

THE CARBONEAR STAR, AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1833.

No. 17.

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 & ROAG,

Agents, St. John's.

Harbour-Grace, April 5, 1833.

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the Firm of **PROWSE and JAKUES**, *Carbonear*, *Newfoundland*, is this day, by mutual consent, dissolved. All Debts owing to and from the said Concern, will be received and paid by the undersigned **GEORGE EDWARD JAKUES**. Witness our Hands, at *Carbonear*, this 31st Day of December, 1832.

SAMUEL PROWSE, Jun.
GEORGE EDWARD JAKUES.

THE Business hitherto carried on in this Town, under the Firm of **PROWSE and JAKUES**, will be continued by the Subscriber, from this date, in his own Name.

GEORGE EDWARD JAKUES.
Carbonear, Dec. 31, 1832.

ON SALE.

BY

COLLINGS & LEGG

50 Barrels American Flour
50 Barrels American Beef
30 Firkins Prime Butter
50 Boxes Raisins
And a general Assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.

Carbonear, Jan. 9, 1833.

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.

A QUIANT SERMON.

Mr. Dodd was a minister who lived many years ago a few miles from *Cambridge*; and having several times been preaching against drunkenness, some of the *Cambridge* scholars (conscience, which is sharper than ten thousand witnesses, being their monitor) were very much offended, and thought he made reflections on them. Some time after, *Mr. Dodd* was walking towards *Cambridge*, and met some of the gowmsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. As soon as he came up, they accosted him with "Your servant sir?" He replied, "Your servant, gentlemen." They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late? He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favour to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them *there*, from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree which stood by the road side) from the word **M.A.L.T.** He then began, "Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man—come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is *Malt*. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—**M.A.L.T.**

M—is Moral.

A—is Allegorical.

L—is Literal.

T—is Theological.

"The Moral, is to teach you rusticks good manners: therefore M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Leave off, T—Tippling.

"The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of, and another meant. The thing spoken of is *Malt*. The thing meant is the spirit of *Malt*, which you rusticks make, M—your Meat, A—your Apparel, L—your Liberty, and T—your Trust.

"The Literal is, according to the letters, M—Much, A—Ale, L—Little, T—Trust.

"The Theological is, according to the effects it works, in some, M—Murder—in others, A—Adultery—in all, L—Looseness of life; and, in many, T—Treachery.

"I shall conclude the subject, First, by way of Exhortation. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Listen, T—To my Text.—Second, by way of Caution. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Look for, T—The Truth. Third, by way of Communicating the Truth, which is this:—A Drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's

agent; the alchouse's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbour's scoff; a walking swill-bowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man!"

A FEARFUL ADVENTURE.

We recently noticed a work descriptive of *Calabria*. Desirous of a little more accurate information on the character of the fierce brigands of this part of Italy, we turned to the letters of *Paul Louis Courier*, whose works are little known in England. Our readers will probably be interested by the following little story, which we translate for their edification. He is writing to his female cousin.

"I was one day travelling in *Calabria*. It is a country of wicked people, who, I believe, have no great liking to anybody, and are particularly ill disposed towards the French. To tell you why, would be a long affair. It is enough they hate us to death, and that the unhappy being who should chance to fall into their hands would not pass his time in the most agreeable manner. I had for my companion a fine young fellow. I do not say this to interest you—but because it is the truth. In these mountains the roads are precipices, and our horses got on with the greatest difficulty. My comrade going first, a track, which appeared to him more practicable and shorter than the regular path, led us astray. It was my fault. Ought I to have trusted to a head of twenty year? We sought our way out of the wood while it was yet light: but the more we looked for the path the farther we were off it. It was a very black night, when we came close upon a very black house. We went in, and not without suspicion. But what was to be done? There we found a whole family of charcoal burners at table. At the first word they invited us to join them. My young man did not stop for much ceremony. In a minute or two we were eating and drinking in right earnest—he at least—for my own part I could not help glancing about at the place and the people. Our hosts, indeed, looked like charcoal burners;—but the house—you would have taken it for an arsenal. There was nothing to be seen but muskets, pistols, sabres, knives, cutlasses.—Every thing displeased me, and I saw that I was in no favour myself. My comrade, on the contrary, was soon one of the family.—He laughed, he chattered with them; and with an imprudence which I ought to have prevented, he at once said where we came from, where we were going, that we were Frenchmen. Think of our situation. Here we were amongst our mortal enemies, alone, benighted, far from all human aid. That nothing might be omitted that could tend to destroy us, he must play the rich man forsooth, promising these folks to pay them well for their hospitality; and then he must prate about his portmanteau, earnestly beseeching them to take great care of it, and put it at the head of his bed, for he wanted no other pillow. Ah, youth, youth, how you are to be pitied! Cousin, they might have thought we carried the diamonds of the crown: the treasure in his portmanteau which gave him such anxiety consisted of the letters of his mistress.

