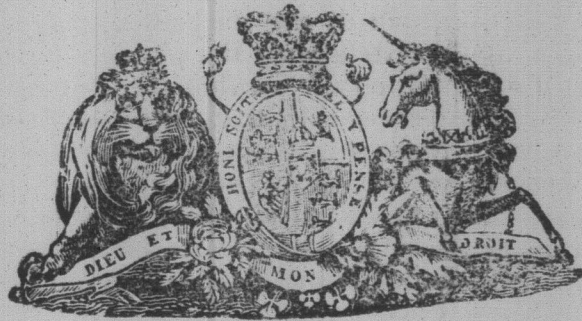


THE



STAR,

AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

New Series.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1835.

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Conception Bay, Newfoundland.—Printed and Published by JOHN T. BURTON, at his Office, CARBONEAR

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS



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 in future, having purchased the above new and commodious Packet-Boat to ply between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove, and, at considerable expense, fitting up her Cabin in superior style, with Four Sleeping-berths &c.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice start from Carbonear on the mornings 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 8 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days.—Terms as usual.

April 10

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 expense, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after one 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 shall 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 Cabin Passengers, 10s. each.
Fore ditto ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single or Double, 1s.
Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., will be received at his House, in Carbonear, and in St. John's, for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kieley's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Crute's.

Carbonear, June 4, 1834.

St. John's and Harbor Grace PACKET

THE fine fast-sailing Cutter the EXPRESS, leaves Harbor Grace, precisely at Nine o'clock every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning for Portugal Cove, and returns at 12 o'clock the following day.—this vessel has been fitted up with the utmost care, and has a comfortable Cabin for passengers; All Packages and letters, will be carefully attended to, but no accounts can be kept for passages or postages, nor will the proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other monies sent by this conveyance.

Ordinary Fares 7s. 6d.; Servants and Children 5s. each. Single Letters 6d., double ditto 1s., and Parcels in proportion to their weight.

PERCHARD & BOAG,
Agents, St. John's.
ANDREW DRYSDALE,
Agent, HARBOR GRACE.

April 30.

BLANKS of every description For Sale at the office of this Paper.
Carbonear, Jan 1. 1835.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

A Vision of Sathanas.

"No, no man wist whence he did come,
No, no man knew where he had gone."

Old Play.

Whoever has wandered along the southern coast of the county of Cornwall, must recollect the village of Torwithiel: the long straggling street, running on one side of a romantic valley, or gorge, parallel with the sea—its sides thickly covered with copse-wood, save when a tall pine or the point of a rock jutted boldly out of the foliage relieving the uniformity—the humble church standing on the opposite side of the valley, near the brow of the bold towering rocks which crested it, as lonely a place as you would care to see on a summer's day, or pass near on a winter's night—the remains of a stronghold, scarce distinguishable from the surrounding cliffs, from whence the distant booming of the ocean alternated with the occasional murmuring of a streamlet, labouring through its rocky bed in the valley below—and then the abrupt and unlooked for view of ocean, on reaching the termination of the valley, with the romantic cove and snug little harbour lying just before you—all marked the spot as one deserving a niche in your recollection.

The observant traveller has no doubt remarked, near the southern end of this village, a two story tenement of wood and stone, with the high-peaked roof and projecting windows which characterize the architecture of the seventeenth century, rearing its head above the neighbouring hamlets.—A huge horse-chestnut tree stood in front, almost overshadowing the whole building, which was flanked by a crazy erection, that served at once for barn, stable, and cow house. A curious effigy, or sign, much the worse for wear, informed you that this was the "Ship-a-ground," wherein "good entertainment for man and horse" was promised by Habbakuk Sheepshanks. Our host, who stood "six feet in his stockings," had a pale face, and a person not belying his name, was a descendant of Habbakuk Read-the-word Sheepshanks, an "unworthy preacher of the word," about the year of grace 1647, who, when the castle was besieged and destroyed by the parliamentary forces, unfortunately lost his life, whilst holding forth on an inverted barrel to a party of saintly dragoons, being struck with a cannon-ball so that, as his descendant says, "one half fell one way and one another."—Mr. Habbakuk is gifted with an interminable fund of anecdote; and the place is chiefly recalled to my remembrance by the following little incident: I wish I could give it in his own words.

