

THE
CARBONEAR STAR,
 AND
 CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1833.

No. 18.

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.

FARE.

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 & BOAG,
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 JQUES**, *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 JQUES**. Witness our Hands, at *Carbonear*, this 31st Day of December, 1832.

SAMUEL PROWSE, Jun.
GEORGE EDWARD JQUES.

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

GEORGE EDWARD JQUES.
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.

THE NOVELLIST.

THE HAUNTED HEAD.

It was yet early in May morning, in the year 1540, when two travellers alighted at the little cabaret, known by the sign of the "Les quatre fils d'Aymon," at the entrance of the forest of Fontainebleau. They rode two very sorry horses, and each of them carried a package behind his saddle. These were, the famous Benvenuto Cellini, as mad a man of genius, as the sun of Italy, which has long been used to mad geniuses, ever looked on, and his handsome pupil Ascanio, who were carrying some works of art to the King of France, at Fontainebleau. For particular reasons, Cellini set out by himself, leaving Ascanio; and he, getting tired towards evening, proposed to walk in the forest; but, before setting out, was specially warned to take care, in the first place, that the Gardes de Chasse did not shoot him instead of a buck; and in the next, that he did not stray too near a large house, which he would see at about a quarter of an hour's walk distant to the right of the path. This house, the host told him, belonged to the Chancellor Poyet, who said he did not choose to be disturbed in the meditations to which he devoted himself, for the good of the state, by idle stragglers. To enforce his orders, too, he had an ugly raw boned Swiss for a porter, who threatened to cudgel every one who walked too near his garden wall. There was also a hint of a poor young lady being shut up in this guarded mansion. A long garden, enclosed by a high wall, and thickly planted on both sides with trees, which entirely concealed its interior from view, was at the back; and it was this which Ascanio first approached.

He heard a low voice, which he thought was that of a woman in distress, and listening more intently, and approaching nearer, he was satisfied that his first impression was correct. He distinctly heard sobs, and such expressions of sorrow, as convinced him that the person from whom they proceeded was indulging her grief alone. A large birch tree grew against the garden wall near the place where he stood; he paused for a moment to deliberate whether he could justify the curiosity he felt, when the hint of the hostess, that a lady was imprisoned there, came across his mind, and, without further hesitation, he ascended the tree. Ascanio looked from the height he had gained, and saw a young female sitting on a low garden seat immediately below the bough on which he stood. She was weeping. At length, raising her head, she dried her eyes, and taking up a guitar which lay by her, she struck some of the chords, and played the symphony to a plaintive air which was then well known. Ascanio gazed in breathless anxiety,

and wondered that one so fair should have cause for so deep a sorrow as she was evidently suffering under. In a colloquy which ensued, she exhorted him to fly; told him she was an orphan whom Poyet wanted to force into marriage; and finally agreed to elope with her young lover.

Ascanio clasped the maiden in his arms, and once kissed her fair forehead, by way of binding the compact. He looked up to the wall to consider the best means of enabling the lady to scale it, when he saw above it a man's head looking at them. Ascanio at first thought they were betrayed, but the expression of the face which he continued to look at, removed his alarm on this head. It was a very fine countenance, highly intelligent, and uncommonly good humoured. It seemed, as well as Ascanio could guess, by the thick beard and mustachios, to belong to a man of middle age. He had a long pointed nose, bright eyes, and very white teeth: a small cap just stuck on the left side of his head, gave a knowing sort of look to his appearance, and added to the arch expression of his visage, as he put his finger on his lip to enjoin silence, when Ascanio looked up at him. "Hush," he said, "it is a very reasonable bargain on both sides, very disinterested and strongly sworn to. And now, my children, as I have been a witness to it, although unmentionably, I feel bound to help your escape." Ascanio hardly knew what answer to make; but, as he saw it was perfectly indifferent to the stranger, who knew the whole of his secret, whether he should trust him or not, he resolved to accept his offer, and they immediately set about getting the lady over the wall.

