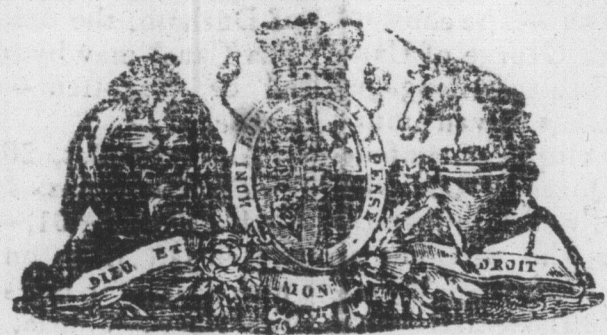


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HARBOUR GRACE, Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN THOMAS BURTON, at his Office, opposite Mr. W. Dixon's.

The Church Liturgy.—The following is a portion of the concluding remarks recently made by the Rev. J. Venn, Vicar of St. Peter's, Hereford, on completing a course of most useful and admirable sermons upon the public services of the Established Church: "I here conclude my course of sermons upon the daily service of our Church. I have gone through it not with the determination to show that it is absolutely perfect, and that there is no defect in any part of it—not with the hope of being able to justify every single expression, and to clear up every difficulty—not giving an opinion, even, upon some points in it about which Christians will differ without the possibility of their coming to an agreement—but simply and earnestly desiring to lay before you the meaning and the spirit of all its parts, and to show you how to use it profitably, and to stir you up to a holy watchfulness and a jealousy over yourselves in your use of it. The close examination of the service into which I have been led in preparing these discourses upon it, has, I can truly say, richly repaid me. Familiarly acquainted with it as I had long been, I never knew before how deeply it was imbued with the spirit of Scripture—how low it laid the sinner, teaching him continually to acknowledge his wretchedness, and to cast himself upon God's free mercy; how highly it exalted the Saviour, pleading his blessed name at the end of every prayer and collect as our only and setting him forth throughout as the almighty and eternal Son of God able to save to the uttermost. I never knew before how full it was of meaning—how rich a variety it presented—how simple it was in its language—how fervent in its tone, and yet how sober—how importunate, and yet how reverential—how comprehensive it was in embracing all the various parts of worship—supplication, intercession, praise, and the reading of God's Word. I never knew before what cause I had to love our Church, and to pray for its prosperity through all generations—I never knew before what cause I had to be thankful to God for having called me to the high privilege and honor of being a minister of such a Church. Surely a Church which has such a Liturgy will never be suffered to fall; God may permit it to be assailed and shaken, in order that its true friends may rally round it, that its abuses may be reformed, and that it may arise purified and more efficient, but he never will permit it to be destroyed."

Extraordinary Pedestrian Feat. Harris, the pedestrian, completed

his unparalleled undertaking of walking one thousand seven hundred and fifty miles in one thousand successive hours, being one mile and three-quarters each hour, at 25 minutes past 12 on Sunday night, when he received the warmest congratulations of his numerous friends, who had gone from town to witness the termination of this astonishing match. His feet are very much blistered, and he has suffered at intervals considerable pain in his limbs, particularly during the last week, from the continually drenching storms of rain to which he was exposed. He says that when he undertook the wager he was fully prepared to meet with a good deal of wet and inclement weather, from the advanced period of the year, but the variability and severity of the atmosphere to which he has been subjected have far outstripped his calculations. He looks forward with great anxiety to the next six or seven days, because he has always found, from fourteen years' experience, that after he has concluded any pedestrian undertaking he suffers more from excruciating pain for that period of time than during the actual performance of any laborious task in which he may have been engaged. betting had so much advanced in his favour in the course of the last week that he hopes to realise about 150*l.* Notwithstanding the inclemency of weather, every inlet to Battersea fields was thronged during the whole of the day, and at no one period of the day, between 10 in the morning and 10 at night, were there less than from 5,000 to 6,000 persons present.

Attack on One of the Aeronauts in the late Ascent.—The Nassau balloon ascended from Vauxhall on Tuesday, and alighted on a common near Bedford. correspondent states that the machine was soon surrounded by a number of excavators from the Great Western Railway, who demanded money for alleged assistance in packing it up. This was given; but, not being deemed sufficient, two of the fellows attacked Mr. W. Hughes, in the absence of his companions, and severely wounded him on the head. Mr. Hughes made a gallant resistance; but at last was compelled to seek safety in flight. Our correspondent adds that the aeronauts are frequent subjected to gross extortions, on the plea of service rendered, when the balloon happens to descend, as is often the case, on commons.

LAMENTABLE CATASTROPHE.

