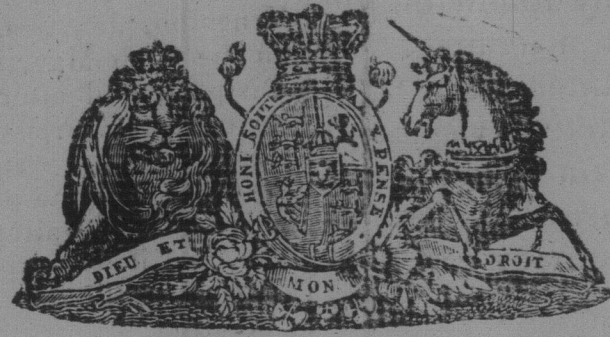


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HARBOUR GRACE, Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN THOMAS BURTON, at his Office, opposite Mess. W. Dixon & Co's

From Barbadoes.—The decision of the Legislature to dispense with the apprenticeship, and allow the slave population (80,000) to pass to a state of absolute and entire freedom on the first of August, is confirmed, and the whole people are fully content and general joy prevails. Land has actually risen in value since the passage of the act. This is accounted for on the belief that the land will be better cultivated by free hired labourers, and that the cultivators themselves will become consumers.

Fire at Nantucket. Last Sunday a fire broke out in J. James's Rope walk, which was consumed, together with P. H. Folger's candle house, and part of James Athearn's stock of oil and candles, the candle houses and stocks of Valentine Husey & Brother, and H. Johns; French & Coffin and Matthew Crosby, lost 1000 barrels of oil each, Jesse Crosby two houses and out buildings, Henry Croker, James Barter, Henry Swift and L. Ames each a house, Leonard Fisher and Gilbert Coffin store and other buildings.—About 200,000 gallons of oil and property consumed, worth 150,000 dolrs. But 1,000 dolrs. insured on the whole.

The London Sun states that the government had agreed to give £150,000 towards re-building the Royal Exchange, and £200,000 towards pulling down the Bank building.

A Yankee Bonnet for Queen Victoria.—The Yankee girls in Carl King's strawbraud and bonnet manufactory, at New York, are making a chief d'œuvre of a hat of the finest braid ever seen in the United States, to be sent to the young Queen as an evidence of what they can do when they try.

New Potatoes were exhibited at Limerick, Ireland, on the 14th of April.

SNOW ON THE 25th MAY—10 inches deep. Snow fell at Canton, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, to the depth of ten inches.

CORNWALL, U.C. 14th JUNE.—Lord Durham is expected here on Wednesday next. He intends taking the tour of the Upper Province; and it is currently reported that he intends moving the seat of government from Toronto to Kingston. This is said to have been recommended by Sir George Arthur.—*N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.*

Awful Catastrophe.—The steam boat North America is just in, by passengers in which we learn the particulars of a most heartrending calamity—the destruction of the new and elegant steam-boat Washington, by fire, off Siver Creek about 3 o'clock this morning, with the estimate loss of fifty lives!

Canada papers have been received, bringing Quebec dates to June 16—Montreal to June 14. They are barren of interest. Papineau is said to be at Saratoga. Lord Durham has already experienced some bitter opposition from the organs of that party which professes to be ultra-loyal. This course, particularly pernicious at the present time, is promptly counteracted, however, by the more moderate party. Two steamers had gone in pursuit of the Pirates which infest the Thousand Isles. Some account of these desperadoes will be found in other columns. These Islands are at the entrance of the St. Lawrence, from Lake Ontario.—*Novascotian.*

The Great Western brought 5,555, letters, and 1,760 newspapers—also a quantity of cotton for the Great Western Factory.

The Chancellor of the Exche-

quer in the annual budget, shows a great falling off of the revenue. The amount of income for the year 1836-37 was £45,808,000, showing a difference between the two years of £2,582,000. Among the additional expenses of the year, are included £740,000 to provide for the interest of the West India Loan. The Canada item also is a large one. In the course of the discussion, Mr. Spring Rice stated that the Canada expenses would be a million sterling!

The British and American Steam Navigation Company's new boat, the British Queen, was launched on the 24th. She is 1862 tons burthen, her engines of 500 horse power. On the Sunday previous to the launch, she was visited by over fifty thousand people.

THE CORONATION.—A larger cavalry force than was anticipated is to be employed, in addition to the 10th Hussars and 12th rangers, will consist of squadrons of picked men from other regts. The procession will proceed by the way of Constitution Hill Picadilly St. James street Pall Mall, and Whitehall to Westminster Abbey. France will be represented by Marshal Soult, Austria by Prince Schwarzenburg, Russia by Counts Strogouoff, Prussia by Prince Putus, Sweden by General Count Lowenheim, Denmark by the Duke of Holstein Gottrop, Wurttemberg by the Prince of Wurttemberg, Belgium by the Prince de Ligne, Spain by the Marquis de Florida Blanca, Portugal by the Duke de Palmella, Sardinia by the Marquis de Brigniole, Naples by the Count Ludolph, and Turkey by Ahmed Ferid. This last power will be represented for the first time upon such an occasion in England.

CHARACTER OF TALLEYRAND.