While employed on this, three fellows were seen stealing round the walls with their swords drawn. "By St. Denis, we have been reckoning without our host," cried the stranger; "they don't mean to let us part thus. Come, my spark," he said to Ascanio, "you will have some service for that sword you wear, and which, pray Heaven, you know how to use. Do you stand on the other side of the tree, madam," he added, putting the lady, whose name was Beatrice, on his horse, "and, if the worst should betide, gallop down the path, keeping the high road, till you come to Paris; inquire for the Nunnery of St. Genevieve, and give this ring to the abbess, who is a relation of mine; she will ensure your protection." The lady received the ring, and, half dead with horror, awaited the issue of the contest. The assailants came on with great fury; and as they were three to two, the odds were rather in their favour. They consisted of a Gascon, Captain Sanglet, the porter, and a servant, who seemed in no great hurry to begin the fight: they appeared astonished at finding two opponents, having seen only Ascanio from the house. They fell on, however, in pretty good order. It happened to be the lot of the stranger, perhaps because he was the bigger man, to encounter the servant and the captain. Just as they came up, he loosened his cloak from his throat, and twisting it very lightly round his arm, he made as serviceable a buckler as man should wish to use. Upon this he caught the captain's first blow, and dealt, in return, so shrewd a cut on the serving man's head, as laid him on the forest turf without the least inclination to take any farther share in the combat.—The fight was now nearly equal; and, to do him justice, the Gascon captain was a fair match for most men: the stranger, however, was one to whom fighting was evidently any thing but new; and, in less than five minutes, the captain lay beside the servant, so dead, that if all the monks in Christendom had sung a mass in his ears, he would not have heard it.

"I have owed you this good turn a very long time, my gallant Captain Sanglet. I have not forgotten an ill turn that you did me at Pavia, when you did not wear the rebel Bourbon's livery; but there's an end to all, and you die as a soldier should."—And as the stranger muttered this, he wiped the blood-drops off his own sword, and looked at the fight which was continuing between the Swiss and Ascanio, but did not feel in-

(See last page.)

LABOURERS OF EUROPE, No. 2.

ITALY continued.

That part of Italy which borders on the Mediterranean, from the mountains of Genoa to the extremity of Calabria, a length of about 700 miles, consists, except in a few places, such as Naples, where hills intervene of a broad stripe of flat country, extending from the sea-shore to the lower ridges of the Apennine mountains. This region is called the Maremma. It is particularly unhealthy during the summer months, from June to October, when all the inhabitants, who are able, remove to the hills, and the few who are obliged to remain are exposed to the malaria fever, an intermittent ague, which emaciates the body, exhausts the vital strength, and, if not checked in time, proves fatal to the patient. The farms in the greater part of this immense tract, and more particularly in the Roman and Tuscan divisions of it are very large, often extending to several thousand acres. They are held by wealthy tenants, who live in the towns and keep agents and domestics who reside on the spot at least till harvest-time. By far the greater part of the land, although arable, is left for pasture, about one-fourth or one-sixth being brought into cultivation by annual rotation. No villages or cottages are to be seen; but here and there, at long intervals, a dingy, dismal, looking casale or farm-house, a speck in the midst of the desert. As there is no fixed population in these plains, labourers are engaged from the interior, and chiefly from the highlands of the Apennines, where a scanty soil, though under a healthy climate, does not furnish sufficient occupation for the native peasantry. They generally come down from the mountains in October, in bands of about one hundred each, under the guidance of a leader, a sort of jobber, who superintends for their services and pay with the agent of the farm. It is calculated that about twenty thousand come down in this manner every year, in the Campagna or plains of Rome alone. Many of them remain till May, employed in the different works of the farm. They are engaged mostly by the season, and receive at the rate of from ten to fifteen pence a day. Their chief nourishment consists of *polenta*, or Indian corn flour, boiled with water and salt, into a sort of pudding, with the occasional addition of skimmed milk or grated cheese. They sleep on the bare ground, either in the casale, or under shelter of temporary huts made with canes (*arundo tenax*), which grow luxuriantly in these regions.

At harvest time, about the latter end of June, a new reinforcement of labourers from the mountains is required. This is the most critical period in the year for those poor men, who come by thousands from the pure and wholesome atmosphere of their native districts to inhale the pestilential air of the lowlands, working by day under a burning sun, and sleeping at night in the open air, exposed to the heavy dews, and to the bite of gnats and other insects. The harvest men are engaged for eleven or twelve days, sometimes a fortnight, and they are paid at the rate of about two francs or 1s. 10d. a day. They are also better fed at this time, and have a plentiful allowance of wine and water. The corn must be cut, threshed, winnowed, and carried into the granary by the middle of July, after which no one dares to remain in the fields. Mr. Chateauxvieux, who visited one of these immense farms during the harvest season, gives the following description of the scene:—

"The *fattore* or steward ordered horses for us to visit the farm, and while they were getting ready I examined the *casale*, or farm house, a noble but gloomy structure. It consisted of a spacious kitchen and two large apartments adjoining, at the end of which were three other rooms of similar dimensions; all totally destitute of furniture, not even having windows. These formed the ground floor of the centre building. Above them were six other rooms of the same size used as granaries, one only being furnished for the use of the superintendants. The wings were formed by capacious arched stables, at once airy and cool; and above them were lofts for hay. This part of the esta-