

J. S. Cochrane

# THE CARBONEAR STAR, AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1833.

No. 19.

## TO LET,

On Building Leases, for a Term of Years.

A Piece of LAND, the Property of the Subscriber, extending from the House of Mr. Joseph Parsons, on the East, to the House of Mrs. Ann Howell, on the West, and running back from the South Side of the Street, to the Subscriber's House.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow.

Carbonear, Feb. 13, 1833.

## NOTICES.

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 continuation 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.—DOYLE will also keep constantly on board, for the accommodation of Passengers, Spirits, Wines, Refreshments, &c. of the best quality.

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.

Letters, Packages, &c. will be received at the *Newfoundlander Office*.

Carbonear, April 10, 1833.

## DESIRABLE CONVEYANCE

TO AND FROM  
HARBOUR-GRACE.

THE Public are respectfully informed that the Packet Boat EXPRESS, has just commenced her usual trips between HARBOUR-GRACE and PORTUGAL COVE, leaving the former place every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'clock, and PORTUGAL COVE the succeeding Days at Noon, Sundays excepted, wind and weather permitting.

## FARES,

Cabin Passengers .....	10s.
Steorage Ditto .....	5s.
Single Letters .....	6d.
Double Ditto .....	1s.
Parcels (not containing Letters)	in proportion to their weight.

The Public are also respectfully notified that no accounts can be kept for Passages or Postages; nor will the Proprietors be accountable for any Specie or other Monies which may be put on board.

Letters left at the Offices of the Subscribers, will be regularly transmitted.

A. DRYSDALE,  
Agent, Harbour-Grace.

PERCHARD & BOAG,  
Agents, St. John's.

Harbour-Grace, April 5, 1833.

**B**LANKS of every description for sale at the Office of this Paper.

## LITERATURE.

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

HOMES ABROAD.—A TALE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

To say that this is a clever, amusing, and interesting tale is to give it a very small share of the praise which it deserves. It is a vigorous sketch of the evils of that great canker of society pauperism, and an able exemplification of the manner in which they may be relieved. Emigration is Miss Martineau's principal specific; and this tale is intended to show, by example, how and in what manner emigration may be best conducted.

The tale commences with what is, we fear, only too true a sketch of the habits and modes of life of a very large part of the British peasantry in the agricultural districts of the kingdom, and then proceeds to give the following account of the family whose history is afterwards detailed:—

"Among the grumblers was Castle; a man who, without fault of his own, was, in full vigour of life, reduced from a state of comfortable independence to the very verge of pauperism. He had married early, and proved himself justified in doing so, having been able, not only to support the two children of his first marriage, but to fit them for maintaining themselves by proper training in their occupations. Frank had served his apprenticeship to a house-carpenter, and was now a skilful and industrious workman of one-and-twenty years of age. His sister Ellen, three years younger, was a neat-handed dairy maid, whom any farmer might be glad to have in his establishment. That she was out at service, and that Frank had something to do, however little, were the chief comforts of poor Castle at this time; for his own affairs looked dismal enough. He had married a second time, a woman much younger than himself, who had never known hardship, and was little prepared to meet it, however gay her temper seemed before there was any thing to try it. She did nothing for her husband but bring him children and nurse them till they died, which they almost all did as times grew worse and comforts became scarce. Only one little girl, now six years old, remained at home of all his second family. There were indeed two lads who called him father, though he had for some time disowned them as sons. He declared that Jerry and Bob were born rogues and vagabonds; and gave apensive notice to all whom it might concern that he had cast them off to follow their evil courses, as they were so given to theft that it would ruin him to be made answerable for their misdeeds. Some people thought that fifteen and sixteen were ages at which some hope of reformation was yet left; and saw moreover that the lads had been driven to crime by want, and prevented from returning by dread of their parents' tempers. Castle was now almost invariably low and peevish; and at five-and-forty had the querulous tone, wrinkled face, and lagging gait of an old man. The effect of hardship had been even worse upon his wife than upon himself. Instead of being peevish, she seemed to have lost all feeling; and while her husband yet worked as long as he could get any thing to do, she was as lazy as if she had been brought up to live on parish bread.

"News came that Jerry and Bob had been taken up for robbing and cruelly beating two young gentlemen whom they had decoyed into a wood on pretence of bird's-nesting; and that, if not hanged, they would be transported. Castle declared, though with a quivering lip, that this was what he had always expected. His wife went further. She hoped they would be hanged, and put out of the way of being more trouble to any body. She exhorted her husband to take no steps on their behalf, but be thankful that he was rid of them. The neighbours cried 'Shame!' and prevailed with Castle so far as to induce him to go to the magistrate who had committed the lads, and swear to their ages; as they were taken by strangers to be much older than they really were, and an explana-

tion on this point might procure a mitigation of punishment. Castle was unwilling to leave home for two days while his wife was hourly expecting her confinement; but a woman who lodged in the same cottage offered to be with her, on condition of receiving the same attention from her when she should want it a short time hence. Castle was scarcely gone, when his wife had to send for assistance; and before her child was born, the neighbour who was with her was in a similar plight. It was the middle of the night: and the parish surgeon who attended them had no help at hand, and could not leave them to call for any. He wrapped up the two infants in the remains of a blanket, and laid them beside the fire he had himself lighted. It very naturally happened that, he did not know which was which, of the children, and that he had not presence of mind to conceal the difficulty. On taking them up, it was found that one was dead. His horror was great on perceiving that, instead of there being any regret on this account, each mother was anxious to make out that the dead infant must be her own. Neither of them would touch the living one.