The Liverpool Mail, in announcing the death of that distinguished individual, Prince Talleyrand, portrays his character not very inaccurately, we think as follows:—Now that Prince Talleyrand, or rather the remains of him, have been deposited in the "base earth from which we sprung," it may not be considered an act of indelicacy on our part to announce a few last words, by way of moral, over his grave. In all the stirring events of the last fifty years, so fruitful of revolutions, anarchy and crime, Talleyrand played an active, sometimes an invisible, often a conspicuous, uniformly an important part. The master whom he served, namely, the "first whig," according to the definition of Dr. Johnson, and whom, it is said, he personally resembled appears to have bestowed upon him an unusual share of his affection and protective influence. On this ground, principally, if not entirely, his numberless escapes from the guillotine, and the galleys, can be accounted for. Wherever mischief was in concoction, a king to be murdered, a prince to be assassinated, or some thousand jacobins to be let loose

like furies, to drink the blood of each other, there M. Talleyrand, Prince Talleyrand, or Priest Talleyraud, or Citizen Talleyrand, or the Bishop of Autun was sure to be; silent, perhaps, as a vampire at midnight, but as ensanguined as a scalping Indian; cool as a quaker at meeting, but as unrelenting as a Spanish monk, familiar with the acts of the Holy Inquisition: surcharged with vengeance, but meek as a saint; clam and decided; plausible, but unforgiving; bitter, remorseless—Satanic! We do not recollect in history a man who lived so long and bore so worthless, so hideous, or so repulsive a character as Prince Talleyrand. He was of noble descent, born maimed, to excite commiseration, with a dull unmeaning face to conceal the workings of his mind, nursed by a bigot, reared by a Jesuit, familiarised to fraud and deception from his cradle, hating mankind, and hating with a double hatred the charity of humanised society, he was flung like an apple of discord, or a serpent of seductive powers, into the very citadel of revolutionary deism. He was first a debauchee, next a popish priest, subsequently became a bishop of Rome afterwards a leading worshipper at the fane of the Goddess of Reason, frequently divided his time in performing spy and diplomatist, invariably betrayed every person and government that trusted him, sold his best friend as Jews do old clothes, and at last, robed in every dress of shame and inconsistency, of perfidy and dishonour, he died a wretched driveller, his hair-shirt exchanged for a linen one, embracing the mummeries of the clergy he had plundered, and of a system of religion which he had derided and despised.

The prince had for many years gained much celebrity as an inveterate hater of England. He was, we believe on good grounds, considered the author of the execrable Berlin and Milan decrees. We should do his character injustice if we were to deny that these enactments did not bear the impress of his mind. They were cruel as well as foolish—the emanations of a tortuous Jesuit in a state of mania. They were a la Talleyrand, a little a la Bonaparte, and a great deal a la scoundrel; reckless in his impotent ire of the frightful consequences. But this man, on the accession of Louis Philippe, was sent as ambassador to England, and was even courted by the leading statesman of the day. But enough of Prince Talleyrand. He sleeps with worms, not less scorned than they, who do not spare him because he was a popish priest, a popish bishop, an avowed deist, a spy, a diplomatist, good whist player, and a consummate knave and hypocrite. He was a Frenchman, a royalist, a jacobin, a citizen, a republican a priest, a prince and a scamp; and in these varied attributes of rogue and a fool, of debauchee and priest, of conjuror and hypocrite, of informer and political homicide, we leave him to rot, like all remembrances of his history, as an incarnation from the lower regions which had done its worst, by low intrigue, and a love of self preservation, to endanger thrones, even to ruin republics, and at last to court monarchical institutions, in the dotage of an illspent life, for the purposes purely of a personal and money aggrandising nature. Let him rot, with the finger of scorn pointed to the pages of his dishonored life, and his instructive but odious history. We cannot say one word more in relation to a man towards whom we have no words to express the execration we feel, both as concerns his public and private character. He was, to say the least of it, a fortunate and exalted scoundrel.

THE BRIDAL EVE.

It was the bridal eve of Ellen Cleland. The setting sun threw its yellow rays over the landscape.

It was the hour appointed for the ceremony, and yet the bridegroom came not.

Ellen could ill brook the laughing raillery of her young friends, and stole forth to indulge in the feelings she could not conceal, yet she did not doubt the fidelity of her betrothed; but a sad presentiment of—she know not what—pressed heavily on her heart.

Slowly she walked towards the wild fountain whose sparkling water had witnessed the first vows of her Edward. With a languid smile she plucked some of the modest snowdrops that bloomed but once since those vows were registered, and twined them in a flexible bridal chaplet. She thought of Edward's own words when he placed one of the pearl-like flowerest in her glossy hair. This, said he, the 'sweet emblem of thy purity, is not more free from guile, than the passion I avow.'—The withered flower though forgotten by him, she had preserved, as a sweet memento of that blissful moment, and now twisted it with the wreath she was forming of its pure successors. She had just finished it, and was placing the snowy chaplet among the thick dark braids which bound her forehead, when she was startled by approaching footsteps; it was her father. 'Has he come?' said she, eagerly, bounding forward and as suddenly stopping, her cheeks and temples glowing at her own eagerness. 'My child,' said the old man, in a tremulous voice, "he has not come." She gazed at him attentively. His deep gray eyes gleamed with an unusual expression of anger, not untinged with grief. His high forehead, which had once boasted of its great beauty, now seemed as if some uncommon event had pressed out the wrinkles, and left it clear and proud as in youth. 'Tell me, oh tell,' cried the surprised and agitated Ellen, 'what has happened! Is he dead?' 'Dead!' repeated the old man, 'dead! No, Ellen—he is a villain! he is wedded to another.'

She heard no more; a wild agonizing shriek reached on the calm summer air but, ere the sound had ceased, she who uttered it was senseless. Her death-like brow pressed the white brink of that deep fountain where her first vows of constancy were plighted. Her slender hands and round white arms were immersed in its waters, and bridal vestments were sprinkled with the diamond spray. The agonising parent knelt down by his only child and shed her pallid features full many a tear of anguish. One deep drawn sigh issued from her lips, and she stood up—pale, faint and lovely as the genius of the waters. Not a tear

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