

THE CARBONEAR STAR, AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1833.

No. 21.

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.
Steerage 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.

BLANKS of every description for sale at the Office of this Paper.

THE PRISON-BREAKER.

It was a custom, some years ago, with a few young men, to meet together once a week at each other's houses, and to communicate their ideas in writing. The productions were always read and left at the house of the entertainer, who returned, with a cold supper, a small portion of the good that he received in the shape of imagination and wit. Every person, as I have said, communicated his ideas, but no one was bound to any particular subject. Each one was to do his best. He who could not be entertaining was permitted to be learned. "We can sleep, at all event," said one of the body, when a person of indifferent merit was proposed. In a word, one or two members of unknown talent were admitted into our party (which was to consist of a dozen), and among the rest an old gentleman in spectacles, of a somewhat saturnine aspect, from whom we expected to receive at least an Essay on Optics, but who, to our infinite surprise, presented us with the following anecdote.—(The circumstance of my being host of the evening will account for my possession of the manuscript.)

It was thus our sexagenarian began:—

"I am an old man, almost sixty. Some of my vivacity is perhaps gone; certainly all my sentimentality has vanished. My 'sallad days' are over! Instead of manufacturing bad rhymes and groaning at the moon—instead of sighing, after a villainous fashion, at every mantuamaker I meet, I set down my thoughts in level prose; I sun myself leisurely at mid-day, and I care no more for a milliner than I do for a mousetrap.—All this philosophy I have learned in the great school of old age, where one gets wisdom in return for giving up all one's enjoyments. Yet these matters may be drawbacks with some persons?—and so I am willing to be silent. If, however, there be any one who shall still desire 'a touch of my quality,' let him proceed with the following narrative. It is, I assure him, every tittle of it true:—

"About five or six-and-twenty years ago I went to reside at Charwood, a little village in the south-west part of England. Charwood is a pretty spot—a green, out-of-the-way place, with a semicircular wood crowning the high land above it, and a brisk, glittering trout stream running away at its foot. The reader must understand that I was not a recluse. I did not shut myself up, like the Hermit of Tong, and let my beard grow for a recompense of half-a-crown per week. I did not even retreat to this seclusion from any lofty misanthropy. I liked the world well enough—I had no cause for dislike.—My play had not been damned—my wife had not run away—I had not been kicked or caned at Newmarket or Brookes's. In short, I was very comfortable, and—a bachelor.

"And now to begin my story. It is to be owned that I commence under some disadvantages. My heroine is the last in the world that a novelist would have selected.—She had scarcely any of the ordinary qualities which allure from the eyes of ladies—maids and sempstresses such rivers of tears. She was neither romantic nor mysterious, nor fond of sighing; she had no confidante, and was not devoured by a 'secret sorrow.' I scarcely know how, with such defects, I can contrive to infuse any portion of interest into her narrative. But I have undertaken her little history, and must do the best I can. Little Sophy Ellesmere (for that was her name) was the daughter of a small landed proprietor in Charwood. She was an only child—the offspring of a selfish, wilful father, and a patient, housewife-like little woman, who, through twenty years of her ill-assorted union, endured more troubles than were ever borne by any one, except those who have suffered under that most damnable of human vices—domestic tyranny. Sophy had something of her father's wilfulness, and all her mother's kindness of heart. She was moreover, sufficiently spoiled by both—just enough to save her from the disgrace of being a common heroine. She had her full share of faults, and a few virtues. These things grow up together in Charwood like

weeds and flowers, although, in the illuminated Leadenhall MSS. they are kept carefully apart, lest human folly should be mimicked too closely, and nature be pronounced a libel.

"Our little girl was lively, good hearted, headstrong, passionate; as wild as a colt and as brave as a lion. In respect of her person, she was not perfectly beautiful; on the contrary, she was almost as brown as a gipsy, had irregular features, dark, piercing eyes, and lips like a Moresco. These defects were, it is true, redeemed by certain beauties: for with piercing eyes (whose intense expression amounted almost to the painful), a sweet smile, unblemished teeth, and a figure that would have graced a Dryad, she could not have been said to be utterly without beauty. Such as she was, the reader (the 'courtly reader') will, I make no doubt, regard her with interest—if he can.

"When Sophy was about sixteen years of age she became an orphan. Both her parents died in the same week—the one through some fit (of apoplexy or paralysis), causes by violent passion; the other by incessant watching, by exposure and agitation, each operating upon a constitution that had been previously undermined by ill-treatment and disease. They died; and Sophy, to whose mind death had never occurred before, found herself, for the first time in her life, utterly alone.

