

# The Star

And Newfoundland Advocate.

"Liberty, and my Native Soil."

OL. IV.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1844.

No. 165.

JOHN'S, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN THOMAS BURTON, at his Office, opposite the CALVINIST MEETING-HOUSE Lane, DUCKWORTH-STREET.

## New Fire-Proof AUCTION MART.

MR. WILLIAM FIRTH being about to leave his old premises, wishes to intimate to his Friends, that he has taken those valuable STONE PREMISES formerly occupied by Messrs. James Bennett & Co., and lately by Messrs. C. Birmingham & Co., where he will carry on his business as usual in the COMMISSION and AUCTION LINE, and as heretofore will receive all sorts of Goods for disposal either for Public or Private Sale.

St John's, May 25, 1843.

He has now Landing,  
And will Sell Cheap

Schooner RANGER, from Cape Breton  
387 Hogsheds COALS  
92 M. Pine Shingles  
500 Treenails  
Hardwood Plank and Pine Boards  
And 1 Good Horse;

Schooner CHARLES, from Wallace,  
20 M. Feet Oak and Birch Plank  
A Lot of Juniper & Birch Timbers  
Stern Pieces and Stauncheons  
Hardwood Balk and Spruce Spars

Schooner ROWELLS,  
126 Hogsheds Slack Coal—suitable  
for Smiths or Lime-burners  
150 Bushels Prime Seed Oats  
20 M. Pine Shingles  
7 M Hardwood Plank—of Beach  
and Maple, suitable for Cabinet  
Work;

Schooner MAYFLOWER, from Sydney  
67 Hogsheds Large Bright Fresh  
Coals;  
And ex Brig WREATH,  
A Lot Prime Shingles and Juniper  
Timbers.

He has also on hand,  
A LARGE STOCK OF  
Manufactured  
GOODS,

Which he will Sell Low.  
May 25, 1843.

## REASONABLE TERMS,

For CASH, or FISH.

Barrels Superfine FLOUR  
Ditto Fine Ditto  
Ditto Fine Middlings Ditto  
Bags Good Common Bread  
Barrels Indian Meal  
Ditto American Tar  
Ditto ditto Pitch  
Firkin's Butter  
Barrels Beef  
Ditto Pork  
Hogsheds very superior Sugar  
Puncheons Porto Rico Molasses.

RENNIE, STUART & Co

## TO BE LET

For a Term of Years,  
The HOUSE formerly  
occupied by JAMES DUNPHY  
the King's oad, consisting of  
four rooms, with Fireplaces;  
allowance will be made in the  
rent for repairs. For Terms  
apply to

GEORGE BURTON

## Poetry

### MY PHILOSOPHY.

Bright things can never die,  
E'en though they fade—  
Beauty and minstrelsy  
Deathless were made.  
What though the summer day  
Passes at even away,  
Doth not the moon's soft ray  
Seduce the night?  
"Bright things can never die—"  
Saith my philosophy—  
Phœbus, though he pass by,  
Leaves us his light.

Kind words can never die—  
Spoken in jest,  
God knows how deep they lie  
Sprung from the heart;  
Like childhood's simple rhymes,  
Said o'er a thousand times,  
Ay—in all years and climes,  
Distant and near.  
"Kind words can never die."  
Saith my philosophy—  
Deep in the soul they lie,  
God knows how dear.

Childhood can never die  
Wrecks of the past  
E'en to the last.  
Many a happy thing—  
Many a daisied Spring,  
Flown on Time's ceaseless wing  
Far, far away.  
"Childhood can never die,"  
Saith my philosophy—  
Wrecks of our infancy  
Live on for aye.

Sweet fancies never die—  
They leave behind  
Some fairy legacy  
Stored in the mind—  
Some happy thought or dream,  
Pure as day's earliest beam,  
Kissing the gentle stream,  
In the lone glade.  
Yet though these things pass by,  
Saith my philosophy—  
Bright things never die,  
"E'en though they fade."

### THE EMIGRANT TO HIS MISTRESS

Where Zephyr sleeps  
At noontide hours,  
Cooling his wings  
In dew of flow'rs!  
There let us go,  
And former times  
We will live o'er  
In happier climes!  
Yes! there, with love's own balmy breath  
That's caught at some young rose's death,  
I'll sing, sweet, to thee!  
Oh! come—  
There by the fountains  
Of glens,  
Deep in the mountains,  
Happy thou'lt dwell with me!

