

# THE



# STAR,

## AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

New Series.

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### 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.

### SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

In a visit which we paid some time ago to our worthy contributor, Morris Gowau, we became acquainted with two characters; upon whom, as they afford a perfect counterpart to Messrs. Rhyme and Reason, recorded in No. I., we have bestowed the names of Sense and Sensibility.

The Misses Lowrie, of whom we are about to give our readers an account, are both young, both handsome, both amiable: Nature made the outline of their character the same; but education has varied the colouring. Their mother had died almost before they were able to profit by her example or instruction. Emily, the eldest of the sisters, was brought up under the immediate care of her father. He was a man of strong and temperate judgment, obliging to his neighbours, and affectionate to his children; but certainly rather calculated to educate a son than a daughter. Emily profited abundantly by his assistance, as far as moral duties or literary accomplishments were concerned; but for all the lesser agréments of society, she had nothing to depend on, but the suggestions of a kind heart, and a quiet temper. Matilda, on the contrary, spent her childhood in England, at the house of a relation; who having imbibed her notions of propriety at a boarding school, and made a love match very early in life, was but ill-prepared to regulate a warm disposition, and check a natural tendency to romance. The consequence has been such as might be expected. Matilda pities the distressed, and Emily relieves them; Matilda has more of the love of the neighbourhood, although Emily is more entitled to its gratitude; Matilda is very agreeable, while Emily is very useful; and two or three old ladies who talk scandal over their tea and murder grammar and reputations together, consider Matilda a practised heroine, and laugh at Emily as an inveterate Blue.

The incident which first introduced them to us, afforded us a tolerable specimen of their different qualities. While on a long pedestrian excursion with Morris, we met the two ladies returning from their walk; and as our companion had already the privileges of an intimate acquaintance, we became their companions. An accurate observer of human manners knows well how decisively character is marked by trifles and how wide is the distinction which is frequently made by circumstances apparently the most insignificant.

In spite, therefore of the similarity of age and person which existed between the two sisters, the first glance at their dress and manner, the first tones of their voice, were sufficient to distinguish the one from the other. It was whimsical enough to observe how every object which attracted our attention, exhibited their respective peculiarities in a new and entertaining light. Sense entered into a learned discussion on the nature of a plant, while Sensibility talked enchantingly of the fading of its flower. From Matilda we had a rapturous eulogium upon the surrounding scenery; from Emily we derived much information relative to the state of its cultivation. When we listened to the one, we seemed to be reading a novel but a clever and an interesting novel; when we turned to the other, we found only real life, but real life in its most pleasant and engaging form.

Suddenly one of those rapid storms, which so frequently disturb for a time the tranquillity of the finest weather, appeared to be gathering over our heads. Dark clouds were driven impetuously over the clear sky, and the refreshing coolness of the atmosphere was changed to a close and overpowering heat. Matilda looked up in admiration—Emily in alarm: Sensibility was thinking of a landscape—Sense of a wet pelisse. "This would make a fine sketch," said the first; "We had better make haste," said the second. The tempest continued to grow gloomier above us: we passed a ruined hut, which has been long deserted by its inhabitants. "Suppose we take refuge here for evening," said Morris; "It would be very romantic," said Sensibility; "It would be very disagreeable," said Sense; "How

it would astonish my father!" said the Heroine; "How it would alarm him!" said her sister.

As yet we had only observed distant prognostics of the tumult of the elements which was about to take place. Now, however, the collected fury of the storm burst at once upon us. A long and bright flash of lightning, together with a continued roll of thunder, accompanied one of the heaviest rains we have ever experienced. "We shall have an adventure!" cried Matilda; "We shall be very late," observed Emily. "I wish we were a hundred miles off," said the one hyperbolically; "I wish we were at home," replied the other soberly. "Alas! we shall never get home to night," sighed Sensibility pathetically; "Possibly," returned Sense drily. The fact was, that the eldest of the sisters was quite calm, although she was awaaw of all the inconveniences of their situation; and the youngest was terribly frightened, although she began quoting poetry. There was another and a brighter flash; another and a louder peal: sense quickened her steps—Sensibility fainted.

With some difficulty, and not without the aid of a conveyance from a neighbouring farmer, we brought our companions in safety to their father's door. We were of course received with an invitation to remain under shelter till the weather should clear up: and of course we felt no reluctance to accept the offer. The house was very neatly furnished, principally by the care of the young ladies; but here again the diversity of their manner showed itself very plainly. The one was produced by the labour of Emily; the ornamental was the fruit of the leisure hours of Matilda. The skill of the former was visible in the sofa covers and the curtains; and the latter had decorated the card racks and painted the roses on the hand screens. The neat little bookcases too which contained their respective libraries, suggested a similar remark. In that of the eldest we observed our native English worthies,—Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope; on the shelves of her sister reclined the more effeminate Italians,—Tasso, Ariosto, Metastasio, and Petrarch. It was a delightful thing to see two amiable beings with tastes so widely different yet with hearts so closely united.