The borough of Torwithiel had not been in such an uproar since the stirring times of the civil war. Even the general election, which every few years convulsed its two dozen voters, was but milk-and-water in its effects, compared with the present paroxysm. The Resurrectionists (driven from the more populous districts) had been, like the vulture, attracted by the harvest the small-pox was making for them, and carried off the bodies of the ex-mayor of Mushroomton, and others and Mushroomton was only twenty miles distant. Nothing else was talked of from morning till night. Every one knows that a very little matter often makes a great stir in a very large community—the effects may therefore be imagined in one containing, by the last census, 391 souls; for save when the post brought the county paper once a week to the club at the Ship-a-ground (for even clubs had found their way here), its inhabitants had little to think or talk about but themselves. The reader is apt to associate with the mention of mayors, and boroughs, and elections, a vision of gill-coaches, processions, mobs, or hustings. It is, however, a well-recorded fact, that previous to a late election, on the candidate sending for the mayor of Torwithiel, that worthy dignitary was found busily engaged on a ladder, in the undignified employment of plastering a house!—nay, I could tell more frightful things of the portreeves (mayors) of Wales.

One evening, in the early part of October we will not stand on dates—the parlour of the Ship was occupied by six of the principal individuals of the borough. In pursuance of a public meeting, they had adjourned, by a law "made and provided" in such cases, to dine at the Ship, and to appoint proper persons to watch the churchyard that same night. The parlour in question served for dining, smoking, dancing, election, and travellers' room, in default of a better; and the capacious seats on each side of the jaws of the fire-place, which would put to shame three of our modern ones, shook again with the mirth which good cheer (particularly when it is at the expense of the parish) rarely fails to produce. It was beginning to get dusk, and the weather, which was cold and cloudy, threatened to turn out tempestuous, which the fitful gusts of wind, and occasional pattering of a few big drops of rain on the windows, seemed to confirm.—The company had just finished their first glass of punch, had lighted their pipes, and were listening to an oft told tale of the civil wars from Mr. Habbakuk Sheepshanks, when they were aroused by the noise of a horse's hoofs on the pavement before the door.—Leaving his ancestor in a perilous situation, out sallied the landlord, while the rest of the party crowded to the window, to have a view of that unusual sight—a stranger. A tall man, enveloped in an immense blue great coat, with an "ocean" of cape, was in the act of dismounting from a large, raw-boned, grey horse. After giving a look at the stable, in another minute he strided into the parlour, coat and ail, and seating himself sans ceremony between the parson and the coast-watcher, replied to a question from our host as to his dinner—"Exactly so." He still kept on his mountain of coat; and now he was stationary, you saw at once there was something very odd about his appearance.—He might have been fifty, or thereabouts; and his large shaggy eyebrows, long sharp nose, dark complexion, and deep-set eyes, which glared with a strange wild appearance, had something about them which gave you no desire to look the second time; while his beard might have rivalled in its tints that of Bluebeard himself. All further scrutiny was precluded by the ample folds of his coat. It was evident the appearance of the stranger cast a sort of chill over the company. By way of breaking the ice, however, the mayor made a casual remark on his good fortune, in getting so comfortably sheltered from the inclemency of the weather. Now the mayor was a pompous, portly, little man—a sort of Falstaff in little—the rotundity of whose face and person would have been creditable even to a metropolitan corporation. He had once been a mining agent, and the world said, had ruined by his schemes no less than three companies; and though his utterance, owing to an attack of paralysis, was difficult and indistinct, like most members of the aldermanic body, a deep sense of the importance of the borough was constantly visible. After seating himself at the table, the stranger riveted his little wild eyes on his worship, and gave his former laconic answer—"Exactly so." The little man started and nudged his neighbour; the churchwarden pinched the toes of the coast-watcher; he in his turn pushed the parson. This was the second time those identical words had been pronounced close to—nay, in their ears; yet there the speaker sat, full three yards off. "Do you see his great coat?" whispered the mayor. "And ye gods, how he eats!" said the parson. The stranger was certainly devouring the repast at a prodigious rate. After despatching the better part of a cold round of beef, without speaking of about a loaf of bread, potatoes, and sundries, he at last paused. The parson, taking a huge pinch of snuff, ventured to break silence. "Ahem! I should guess you have travelled some distance to-day, sir?"—"Umph!" replied the man in blue, "your guess is not far off the mark." They started as if they had received an electric shock: his answer again tolled deep in their ears. "Decidedly strange!" muttered the whole party in a breath. "Arrah! my sowl and St. Patrick!" said the coast-watcher,

