

THE



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New Series.

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Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN T. BURTON, at his Office, CARBONEAR.

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 Kieilty'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 this Office.
July 2, 1834.

(From the Monthly Magazine.)

LIBERTY?

Reader! I am exceedingly obliged if you could give me a satisfactory answer to this question,—What is liberty? I hope I am not ignorant of my own language, nor of its great sources the German, nor of its intimate ally the French. I can read "Don Quixote" in the Spanish, "Dante" in Italian, and as to the ancients in Greek and Latin, I had them all at my fingers' ends before I was eighteen. Nay, I am possessed with somewhat of Dr Bowring's fancy for dabbling in the Russian, the high and low Dutch, the Swedish, the Norwegian, and the dialects of the Magyars; but may I perish if I can glean from any of these divers tongues the meaning of that little word—LIBERTY! Thomson sung of it in five cantos, Glover converted it into an epic poem; I have seen it fall or conquer in fifty tragedies; and I laughed at it most heartily, not long since, at the Comedie Française, in Paris, where it was turned into irresistible ridicule by the wit of M. Scribe. I have read Locke, I have studied Blackstone, I have turned over all the law reports, and almost a hundred volumes of Parliamentary debates; I have searched Johnson's Dictionary, as well as those of Walker and Bailey; I have not even disdained to question Entick; but the result of all my investigation has been, that I am at this moment as much in ignorance of the meaning of the word "liberty," as I was when I first saw the light of this strange world of ours.

I met, the other day, a friend of mine, a sprightly young fellow fresh from college, who was spending the Christmas with some pretty cousins of his in his neighbourhood. I asked him what he understood by "liberty." "Faith!" said he, "I can tell you all about it, for my cheek smarts whenever the word is mentioned." I shook him warmly by the hand, fearing lest, even by a breath, I might disturb the clear stream of his memory.—"You know Beatrice," he added, "Ah! yes—a sweet girl!" "Sweet! I have no reason to say. We were playing at forfeits on New Year's Eve, and before they came round I kissed her, whereupon she gave me a box on the cheek, declaring that I was extremely rude in taking such a liberty." According to Beatrice, and perhaps a majority of the sex, liberty, therefore, means rudeness.

Another friend of mine, who was obliged to stipulate on his marriage that he should exchange his gold snuff-box for a splendid guard-chain, very often solicits consolation from me in these terms:—"May I take the liberty of asking if you have your box in your pocket?" To him the supreme blessing of liberty is neither more nor less than a pinch of snuff: he would not think Magna Charta worth a farthing without it.

In my rambles through the manufacturing districts I have endeavoured to enlighten my mind on this subject. I never heard the word "liberty" mentioned so often in those fiery, and pottery, and cotton and wool smelling regions. It is in every body's mouth; it is in every local paper that you read, starting up like a ghost from every second line. All parties seem to be fighting for it, and no party to have won it. The Unionists, who are rapidly organizing all their forces, in order to compel their masters to raise their wages, and at the same time to abridge the ordinary time of labour, told me that true liberty was high pay and moderate work. But when I conversed with the masters on the point in dispute, they assured me that their resistance to the demands of the operatives sprung from no selfish motives; it was founded solely on a patriotic principle; for if they were to yield in the contest now going on between the employers and the employed, there would be an end to the liberty of every man who had his capital embarked in trade! Liberty was here appealed to on both sides, but in acceptations as opposite to each other as the poles.

If I look into the columns of the "Morning Post," I find that the liberty of the country has been destroyed ever since the Reform Bill was passed into a law. If I read "The Times," I am informed that it

is only since that period that the reign of liberty has commenced. If I take up "The Herald," I become a convert to the opinion that liberty never can be known in England, until the punishment of death shall cease to be inflicted for every crime short of murder. If I listen to "The Globe," I am impressed with quite a contrary doctrine, that punishment of an extreme character is absolutely necessary in a country where every man's house is his castle, and liberty is destroyed at its very source by the atrocious operations of the burglar. If I happen to light upon "The Crisis" of the Owenites, I am initiated in a species of philosophy which represents crime of every description as either an involuntary act, and therefore perfectly innocent, or as an act of self-defence, and therefore, in every view of it, justifiable. This puts me in mind of a capital speech, which was once delivered at the gallows by a man who was about to suffer for murder and robbery, and which, by the by, places the argument against the inequalities of the criminal law in a striking, though ludicrous point of view.

"Good people," said the murderer, "since I am to serve you for a sight, the least you can do is to be civil to the man that entertains you. I ask nothing of you but the justice that is due to me. There are some meddling tongues, which I can hear (among the crowd, very busy to incense you). Though it is true I have committed murder, yet I hope I am no murderer. The robbery I really purposed, but my intention had no part in the death I was guilty of. The deceased cried for help, and was so obstinate and clamorous, that I was under the necessity of killing him, or of submitting myself to the loss of my liberty by being taken; and thus I argued in my mind: if I murder him I shall get off; or, at worst, if I am taken, my punishment will be no greater than if I spare him and surrender; I can but be hanged for murder, and must be hanged too for the house-breaking. This thought, good people, prevailed with me to shoot him; so that what you call murder was only self-preservation. Now, that I should have died in this manner, whether I had shot him or no, witness these two weak brothers here, who look as if they were already at the other end of their voyage, though they have not hoisted sail yet. One of these stole bacon, and the other a wet smock or two. The law must be certainly wiser than you are, and since that has been pleased to set our crimes on a level, be so civil, or compassionate, as to hold your silly tongues, and let me die without slander."

