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UNITED STATES.

(The following jeu d'esprit is from the John Bull.) TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

In addressing you in this my second annual Message, I inform you that you cannot sufficiently express your thanks to me, for preserving you in health, wealth, and prosperity. It is owing to me that the planetary system of government in this tremendous creation remains in unity, and that round me, as your common centre, you all drink light and life and glory from my aspect—that's a fact.

In taking a review of past events, and in appointing what shall happen for the future, I shall tread in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor, whom to have served, is glory enough; and you will, therefore, regard this important State Paper as a mere domestic document, with which foreigners have nothing to do, except to be humbugged thereby—that's a fact.

I cannot sufficiently felicitate you on the success of my efforts to prevent the dousing of our gim, by diverting the citizens—silly folks call them subjects—from studying homespun despotism to the study of despotism of foreign manufacture, under Kings, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; all and each of whom fancy they have a right to even six feet by two of American soil wherein to rot—that's a fact.

Grounding themselves with gout and dietary vices, these persons—all of whom are paupers—vainly imagine they get rid of disease and starvation by emigrating to my dominions; it therefore became my pleasure as well as duty to put a life and ballot-ticket in the hand of every expatriate—that's a fact.

I have convinced the "boys's" that it is their interest not to cut another's throats about the land I do possess, but to cut the throats of the aliens not within the planetary system on my continent, touching the land I do not possess—that's a fact.

This policy is now carried out from Labrador to Cape Horn, and whether the French grab the island of Cuba, under pretence of blockading Mexico, or the English pick up a rope in Canada, under pretence of no matter what—the end will be the same; both French and English, and all subordinate things, are but factors of my future glory—that's a fact.

Upon the superficies, my diplomatic relations with France are as per last—that's a fact.

With Russia I have above and below the superficies, a perfect understanding. Dallas versus Chauncey are the ace of trumps against the dence of diamonds, which it not a trump—that's a fact.

With Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, Naples, Holland, and the Pope, things are in statu quo. My claims on Portugal, although acknowledged to be just, I have ordered my Chancellor of the Exchequer to mark on his balance sheet as a bad debt Portugal is not worth porder nor shot—that's a fact.

The civil war in Spain has not yet produced its intended fruits, namely, the transfer to me of the Spanish colonies on my continent, as a compromise for the non-transfer of British colonies on the same continent and on my Archipelago. My Ambassador at Madrid must sleep but seldom, and than with one eye open. My claims on the province, nicknamed the kingdom of Belgium, have not yet been paid, but as the English are going to set up a bank in Brussels, in order, I suppose, to benefit the coal-mongers of Durham, the instant that bank shall be in discountable operation I shall send in my bill to Leopold, and demand instant payment, or adopt proceeding—that's a fact.

With Brazil, and all our southern neighbours, we are on the most friendly footing, with the exception that some of your occasionally walk into their cotton, corn, and bacey plantations. Give the savages rum, make them drunk, then make them go a-head, and then no treaties with me will be violated; and when these savages, as your vanguard, shall have squatted, tell them to depart or die, they may take their choice—that's a fact.

How are you off for slaves? Do you breed enough for exportation as well as que home use? I have large orders for them from my own Archipelago in the West, and also from my friend Nick's Archipelago in the East. Sound policy is that, which breeds slaves in the East to die on their passage to the West, and thereby make a new market for me—that's a fact.

But the subject on which I chiefly claim your gratitude, and on which my heart jumps for joy, is the prostrate condition on Great Britain. Sprung directly from common progenitors. What have I accomplished. I have brought down what was a first power in the world, dependent for national existence on my friendly disposition. In the hopes of making a convenience of Queen Victoria, I sent my son to court her; but there being no spittingons in the room he spat on the carpet and offended her refinement. But both he and I shall be revenged. I am revenged already. I have placed a padlock on Upper Canada, whereof the Erie Canal, planned by Scotchmen, dug by Irishmen, and paid for by Englishmen, is the key—that's a fact.

They talk of impeaching John George Lambton. They dare as soon impeach Old Nick. Where is the man in the British Parliament with clean hands to do it? Is not every man, yea, and every woman, in England, supplying me with the

sineus of war?—and yet the legislature has not yet made it high treason to do so—that's a fact. I have ordered my Ambassador in London to propose for my present purposes, the purchase of all Queen Victoria's nominal dominions in this hemisphere, and I shall then borrow money in London to pay for them. I must always have the Londoners in advance to both the sun and the planets. Extracting a tooth a-day will bring even a Jew to reason—that's a fact.

