

**POETRY**

**THE BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.**

They're stepping off, the friends I knew,  
They're going one by one:  
They're taking wives to tame their lives—  
Their jovial days are done;—  
I can't get one old crony now  
To join me in a spree;  
They've all grown grave domestic men;  
They look askance on me.

I hate to see them sober'd down—  
The merry boys and true;  
I hate to hear them sneering now  
At pictures fancy drew;  
I care not for their married cheer,  
Their puddings and their soups,  
And middle-aged relations round  
In formidable groups.

And though their wife perchance may  
Have a comely sort of face,  
And at the table's upper end  
Conduct herself with grace—  
I hate the prim reserve that reigns,  
The caution and the state;  
I hate to see my friend grow vain  
Of furniture and plate.

O give me back the days again  
When we have wandered free,  
And stole the dew from every flower,  
The fruit from every tree;  
The friends I loved—they will not  
Come—  
They've all deserted me;  
They sit at home and toast their toes,  
Look stupid, and sip tea.

By Jove! they go to bed at ten,  
And rise at half-past nine;  
And seldom do they now exceed  
A pint or so of wine;—  
They play at whist for sixpences,  
They very rarely dance,  
They never read a word of rhyme,  
Nor open a romance.

They talk good Lord! of politics;  
Of taxes, and of crops,  
And very quietly, with their wives,  
They go about to shops;—  
They quite skill'd in groceries,  
And learn'd in butcher meat,  
And know exactly what they pay  
For every thing they eat.

And then they all get children too,  
To squall through tick and thin,  
And seem right proud to multiply  
Small images of sin;  
And yet, you may depend upon't,  
Ere half their days are told,  
Their sons are taller than themselves,  
And they are counted old.

Alas! alas! for years gone by,  
And for the friends I've lost,  
When no warm feeling of the heart  
Was chill'd by early frost.  
If these be Hymen's vaulted joys,  
I'd have him shun my door,  
Unless he quench his torch, and live  
Henceforth a BACHELOR!

**GARRICK.**

A friend gave Garrick a case, containing a razor and other shaving utensils, telling him at the same time, he would find 'some other pretty little things in it.' 'I hope,' said Garrick, 'that one of them is a pretty little barber.'

A person just returned from London, told him he had attended an execution at Tyburn, and had seen Jack Ketch dressed very shabbily. 'Do you not think, sir,' said he, 'that a public officer ought to wear a gown?' 'By all means,' replied Garrick, 'but be sure to let him have hanging sleeves to it.'

When Alderman Traucher who was a brewer, was knighted, Garrick said, 'His Majesty should have made him a knight of Malta.'

There are two remarkably generous traits of Mr. Garrick, which are so well authenticated, that it would be an act of injustice to his memory to conceal them from the world. A gentleman of fashion, and a man universally beloved and esteemed, borrowed five hundred pounds of Mr. Garrick, for which he gave his note of hand. By some vicissitudes of fortune, the affairs of this gentleman were greatly distressed; his friends and relations who loved him, were de-

termined to free him from uneasiness, by satisfying his creditors.—A day of meeting for the purpose was appointed, on which they were to be very cheerful. Mr. Garrick heard of it, and instead of taking advantage of the information to put in his claim, he enclosed a note of hand for five hundred pounds in a letter, in which, also, he told the gentleman, that he had been informed that a jovial meeting was to take place between him and his friends, and that it was to be a bon-fire day; he therefore desired he would consign the note to the flames!

The other anecdote is still more to his honor. He was very intimate with an eminent surgeon, who died several years since, a very amiable man, who often dined and supped with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. One day, after dinner, the gentleman declared, that without the assistance of a friend, who would lend him a thousand pounds, he should be at a loss what to do. 'A thousand pounds!' said Mr. Garrick, 'that's a large sum.—Well now, pray what security can you give for that money?' 'Upon my word,' replied the surgeon, 'no other than my own.' 'Here's a pretty fellow' said Roscius, turning to Mrs. Garrick, she wants to borrow a thousand pounds upon his personal security. Well, come, I'll tell you one thing for your comfort; I think I know a man that will lend you a thousand pounds.' He immediately drew upon his banker for that sum, and gave the draft to his friend, Mr. Garrick never asked for, or received a shilling of it.

*He would not be a Tailor.*—On Thursday se'night, a lad named Palmer, son of a failor at Taunton, having been chastised by his father for refusing to do the work set him, deliberately took up a hatchet, and putting his left hand on a block, chopped off his left thumb above the joint, exclaiming, 'Now, thank God! they cannot make a tailor of me.'

*Look out!*—The Jersey folks are going it like a hurricane on the rail road principle. No horse power—no steam—no canvas—nothing but real perpetual loco loco and furiousity.