Verily, LIBERTY might say the same to her followers in almost all parts of the world.—"Hold your silly tongues, and let me die without slander." If freedom be anything like a synonyme for that phrase, assuredly a man may exercise it, who, possessing property in his own right, wishes to do with it just as he pleases. Nevertheless, when a certain noble Duke who though not a Cicero in the senate, is distinguished for his love of letters, ejected a few of his tenants because they thought fit to reduce to practice their ideas of liberty, by voting for a popular candidate, he was told that he ought not to do with his own as he thought fit, and that his views of liberty was nothing but sheer despotism.

I have two votes, one for the Borough of Marylebone, one for Finsbury; and though I have not yet settled the question, I believe that I am entitled to vote for Middlesex.—If any body in England be a *liberis homo*,—a real freeman,—I am. Well, what is the consequence? Hardly a month goes by that I am not summoned to a grand jury, or a petty jury, or a coroner's inquest. Now juries of all kinds are my abhorrence, more particularly special juries, which I detest with an unconquerable hatred. Mind, I do not say but that they may be very good institutions in themselves, so far as the administration of justice may be concerned: my objection to them only exists whenever I am myself called upon, and compelled, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to be one of the sworn number. I am obliged to bustle off to court before daylight of a cold, raw, rainy, December morning. The cause which

stood first on the list, and which I am summoned to try, is postponed, because the counsel are not ready, or a witness has not yet come. Another cause is called on. It is a question of a right of way, or water-course, or ancient lights, or some equally entertaining affair sent out of the Court of Chancery, which occupies the whole day, though expected to blow up every moment. I come home at night, tired, exhausted, out of humour with the whole world. I am obliged to be off again the next morning.—The Chancery cause is not yet over. It terminates about noon. My cause is called on. It turns out to be a tremendous trial, occupying three days, during which I am under the necessity of attending in the box whether I will or no. But that is not all. We are charged by the Judge; we retire to our room, where we are closely guarded by a constable, who is sworn to keep us without fire, food, or candlelight, until we come to an unanimous decision. I have an opinion of my own on the question at issue. I think the verdict ought to be for the plaintiff; three or four of my fellow-jurymen agree with me, and we produce our night-caps in order to show our determination to make no concession. The eight against us are equally obstinate. Night comes; morning, such as it is in a December fog, comes; the want of repose convinces us at length that we are wrong, and a verdict is unanimously given for the defendant! And, after all this,—after losing my whole week in court,—after being shut up a close prisoner for a whole night without fire, food, or candlelight,—after being obliged either to die or to abandon my opinion, however honestly that opinion may have been formed, I am told that I am a free man—that I live in a land of liberty! Was there ever such an abuse of terms as this? A *liberis homo* forsooth! say rather a galley slave, though even his lot would be preferable to mine, for the chain cannot touch his intellect—his opinion, at least, is free.

I am naturally of retired habits of life. I like to spend my evenings at home among my books, in the bosom of my family; now a little music,—now a hand at whist,—but nothing to disturb the general air of repose, which I look upon as the *summum bonum* of existence. But my daughters are growing up; and, though I say it, very pretty girls. Cards for "at home," "quadrilles," "conversations," thicken upon us during the season. I am asked whether I will not go; and, if I even seem to hesitate, a cluster of smiles springs up about me in an instant, infinitely more imperative than an ukase of the Autocrat himself. Go I must;—to look on,—to talk,—to be talked to,—to be talked at;—losing sleep, and sometimes health;—and yet the Whigs tell me that I am in the enjoyment of real liberty, such as not one of my ancestors could boast of, though I might count them up to the days of the great Alfred himself.

A man comes to my door and asks me for money, which as I owe him none, I deem myself at liberty to refuse. He happens, by some accident, to be a relation of mine,—at least, so he says,—and has already exhausted my patience by the frequency of his visits, and the importunity of his demands. He meets me in the street,—mobs me,—perhaps, being a much more powerful man than I am, knocks me down. My obvious course would be to have him brought before a police magistrate at Bow-street or Hatton-garden, where he might be fined and bound over to keep the peace during a term of five years. But if I proceed in this manner, no sooner is his story told, than all the sympathy both of the magistrate and the reporter is kindled for the poor man against the rich. The next morning I am placarded, on every breakfast-table in London, as a little scrubby-fellow, with an antiquated queue, a bow-tie, a very queer hat, an old-fashioned umbrella, a pair of spider-legs, and a husky-voice, while my assailant is decked out in all the manly charms of a Hercules. I feel no wish to have it said by all the world that I am encircled by a crowd of poor relations. I dread ridicule, or being "cut," much more than a common assault. What, then, is my situation in this land of liberty? I