

# THE CARBONEAR STAR,

## AND CONCEPTION-BAY JOURNAL.

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No. 2

### NOTICES.

#### NORA GREINA. 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 GREINA* 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*.

April 27.

#### 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** Morning, at 9 o'Clock, and *Portugal Cove* the succeeding days at Noon, Sundays excepted, and weather permitting.

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.

The *EXPRESS* has recently undergone some important alterations, having been considerably lengthened, and her Cabin having been newly fitted up in a superior manner. Refreshments of every description will, in future, be kept on board, for the accommodation of passengers, and every measure adopted to promote their convenience and comfort.

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

AGENTS, { **HENRY WINTON**, St. John's.  
          { **ROBERT OKE**, Harbor Grace.  
April 20.

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

**THE FORTUNATE DEFECT.**—How like is this picture! you'd think that it breathes. What life! what expression! what spirit! It wants but a tongue. "Alas!" said the spouse, "that want is its principal merit!"

### THE ARMY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SERVICE.—BY LIEUT. C. SHAW, R. A. FIELD OF VICTORIA.

The battle of *Victoria* at the time was thought the greatest that had ever been fought; indeed it was not far behind any since, and if it had not been for *Waterloo*, it would have been still at the head. It was at the time the most decisive as to the French interest in *Spain*, for they never made a stand short of the borders again.

It was not my fortune to be up at the battle, though I distinctly heard the firing, and was extremely anxious to have been in the front. We at first thought there was only a skirmish, and did not imagine that any thing very decisive would take place till next day, when we could easily have been up; but by the middle of the day the thunder of the cannon became past a joke, and from the distance that the sound came we knew that the line must have been engaged from right to left. We were particularly anxious all day, saying to each other. Do you hear that? They are at it now! how provoking we cannot get there! and so on, being most of us young soldiers, wishing to "smell powder"—which is a more modern phrase than "flesh our swords," not so much in fashion now. The captains were anxious to be up, as their left shoulders were itching for the brevet epaulette; the subalterns—God knows what makes them wish for action, unless it is that in those days they were young, and their blood was warm and wanting plebeotomy. The noncoms. and privates wished to be up—Why?—God knows! unless, like *Falstaff*, "Honour pricked them on." But many a fine fellow did honour prick off, as the next day soon showed us.

The first dead man we saw was near a bridge, lying below the road, stripped quite naked. We never understood whether he was English or French, but, undoubtedly he was the first man killed, as here the action commenced. There was not the slightest vestige of clothes near him. A musket ball in his breast had settled his glory in this world. A few hundred yards farther brought two more dead men; after that they were no strange things, as they lay thick enough, though quite naked. We were very much surprised at not seeing any wounded, as we were three or four miles from the town. An old Sergeant soon explained this mystery as he said that a man badly wounded on the outskirts of a battle was sure to be killed by the camp followers for the sake of plunder, especially the officers, who generally had something valuable about them, as epaulettes, watches, swords, and the like.

We proceeded through this scene of glory till we came about a mile from *Victoria*, on a fine causeway, with rows of poplar trees on each side; here it was completely blocked up by guns and carriages of different descriptions. Some Spaniards had just before been destroyed here, by the explosion of an ammunition waggon. They were in search of plunder, when some one, it is supposed, having a segar in his mouth, had ignited the whole, blowing up several people. I suppose that there were nearly a hundred carriages of different descriptions in this place. We encamped for the night near here. I went on as soon as possible to see the town. Among the first objects that struck me, were some British soldiers half drunk, playing at "pitch and toss" with doubloons and half pines. I said to them, as I passed "Money seems plentiful, my lads." "Yes, your honour," says an Irishman, "it was to be had for the lifting last night." I went on without thinking more of the matter, when one of these men soon after came up and said, that he knew the officers wanted money, and begged I would accept of three or four doubloons, as he had more than was good for him, and they would be only getting him into a scrape; and concluded, after my refusal, by still begging me to take some, saying he would never mention a word of it to any body. I showed him that I had money of my own, and told him, as he wanted to get rid of it, he had better give it to some of his comrades in the hospital, or

the chief surgeon for their use. He seemed thankful for the hint, and the generous Hibernian set off at the moment to perform this kind action; which I afterwards heard he did—or, at least, that a soldier had given five doubloons to a surgeon in one of the hospitals, to be laid out for the sick.

As the French were, in a manner, taken by surprise at *Victoria*, their money chest, and all their papers, fell into our hands. I overhauled, the next day, an immense number of account and return books, which were laying about near another cluster of carriages, of which there were several. On the French side of *Victoria* were a number of private carriages, which belonged to the principal officers. Some of our light dragoons had got up to the money chest, and had some fine fun in filling their valises with cash.—One officer of my acquaintance had his holsters filled with dollars, when a shower of gold came about his feet; he threw away the dollars, and filled them with Napoleons.—Some of them gained more cash than credit or honour.

When the French troops in the town heard of our army being so near, they could hardly credit it; and went out saying, they would drive those English back, and that they should return to dinner by evening.—In one house that I afterwards was in, the people told me, that an officer had asked two or three friends to dine with him, and had given his servants particular orders about dinner. The servant proceeded for some time *secundum artem*, but the firing getting a little heavy, he seemed uneasy. At last he began to pack up; but still went on with his cooking. The firing still getting heavier, he, all at once, set off, taking all he could with him, but leaving the dinner behind, which was eaten by some English officers, just at the time the Frenchman had ordered it.

