

# THE



# STAR,

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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 expence, 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 the 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.

#### A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

It was during the exterminating warfare which characterised the invasion of Spain by the French, that a small body of Cuirassiers, detached from the main division, halted for the night at a village called Figueras. The appearance of this company was to the poor inhabitants a source of disagreeable anticipations, actuated as they were by natural antipathy to a domineering foe, and by anxiety for their little property acquired by the toil of congregated years. "What ho!" cried the leader of the soldiery, as he stopped before the gate of the monastery, the only house in the hamlet that appeared capable of rendering any tolerable accommodation; "Open your doors, or, by my valiant Sovereign, all your Aves will not profit you," and as he spoke he struck the portal with his sword, as if to prove his threats would speedily be enforced, if a ready acquiescence were not accorded to his mandates.

There was silence for a time, as though the inmates were deliberating on what course to pursue; and then the figure of an aged man became apparent, as with trembling hands he loosed the fastenings which secured the dwelling. He bore a torch, whose gleam threw a murky glare upon the men at arms, and served but indistinctly to illumine the gloomy court. "Save you!" said the French Colonel ironically, at the same time making a owly obeisance, "I bear my superior's greetings to your holy body, and expect good fare for my commands: the cellars are well stored, no doubt?" A crimson glow for a moment flushed the pallid cheek of the venerable father, as La Ville (for that was the colonel's name) concluded his address; but it passed instantly away, and he returned no response save by a gentle inclination of the head.

La Ville regarded not his emotion, but ordering his soldiers to dismount and place their chargers in the spacious court yard, entered the solemn pile accompanied by his brother officers. The clang of the spurs as they paced along the vaulted passages, escorted by their aged guide, too plainly announced to the monks the proximity of their enemies—those wonted scoffers of all the sacred ordinances of religion, for such a character had they required: partly true, but principally founded on the misrepresentations of those who were well aware how much such a belief would kindle patriotic zeal against them.

As they entered the refectory, the assembled brethren rose from their seats, and calmly viewed the haughty intruders. "Excuse me, Fathers!" exclaimed La Ville, awed into respect by their dignified demeanour, "but my men require repose, and in these troublous times, as little courtesy is needed, I have that plea to warrant this intrusion; my men must be provided with good cheer, or else—" and he touched the hilt of his sabre significantly. "But," he continued, "I hope there will not be occasion for proceeding to extremities, the odds are too much in our favour."—"Sir," replied the abbot, "your wishes must be obeyed, were even our desire to serve you less."—"I deem if I relied on that, my entertainment were but very poor."—"This is an unkind opinion," returned the superior; "deeds will convince you of its fallacy."—So saying, he motioned them to sit down, and commanded the servitors to load the table with the best the monastery could afford.

The table soon groaned beneath the weight of delicacies, and cordially usurped the place where distrust so lately reigned. The abbot left the apartment for a brief interval, and speedily returned, followed by two attendants bearing immense silver vessels filled with luscious and delicious wine.

"Now, tell me candidly," exclaimed a young officer but lately arrived from the military college, "tell me if you have any pretty damsel here—you understand me, a niece or so, to benefit by your pious admonitions." The eye of the superior shone with wrathful glare at the speaker, and then a bitter smile passed across his features. "Fear not," he replied, "for this night's entertainment will be better than any you shall hereafter en-

joy; but Heaven forbid we should harbour such polluted beings as you allude to!"—"Ay," replied La Ville, "at least for irreligious laymen, who know not how to temper their love-suits with pious sighings for the great iniquity of our frail natures: but a truce with rallery, and let us taste the wine; nothing so much promotes good fellowship."

"But, good father," he continued, as he filled a goblet with the sparkling wine, "you must pledge me in a bumper, so fill your glass." "The rules of our order forbid us to indulge in wine," answered the abbot, "and therefore you must excuse me, or my brethren, from tasting of the ruby produce of the vine." La Ville smiled ironically, as though he thought it was hypocrisy, on the father's part in refusing to drink any thing stronger than the liquid spring of water.—He raised the goblet to his lips, but placed it again untasted on the board. The monks looked upon the movement with suspicious eye, as if to seek solution for the Frenchman's act.

"Suspicion strikes me," cried La Ville sternly, "and if my surmise prove correct, this shall be the last exploit you will enact. Fellow soldiers! taste not the wine, it may be poisoned: such deeds have been performed before, and by monastic artifice." As the speaker thus addressed his auditors, every eye was riveted on the superior, whose countenance afforded no credit to the colonel's surmise. "Drink of the wine first," continued La Ville, "you and your brethren, and then we will follow your example."—The abbot raised his eyes to Heaven, and seemed for a moment buried in meditation; then taking the proffered cup, swallowed the contents. The entire confraternity also drank the potion.