If Queen Victoria cannot keep her subjects on my continent quiet, other nations, as my illustrious predecessor said with regard to Texas, then a province of Mexico, must interfere. When one's next door neighbour's house is on fire, the law of self-preservation suggests the idea of an engine. But I will precipitate nothing. Sure as my contemporary, the sun in the firmament, rises in the east and sets in the west, so surely do I know how many beans make five. At present I have nothing to do in this matter but to let the "boys," whom the English sent here for the purpose, I suppose, follow their own game; and an occasional pop at even a squirrel will compel the keeping in Canada a standing army to accelerate the absolute ruin of Great Britain, while by means of the Erie canal I shall supply that army with the necessities of life, and borrow the money in England to produce them—that's a fact.

Then there is the Hudson Bay Company. Is it to be endured that foreigners are to share in the profits of the furtrade on my continent? What right have they, I should like to know, to a beaver, or any other brute, or even, in hunting, as a single member thereof? Then there are the herring fisheries too, in the Bay of Fundy, and the cod fisheries too, on the banks of Newfoundland—I am not I as fond of pickled herrings, and of tongues, and sounds, as anybody? But wait a bit. Bide your time. Never assassinate a man when you can murder him by gradually breaking his heart. That fifty-years-old next age for a quarrel, the Boundary question, is all right. It induces the laying of fresh eggs, and when it does not, you shall nest it in the lobby. My illustrious predecessor, in the presence of an Englishman, said he would not part with an inch of the ground in dispute—he would see the British government d—d first. I am pledged to tread in his footsteps—that's a fact.

You will expect me to say something about the currency. Bah! These are my resolves—you shall rob Peter of as much as you can to pay Paul as little as possible, as the means of dicing the rest of the Apostle's that's a fact.

Eddle goes on well; and now Delafield is also at it. Moreover, I have have studying theology lately to decide what kind of church shall be established. I, myself, I incline to Romanism—not as respects faith—but as respects policy. But the point I want cleared up is this:—St. Clement wrote many books all of which the Romanists would have deemed canonical but for his belief in the fable of the Phoenix; and when I look at New York, I confess I, myself, am bothered. Three years ago this day, fifteen millions of dollars' worth of property was burnt, and, according to the American almanack, not one of the owners of that property broke—it was all reinstated by means of dollar notes, issued by the Panix bank, and of which notes I now make pipe-fights—that's a fact.

The reports from my Secretaries of State, I have commanded to lay before you. The report of Levi Woodbury will show that he is playing the right game of fast and loose. One day he demands gold from a Whig, and takes paper from a Tory. Noble fellow. He carries out expediency. Strange that no foreigners—save one—can comprehend my planetary system. And yet it is not strange. All my adopted citizens, initiated in my mysteries, found the lands of their birth too hot to hold them and therefore had no animus reverendi to tell the truth. That there should have been one exception is wonderful—that's a fact.

The report of my Secretary of the Navy will realise the prophecy, now twelve months old, in the John Bull, that when the Pennsylvania, the largest man-of-war in the world, which was built by British ship-wrights, and now manned and commanded by British seamen, shall bombard the Southampton river, the Conservatives England will turn up the whites of their eyes, and say, who—who—would have thought it?

The rest of the reports will show I have done all in my power to carry out the principles of modern philosophy in England in respect of free trade. I have caused our domestic manufactures to be bought, paid for, and consumed, and foreign ones to be merely gambled with. I defy the world to compete with my citizens in the production of commodities, whether bowie knives, broad cloths, or bandannas. Look at the annual fair at New York, at which prizes are contended for about manufactures, just as prizes are contended for in England about fattening cattle for canals, and bad ones too—that's a fact.

I have, being somewhat smothered by cotton, commanded that mulberry trees shall be extensively planted, the growth of which is favoured by my soil and sun; and in anticipation of the industry of the silk-worm, my adopted citizens, formerly wavers at Lyons and Spitalfields, are preparing their looms—that's a fact.

With regard to wines brandies, and other imperfect productions of Europe, I have commanded that the vine shall be cultivated even in the cemeteries, and that the natural forests of peach trees—beautiful sight when in blossom—shall be

availed of for distillation from their seed. It would be tedious to name all my schemes for supplanting the productions of the Old Country. Suffice it to say, that whenever any European comes here to sell "notions" expecting to be paid for them, he or his masters will be bringing coals to Newcastle—that's a fact.

To conclude. I am under the influence of conflicting feeling. I feel mortified at having sprung from a degenerated nation—for a nation degenerated is worse than original barbarism; and I also feel proud that my nation is progressing to perfection, and like a light to a marine, she beacons the haven of safety for all mankind. Upon the whole, I commend you to that Being who, for some inscrutable purposes permits Nick of Petersburg and me to dream of dividing dominion between us; and yet I fear that that same Being smites on the sweet little Cherub that sits up aloft.

