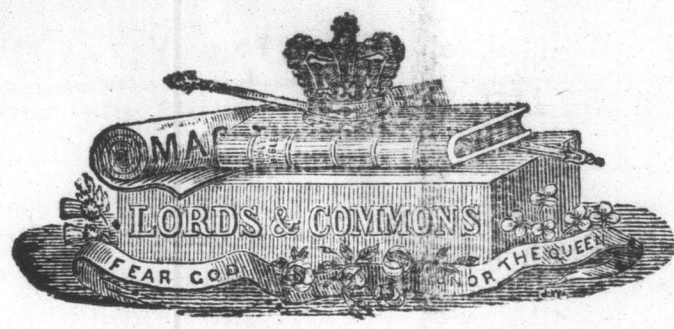


# The Star



## AND Conception Bay Journal.

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

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### POETRY

#### NURSERY RHYMES.

##### WHO KILLED COOK ROBIN?

NEW READING.

"Who published the libel?  
"I," said Luke Hazard,—  
That question's answered;  
I published the libel."

"Who gave him leave?"  
"I," said the "Speaker,"  
"The House is LAW-MAKER,  
So I gave him leave."

"Who dare oppose it?"  
"I," said one Stockdale,—  
(Impudent cocktail!)  
"I dare oppose it."

"Who'll bring the action?"  
"I," said E. Howard,—  
"I am no coward;  
I'll bring the action"

"Who'll be the Judge?"  
"I," said Lord Denman,—  
"Just tell me when, man,  
And I'll be the Judge."

"Who'll find a verdict?"  
"We," said the jury,—  
"A fig for their jury;  
We'll find a verdict."

"Who'll levy damages?"  
"We," said the sheriffs,  
"In spite of all their 'ifs';  
We'll levy damages."

"Who'll tell the Commons?"  
"I," said Jack Russell,  
"I'll be a bustle;  
I'll tell the Commons."

"Who grabb'd the Sheriffs?"  
"We," said the members,  
(Shiver their timbers!)  
"We grabb'd the Sheriffs."

"Who shall revenge it?"  
"We," says posterity,  
"Shame shall inherit ye;  
We will revenge it."

"Where shall the Sheriff's lie?"  
Shriek in Britannia's breast,  
Where other Patriots rest,  
There shall they lie.

"Where shall the members sleep?"  
Low 'neath the foot of scorn,  
In ages yet unborn,  
There shall they sleep.

R. M. B.

London, Jan. 30.

\* "Took into custody."—Wide slang Dictionary.

#### Varieties.

When we hear a man boasting of his "love for the dear People," we are strongly inclined to suspect him of a love for the "dear people's" office. It reminds us of the Irishman who was about to marry a southern girl for her property.

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said the minister.

"Yes, your reverence, and the nagers too," said Pat.

Vermont ought to be a peaceable state, for she has three thousand Justices of the Peace in commission.

"What must you do to a tea-table to make it fit to eat. Why take away the T and it becomes eatable."

A Welsh paper (the Cambrian) indulges in the following little bit of home manufacture of the Yankee species of witticism:—"A gentleman, whose openly avowed principles of teetotalism made his habits of sobriety never once doubted, walking out one day, was observed to

stagger, as if tipsy. Annoyed with himself, and totally unable to account for the circumstance, he returned home, when on inquiry he found that the servant, in cleaning his boots that morning, had maliciously mixed with the blacking a quantity of good old port, which had been roughly intoxicated the boots." The explanation of course satisfied every body, and the victim became very much enamoured of both the boots and the blacking.

AN APOSTATE'S REWARD.—An Englishman, in the service of a wealthy Turk, having embraced the religion of the prophet, informed his master of the circumstance. "I am heartily glad of it," said the Turk. "As thou must now drink no wine, I shall pay thee 30 guineas per month less than I used to do;" and he gave orders that a strict eye should be kept upon this perjured fellow, otherwise he might be false to him also.

LUDICROUS MISTAKE OF MATHEWS.—During the height of the popularity of his celebrated entertainment "At Home," Mathews, walking down the Strand, observed, or thought he observed, his old acquaintance, Lee, the actor, looking into the windows of a print shop. Mathews came behind Lee, and putting one hand on each side of his head, blindfolded him, and concluded by rubbing his ears heartily. The person so treated struggled, and turned very indignantly, when, to the inexpressible horror of Mathews, he saw in an instant that it was not Mr. Lee, but an utter stranger, with whom he had taken this familiar liberty. "What do you mean, you scoundrel?" said the old gentleman. Mathews attempted an apology and explanation; but nothing would satisfy the affront. A crowd gathered round—most of the spectators knew Mathews by sight, and were laughing at the untoward event. On hearing the name of Mathews mentioned, the old gentleman became doubly incensed, and would not be convinced that he had not been grossly and wantonly insulted. He commenced such a torrent of abuse, that Mathews was at last obliged to walk off. Any one acquainted with the nervous temperament of Mathews, will imagine the ludicrous distress of the scene.

By the substitution of the word PERSONS for PASSENGERS, in most of the published accounts as to the number of lives saved from the *William Huskisson* steamer, by the *Huddersfield*, the number has been stated at less than was really the case. There were *Ninety-three* Passengers and *Twenty-one* of the Crew, making a total of 114 lives.