"Now you are satisfied?" he inquired "now are your ungenerous doubts resolved?"—"Yes!" replied the French; "and here we pledge to you, good fathers. Cup succeeded cup, as the elated soldiers, delighted with their superior entertainment, sought to take advantage of their present favourable quarters. "Believe me," stammered out a jovial lieutenant, "we will ever prove grateful for the kindness we have experienced, and mayhap, I may send in exchange for this Sauterne, a handsome girl of mine, the beauteous Louise." "A poor exchange," retorted another, "nothing so true as wine, nor so fickle as woman." "When our royal eagle waves over the entire land," cried La Ville, "the brethren of this monastery shall be rewarded for their kindness to us, and—" "Stop your kind commendations," interrupted the abbot; "that day you shall never behold: base tools of violence, hear me, and shudder at my words: know that the wine we drank was poisoned! Start not! our country claimed the sacrifice, and willingly we did our part—and though the pangs of death are fast approaching, yet the thought that you, our enemies, must die with us, is balsam to the tortured body. Does not the venom even now rankle in your veins? Speak, slaves! speak!"

Consternation seized the French as they listened to the dreadful declaration, and even then the agonizing throbs declared how true was the assertion. Madly they rushed on their betrayers, but death was already enacting his part, and stayed their impetuous hands. Soon the smothered groan, the frightful scream, the mingled prayer and curse, rose on the silent ear of night.—The morning came; and of the many who had entered on the previous evening into the monastery, not one remained to quit its gloomy precincts.

#### ON THE TOMB OF PSAMMIS.

Nothing is more calculated to turn our mind towards meditation, and to awaken our feelings, than visiting sepulchral monuments.—Indeed among those persons who have seen the tomb of some distinguished character, (and from the multiplicity of these monuments a great portion of mankind have done so) almost every one must have been led to meditate upon the striking scene before them; many have committed their thoughts to writing, and a few have by so doing gained the

admiration of mankind, adorned the literature of their country, and instructed and amused posterity. On such a beaten path I should not have ventured, had I not been led into it by visiting the representation of an Egyptian Tomb, discovered by that enterprising traveller Belzoni; where many feelings and reflections crowded upon my mind, very different from those which commonly occur on meditating over the remains of the mighty dead. When we behold the tomb of some well-known character or favorite hero, we fancy that we are witnessing the defeat of time; there are the mouldering ruins of a mausoleum—the defaced inscription—the mutilated bust. So far he is, triumphant, and, as we vainly imagine, all has been done, which rests in his power to accomplish. We are conscious that had he, who raised this tomb for himself, relied for immortality merely upon that fabric, whose ruins are now mingling with the dust of its inhabitant, he would have been disappointed, and we exclaim with the poet,

"Let not a monument give you or me hopes,  
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops."

Yet we say again, that is not the case here: the history of the man whose bones lie beneath its familiar to us; his deeds, his writings, or his discoveries, excite the wonder, praise, and admiration of posterity; they have defied the attacks of time, to which nought belonging to him, save the brick and mortar of his sepulchre, have yielded. His actions have been his monument; his epitaph is written in the page of history. Such are our feelings, when we behold the tomb of Alexander the Great. His dust has long ago been scattered by the winds. His sarcophagus, torn from the sepulchre, subjected to domestic uses, at last transported into a land almost unknown, and totally barbarous, when the mighty conqueror flourished in the zenith of power and victory.

"One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind,  
Coop'd up he seem'd in earth, in seas confin'd,  
And struggling stretch'd his restless limbs about  
The narrow world, to find a passage out.—  
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he tried  
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide."

DRYDEN.

The recollection of these lines, and the sight of the sarcophagus, remind us of the power of Death and Time, over all that is perishable. Yet we still flatter ourselves that Fame is everlasting; that although death has reduced the hero dust, and time has dispersed his remains over the desert, yet his fame has lived unimpaired through two thousand years, and his deeds are still fresh in the recollection of mankind. How different a lesson do we receive in the tomb of the once great and renowned, but now unknown and forgotten Psammis! Here paintings, the most perishable of the works of man, have been preserved for ages after ages. But the slow and never-fading scythe of Time has swept the brazen letters of fame from the tablets of memory. This is more than we are used to; we are not accustomed to see posthumous fame—that "monumentum ære perennius," upon which the great rely, and which the ambitious are so eager to acquire,—yielding in durability to the fading colours of the painter.

The Monarch, for whose mummy this mausoleum was excavated, seems to have been a pretender to the palm of renown, and to have sought it by those means which usually accomplish their end. By the magnificence of his sepulchre he appears to have been a mighty sovereign; and by his triumphs which are there recorded, one of those scourges of the earth, conquerors;—and apparently a great one; for that his conquests extended over all the neighbouring nations appears evident. Three different races of men are painted as his captives on the wall of his tomb; the white, the Ethiopian, and the tawny African. Farther than this we know nothing; he may, for aught we know have counterbalanced this evil part of his character by other virtues; he may have been the father of his people, when the fit of war which prompted him to sacrifice their blood to his ambition, was over; he may have been generous and merciful to his vanquished enemies; he reigned in a coun-