

## CARBONEAR STAR.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1833.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We have to apologize to "Terre-Neuve" for omitting to insert, in our number of last week, over his communication the words "Non sibi sed patrie."

Wasp of room excludes the Letter of "Agriculturist."

## To the Editor of the Carbonear Star.

MR. EDITOR.—Allow me through the columns of your Journal to congratulate the Public on the premature death of Philo B.—by this time his mad capers, though amusing at first, were becoming nauseous; and every one must feel happy that he is no more. Yes, Mr. Editor, he died with a drop in his eye. Poor Philo—peace to thy manes! Could not thy wit—thy genius—aye, thy chemical genius—save thee from destruction? I heard, Mr. Editor, that he expired after swallowing a dose prepared according to his own prescription; composed of equal portions of abuse, ridicule, and scurrility.—This dose, operating as it did on one whose whole body was combustible, produced an explosion which converted it into smoke.—His friend the Editor of the "Mercury," going into the room shortly after, without being aware of the catastrophe, was struck dumb at the loss he had sustained in the defunct gentleman, who so manfully attempted to soap and leather his conversation into a fictitious notoriety.

The dose which occasioned the poor gentleman's death was prepared by his friend INDEPENDENCE, or, as he will have it, PUNCH.

Carbonear, March 25, 1833.

## To the Editor of the Carbonear Star.

SIR.—I will not accuse any one of idolatry, in this enlightened age, especially the author of "Philo B." though he appears to pay little short of divine honors to his own sober judgment.

He has favoured us with much sarcastic insinuation, rapidly swelling into invective. His letters corresponded with the much admired personification of an abstract quality: "Mobilitate viget viresque acquirit eundo."

But I crave his pardon, it was only while sarcasm lasted, that his letters elevated their crest, and swelled their bulk; when he came to argument they sank into a bantling: for in all that he has written (and by the by that's not a little) I have not seen a single thing like reasoning, that was not founded in gross misconception.

He has gravely informed us, though rather in an indirect kind of way, that he does not approve of tilling the soil of Newfoundland.

Has he advanced any arguments to prove that his position is correct, respecting agriculture in Newfoundland? Why, none whatever. But has he advocated any reasons to prove any thing else? Yes, that he has indeed, for he has proved himself to be to all intents and purposes very nearly allied to the long-eared tribe. How so? Because he writes as an Ass brays—loud and long, with much repetition of the same old saws and modern instances: and with convulsive heavings, as if his lungs were not merely made of leather, but that they were placed preposterously far back in the animal economy—as if he mistook the matter, and failed to observe it was the intention of nature he should "go sounding on his dim and perilous way" in the opposite direction.

Hoping that "Philo B." will excuse me for the liberty I have taken, I hasten to subscribe myself

BLOW-HARD.

Bell Isle, March 21, 1833.

## (To the Editor of the Carbonear Star.)

MR. EDITOR.—I feel obliged by the readiness with which you admitted into the columns of your excellent paper, my last communication. I would therefore now redeem part of the promise then made of offering a few remarks on the Current-Supply System, as it at present exists among us.

This System I conceive to be injudicious on several accounts. The first is, that it confounds the strictly honest Planter, with his more cunning knavish neighbour—or rather, where both are unknown, gives the latter the advantage; because he, by being obliged perpetually to have recourse to stratagem, assurance, and duplicity, is able to tell a much more plausible story, and, by that means, get supplied more liberally, and treated at the supplying season more favourably than the former.

Another injudicious principle I conceive in the present system is issuing Supplies at all to persons whose characters are unknown, or known to be dishonest.

A third is allowing dependent Planters, in the Spring, to take any superfluous articles of manufactured goods: and,

The last is when a poor Planter honestly gives the proceeds of his voyage to the Supplying Merchant; that that Planter should be sent home to his family in the fall of the year, perhaps, minus his fishing apparatus, with the comfortable satisfaction of starving with them or of keeping them in existence on charity or plunder.

Now, Sir, I would not have it for a moment he considered that I am desirous any impediments should be thrown in the way of the fisheries.—Were I asked my opinion as to the objects of pursuit most advantageous to Newfoundland, I would say the positive, comparative, and superlative are fishery, fishery, fishery. But, from a tolerable knowledge of the feelings entertained by both Merchants and Planters towards each other; feelings, at first engendered, and since, kept alive by their reciprocal dealings; I am convinced the present promiscuous Supplying system could be altered very much to the benefit of both parties.