"It is at such times that the mind destroys or matures itself. The weak one despairs and falls; but that which is strong collects its strength, and prepares to struggle with adversity, and to run a race with Fortune.—Our heroine was of the stronger order; but she had loved her mother tenderly, although the gaiety of her temperament had somewhat abated the show of those filial attentions which quieter children love to exhibit.—Now, however, that both parents were gone, her grief became for a time uncontrollable. For a time, I say; because her spirit, naturally firm and aspiring, rose up from the sickliness of useless sorrow, and put on once more a healthful aspect. In her endeavours to regain serenity she was assisted by the good counsel of a friend. This friend was a female, a foreigner, a native of Padua, 'learned Padua,' and under her auspices the little Sophy, who had originally begun with her a course of French and Italian, now took lessons in a more useful science—namely, that of practical philosophy. Madame de Mercet at first wept with her pupil, afterwards soothed her, and finally reasoned her into tranquillity. I believe, indeed, that the relation of her own little history had more effect in quieting the mind of the mourner than any argument; for she thus learned all that the fair foreigner had suffered, and her own sorrows shrunk in importance.

"Madame de Mercet was a dutiful daughter, a happy wife, and a fond mother, when she was suddenly made an orphan and motherless widow, by the Liberators of St. Antoine, at the time that they sacrificed science and art, and knowledge of all sorts, to the unreasonable Goddess of Reason. The mother of Madame de Mercet died in a revolutionary prison, and she herself, and her husband, were suspected of incivism, and invited to attend at the Place de Grève. They went, accompanied by great honours—a shining array of sabres and sans-culottes—and must have both perished amidst the execrations of regenerated France, but for one trifling circumstance. M. de Mercet had luckily been of service once to Citizen La Lanterne (formerly an *cordonnier*), and the citizen had committed great benefits on the Republic. At his intercession, a reprieve was sent when the De Mercets were at the scaffold. They were declared innocent more suddenly than they had been pronounced guilty; they were hailed and wept over; and Madame de Mercet, after having received the kiss of fraternity about eleven hundred times after hearing her name screamed out and lauded till the tympanum of her ear was almost broken, was, with her husband, escorted back to their hotel with the same honors that surrounded them in their progress. Indeed, the only difference between the going and return was, that Monsieur de Mercet left his head to grace the boards of the scaffold,

the reprieve having come (for him) just three minutes too late. After this, Madame took an unaccountable aversion to the good city of Paris, and her child dying soon after, (from a mixture of terror and distress) she packed up her jewels secretly, obtained by some interest, a passage to Franckfort, and thence proceeded to England, where she finally settled at the village of Charwood, and became the tutress of the little Sophy;—to whom it is now time to return.

"Six days after the death of her parents, Sophy Ellesmere (now sixteen years of age) heard the will of her father read, and found herself placed under the guardianship of Mr. Dacre, a friend and occasional visitor of her father, but with whom she had till then had but little intercourse. Mr. Dacre was the husband of a lady whose good or bad qualities need not delay us, inasmuch as she had nothing to do with the present narrative, but he was also the father of Harry Dacre, who was a person of more importance to our story. Harry Dacre it was who fell in love with our heroine.

"We do not mean to wax tedious in detailing the loves of young Dacre and Sophy Ellesmere. We shall cut the matter short, by saying simply that they fell over head-and-ears in love according to the most approved fashion. They sighed and whispered and languished, and looked unutterable things. The young man swore that he could not live without her; she vowed on her part, to be eternally his; and, indeed, the girl had a heart that was worth the winning—open, honest, and constant. The youth was sincere enough in his professions, for he was furiously in love; but his heart owned more attractions than towards the one true magnet. It was allured by a cockade and a scarlet jacket so effectually, indeed, that at the age of twenty, his father (persuaded that his son would turn out a hero) purchased a cornetcy for him, in order that he might bring down fame upon himself and family.

"Cornet Dacre very speedily showed himself to be an 'altered man.' With a sword by his side, and I know not how many yards of gold lace on his person, he appeared to have forgotten all the whippings of his school-days, and walked as though he had won the victories both of Blenheim and Ramillies. Once, he was as 'modest as morning' towards strangers (although a Hector with his inferiors); now, he was 'whiskered like a pard,' spurred like a fighting-cock; 'full of sound and fury,' and to justify the complete quotation, he also, it must be owned, signified 'nothing!'

"It was not his fortune to remain unemployed. His country required his services. He invited him, his sabre, his gold lace, his whiskers, and other appendages, to ride forward and strike terror into the French. He yielded—not with alacrity, for some of his errors were on the side of discretion—but obediently, because he did not dare to draw back. Shame is often the spur to youthful minds. It sends forward the as yet untempered spirit by its recoil, and transmutes mere boys to heroes. It was not without its effect even on Dacre, who, backed by a thousand or two of his comrades, plunged carelessly enough in the *mêlée*, and was—taken prisoner at the first charge, conducted in due time to Verdun, and afterwards (on attempting to escape) was finally lodged in the formidable fortress of Bitché.

"To this place it was that Sophy Ellesmere was destined to go. She did not indeed know the precise spot where her lover was confined; but she knew that he was a prisoner, and resolved to attempt his rescue. It was in vain to contend or to reason. Like many resolute spirits, she had a grain or two of the vice of obstinacy mingled with her courage; and after hearing all that could be said against her enterprise, she equipped herself secretly, and, at the age of twenty, set out upon one of the most romantic expeditions that have distinguished modern adventure.

"It was a long journey for a young girl to undertake,—to go alone as far as Copenhagen, and thence through many of the States of Germany into France itself, then a hostile country. Apparently it was a need—
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