The retreat of *Joseph Bonaparte* is too well known for me to relate any particulars about it. I remember seeing a paragraph in an English newspaper, soon after, regretting *Captain Wyndham's* miscarriage—as that officer fired at the carriage in which *King Joseph* was seated, unfortunately without effect.

What scene can be more terrible and shocking than the field of battle a day or two after? It is wonderful how a man can bear up to enter upon a second, that has ever seen one, as he does not know but he may make one of the shocking objects that he sees laying festering on the ground. But so little does the thoughtless soldier mind it, that he even at times makes a jest of the matter. I have often thought of *Hotspur's* fop, when I have found an unmannerly corpse "between the wind and my nobility."

I was going into my tent about 11 o'clock at night, the moon was shining brightly, and I could see several dead men and horses laying round me. Just at the door of my tent lay a Frenchman's cap; I observed a round hole through the peak, and, as I kicked it out of the way, shewed this shot hole to an officer with me; who remarked, that the gentleman who owned the cap must have been extremely lucky if the ball had missed his eye. I thought no more about the matter, but went to bed. Before I slept I thought I perceived, or as the *Scotco* say *felt*, a bad smell, but fancying it came from a dead horse near, I went to sleep with the determination of having him disposed of before next night. Early in the morning I awoke and felt very sick, and found an intolerable stench; on looking over the side of my bed, I saw the face of a man with a hole in his forehead, just under the bottom wall of my tent—the rest of him was buried, except his feet and one hand, which passed under my bed, and came out just above it, at the head. I soon discovered him to have been the owner of the cap, and certainly, did not lay long to contemplate his gory forehead, but jumped up instanter, and roared lustily for my servant who got any thing but blessings for the company he had made me pass the night with. It being dark when he pitched the tent, he had not perceived the dead body; however, to render him more careful, I made him procure tools and bury

him decently. I threw his cap in with him, and left him "alone with his glory."

In the vicinity of the town the Magistrates had sent people out to bury the dead, which they did by digging a large hole and throwing the bodies in, men and horses promiscuously, as if they were so many bags of dirt, which they wheeled up in barrows. Numbers of the wounded were carried into the town and put into hospitals there—French and English in the same carts. The ladies had made bandages, and were throwing them into the carts as they passed. I was in a balcony with a young lady, who had several small bundles ready; we soon heard some carts coming, and I assisted her in throwing them. A cart full of Frenchmen going past, I observed she did not throw any, so thinking she had overlooked it, I picked up a bundle and threw it after them; it falling short, I called an English soldier going by to give it them, for which she scolded me, saying that she had only made them up for the English. I was so vexed at her inhumanity, that I called up the Englishman before mentioned, carried off all her bundles, and distributed them before her face to none but Frenchmen.

The fourth evening after the battle, I was riding over the position with some officers, when we heard some one groaning near us. Among some bushes near we discovered a poor Frenchman, with a broken leg, laying upon a dead Englishman. He told us that he killed the Englishman, who had wounded him; but having nothing to eat or drink, he had crept up to him, seeing that he had something in his haversack, where he found some biscuit, which was all he had for some days, except a beating which some Spaniards had given him, instead of the drink he begged of them. His wound was so painful that he could not remove himself from the dead body. We rode off and procured the poor fellow a cart, and had him taken to the hospital. Many is the poor fellow that lingers in this manner for days, without assistance, in remote parts of the field, as this was. It was quite a chance that we went to this particular spot, as it was rather out of the way, and getting late. An officer happened to gallop up there, thinking he should have a better view of the field, and was followed by the others, so that we were the means of, perhaps, saving a fellow-creature's life.

As the enemy had lost all their cannon here, there was a fine park formed outside of the town. People riding about the field found them laying in ditches, and dismounted, in all directions. There were, in all 175, though 152 were only returned in the despatch, the remainder being found after the return was sent in; and several were given to the Spaniards.

Many horses and mules were going about without masters; those who found them, thinking them fair prizes, disposed of them to such as wanted animals, who next day looked very foolish, when they saw the General Order, directing all these animals to be given up for the use of the artillery. I was in treaty for one, when the orderly book was handed to me, which soon closed the bargain. The captor thought it a very hard case that he could not sell his prize. I knew an officer who gave 11 dollars for a beast, and had to give it up, and stand by the loss.

I cannot close this chapter without mentioning one particular circumstance, although I have already seen it in print, as it shows a degree of heroism and devotion to his profession, seldom met with in these degenerate unchivalrous days. It is the death of *Colonel Cadogan*, of the 71st Highland regiment. The gallant Colonel, who had often before made himself conspicuous from his bravery, had in this instance to lead his regiment down a hill, through a very narrow and precipitous pass. The enemy were strongly posted on the opposite hill. *Colonel Cadogan* was one of the first who fell; he was supported by some officers. The regiment had to file past him; when the colours came up, he desired them to remain near him, and be waved over him, to give him air. The officers, as they passed, took a farewell of him; every man paused and looked for a moment. He told them to