MARTIN VAN BUREN. Washington, Dec. 1838.

The French and Buenos Ayreans appear to have come actually to blows. We find in the Journal a long correspondence between the commander of a portion of the French squadron, detached for the blockade of the island of Martin Garcia, and the commandant of that Island, relating to certain vessels of the "anarchists of the Original Republic," which had anchored before the island, and which the commandant threatened to attack.

The result of the correspondence was that four French vessels, and a number of launches attacked and took possession of the island, after a pretty sharp engagement, in which 14 of the Buenos Ayrians were killed, and 20 or 25 wounded.

The French took possession of the island, and made prisoners of its defenders, whom they afterwards sent to Buenos Ayres in a cartel.

This affair caused great excitement and indignation at Buenos Ayres.

A genuine old tar, the mate of the Jessy, a West India trader, was on Saturday, at the police Office at Liverpool, summoned by one of those worthies whom old Fuller called "God's image carved in ebony," or, in sober prose, a hugely negro apprentice, for the sum of £2 13s. wages which he alleged to be due to him for serving as steward's assistant.—Blackey held his head remarkably high—somebody had told him of the Exeter Hall ladies, and their petitions on his behalf—and he seemed inwardly to parodying the observation of Alexander to his own case.

"If him not Brack Nigger Prentice, den him wish be white a man."

Magistrate—how is it you have not paid him, Mr.?

The Old Tar—Paid the warmint, yer honour—paid him! Lord love yer; I jist wishes you had to deal with one o them there snawbalds—jist one woyage—iwer since that 'ere palaver was mada about the niggers, there ain't no gittin 'em to work no how. (Laughter).

Magistrate—Confine yourself to my question, if you please. How is it you have not paid him for his services?

The Old Tar—Hold on a bit, yer Honour. (Laughter) That there picked-up log shore wage-bond had to help our steward, jist to swap the dishes, and keep the cabhouse something shipshape.—Well, my Lord, he gits ashore jist afore we sailed from St. Wincent's, an one o' them there missionary

chaps ups and tells him as how we'd ben and paid twenty thousand millions of hard suv'rius for him, and as how he were a free nigger, and every bit as good as our capt'n. (Roars of laughter.) Well, my Lord, so he comes aboard, and jist arter we'd cleared the island, he comes up to me and sea-sea he—"Messy mate," ses he, "Massa Caesar free nigger—him washee no more for noberry, so dere?"

Master Caesar (to the Magistrate)—Sar, him say ebberry-ting not so much as—

Magistrate—Silence, Sir.

Cæsar—Him free nigger, Sar. What a ship full 'a dollar pay for him—what a for—him not speak?

The Old Tar (interrupting) Never mind that coalbarge, yer honer. As I was a telliu yer honer he comes up and ses, "him washee no more for noberry." So I jist looks him a minute, and then I ses, "Look'y year, dy'e see this marl'n-spike as I got in my hand." "Eh—hah—o' ess, Massa," ses he, "Well then," ses I, "you may take and bile it down for supper, and when you wants breakfast in the mawning, you may take a geer block, or a dead eye, or a grumet, or anything except real wittles."

Blackhee (to Magistrate)—How, Sar, I askee was that do way ob speak and talkee of the mean sepsted nigger' prentice. (The attitude of Blackhee excited considerable laughter.)

Magistrate Hold your tongue, Sir.

Blackee Hole himself, Sar. Hole him hone.

The Old Tar (to the Magistrate) It's no use a talking to him, he thinks as how he better nor you is; but to cut this year yarn short, when the warmint, worked, then he got his mess, and when he did't, why, yer honer, then he did't and one night we cotched him a battain some o' the strands o' runnin riggin, and if so be as I hadn't jist knocked him down the hatchway in time, may I be if our main-top-sail lifts and braces wouldn't a been cut clean through. Tark about sodgers, yer honer, why, I'd sooner have a sodger aboard than those year lubberly, skulking, free niggers (Laughter).

The Magistrate ultimately decided that, as Master Teapot had not worked, he was not entitled to his pay.

Thank yer honour, said Jack, and now as he's ashore, if yer honer will jist gim me liberty to give him a good startin round this year 'Change, I'll give him his money for nothing. (Laughter.)

The Magistrate shook his head at the droll proposition, and Blackee, not partaking of the soul of his great manesake, skulked away under the lee of two police constable.