Three Children Drowned.

A most distressing event occurred on Wednesday evening last,

in the parish of *St. Decuman's*, near *Watchet*. From the evidence of a female servant, *Sarah Half-year*, who lived at a farm occupied by Mr. *Joseph Pearce Cape*, at *Rydon*, as given at an inquest held before Mr. *Caines* and a respectable jury on Friday evening, we learn the following facts: About 6 o'clock on Wednesday evening the witness accompanied her mistress and 6 children to the seaside to bathe; the eldest child was about 11 years old, and the youngest about 18 months old. Having got to the beach, bathed all the children except one, when they saw themselves suddenly surrounded by the tide, which was that evening very high; and finding that it was impossible to retrace their steps to the shore, they got at a shore distance on to a rock, when Mrs. *Cape* and the servant laid hold on each other, so as to protect the children which they had placen between them, to the utmost in their power; succeeded in so doing for some time, but unhappily the waves continued to increase in higher, and the wretched mother had the misery to see three of her poor little creaturs overwhelmed and carried from them by the sea. The survivor remained upon the rock for nearly two hours afterwards. Mr. *Cape* having become alarmed that his family had not returned at an hour (nearly 10 o'clock), but thinking they might have called at a neighbouring farm, he sent his man-servant to meet them, who soon returned without obtaining any intelligence; upon which Mr. *Cape* went to seek them with a friend, and discovered the agoulsed mother with the surviving portion of her children, and her maid servant, on the rock; with much risk they were approached, and at length safely landed; thus perished the three poor children, only one of whom, *Jane Pease Cape*, aged nine years, had been discovered at the time of the inquest; the two others were respectively five years and 18 months. Verdict, *Accidentally drowned*. The presence of mind of the deceased *Jane* was remarkable; she appeared fully aware of the danger threatened them on seeing each approaching wave, and said, "Oh, mother, we shall never see poor father again. Let us pray;" and distinctly repeat the Lord's Prayer and Creed. One of the children saved was thrown upon a rock ledge where it fell fast a sleep!

From the Alexandria Gazette.

EDITORIAL WRITING.—A few days ago the *National Intelligencer*, had some sensible remarks on the subject of editing a paper. One idea expressed has fre-

quently struck us with great force. Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper, and the industry and talents of its editor, by the variety and quantity of editorial matter which it contains. Nothing can be more fallacious. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out, daily, columns of words—words, upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in "one weak, washy, everlasting flood," and his command of language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions; and yet his paper may be a meagre and poor concern. But what is the labor, the toil of such a man, who displays his "leaded matter" ever so largely, to that imposed upon the judicious well-informed editor who devotes himself to the conduct of his paper with the same care and assiduity that a sensible lawyer bestows upon a suite or a human physician upon a patient—without regard to show or display! Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The industry is not even shown there. The care, the taste, the time employed in selecting, is far more important—and the tact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than by anything else; and that, we all know, is half the battle. But as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, and his labours understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone—its temper—its manner—its uniform consistent course—its principals—its aims—its manliness—its courtesy—its dignity—its propriety. To preserve all these, as they should be preserved is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they can find time, or head room, to write at all!

The *St James' Chronicle* of the 6th December in an article on the present inefficient state of the British Navy, after giving a list of the line-of-battle ships in the respective Navies of Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States—makes the following remarks:—

Great Britain, the richest empire on the face of the earth—Great Britain, almost monopolising the maritime commerce of the world—Great Britain, whose very existence as a nation may depend on her naval ascendancy—has not, at the end of all her victories and of 23 years of peace, an efficient naval force equal to one-half of that of France, her commerce and finances ruined by two revolutions, and by the most disastrous war—approaching in equality to that of half-barbarous and wholly pauper Russia—not even equal to that of the United States of America. Any one of these states is an overmatch for us in that species of war by which this country must be saved from the devastation of her fields and dwellings, if not from utter ruin. Any two of them united might carry their combined flags to *London Bridge*.

Already it is found nearly impossible to obtain hands for our puny fleet, as will be seen by the following extract from the *Morning Chronicle*:—

MANNING THE FLEET.—Great exertions are now making in all the seaports to recruit the fleet with seamen, and great numbers are every day being sent from the tender in the river to Sheerness, Portsmouth, and Plymouth. The Queen's Head public house, the old rendezvous on Tower-hill, is every morning crowded with persons who desire to engage as seamen in her Majesty's navy; but most of the applicants are refused on account of being landmen, able bodied seamen alone being eligible; these latter, however, it appears are not very plentiful, and a more inviting placard than usual is placed upon the walls.