"An unobserved or forgotten witness appeared in the person of Castle's little daughter Susan, who had crept out from her dark corner to peep at the babes in the blanket.

"That is the one you wrapped up first, Sir," she said, pointing to the living infant.

"How do you know, my dear?"

"She knows well enough," said the neighbour; "she had nothing to do but to watch. She —"

"How do you know, my dear?" persisted the surgeon.

"Because this corner of the blanket fell under the grate, and got all black; and when you brought the other baby you wrapped it up in the black part. Look!"

"'Tis all true," said Castle's wife, "and her child was born first."

The surgeon set her right, and considered the matter decided; but it was far from being so. She scolded her little daughter for her testimony till the child slunk out of the room; she pushed the infant roughly from her, and cursed it for its cries. Her neighbour insultingly told her it was certainly sent to make up to her for one of the lads that was going to be hanged, and that it was only a pity she had not had twins. Words, dreadful to hear from a mother's lips, followed. The contention grew louder and more violent, till the surgeon, fearing for their lives and senses, and being unable any longer to bear a scene so unnatural and horrible, left the room, bearing with him the innocent cause of dispute. Little Susan was on the stairs, still sobbing and afraid to go in; so she was also taken home by the surgeon, when he had sent in a neighbour to tend his two patients.

"Here, my dear," said he to his wife, on entering his own door, "put this child to bed somewhere, and try if you can contrive to keep the infant alive till we can send it to the workhouse in the morning."

"What has agitated you so much?—Whose children are these?"

"The children of Providence only, my dear; for the hearts of parents are turned against their own offspring in these days.—What have I seen! I have seen the contention of mothers for a dead child. I have been with mothers who would thank any Solomon that should order the living child to be cut in two. Solomon himself could not read mothers' hearts in these days."

"We will not be hard upon them," said his wife. "It is not that has done this;—want like that which made a mother of Solomon's nation devour her own child. We will not blame them. Would we could help them!"

"The matter ended in the infant's being received into the workhouse, little Susan's testimony, though strong, not being so conclusive as to justify the surgeon's swearing to the parentage of the child; and there was no one else who could. When Castle returned, he observed that it signified little, as the parish must at all events have maintained the babe; neither he nor his neighbours

could keep out of the workhouse much longer. This was soon found to be too true, when Ellen came home, being obliged to give up her place to a parish girl, and Frank appeared with a grave face, to say that he was out of work and had been so for so long a time, that he was convinced nothing was to be done but to go and seek his fortune elsewhere."

To escape from this state of distress, Frank induces his father and the whole family to emigrate to Van Diemen's Land. His sister is sent out by the parish; he, his father, and mother, bind themselves to a capitalist in Van Diemen's Land for a certain period, on condition of being conveyed out and supported; and the two brothers are sentenced to be transported for the robbery. The following is the account of their arrival and settlement, and of the present state of Van Diemen's Land:—

"Ellen was the first of the family that arrived at Hobart Town in Van Diemen's Land. Next came the convict-ship, which was sent round to Launceston to disembark its passengers; that port being nearer the district where the convict labour was to be employed. When the batch of parish emigrants arrived, a fortnight afterwards, Frank found, on application to the proper government officer, that his sister had landed in good health, and had received a high character from the clergyman and his lady who had come over as superintendents of the expedition; that Ellen had been forwarded, with a few of her fellow-passengers, to the district where a service had been procured for her as dairy-maid on a settler's farm; and that care had been taken that her parents and brother should be indentured to farmers in the same neighbourhood. So far, all was well. Frank could learn nothing about his brothers, except that they were to be landed at Launceston, and that Launceston was within thirty miles of the spot where he was to be located. The officer he was speaking to had nothing to do with the arrangements respecting convicts; his business was to take care of the emigrant labourers on their arrival.

"Castle himself could not help being pleased at the appearance of things at Hobart Town, when he and Frank took a walk, the evening after their arrival. The only objections he could think of were, that there were few shops; that it was not at all likely that the country inland should be half so civilized as what he saw; and that it was a thing he had not been used to, to have Christmas fall at the hottest time of the year, and the trees green all the winter through. It was now May; and they told him that winter was coming on, and yet that the woods would look as green as now all the time; and that the snow, if there was any, would not lie more than a day on any ground but the mountain tops, and a bleak common here and there. They told him that for more than three hundred days in the year the sun would shine all day, and the air be dry and pure, and seldom too hot or too cold. All this was what he had not been used to, and did not know how to believe. His son supposed that if it came true, he would not object; as one of the consequences of such a climate is that English people have much better health, and live, on the average, a good deal longer at Van Diemen's Land than at home. Castle peevishly laughed at all talk about life and health, when it was, in his opinion, doubtful whether they might not be starved to death within three months. His son left this point to be demonstrated by time rather than by argument; and meanwhile observed that there were few signs of starvation about Hobart Town, in which, besides the Government residence, there are nearly eight hundred houses, most of which are surrounded with gardens; the dwellings having been originally built on separate allotments of land, of a quarter of an acre each. The streets cross at right angles, and command fine views of the neighbouring country, and afford a cheering evidence of the success of the industry which has sought employment there. A dock-yard is seen on the river's brink; and corn-mills, tanneries, breweries, (See last page.)