CHARITY.—The learned Dr. Thoma<sup>s</sup> Fuller, in his "Appeal to injured Innocence," tells us that "when one was to preach the funeral sermon of a most vicious and generally hated person, all wondered what he would say in his praise, the preacher's friends fearing, his foes hoping that, for his fee, he would force his conscience to flattery. "For one thing," said the minister, "this man is to be spoken well by all, and for another thing, he is to be spoken ill of by none. The first is, because God made him, the second, because he is dead."

RECIPROCITY.—"Will you LEND father your NEWSPAPER, sir?—he only wants to READ IT." Yes my boy—and ask him to LEND me his DINNER—I only want to EAT IT?"

He can never speak well that can never hold his tongue. It is one thing to speak much, and another to speak pertinently; much tongue and judgment seldom go

together, for talking and thinking are two different faculties, and there is commonly more depth where there is less voice.

MOLLY BEANT, OR THE YOUNG SQUAW.—The traditions of the Mohawk valley state that the acquaintance of Sir William Johnson with his wife had a rather wild and romantic commencement. The story runs, that she was a very sprightly and very beautiful Indian girl of about 16 when he first saw her; it was at a regular militia muster, where Molly was one of a multitude of spectators; one of the militia officers coming near her upon a prancing steed, by way of banter, she took a pretension to mount behind him, supposing that she could perform the exploit, he said he said she might. At the word, she leapt upon the crupper with the agility of a gazelle; the horse sprang off at full speed, and clinging to the officer, her blanket flying, and her dark tresses streaming in the wind, she flew about the parade ground swift as an arrow, to the infinite merriment of the collected multitude. The baronet, who was a witness of the spectacle, admiring the spirit of the young squaw, and becoming enamoured of her person, took her home as his wife.

YANKEE LOGIC.—A Yankee went into the case of an inn in a country town.—"Pray, what's the price of a pint of shrub?" "Half a dollar," was the reply of the man at the bar. "Well, then, give it me." The shrub was poured out, when the bell rang for dinner. "Is that your dinner bell?" "Yes." "What may your charge be for dinner?" "Half a dollar." "Well, then, I think I had better not take the shrub, but have some dinner instead." This was consented to. The Yankee went in, sat down to his dinner, and when it was over, was going out of the door without paying. "Massa," said the negro waiter, "you not paid for your dinner." "I know that; I took the dinner instead of the shrub." "But, massa, you not pay for the shrub."—"Well, I did not have the shrub, did I, you nigger?" said the Yankee, walking away. The negro scratched his head; he knew that something was wrong, as he had got no money; but he could not make it out until the Yankee was out of sight.—*Captain Marryat.*

Philosophy.—Political editors are great philosophers, they make every event, every election, whether defeated or triumphant, a subject of rejoicing. The democratic scribblers affect to be glad on the whole, that their party were defeated in the election of Marcy, as Governor, because if they had not been, something else would have been "to pay." In like manner the whig editors rejoice over their defeat in Massachusetts. It was just so with old Mr. Hodge, a Vermont farmer. His son Ben came in one day and said:—

'Father, that old black sheep has got two lambs.'

'Good,' says the old man, 'that's the most profitable sheep on the farm.'

'But one on 'em's dead,' added Ben.

'I'm glad on't,' says the father, 'it'll be better for the old sheep.'

'But 'tother's dead too,' says Ben.

'So much the better,' rejoins the old man, 'she'll make a grand piece of mutton in the fall.'

'Yes, But the old sheep's dead too,' exclaims Ben.

'Dead! dead!—what, the old sheep dead?' cries old Hodge, 'that's good, darn her!—She always was an ugly old scamp!'

If your wife pulls your hair, you must wear a wig. If she scolds, you must be rudely taken with a violent fit of coughing. If she cries, you must laugh right heartily and then if she does not crack your head with a broomstick, why you are a lucky man.

It is confoundedly provoking to know that you are a sensible fellow, and then to get outshone in love affairs by a fool.

"A little more strength in your Tea, and Bot quite so much in our Butter," as the lady boarder said to her landlady.

A certain officer a short time previous to the late election accosted a person thus, "What side are you on, friend, 'he replied, I am on the right side, Colonel," said he, "I thought you was on our side."

Letter-writing. Verily the penny postage system is drawing forth the letter-ary talent of the country. As an instance, the following is a literal copy of the address of a letter which passed a neighbouring post-office the other day: "to the Care of Sandy fordice of Creef for petter or francis Mectavish or otherwise to aberfeldy to sandy scot Carrier for petter or francis Metavish." *Perth paper.*

The initials of Prince Albert's Christian names, Albert Frederick Augustus Charles Ernest, form the words 'a face!' and most truly a very valuable face it has proved to his Highness.

SPOT OF CAPTAIN COOK'S DEATH.—The rock is somewhat isolated, and at high tide the water breaks over its summit. It is said to be, at present, not one-fourth its original size; almost every visitor, for a number of years, has been in the habit of carrying away a fragment of it as a relic. A French man-of-war, which was lately here, is said to have taken off about a ton of it; and some Spaniards who visited the Island several years since, not only took specimens of the rock, but the whole ship's company knelt upon it, and offered up a prayer for the repose of the hero's soul.—*Townsend's Sportsman's Excursions in the Rocky Mountains.*

We understand that Mr. Harland, M. P. for this city, will be included in a new batch of Baronets.—*Durham Chron.*