"Supper ended, they left us. Our hosts slept below; we on the story where we had been eating. In a sort of platform raised seven or eight feet, where we were to mount by a ladder, was the bed that awaited us—a nest into which we had to introduce ourselves, by jumping over barrels filled with provisions for all the year. My comrade seized upon the bed above, and was soon fast asleep, with his head on the precious portmanteau. I was determined to keep awake, so I made a good fire, and sat myself down. The night was almost passed over tranquilly enough, and I was beginning to be comfortable, when, just at the time when it appeared to me that day was about to break, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below me;—and putting my ear into the chimney which communicated with the lower room, I perfectly distinguished these exact words of the husband:—*Well, well, let us see:—must we kill them both?* To

which the wife replied, *Yes*,—and I heard no more.

"How shall I tell the rest? I could scarcely breathe; my whole body was as cold as marble; to have seen me, you could not have told whether I was dead or alive. Heavens! when I yet think upon it! We two were almost without arms;—against us were twelve or fifteen who had plenty of weapons. And then my comrade dead of sleep and fatigue! To call him up, to make a noise, was more than I dared;—to escape alone was an impossibility. The window was not very high—but under it were two great dogs howling like wolves. Imagine if you can the distress I was in. At the end of a quarter of an hour, which seemed an age, I heard some one on the staircase, and through the chink of the door I saw the old man, with a lamp in one hand and one of his great knives in the other. He mounted, his wife after him; I was behind the door. He opened it; but before he came in he put down the lamp, which his wife took up, and coming in, with his feet naked, she being behind him said in a smothered voice, hiding the light partially with her fingers, *Gently, go gently*. When he reached the ladder he mounted, his knife between his teeth; and going to the head of the bed where that poor young man lay, with his throat uncovered, with one hand he took his knife, and with his other—ah, my cousin—he seized a ham which hung from the roof, cut a slice, and retired as he had come in.—The door is shut, the light vanishes, and I am left alone to my reflections.

"When the day appeared, all the family with a great noise came to rouse us, as we had desired. They brought us plenty to eat—they served us a very proper breakfast, a capital breakfast, I assure you. Two capons formed part of it, of which, said the hostess, you must eat one, and carry away the other. When I saw the capons I at once comprehended the meaning of those terrible words—*Must we kill them both!*

THE LABOURERS OF EUROPE.—No 1 Italy.

The condition of the Italian labourers varies in the different states. The following accounts are from the best authorities:—

"The labourers in Lombardy (the most fruitful region in Italy) have remained, throughout all the changes of government, what they were before 1796, the servants of those whose lands they work; none have become proprietors. Before the revolution of 1796 the greater part of the land was in the hands of the high nobility and the clergy. Now it is partly in the possession of a small number of shrewd speculators who have known how to take advantage of political changes to enrich themselves. But the peasants have not been benefited by the change. They are still, not by law but by necessity, bound to the soil, in a state of degradation, all their food consisting of a sort of bread made of Indian corn flour, of beans and weak sour wine; they seldom taste meat. Those who are employed on the rice-grounds are still more wretched. They are obliged to remain for hours with their legs in marshy water, and this engenders a cutaneous disease known by the name of *pellagra*, which they generally neglect until they lose the use of their limbs and are obliged at last to go to the hospital where many of them die.

"In the 'Letters from the North of Italy,' by *Mr. S. Rose*, the writer describes the following scene of misery,—one out of a thousand:—"A few days ago I saw a poor infant lying under a sack in the convulsions of an ague fit, and the next morning meeting another child whom I knew to be his brother I asked him 'How does your brother do?' to which he answered, 'Which brother, sir?'—'Your brother that has the fever.'—'There are five of us with the fever, sir.'—'Where do you sleep?'—'In an empty stable, sir.'—'Where are your father and mother?'—'Our mother is dead, and our father begs for does such little chance-jobs as offer in the hotel.'—'And what do you do?'—'I get up the trees here and pick vine leaves for the waiters to stop the decanters with, and they