The first change which I would see universally adopted is—that every person, not well known, previous to his obtaining Supplies, should be compelled to produce a few years' former accounts: for, by these, a Merchant could instantly judge of the person's honesty, economy, & time of putting off his voyage; whether he were in the habit of dealing solely with one Merchant, and whether that Merchant received the best as well as the refuse parts of the fish, oil, &c. and, if these accounts were not satisfactory to grant the person no Supplies whatever.

By this method notorious cheats would be detected and exposed; and, hence, the fair dealer need not be taxed 10 or 15 per cent. as a contingency for bad debts, as is now generally the case. It is worthy of remark, that in almost every Cove, where Planters reside, some will be found whose plantations are their own, and who are out of debt.—Now, in order that the detected, merchantless person may have extended to them the means of prosecuting the fishery, let those independent Planters be encouraged to supply them with Salt and other articles absolutely needful for this purpose.—These, by being on the spot, and generally related to all their neighbours, would be certain of their payment, if so much fish were caught; and by supplying in this manner, about Twenty Pounds would enable such Planters to cure at least 100 quintals of fish. Those independent Planters could get paid, generally, in August; and the surplus fish could be disposed of as the owner of it thought proper. And surely persons whose characters were such as to cause their neighbours to refuse assisting them as above, ought not to be assisted by strangers at a distance.

There is, however, one class of Planters which claim an exception to the above restriction, namely, those whose principles are known to be good, whose families are grown up and able to assist their parents, but who are involved in old debts, and whose property is mortgaged. Many of these would become excellent dealers, were these burthens thrown from their shoulders; and this most desirable object could be obtained by a declaration of Insolvency in which state, any Merchant, at discretion, who prefers the Shore fishery, could easily place them.

But the most oppressive, demoralizing deed—that which has done more harm to the principles of Planters generally, and introduced more chicanery, fraud, theft and spite into their conduct and feelings, and which is most to be deprecated is—that those who dealt uprightly and trusted implicitly on the honour of the receivers of their voyage, should be refused supplies absolutely necessary for the winter.

How often have I heard poor wretches who have been thus treated, imprecate maledictions on themselves, as well as on those by whom they had been deceived, if ever they allowed themselves to be so treated again. I intended to make further observations on the benefits which would result from the abolition of promiscuous credit: such as selling goods cheaper from running less risk in the payment; and, very probably, in a short time, doing away with the current supply system, and credit altogether. Arguments in support of both which, are fairly deducible from the foregoing remarks—but I fear I have, already, too much trespassed.

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Your's, &amp;c.

A PATRIOT.

Carbonear, March 18, 1833.

## (To the Editor of the Carbonear Star.)

A Voice from the Tombs' respects to the Editor of the Carbonear Star, and shall feel obliged by his inserting the following short Biographical Notice of a late lamented individual, in his valuable paper.

Carbonear, March 18, 1833.

## SCRIPTOR.

If the length of a man's life be estimated, not by the days and years that he had languidly or uselessly passed away: but by the well-improved moments, in which he has performed the work of years. SCRIPTOR, I am justified in saying, died in a ripe old age. He was one of those beings, who felt (how many do not!) that he had a soul; and that its noble powers and "capabilities" were not designed, by the Creator of them, "to rust in him unused."

As the place of Scriptor's nativity, and the time of his birth, are involved in much obscurity, it must, in some measure, account for the scantiness of facts in this Biographical Notice. His first literary production made its appearance, somewhat about two years ago, in the Harbor Grace Mercury; since which period he has been a constant contributor to that paper under a variety of names.

Though most of his pieces possess great merit, they infinitely fall short of that inestimable production of his, which appeared in the paper above alluded to, on the 8th inst.; which was, certainly, his chef-d'œuvre, being alike conspicuous for the elegance of its lan-

guage, the perspicuity of its style, and the force of its argument.

