



AND Conception Bay Journal.

HEARTS RESOLVED AND HANDS PREPARED, THE BLESSINGS THEY ENJOY TO GUARD.—SMOLLET.

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POETRY

LIEUTENANT LUFF.

(From Hood's Comic Annual.)

All you that are too fond of wine,
Or any other stuff,
Take warning by the dismal fate
Of one Lieutenant Luff.
A sober man he might have been
Except in one regard—
He did not like soft water,
So he took to drinking hard.

Said he, let others fancy slops,
And talk in praise of tea,
But I am no Bohemian,
So do not like *Bohea*:
If wine's a poison, so is tea,
Though in another shape;
What matter whether one is killed
By canister or grape?

According to this kind of taste
Did he indulge his drouth,
And being fond of port, he made
A port-hole of his mouth!
A single pint he might have sipped,
And not been out of ports;
In geologic phrase, the rock
He split upon was quarts!

To "hold the mirror up to vice"
With him was hard, alas!
The worse for wine he often was,
But not "before a glass!"
No kind and prudent friend he had
To bid him drink no more!
The only chequers in his course
Were at a tavern door!

Full soon the sad effects of this
His frame began to show,
For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in toe!
And joined with this an evil came
Of quite another sort,
For while he drank, himself, his purse
Was getting "something short."

For want of cash he soon had pawned
One-half that he possessed,
And drinking showed him *duplicates*
So now his creditors resolved
To seize on his assets
For why? they found that his *half*
pay
Would not *half pay* his debts.

But Luff contrived a novel mode
His creditors to chouse
For his own *execution* he
Put into his own house!
A pistol to the muzzle charged
He took devoid of fear,
Said he "this barrel is my last
So now for my last bier."

Against his lungs he aimed the slugs
And not against his brain
So he blew out his *lights* and more
Could blow them in again!
A jury for a verdict met,
And gave it in these terms:
We find as how as certain *slugs*
Has sent him to the *norms*.

COME TO THE WEARY ONES.

Come to the weary ones
Clond tintured night!
Wreath for their resting place
Dreams of delight.
Seal up in placidness
Each weary eye;
O, yield to the sleepers
What life may deny.

Come to the loving ones
Star jewelled night!
Shine on their lonely walks
Silently bright;
Breathe but a gentle mind
O'er their fond way,—

Let not a weeping cloud
Gloom where they stray.

Come to the mournful ones
Oh! soothing night!
Shade with thy kindly wing
Pale sorrow's blight;
Strew on the fevered brain
Sleep's quiet balm;
Stay till the throbbing heart
Sinks into calm!

A PRAYER.

Give me one kind, confiding heart,
To cheer me on life's pilgrimage,
To soothe me when my hopes depart,
And shield me when misfortunes rage,
And then though Fortune's brow be dark,
Or bright before me is Hope's form,
Light o'er life's waves my bounding bark
Shall onward sweep thro' sun and storm.

Honor be to all honest conditions in life, and to that of honest poverty amongst the rest. Let the poor only turn their misfortunes to the improvement of themselves; let them presume not to think that suffering authorises them to commit crimes, or to foster hatred, and they cannot be wholly unhappy. Never, however, under any circumstances, ought we to be severe in our judgment of them.—Have deep compassion upon the really poor, although they are often goaded to impatience, even to rage. Consider how hard a thing it is to suffer extreme want on the highway, or in the hovel, while within a few steps the wretched man beholds his fellow creatures splendidly arrayed, and daintily fed, pass by him. Forgive him, if he have the weakness to regard you with malice, and relieve his wants because he is a man.

Yankeyisms, and Strange if True. Yates cannot have the American Giant at the Adelphi, as he declined to come over to this country, because "the twenty-first of June is not long enough for him to stand upright in." The said giant has a rival dwarf in Philadelphia, who is so short that he hasn't paid his debts these five years.

A New Business. There is said to be a woman in Centre street, New York, who takes in children to wash. She gives them a good scrubbing with soap and sand, and then sets them in the sun to dry. She washes at four shillings per dozen.