"but these are quare to be travelling about sir—I'm thinking you're a stranger hereabouts?" The imperturbable stranger pulled out a long hookah and pouch of tobacco, and casting a glance by no means of a pleasant nature on the querist, said—"Exactly so; and what of that, are not you also a stranger?" This was the fact; but how did the traveller know it? Nobody care to question him a third time. He soon proved he could smoke on as large a scale as he could. There he sat; puff—puff—puff; never did man raise such a smoke before: indeed, it gave a character of vastness and indistinctness to his tall blue figure, which amplified it to an unpleasant degree.

A short time before, the watch appointed for the churchyard came to receive their instructions; but the thoughts of the committee were riveted on the motions of the stranger. One night could make no difference, therefore the matter was postponed till "to-morrow."

Our friend of the Emerald Isle was emboldened to ask the guest if he was going to the Land's End? At this instant the stranger struck ten;—the stranger started up, and giving his great coat close around him, and giving the fire a stir that sent ten thousand sparks up the chimney, replied—"Presently, I am going over the Land's End!" In another minute they heard his heavy foot ascending the stairs to his bed-room. No sooner was his door closed, than the pent up curiosity of the party found vent together; every circumstance was dwelt upon with the most minute accuracy. "There is something not right about him," said the parson in a whisper, "I felt a strong smell of sulphur when he sat near me." "And I," added the doctor, "thought his little glaring eyes, peering out through the smoke, looked for all the world like the devil's." "Hush!" cried our landlord, "he is coming down again!" But the noise was caused by his movements in the room above.

The night was very stormy. The sign creaked and groaned, amid the howling and whistling of the wind, as if it would fall from its hinges, and ever and anon there came a gust that threatened to shake the tenement to its foundations; and at every fitful pause in the storm, noises in the room above indicated that he was not yet gone to rest. They drew their seats closer round the wood-fire, which had burnt low unperceived.

"On my say-so, I don't like to say an ill word of my customers, but an I spoke my mind," said Habbakuk, dropping his voice into a whisper, "I guess all is not right above. I asked him three times to pull off his big coat,—but, Molly, wench, the fire is going out; will you charge your glasses again, gentlemen?" "By the powers!" exclaimed the coast-watcher, "he must be a smuggler!"—and the stranger's apparent knowledge of him, and private information of an intended run, seemed to favour the conjecture. It was during the agitating period of radicalism. "I have it," cried the parson, "this fellow must be a leader of the radicals, and his speech about going over the Land's End may mean flying the country." On referring to the last number of the county paper, they found a considerable reward had been offered for the apprehension of a person resembling the strange guest in figure. The night was slipping fast away—he might get away early; and his strange demeanour, equivocal answers, and suspicious appearance, with a reward glittering in their eyes, determined them on taking the bold step of placing him under arrest, should he fail to give a satisfactory account of himself.

The stranger had been still for some time; it was therefore judged advisable to practise a coup de-main, and, seven in number, they issued on tiptoe to storm the enemy's camp. They had reached the top of the staircase, and the parson, leaving the exciseman in his rear, made a couple of steps towards the door of the bed-room, when a heavy step was heard. At this indication of the enemy, (like many a better man) his courage failed him; a disagreeable recollection of the smell of sulphur obtruded itself on the mind—