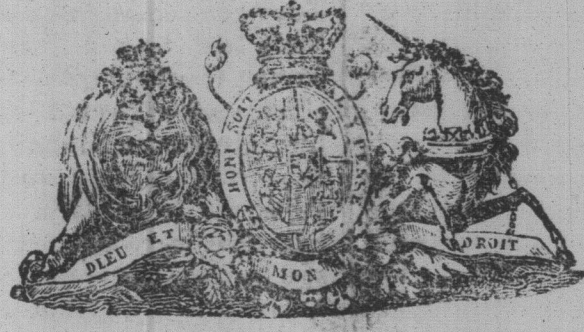


THE



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AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

New Series

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1835.

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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, 1834.

THE SECRET, OR THE STUDENT AND HIS WIFE.

"Ah no! no! Fredriga, never! never will I tell you that!" cried the bridegroom Reichter to his young, beautiful, and devoted wife. "Shew me then Arnulph, at least," replied the lady, "and so shall I learn to credit your strange assertion."

"No, no! dearest, never; and if you value my love, nay, my very life, press me not to reveal that terrible secret, my possession of which, I find I have been blamable even to name to the sweetest of the curious sex." And the fond husband smiled as he twined around his fingers a long, glossy lock of his bride's bright hair; then gently drawing her arm within his own—"Come," said he, "let us walk, the evening is delicious; nay, lay not aside your guitar, for pleasant in this odour-drooping hour will be one of your songs beneath the plane-tree."

Fredriga arose, and arm in arm, the happy creatures quitted the saloon wherein they had been sitting in meditative mood; now gazing from a sash window door upon the garden of the chateau, all radiant as it was in summer foliage, and in the lustre of a red cloudless, and golden sunset; now adoring the God of nature upon a view of the beauties lavished around them; and now discoursing upon the arcana of that nature and of art; a subject altogether most congenial to the disposition of Fredriga, who was surely the veriest *curieuse* of her sex; indeed, mysterious topics were those upon which she peculiarly delighted to dwell, and she would frequently urge Reichter to such conversations, well aware that as a student of philosophy at the University of Jena, he had become an adept in the occult sciences.—During their discourse he had unwarily observed—"for instance, Fredriga, I could, if I pleased, instantly animate yonder statue!"—"How?" asked the inquisitive fair one, with a look of unequivocal astonishment, and a feeling of somewhat excusable fear.—"Ay, there it is," replied Reichter, with an expression of archness in his countenance which seemed to intimate—but I don't intend to let you know any of my secrets."—"I could do it, believe me, Fredriga, if I choose; so subservient to mind, to immortal mind have I rendered the powers of nature as the uninitiated term those mysterious influences which they do not understand; nor durst I breathe even to you Fredriga, their prop name."

"Oh, but do, do tell me dearest Arnulph, returned his wife in the most winning tone imaginable, and with one of those bright eloquent looks whose translation we willingly resign to such as are conversant in the voiceless language; "do tell me the means you would employ to animate a statue."—Her husband's answer was the very speech with which our narrative commences. "Sing dearest," cried Reichter as he seated himself beside Fredriga under the leafy spreading branches of the plane tree: "this is the hour above all others in which methinks music delicious music penetrates the spirit. The calm, the holy, the tender the odorous evening hours; the hour in which, if ever the angelic essences most assuredly visit man, and we seem to behold and to feel their beatific ministering, in the all but super-natural beauty of earth. Sing dearest."

"I certainly shall not sing," replied the lady, "to oblige a good-for-nothing, teasing creature, who knows that he can gratify me, and who will not."

"I give you my word and honour, Fredriga—"

"Psha! a man's word and honour; what woman, not quite a fool, ever took it?"

"Why, my love, at all events you did, when you married me."

"True, I forgot that I condemned myself," replied Fredriga, laughing; Reichter also laughed, and very pleasant, pleasanter even than sweet music in the twilight hour, was the mirth of the fair young couple, for it was that of perfect affection and unbounded confidence. "Nevertheless do, do comply with my request, most dear Arnulph;" and laying her delicate arm lightly across his shoulders, she looked bewitchingly into his face; "only just for one moment consider

what a treat to a woman is the unravelment of a secret."

"Once again then, Fredriga," replied her husband with exceeding earnestness of tone and manner, "I not only, by all that is sacred, conjure you not to tempt me to such a disclosure, but absolutely prohibit you from so doing."

"May I ask why?"

"Ay, that's another question; one reason is this: (and even now you are proving its equity) were I to reveal the means whereby I could perform my Promethean miracle, you would doubt the truth of my assertion, and oblige me at length to put it to the test by actually performing that, of which the consequences would be in the highest degree dreadful."

"Oh, no! no, indeed, I would not."

"But indeed you would; permit me to say, my dear, that I am better acquainted with your disposition than you are yourself."

"No, you vain creature; not in this respect, I am certain. Come, you shall see how well I will behave. Won't you tell me now?"

"Decidedly not."

"I know what I'll do if you don't."

"And I know what you'll do if you force my secret from me," rejoined Reichter, in a mournfully tender tone, and turning his face from Fredriga he rested it thoughtfully upon the hand of that arm which was supported by the garden chair.