It is not to be wondered at, that we paid a longer visit than we originally intended.—The conversation turned at one time on the late Revolutions. Matilda was a terrible Radical, and spoke most enthusiastically of tyranny and patriotism, the righteous cause, and the Holy Alliance: Emily however, declined to join in commiseration or invective and pleaded ignorance in excuse for her indifference. We fancy she was apprehensive of blundering against a stranger's political prejudices. However that may be Matilda sighed and talked, and Emily smiled and held her tongue. We believe the silence was the most judicious: but we are sure the loquacity was the most interesting.

We took up the Newspaper. There was an account of a young man who had gone out alone to the rescue of a vessel in distress. The design had been utterly hopeless, and he had lost his life in the attempt. His fate struck our young friends in very different lights. "He ought to have had a better fortune," murmured Matilda; "or more prudence," added Emily. "He must have been a hero," said the first;—"or a madman rejoined the second.

The storm now died away in the distance and a tranquil evening approached. We set out on our return. The old gentleman with his daughters, accompanied us a small part of the way. The scene around us was beautiful; the birds and the cattle seemed to be rejoicing in the return of the sunshine; and every herb and leaf had derived a brighter tint from the rain drops with which it was spangled. As we lingered for a few moments by the side of a beautiful piece of water, the mellowed sound of a flute was conveyed to us over its clear surface. The instrument was delightfully played: at such an hour, on such a spot, and with such companions we could have listened to it for ever. "That is George Mervyn," said

Morris to us. "How very clever he is!" exclaimed Matilda; "how very imprudent!" replied Emily. "He will catch all the hearts in the place!" said Sensibility, with a sigh: "He will catch nothing but a cold!" said Sense, with a shiver. We were reminded that our companions were running the same risk, and we parted from them reluctantly.

After this introduction we had many opportunities of seeing them; we became every day more pleased with the acquaintance, and looked forward with regret to the day on which we were finally to leave so enchanting a neighbourhood. The preceding night it was discovered that the cottage of Mr Lowrie was on fire. The destructive element was soon checked, and the alarm quieted; but it produced a circumstance which illustrated in a very affecting manner, the observations we have been making. As the family were greatly beloved by all who knew them, every one used the most affectionate exertions in their behalf. When the father had been brought safely from the house, several hastened to the relief of the daughters. They were dressed, and were descending the stairs. The eldest, who had behaved with great presence of mind, was supporting her sister who trembled with agitation. "Take care of this box," said Emily;—"it contained her father's title-deeds.—"For Heaven's sake preserve this locket!" sobbed Matilda;—"it was a miniature of her mother.

We have left but not forgotten you, beautiful creatures! Often, when we are sitting in solitude, with a pen behind our ear, and a proof before our eyes, you come hand in hand to our imagination! Some indeed enjoin us to prefer esteem to fascination;—to write sonnets to Sensibility, and to look for a wife in Sense. These are the suggestions of Age; perhaps of Prudence. We are young, and may be allowed to shake our heads as we listen!

#### MR LOZELL'S ESSAY ON WEATHER-CKOCKS.

"Round he spun."—BYRON

We have a great respect for a weather-ckock! there is something about it so sprightly, so sprightly, and at the same time so complying and accommodating, that we are not ashamed to confess that we have long taken it for our model. It changes sides perpetually, yet always preserves one unvaried elevation; it is always in motion, yet always remains the same. We could look at a weatherckock for hours!

To us however, it has another charm, independent of its intrinsic good qualities.—Its name, not less than its character, recalls to our recollection a family which is entitled in the highest degree, to our esteem; of which we should never cease to think, even if our memory were not daily sharpened by the little remembrancer, which is at once their namesake, their crest, and their model.

The family of the Weatherckocks is one of considerable antiquity. The first of the name whom we find distinguishing himself in any extraordinary degree is Sir Anthony Weatherckock of Fetherly, Staffordshire; who changed his party seven times during the unfortunate dissensions between the houses of York and Lancaster. And this he contrived to do with so much tact, that he was a considerable gainer by his six first defections. By his seventh he certainly sustained a trifling loss;—he lost his head!

It is a well-known observation, that the descendants of surpassingly great men are often either blockheads or idiots. The present instance certainly affords us an exemplification of the truth of the remark. The successor of this genuine Weatherckock was a poor weak fellow, who had no more idea of turning to the right-about without compulsion, than he had of breakfasting without beef. Upon his refusing to deliver the castle of Nounhame to the celebrated Warwick, he was besieged, compelled to surrender, and immediately hung up upon the gates of the fort, to learn to behave like his forefathers.