Patrons* do not play, they say,
At paying off their bills.

The *Player* plays for wealth and fame,
And thus all play together,
Till *Death* at last disturbs the game,
And stops their play for ever!

THE POET'S VALENTINE.

Last Valentine's Day,
Oh! ye Muses sublime,
I presumed to indite
An epistle in rhyme:

Which humbly implored,
You would deign to bestow,
A benevolent smile
On your sutor below:

That my feeble attempts
You would kindly inspire,
And breathe o'er my numbers
The tones of your lyre!

But sadly I fear,
As the road is so long,
You never received
Your petitioner's song.

The postage unpaid
Might reception refuse!—
That bards are so poor
To you is no news.

Again, then, your smiles
I humbly entreat;
To lofty *Parnassus*,
Oh! succour my feet.

If hobbling my verse,
How the critics will blame!
And to *Lethe* consign
Effusions so lame.

Then kindly adopt,
Ye Divinities, mine!
The least in your train
For your own Valentine.

But, if still ye refuse,
(Like the fox) in despair,
I shall say—*you cross jades*,
I'll be whipt if I care.

QUEEN SQUARE.

A SINGLE MAN IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Yesterday, a gentleman who described himself to be a pensioner of the *East India Company*, was charged by Mr. David Phillips, of St. Alban's-terrace, Vauxhall bridge road, with 'annoying' him.

Mr. Phillips stated that, for the last two years, the defendant had been in the habit of 'intruding himself upon him in the way of friendship'; but, in consequence of his rejecting his advances, he had taken the liberty of ringing and knocking at his door at a late hour of the night, particularly when complainant happened to be out of town.

The Magistrate asked the complainant what motive the accused had for such conduct.

Mr. Phillips (after casting a look of utter contempt upon the defendant) said that he really believed that it was with the intention of paying his addresses to his daughter.

Defendant—I own it; I am a single man, in search of a wife.—I like his daughter. They talk about her fortune, but I don't want that. I acknowledge that I was tipsy when taken, but Mr. Phillips need say very little upon that subject. I have no animosity towards him.

The magistrate, I do not doubt that; but it seems to me that you have rather too great a regard for part of his family.

Defendant—I have a great regard for his daughter, your worship.

Magistrate—But you choose a very singular way to show it, and I shall take care that you find surer means to keep the peace for the future.

The defendant, who gave his name Wilkins, and said that he was a neighbour of Mr. Phillips, found the bail, but appeared greatly astonished at the magistrate's decision.

PROCRASTINATION.

"I'll do it to-morrow."—Of all the methods which man, in the abundance of his ingenuity, has invented by which to cheat himself, that of procrastination is probably the most effectual. There is a trite remark of a venerable sage extant, for this purpose, 'All the good you will ever do—all the labour you will ever do—must be done to-day—for there is no to-morrow.' That period of time which lies beyond the present moment, is not guaranteed to us by any pledge. To-morrow, to us, may come to-day or eternity. To suspend any thing important, then, upon so absolute an uncertainty, is madness—as saith the poet, "Defer not till to-morrow to be wise, To-morrow's sun to you may never rise."

But even if it ever does return, the thing called opportunity, may not return with it.

My aunt Dorothy was the first example I ever had of the said evil of this "I'll do it to-morrow" mania. She was a very pretty, gay girl, and being decidedly the belle of the village, had young men in abundance at one time or another paying court to her. They were not all mere slippers neither, just fit to be worn a few days and then shook off; but were, some of them worth listening to, had the means to marry, and so forth.—But whether it was that she dearly loved to be courted, as most girls do, you know, or that she really found some difficulty in choosing among them, I know not; she

kept putting one and another of them off till to-morrow and to-morrow; but at last the golden chances all went by—and she was left to sing the sad ditty of

"Nobody coming to marry me—
Nobody coming to woo."

In ancient times this disposition to procrastination existing in the mind of one great man, was the pivot upon which the fortunes of the world turned. You remember Hannibal and Cannæ. When the Roman legions were broken and destroyed, the city panic struck and defenceless, Hannibal said I will march to-morrow, until his enemy gathered strength; again put on his armour; and the time for conquest had gone by for ever. Had it not been for this, Carthage might have worn the crown of the universe, and Hannibal known no greater general in the annals of time.

A great deal of decision is necessary, if we would prosper. No one was ever successful to any considerable extent, without it. To-morrow! it is a cheat. And it deceives us principally in time, and conceals from our view the multitudinous affairs it will bring to fill up its every vacant moment. Thus, when it comes, it disappoints us by presenting itself with its own cares and wants, and without a space in which to deposit those of the time that is past. Well hath Young said,

The day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose is going,
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone.

LOVE'S MISERIES.

Frankly say, ye smiling Fair,
By sparkling eyes and jetty hair,
What's the reason, when we meet,
Fearful smiles each other greet?

Why the fluttering, beating heart
Feels such pain, but pleasing smart,
I invite ye to explain.
Why create each other pain?

Harder where there's none.—A Collegian was once dining, during the vacation, with a party of young friends, upon beef steaks. In the course of the meal, one of the party said they were hard, and was immediately answered by another, 'It is much harder where there are none.' This joke pleased the collegian so much, that he determined to seize the first opportunity of repeating it. For this purpose he waited anxiously for two months, after his return to studies. One morning early, as he was leaning out of the window, enjoying the keen and invigorating November air, a countryman passed, and observing him, said, "Good morning, sir; it is a hard frost this morning." The youth thought this too excellent an opportunity to be omitted, therefore exultingly exclaimed, "Harder where there's none!"

A CURE FOR LOVE.

The one end of a rope fasten over a beam,
And make slip knot at the other extreme;
Then just underneath let a joint stool be set,
On which let the lover most manfully get;
Then over his head let the snicket be got,
And underneath one ear well arranged be the knot;
The joint stool kick'd down, let him take a fair swing,
And leave all the rest of the cure to the string.

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 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 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.
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 when 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 expense, 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 abin 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, 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, 1837.

Blanks

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