Come where no wind  
Chills the young, green,  
Where all is one  
Soft, summer scene!  
Here ev'ry smile  
Comes but for grief;  
There even tears  
Are joys, relief!  
Oh! fly to such land of delight,  
And there, from the daybreak till night,  
I'll sing, sweet, to thee!  
Oh! come—  
If earth can show thee,  
One joy  
I can bestow thee,  
Happy thou'lt dwell with me!

### SYDNEY AND JONATHAN

Shortly since, the Rev. Sydney Smith, as every body knows, instituted an action in the Court of Comicality for debt, against the state of Pennsylvania, in the shape of a letter addressed to the *Morning Chronicle*. The suit was defeated, after a fashion, by a General Duff Green, who took on himself the office of attorney for his countrymen. A notable defence it was, and well worthy of that species of solicitor who, in an affair between two private individuals, would undertake a similar case. We had supposed that its impertinence and exquisite effrontery would have been left by the rev. plaintiff to speak for themselves; but we have been most agreeably disappointed. In the *Morning Chronicle* of Wednesday, he has published a rejoinder, of which we will only say, that so happy is its point, and so intense its drollery, as almost to tempt us to rejoice that Mr. Smith has been cheated. To that circumstance we are indebted for this rich dish of fun.

Oh! wad some power the giftie gi us,  
To see ourselves as others see us.  
Did Jonathan possess that desirable faculty, what a figure would he cut in his own eyes, as he does in those of the world! His whole anatomy is one pincushion.— There is not a square inch of him in which a shaft of the keenest ridicule is not sticking. He is a very porcupine—not to compare him to St. Sebastian. But really Mr. Smith must not do these things if he wishes for sympathy. Indignation at his enormous wrong is merged in enjoyment of his excessive wit. And, moreover, dishonest as the Americans have been at his expense, he has been facetious at theirs, that it may almost be considered whether he has not indemnified himself for his loss.

The polished missiles of the rev. pretendary will, no doubt, be reciprocated by characteristic mud. The American prints, of course, will, in the strict sense of the phrase, fall foul of him. They will endeavor to pay him out, instead of recommending their readers to pay him off. But their intellectual finances will also admit of their sustaining a contest with him, as the exchequer of their countrymen will enable them to go to war with his. Nor is this a trifling matter. Were it merely that Jonathan was outdone in rail lery,—beaten, put down, rendered contemptible and ludicrous in the eyes of the world, the fact would be one, perhaps, of small consequence. He would not mind that. But the pen of Mr. Smith will not only render him a general laugh,

ine-stock, a universal by-word; it will also entail upon him certain consequences of that enviable position. Who, hereafter, in any country of the earth, will ever trust America, till, by a national act of restitution, she shall have made amends for her fraudulency, and by an act, equally national, of contrition and penance, she shall have promised reformation for the future. Wherever English literature finds its way, which is every where in the civilised globe, will she, till such time, appear with "SWINDLER" branded on her brow. Make haste, Jonathan; lower the striped bunting, and come out before all mankind in a white sheet—a sheet whiter than the liquid with which, metaphorically, thou hast blanched thy person.

We believe that that amusing series of productions comprising the "Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick," found as much favor on the other side of the Atlantic as on this. The American character, as depicted in their pages, was that of a peddling, cozeuing, clever rogue. The "doings" of Mr. Slick (not to pun upon the word) were the deeds of a rogue, and his sayings were the sayings of a rogue; that is, they were analogous to the phraseology which, in this country, is characteristic of the fraudulent classes. Now, to be looked upon as a lively knave, to be laughed with in the utterance of slang, may be very pleasant, to some minds, in the abstract. We see, indeed, that it is so to the mind of the young thief, who, even in prison, and under sentence, will grin as he tells you that he is "in for frisking a till."

But when the possession of this character is so practically recognised as to involve a loss of credit, the case is altered; and such recognition by the whole human race, with its consequence, will be effected by Mr. Smith for brother Jonathan, unless he mends his morals.

Surely he can pay partially.— There is an international Insolvent Court—a Court of Conscience. Can he not endeavour to pass through that? Can he not offer to pay something—something reasonable in the pound? We wonder that, with his democratic feelings, he can transcend, or, to speak in his own vernacular, "go ahead of," the most roughish aristocrat in England.

But Jonathan, it seems, wishes to give creditorship, as Fluellen did treason, "his payment into blows." He wants to fight those whom he owes to. Again we wonder at his newly acquired veneration for antiquity; at his approbation of