This truly literary character, getting his feet wet, in returning from the Printing-Office, on Thursday, the 7th, caught a severe cold; this, acting on a constitution that had been impaired by intense study, occasioned his health rapidly to decline; and, on the 19th he expired, after a short but painful illness, the sufferings in which he endured with meekness and resignation. He was buried in the Mercury Vault, the receptacle for the remains of many other literary tyros. A most imposing funeral oration was delivered on the occasion, by his coadjutor in the good fight, "Philo B."

As an author, Scriptor has acquired much merited celebrity; his style is clear and vigorous, just sufficiently adorned to render it interesting. His mind was well-stored with materials for discoursing upon almost every subject; and in the skilful combination and application of them, he displayed eminent skill. But his claims upon our recollection, are those of a PUBLIC CHARACTER—of one who labored, unostentatiously, in the fields of Literature—and who so shaped his course through the angry ocean of politics and contending opinions, as to command, not merely the respect, but the love of all parties, without compromising his integrity. Every transaction of his life, nay, every sentence that fell from his pen (and this, when speaking of a Political Writer, is an extraordinary assertion) were distinguishable, by sincerity of intention and kindness of feeling. Few men, I believe, of purer intention ever lived.

## (To the Editor of the Carbonear Star.)

Non sibi sed patrie.

"A laud's amangst ye takin notes,  
And faith he'll prent 'em."—BURNS.

SIR.—As the author of the "Conversations," in the Mercury, appears to have fallen asleep, over some knotty question, on the subject of chemistry, or political economy; or else has awaked to a sense of his inability to cope with subjects that are, in their nature, too deep for his sciolous mind; and has found out, by experience, and practice, that his heaven-born genius is more suited to the production of witticism, or criticism, for those of his readers, who do not judge for themselves: I shall take the liberty of attempting to convey, to the columns of your paper, sundry true Conversations, that I have had, lately, with certain persons, the colour of whose coats or jackets, was not to me, a subject of particular interest; neither was it, to me, a matter of importance, whether those persons were logical or not; all I sought for was the language of common sense, coming from minds fraught with experience: all I wanted to gather, was golden opinions from all sorts of people. I envied not the possessors of brassy opinions their impertinence and presumption; neither did I envy the possessors of leaden opinions their gravity or dullness; but whenever I met with either of those possessors, I invariably recommended them to apply, for the publication of their opinions, to B. or his Philo; so that the winged messenger may carry the tidings—so that B. and his Philo may share the fame and the triumph.

Well S. you are experienced in the art of manufacturing leather; you have tried it in this country, and know, no doubt, how it would answer.

S.—Yes, I have made vera guid leather in this country; a calf-skin, that I made into leather, was as guid as any I ever saw in England or Scotland; and I have made kid-skin guid, vera guid, as white as snow, and as soft as a glove. I purchased at one time, 500 seal-skins, for the purpose of manufacturing them into leather; after being manufactured, they were sold for about seven shillings. The dug-skins were made vera guid leather; I got embarrassed we the people I employed; and I did not succeed weel. I would require capital to do any thing at the beseness.

P.—Did you get your tannin in this country, or import it?

S.—Baith. I used to go till Bellisle, with a boat and my own crew, in the summer, and get the barks of hard-wood, (birch and the like) but they war na vera guid, were what is called too hard, the tan made frae them, was na penetrat the substance of the skin; I had till mix them with juniper and fir, till mak them mair saft. When I bought the hard-wood bark, I had till pay thirty shillans for a cord of it. I imported some frae the States; it was na vera guid; but the price was reasonable.

P.—Do you think that the manufacture of leather could be carried on, in this country, with the same facility as it could in countries where the frost is not so severe in the winter season?

S.—Ye wad be stoppit sometime by the frost, but ye can lay the skins in the tan-pit in the winter, as they have to lie there about six weeks or two months.

P.—But would they not freeze solid? and would not their being frozen, hinder the tannin from penetrating the skin; that is would not the frost stop the process?

S.—They would only freeze about a foot or eighteen inches. I used to cover them wi boards and snow, till keep them frae the frost.—Those that were frozen had till be tamed after they were thawed.

P.—Well Lott, what brings you from the North Shore again? You were up here the other day I think?

L.—To get something to eat, I had some bread the other day, and its all gone, I'm sure I don't know what we poor people will do for sartin.

P.—What, have you no potatoes?