"Nay, mine own Prometheus," pursued the affectionate inquisitor, "speak not, look not, so sadly; I am prepared in your beloved society for any, for everything; for electric lightnings, galvanic discharges; nay, for the apparition of hosts of demons themselves; you have spoken to me of kings, dukes, earls, marquesses, and knights; of Ageres, of Arnon, of Marbas, and of Baal; let them come, I am not afraid; you have fixed mercury, discovered the sublime alkahest; the blacker than the black of Apollonius Tyaneus; the powder of projection; and nearly, nearly the *elixer vite*; comply then with my simplest request—I desire to see your marble Endymion, yon languid minion of the moon raise his drooping eyelids and his beautiful sinking form; shake from his pale, pure brow the overclustering curls; display a mind in his placid, angelic face, and light his moveless lips in blessed smiles. Or, if this certainly may not be, tell me at least, dearest Arnulph, the means you would adopt to effect such a miracle."

Who can resist the melody of a voice, every tone of which is modulated by purest affection? The soft but thrilling beam of a love lighted-eye? The mute but impassioned eloquence of manner? Nay, the very heaving of a gentle, balmy breath, and every nameless blandishment of a lovely, loved, and loving pleader, heard and seen and felt—felt even to mebration in the rich odorous and stilly summer twilight? He who could resist so, maddening a combination of dangerous delights, must be master of a harder heart than that possessed by the student Reichter. He was enamoured—enchanted—infatuated—his brain whirled, his whole frame trembled, a deadly faintness seized him, his bosom heaved convulsively between strange delight and terror, his very heart was sick, and throbbled almost audibly, and catching Fredriga in his arms, he hastily and fervently kissed her glowing cheek, exclaiming in a hurried tone—"I can deny nothing—it is insanity—death—but by your hands to die is sweet, most sweet. Know then that to animate yonder statue, I must transfuse into it the *principle of life*, transferred immediately from myself. You have my secret."

"But I know better," replied his wife, after she had recovered from the involuntary astonishment into which so extraordinary a communication had naturally thrown her—"that is not true I'm certain, dearest Arnulph; you do but jest with my feminine ignorance, and amuse me with asserting an impossibility in order to prevent my searching out the real fact; for even women know that what you mention, the *principle of life*, has as yet eluded the penetration of the most profound philosophers, who are also divided

in their opinions as to whether its nature is corporeal or spiritual; consequently whether it is destructible or indestructible; whether it dies with the body or whether upon the dissolution of that it still exists elsewhere and under another modification; whether it pervades the whole frame or resides peculiarly in any given part, and if so—"

"Upon my word, Fredriga," exclaimed Reichter, hoping that a banter might succeed in changing a subject now become to him one of the most fearful interest—"upon my word, Fredriga, I shall, I believe, have shortly to invest you with my academicals, and despatch you to give lectures in mysticism at one of our universities."

"That is not the point, Arnulph; I see your aim, and am resolved that unto it you shall not attain; therefore, explain to me, dearest, how you could detach from yourself and transfer to another, a principle of whose very nature—"

"Oh, good gracious! it is then as I anticipated—you are incredulous, and must see in order to believe."

"To be sure I must, and why not? I know that you are only attempting to impose upon my credulity and ignorance; had you told me any thing less marvellous, Arnulph, I should most likely have been satisfied."

"Oh, no, no, no! you would not, Fredriga," exclaimed the unfortunate young man with an energy inspired by passion and despair; "and are you indeed so—so—so—I will not, I cannot call you cruel, for you mean not to be so, as to wish to have an occult demonstration of that, which may be attended with fatal consequences to myself?"

Reichter was pale as death, he was suffused with a cold perspiration, and trembling like an aspen leaf, he leant against the trunk of the plane tree for support. Fredriga observed his emotion and was for a short space of time silent and abashed, beginning really to imagine that her husband might have told her the truth. Curiosity, however, unfortunately overcame with irresistible force every principle of duty and attachment towards him for whom really she had an excessive but not a generous affection. Had she been told that she loved *self* better than her husband, her anger and astonishment would have been excessive; nevertheless her own gratification was commonly sought by her, as in this instance, without regard to the inconvenience or pain, accruing from such conduct towards her "other self." After a while, therefore, the inquisitive and pertinacious Fredriga returned to the attack, entreating even with tears to be indulged with a view of the phenomenon mentioned by Reichter, averring that shortly, if he persisted in not complying with her request, inextinguishable curiosity would undermine her constitution, and bring her to the grave.

"Alas!" sighed the miserable student, "thither then, too surely, seems one of us destined to go; and if so, better I than you, my dearest I forgive you. Heaven knows how I have in times past suffered from a devouring passion; that, Fredriga, was love, yours is curiosity, and in some bosoms this reigns as paramount as the other; take the blessing of God, and my own, and when I am dead remember me; but do not reproach yourself for my murder."

"How can you talk in such a manner, my dear Arnulph. Even taking it for granted that you are able to perform what you have named, and by the most unaccountable means, will you not also possess the power of restoring the vital spark to that body, from whence an act of your own intelligence originally detached it?"

"I do not know—I cannot say—my own uncertainty on this subject renders me thus unwilling to hazard so dangerous an experiment."

"Nay, then, if you do not know, I can tell you; it stands to reason that it must be so."

"Well, Fredriga, there is no arguing with a lady who will not be convinced; I have said all that I can say, and if you still persist in your desire, you must take the consequences of its gratification, be they what they may; seat yourself opposite Endymion—play, sing, do any thing rather than speak