

POETRY

The following graphic piece was written in 1821, but never before published. We now present it for the amusement of our readers.

THE BOAT-RACE OF HARBOR-GRACE BETWEEN THE KNIGHTS OF THE QUILL AND KNIGHTS OF THE TAR, 4th. SEPT., 1821.

Awake my Muse, and sing the race,  
This day was run in Harbor Grace:—  
The wind was South—the sea was still,  
The boats were fitted to their will,  
The match was made, the money paid,  
And on the Oscar's capstan laid.  
The Sheriff, Umpire of the race,  
And all the Nobs of Harbor Grace,  
Assembled here to see them run,  
(For Nobs are always fond of fun;)—  
And I, poor Devil, 'mongst the rest,  
Bet half a gallon of the best,  
And gain'd it too, which gives me pride  
To think I'm on the winning side.  
Come now, and see them all afloat;  
Five Captains in a jolly-boat,—  
Drysdale there was and Ford, Rivett,  
Curyear and Dench, all fair and fat,  
O. such a sight ne'er seen before,  
All Neptune's sons, bred to the oar:  
T'other, a whale-boat, mann'd with Clerks,  
All light, but lively hearty sparks,—  
First, Lampen, Challenger and Oke,  
And Gillam, pulling a mighty stroke,  
While Penny did the rudder guide  
As they row'd up and down the tide.  
All's ready now—pop, went the gun,  
And now begins the pleasing fun;  
Pull, De'il!—pull, Dutchman!—pull your  
best,  
And let it be a warm contest.—  
“A guinea on the Clerks!” was cried;  
“Done, for the Captains!” was replied:  
“A bottle, that the Clerks will beat!”  
“Done—that the Captains gain the feat!”  
“Upon the Tars I'll bet a crown!”  
“Done, for the Quills!—come, lay it down.”  
The Tars are even with them still,  
Oh! they can never beat the Quill;  
Such long looks and anxious faces,  
Are but seen at Misers' Graces—  
Nor did I ever see before  
Such sulky looks hover at the oar;  
And even, if I dare truth tell,  
It interest'd Parson Bell.  
The lovely Nymphs, fair as the Morn,  
Sneer'd at our honest Tars with scorn:  
Oh, charming creatures! be not rude,  
You know our Captains too, are good.  
And now, my boys, they're drawing near—  
The whale-boat's first, prepare to cheer!  
The Sheriff fires another gun,  
The Clerks have gain'd! the race is done.  
New stakes are lifted, bets are paid,  
The hand is shook, and wagers led  
The Tars will beat the self-same Crew,  
If they can get a whale-boat too!  
To Jonathan they then apply'd,  
Who never yet a friend denied;  
They gave her then a coat of grease  
That she may row with greater ease;  
The boats were ready—all was well  
Just as they ring the dinner-bell.—  
Oh, Captains! now why did ye dine?  
Why did ye guzzle so much wine?  
No doubt, the beef was very good,  
And pudding also is choice food;  
But mind—the belly, when too full,  
Was never fit for a long pull.  
I must now renew my story;  
Clerks and Tars contend for glory,  
And such dispute ne'er was before;  
All eager waiting on the oar,  
To hear the Sheriff's signal gun,  
When up comes Downs, resolv'd to run!  
The signal's fir'd, and off they start;  
Then pitty pat goes many a heart;  
But Down's scarce pull'd his thirteenth  
stroke,  
When, lo! his midship oar was broke!  
And now the crowd begin to shout;  
Downs, in a rage, turns round about—  
And stamps his foot—scratches his head—  
Cursing his fate, rows home with speed.  
The other two are check by jow,  
De'il take the hindmost in the row;  
The crystal stream, their oars divide,  
Hard, hard they pull, still side by side.  
Fresh bets are made, and doubled too,  
The race is doubtful to our view:  
At length the Clerks now shoot a-head,  
and now the Captains' fate we dread;  
The losers now begin to curse,  
The gainer's sneers still makes them worse.  
The Clerks are thirty yards a-head,  
The Tars are shameful beat indeed.  
The Captains now give up the race,  
And shouts resound through Harbor Grace.

“Well done, our Clerks! my boys, well done!  
This is indeed fine, noble fun.  
Now Jamie Fox, you're fairly caught,  
Come hand me out your one pound note;  
And Rogerson, you need not frown,  
The bet is lost—\$0 pay the crown;  
Oh Bayly, ope your purse with ease,  
And put in three pounds if you please;  
Come Lee, no more of Captains boast,  
For by them you've a dollar lost;  
A certain lady in this town,  
Has also gain'd a new silk gown.  
All bets with honor now are paid,  
And bets again I hear are laid.  
Downs, pray don't again have such conceit,  
To think you could so easily beat;  
And Captains, mind ye my remarks,  
And have no more to do with Clerks,  
For they you find can pull an oar,  
Altho' a Quill they're used to more.”