L.—No, they be all gone long ago; no body hadn't a got none on the Nart Shore.—

We only put thirty-five barrels in the cellar last fall, where we used to have a hundred, every fall of our lives; and I be a feared that 'twill be worse this year.

P.—What was the reason you had so few potatoes last fall? And why do you fear that this year you will have less?

L.—Don't know; last summer, wasn't like a summer: they didn't grow somehow; and we let them bide in the gardens to get a little hard, and then the frost nip't them. As for this year I'm sure and sartin, that no body got no seed, and we must all starve, I s'pose.

P.—Do you recollect, or do you know, of any person, you may, who recollects when the potatoes failed before, as they did last year?

L.—No, not one. I never knowed the like.

P.—Well Mr. S. how do the times govern with you?

S.—Bad times entirely, I never in my born days before, had to come to Carbonear this time o' year to look for grub. I used to have a good cellar of tates, plenty of cabbage and garden stuff till this year, and no body knows the vally of them till they hasn't a got 'em.

P.—Aye; you do not go to the seal-fishery, or the Labrador, and the small quantity of fish you get in the Bay, will not keep your large family, you must of course live principally on the produce of your land.

S.—Every year, till this year; and I never seed the like o' last summer; nor any body else I believe, one used to have a good stock of tates this time o' year and now we hasn't a got no more nor seven barrels that we be tryin to keep for seed, and be pickin them every day to keep 'em from rotten.

P.—You keep sheep I suppose, and your good woman makes gloves, and sometimes stockings of their wool; and I dare say she makes blubber-soap.

S.—Yes, and I often brings the lambs to Carbonear and sells them. The soap is poor stuff, but what can us poor people do, us must hae summet to wash our duds.

P.—Do you think Mr. S. that you could do better without soap and leather, than you could without the produce of your land?

S.—Don't know: we wears out a deal of leather; but we could get a seal-skin and make moccasins; we can make blubber-soap, but as for the gardens; no body knows the vally o' them.

P.—I tell you how you may know something of the value.

S.—How is that?

P.—Why the value of your land's produce last year, compared with the value of its produce in preceding years, would shew a difference, that would give you some idea of its value.

The most melancholy subject we have to contemplate now, Mr. S. is, the general want of seed potatoes that will exist this spring, over the whole Island. We have more particularly to regret this circumstance, because, that in consequence of some of the big-wigs, taking upon themselves to paralyze the praiseworthy, and patriotic attempt of our infant Assembly, to make this country redeem the pledge that was given to the parent government—that this Island should no longer be a burden to the tax-ridden people of England, that the people of this Island should provide for their own wants; minister to their own necessities; and make available their own resources: this act of the big-wigs, has Mr. S. in all probability shut you and others like you, out from the expectation of getting any seed potatoes, through the exertions of your representatives.

I am Mr. Editor,

Your obdt. Servant,

TERRE-NEUVE.

Carbonear, March 21, 1833.

Died, at St. John's, on the 17th inst. in the prime and vigor of life, Mr. P. Shea, son of the late Mr. H. Shea, Merchant. This lamented young man lately filled a respectable situation, in the employ of Mess. Gosse, Pack, and Fryer, the duties of which he discharged to the satisfaction, both of his employers and those with whom his avocations brought him more immediately into contact. His open, manly, and amiable deportment, procured him the esteem of a large circle of friends, to whom his early and unexpected removal is a source of unfeigned regret.

Who, that watched his soul-lit eye;  
His buoyant step; his joyous tone;  
Would dream that dread mortality  
So soon, had naked him as its own.

Communicated.

## Shipping Intelligence.

## PORT-DE-GRAVE.

## CLEARED.

Feb. 5.—Brig Ringwood, Smith, Portugal; 2100 qtls. cod-fish.  
For the SEAL FISHERY 79 Vessels—6281 tons—1687 men.

## BRIGUS.

## CLEARED.

Feb. 6.—Brig Adelaide, Cormack, Portugal; 2100 qtls. cod-fish.

Total number of Vessels cleared for the Seal Fishery, from the various Ports in Conception Bay 212, measuring 16,436 tons, and carrying 4680 men.

Sailed from St. John's to prosecute the Seal Fishery, to the 20th inst. 105 Vessels.