Debtors. We have now imprisoned one generation of debtors after another, but we do not find that their numbers lessen. We have now learned that rashness and imprudence will not be deterred from taking credit; let us try whether fraud or avarice may be more easily restrained from doing it.

The *Picayune* says, there is a man in New Orleans, with so hot a temper that it roasts his eggs for breakfast.

The most distinguished visitor they have at present in Baltimore, is the *Ourance Outang*.

There is a chap at Illinois, whose name is Gordon Begordus Gordenio Danducken Samuel Caleb Saldon Graham.

State of the Thermometer. "How does the thermometer stand?" asked a father of his son. "It don't stand at all, sir, it hangs," was the reply. "Well, but I mean how is it?" "Just about five feet from the floor." "Pooh! you fool—how does the mercury range?" "Up and down, perpendicular."

Singular Advertisement. A lady advertises for sale, in a Southern paper, "one baboon, three tabby cats, and a parrot." She states that, "being married she has no further use for them."

Honesty. A knavish attorney asked a very worthy gentleman what was honesty? "What is that to you? meddle with those things which concern you."

Inclendon and Suett. Charles Inclendon, who was better known as a vocalist than as a wit, being one day at Tattersell's, Richard Suett, the commedian, who also happened to be there, asked him, "whether he had come to buy a horse?" "Yes," said Charles; "but why are you here, Dickey? Do you think you should know the difference between a horse and an ass?" "O yes," replied the commedian, "if you were among a thousand horses, I should know you immediately."

Rather Personal. Your dress, madam, is a bottle green," said a gentleman the other morning to a lady. "And your face is a bottle blue, sir," was the reply. "You are a wit madam, I perceive." "And I perceive you are not.—Good morning, sir."

Disinterested Love. A young lady telling an old gentleman, that she was in love with his estate, "Take it madam," says "he," and then you will possess two-thirds of me, for my mind you have already, and my whole being consisted but of mind, body and estate." "Oh, then," rejoined the juvenile fair, "it would be very unreasonable, sir, to rob you of all three. Pray keep your body for yourself,

Some time since a certain lord, gave a grand Gala to the members of the voluteered corps in the

neighbourhood, all of whom attended in full uniform and the host came up to him, saying "My dear sir low d'ye do? I beg your pardon, I forgot your name, but I perfectly remember seeing you before" The Tailor was a little confounded by this particular notice, and as the best way of making himself remembered, whispered, "I made your breeches." The noble lord, thinking the tailor had informed him of his name, turned round and took him by the hand, exclaiming "Major Bridges, I am very happy to see you."

"What is your name?" says one man to another. "My name," he replied, "is the same as my father's." "What is his name?" "It is the same as mine." "Then what are both your names?" "They are both alike."

A lady who had just been three days married, perceiving her husband gave him a kiss. The husband was angry, and said she offended against decency. Pardon me, exclaimed she, I did not know it was you!

Suspicious. A servant girl whispered to a neighbouring Abigail, one night, "now mind, I don't say as how was er drinks, but between you and I, the demijohn in the dark closet don't keep full all the time."

Two Faults. A gentleman once bought a horse of a country dealer. Now, my friend, said he, I have bought your horse because I liked his appearance. I asked you no questions. Tell me now his faults, you know I have paid you; therefore you have nothing to fear. Faults, replied the man, I know of no faults except two. What are they? Why, sir, he is hard to catch. I do not mind that, said he. But what is the other fault? rejoined he, with some impatience. Ah! sir, replied Hodge, scratching his pate, he is good for nothing when you have caught him?

Liberty. Civil liberty, rightly understood, consist in protecting the rights of individuals by the united force of society. Society cannot be maintained, and of course can exert no protection, without obedience to some sovereign power. And obedience is an empty name, if every individual has a right to decide how far he shall obey.

Why is the letter X like H? Because it is sometimes aspirated. This is clearly proved by the writer of a letter in the last Sun, whose signature was certainly X (ex) aspirated.