**Bear Baiting on Reformed Principles.**—William Green, of Freeman's Row, Liverpool, appeared to answer a summons procured against him by inspector McCulloch. The latter stated, that on Monday, he went to the house of the defendant, where he found between fifty and sixty men, and about thirty dogs, with which the former was baiting a bear. “Well,” said Mr. Hall, “what have you to say for yourself this time?” “Pooh!” replied the defendant, “why, it's all nonsense; the dogs can do the bear no harm, because it's clothed all over in the skin of another bear; nor the bear can't hurt the dogs—not a bit!” Mr. Hall, “No, I believe the bear cannot hurt the dogs, but I think the dogs hurt the bear.” Defendant, “Pooh! not a bit I tell you; and whereas he says I had fifty or sixty men, and thirty dogs—I tell you, a I charge sixpence a-piece for men, and three-pence for dogs, and I only fobbed eight and sixpence that day, so how can that be—hey?” Mr. Hall, “There is a law against it, and—” Defendant (interrupting)—“We bait 'em, on reformed principles. It doesn't hurt 'em, because we only bait the skin, and not the bear. You might as well bait a bundle of rags. In London they used to bait 'em stark naked, but we dogs a reformed system, we sew 'em up in a skin and lets the dogs tear away; they can't hurt 'em; it's impossible; it's only to try the fact if the dogs has courage and pluck enough to run at the bear, and there's nothing contrary to the hackt of Parliament in that. I think.” Mr. Hall, “I have attempted to tell you, that the practice is unlawful, I but perceive that you are inclined to be as boisterous as when you were last summoned here, now—” Defendant (interrupting)—“I've got the bears, and I must keep 'em. I can't sell 'em. How am I to get a bit of bread for myself and the poor dumb animals? Pooh! it does not hurt 'em a bit.” Mr. Hall, “If you would suffer yourself to be sewed up in a bear skin, and allow twenty or thirty ferocious dog to be turned loose upon you, they—” Defendant (again interrupting)—“Well, I will! I agree to it! You may sew me up this minute, and set all the dogs of Liverpool at me, I'm ready now. Pooh! on the new system it doesn't hurt a bit.” Mr. Hall, “I tell you Sir, it's very cruel and—” Defendant (in derision)—“Cruel! Pooh! What's fox hunting? Cruel! You start out a poor fox, or may be a hare, that hasn't strength to defend itself, and you turn out forty or fifty big dogs after him, twice as big as he is, and you gallop away after him till he is exhausted, then the dogs catches him and tears him all to pieces. Cruel! which is the cruelist? But that's a gentleman's sport, and gentlemen can do as they like.” Mr. Hall said, as the law was, so must he administer it. The defendant was fined 40s. and costs.

**Nobody will steal Years.**—Napoleon, in his Italian campaign, took a Hungarian battalion prisoners. The colonel, an old man, complained bitterly of the French mode of fighting—by rapid and desultory attacks on the flank, the rear, the lines of communication, &c.—concluded by saying “that he had fought in the army of Maria Theresa, in Germany when battles used to be won in a systematic way.” “You must be old,” said Napoleon. “Yes, I am either sixty or seventy.” “Why, colonel, you certainly have lived long enough to count years a little more closely?” “General,” said the Hungarian. “I reckon my money, my shirts and my horses; but as for my years, I know that nobody will want to steal them, and I shall not lose one of them!”

**Three great Physicians.**—The bedside of the celebrated Dumoulin, a few hours before he breathed his last, was surrounded by the most eminent Physicians of Paris, who affect to believe that his death would be an irreparable loss to the profession. “Gentlemen,” said Dumoulin, “you are in error—I shall leave behind me three distinguished Physicians.” Being pressed to name them, as each expected to be included in the trio, he answered, “Water, Exercise, and Diet.”

**Politeness of the Military.**—An officer in India, who had been just raised from the ranks for his gallantry, being invited to the Governor's table, was invited by the Governor's lady, as a marked compliment, to take wine. “No ma'am, I thank you,” replied the unsophisticated hero “I never takes wine; but I'm a tiger at beer!”

In speaking of the late balloon descent at Dodinghurst, a wag, remarked that, after the very “high words” which passed between the Duke of Brunswick and Mrs. Graham, it was not at all surprising they should “fall out.”

It has been ascertained that wounds have always healed more rapidly in a temperature above 25 Fahr. without dressing, than with or without dressing in a lower temperature.

Why should all girls, a wit exclaimed,  
Surprising farmers be?  
Because they're always studying  
The art of husbandry.

**Amende Honorable.**—We yesterday spoke of Mr. Hamilton of the Chesnut street Theatre, as “a thing.” Mr. H. having complained of our remark, we willingly retract it, and here state that Mr. Hamilton, of the Chesnut street, is *no-thing*.

In “Walker's London,” recently published, some amusing and instructive extracts from which have appeared in English papers, it is related that a retired London hackney coachman, giving an account of his life, stated that his principal gains had been derived from cruising at late hours in particular quarters of the town to pick up drunken gentlemen. If they were able to tell their addresses, he conveyed them straight home; if not, he carried them to certain taverns, where the custom was to secure their property and put them to bed. In the morning he called to take them home, and was generally rewarded. He said there were other coachmen who pursued the same course, and they all considered their policy to be strictly honest.

Religion and Medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of its doctors.

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 Harbor 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.  
Doubt 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, 1836.

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. 6d.  
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6  
Single Letters ..... 6  
Double do. .... 1  
And PACKAGES in proportion.  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will not himself account 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 Kelly's, (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr. John O'Connell.  
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 STUBBS, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

BLANKS of various kinds for Sale at the Office of this Paper.  
Harbour Grace.