*A Widow Bewitch'd.*—The *Newburgh Gazette*, no doubt its editor is an ill-natured, musty, snarlish, sneppish old bachelor, says that, in a late fire in that village, a buxom widow, fat, fair and forty, whose local habitation and all her stock of worldly gear was enveloped in the devouring element, being vociferously entreated by her friends from without to make her escape, and come out of the flaming tenement, 'Indeed,' says she very coolly, 'that I shan't until I have found my curls.'

They are selling ice in Calcutta for a dollar an ounce; but that isn't much—we would have given two dollars for the ounce that tripped us up the other morning, if we could have had it before we stubbed our toes against it.—*Americian paper.*

The Londoners are going a-head of us Yankees in the *Indian rubber line*. They have found that it makes first rate *candles!* One Dr. Birbeck, has made a great lot of 'em, and we are told they burn cleverly. After this we guess there's no limit to the uses of the article. *Caoutchouc* pills, by and

bye, will be found a sovereign remedy for the cholera.

*Oh Gertrude, Gertrude!*—A lady in Vermont, named Fortune, recently, at one birth, presented her husband with three fine daughters; thereby verifying the old saying—*Miss Fortunes* never come singly.

*A factum wanted.*—The following curious advertisement appears in a religious newspaper:—'Wanted for a family who have had health, a sober, steady person in the capacity of doctor, surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife. He must occasionally act as butler and dress hair. He will be required sometimes to read prayers, and to preach a sermon every Sunday, a good salary will be given.'

While the Eddystone lighthouse was erecting, a French privateer took the men from the rock, together with their tools, and carried them to France; and the captain was in expectation of a reward for the achievement.—While the captives lay in prison, the transaction reached the ears of Louis IV.; he immediately ordered them to be released, and the captors put in their places, saying, that 'though he was at war with England, he was not so with man-kind.' He directed the men to be sent back to their work with presents, observing, that 'the lighthouse was so situated as to be of equal service to all nations having occasion to navigate the channel between England and France.'

Admiral Duncan's address to the officers of his fleet, when they came on board his ship for his final instructions, previous to the memorable engagement with Admiral de Winter, was couched in the following laconic and humorous manner:—'Gentlemen of my fleet, you see a very severe *Winter* fast approaching; and I have only to advise you to keep up a *good fire!*'

*HINTS TO SECONDS IN DUELS.*—With a little water, you must make some gunpowder into a fine paste; then roll it into balls, dry them, and rub them over with pencil, to give them the appearance of lead; these you must substitute for those brought by your principals. Remember, in ramming them down, to break them into dust. You should also take an opportunity of giving the hat of one of the combatants a hard pinch with a bullet-mould. After the parties have fired, you must show the mark, and swear you saw the ball strike, and with great warmth insist upon it, that the wearer must not only have heard the ball, but also have felt his hat shake. You must not allow him to deny it; if he should at first, which is very improbable, will not do so long.

A learned Sergeant, since a Judge, being once asked what he would do if a man owed him £10 and refused to pay him.—'Rather than bring an action, with its costs and uncertainty,' said he 'I would send him a receipt in full of all demands.—Aye,' said he, recollecting himself, 'and I would moreover send him £5 to cover possible costs.'

A poor woman who about a twelve-months previous had lost her husband, a man of most excellent character, hearing that a person of very dissolute manners was to be buried close to him, went crying to the clergyman of the parish, saying her poor, dear husband would be corrupted. Hold your tongue you foolish woman," replied the parson your husband's corrupted already."

Roses were brought from Italy and first planted in England in the year 1522. They were accordingly consecrated as presents from the pope of Rome, and were generally placed over confessionals, as the symbols of secrecy; hence the phrase of "under the rose."

A Surgeon and Accoucheur, who commenced business in Wapping, announced himself to the ladies in that neighbourhood as man-midwife from the Royal Navy.

**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 given him.  
Carbonear, June, 1835.

**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 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.  
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 Keilty's (*Newfoundland Tavern*) and at Mr John Cruet's.

Carbonear, June 4, 1836.

**TO BE LET**

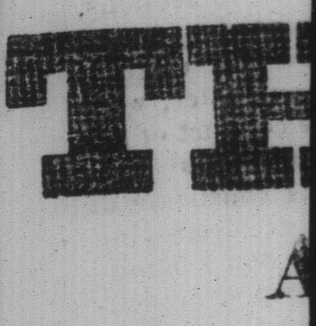
*On Building Lease, for a Term of Years.*

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.



Vol. IV.  
Harbour Grace  
In the NORTH COURT, H and JUNE 1

IN THE MATTER OF  
LATE OF CARBONEAR  
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