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GETTING UP A NEWSPAPER.

So many articles have been written upon the peculiar woes and troubles, cares and anxieties of Newspaper Editors, that the subject has become somewhat stale. For this reason we have always as much as possible avoided any allusion to the topics upon which so many Jeremiahs have been written. To day, however, in the absence of every thing like news, we are tempted to administer a little reproof to some people, who expect that every article, in every Paper, should suit everybody.

What would a shoemaker, for instance, say to a customer, who should find fault because every pair of boots in the store would not fit his foot; and, thereupon undertake to tell him that he was no workman, but a botch? Or if he even were more reasonable than this, and merely denounced all boots that did not fit him as good for nothing, and useless to every body; would he not write himself down an ass? Yet such is precisely the conduct of those who measure a newspaper by their own standard of taste, and expect it uniformly to conform to that.

Now be it known to such sapient judges, that the endeavour of an experienced caterer for a newspaper is to avoid pleasing them every day. If a shoemaker turned out all his work upon one last, he would find his patrons in a minority of the boot-wearing public. The best evidence of editorial skill is to present such a varied melange, from day to day, as shall offer to all tastes, not too hypercritical, a chance to find something for their peculiar gratification.

Other critics expect uniform correctness, and infallibility in a Newspaper. They would have it that Editors should be perfect in knowledge, upon all subjects incapable of error, and above the failings to which poor human nature is liable. They expect comments upon all that is passing in the world, and that rumours be published while they are new, and that there must notwithstanding be no mistake in any statement. There must be no omission of any circumstance, no delay to procure attested accounts, and yet the story must be such as to leave no errors to be corrected. A very little reflection would show such critics that they are expecting a little more than they would like to be compelled themselves to accomplish.

Having had some years experience in conducting a newspaper, we have arrived at some philosophical conclusions that enable us to keep the even tenor of our way without any feelings of annoyance from impudent anonymous letters,

impudent advice, impudent comments, suits at law for libels, or any of the other disagreeables to which the profession is subjected. We endeavour to tell the truth in all matters of fact, to do justice to all individuals and communities where comment is necessary, to expose vice without fear or favour, to defend the right in all that pertains to our province. That we effect all this, is not pretended, as no claims are made to perfection. *New York Sun*

Battle of Trafalgar.—Sunday was the thirty-third anniversary of this glorious but dearly-purchased triumph, in which Nelson, the greatest naval hero of ancient or modern times, fell in the hour of victory! Of all the gallant men whose voices on that day echoed the far-famed signal of their brave admiral, and whose hearts responded to its call, how few are now living to celebrate its return. Of the 27 officers who commanded ships on that memorable occasion, seven only survive viz. Admiral Sir William Hargood, Sir Philip Durham (commander-in-chief at Portsmouth), Sir H. W. Bayntun, and Sir Edward Codrington (the hero of Navarino); Vice-Admiral Sir H. Digby, and Sir T. M. Hardy (Governor of Greenwich Hospital); and Rear-Admiral Sir C. Bullen. The united French and Spanish fleet of 33 sail of the line, under Admirals Villeneuve and Gravina, came out of Cadiz on the 19th of October, 1805; the English, under Lord Nelson, consisted of 27, were waiting in the bay, but owing to baffling winds, it was not until the morning of the 21st, at day break, that the British fleet came in sight of the enemy, formed in line of battle a-head. Signal was immediately made to bear down on the enemy in two lines. Admiral Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign, led the lee column; Nelson, the weather, in the Victory. Certain of a triumphant issue, he said he should not be satisfied with less than 20 of the enemy's ships, and soon after made his last signal "England expects every man to do his duty"—"which will be remembered," says Dr. Southey, "as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure." It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of acclamation. "Now," said Nelson, "I can do more; we must trust to the Great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty." The action commenced a little before 12, by the Royal Sovereign (Collingwood's ship) breaking through the enemy's line. "See," said Nelson, how that noble fellow, Col-

lingwood, carries his ship into action, and, to show how the minds of these brave men were in unison, Collingwood, at the same moment exclaiming to his captain, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here?" The Victory opened her fire from both sides of her decks soon after 12, having passed between the Bucentaure (Villeneuve's ship) and the Redoubtable; from the mizentop of the latter he was mortally wounded by a rifle shot; but the man who fired it did not live to boast of his exploit, being afterwards shot by two mates of the Victory. His lordship survived his wound two hours and three quarters, preserving, to the last, his presence of mind, and had the satisfaction, before he expired, of knowing that the victory was complete, 16 of the enemy's ships having struck including those of the French and Spanish Admirals. In consequence of severe gales which the fleet subsequently sustained and the crippled state of the ships, only four of the prizes reached England, the rest having been sunk or destroyed.

Improved Prison Discipline. At the quarter sessions for the eastern division of *Sussex* last week, a conversation took place relative to a recommendation of the previous sessions, that every prisoner would be allowed to wear a linen mask, to be provided by the gaoler. Mr. Donovan opposed the plan, which he thought would take away from punishment one of its greatest stings, and throw over the proceeding an air of ridicule, which would turn the whole into burlesque. Mr. Hazelwood was in favor of the mask; for many a prisoner who had formed a determination to amend his life would, if not allowed to cover his face, be liable to be recognised by some of his fellow-prisoners, in consequence of which his resolution of amendment would be rendered nugatory. Finally, it was agreed that application should be made to the Home Secretary, requesting that he would grant permission to use the linen mask in the gaol. *Sussex Paper.*

Marrying a Grandmother. A man actually applied to the guardians of the Oundle Union, a few days ago, to be allowed to marry his grandmother, a clergyman to whom he had applied to marry them by banns having refused to unite them. Strange as it may seem, both the parties are under 20 years of age, and it is said that there is no legal objection to the marriage. The applicant, we understand, was the illegitimate son of a woman named Taylor, and his reputed father's name was Payne; but, as an illegitimate

child, he is in law no man's son (*filius nullius*). Payne died lately, aged 76. The young woman's (the grandmother's) name was formerly Odam. When she was 16 years of age she went to live with old Payne, who married her before she was 17, and she has been a widow for a short time. The Registrar General was written to for instruction, and he answered that, however great may be the moral guilt of the parties, there was no legal impediment to the marriage.

OVERGROWN WEALTH.—The celebrated Countess Branitska, the niece of Tchemkin, died lately on her estate of Biala, Cerkiew, in the 89th year of her age. She had been a favourite of the empress Catherine, on which account the Emperor Alexander treated her with the utmost distinction and respect, addressing her by the name of *matushka*, or mother. He never met her without kissing her hand, and he would stand in her presence until she bade him be seated. The Countess has left an immense fortune, which will be partly inherited by Count Woronzow, her son-in-law. A sum of £1,000,000 sterling in specie was found in her chateau; she had 60,000,000 of rubles lodged in the Bank of Russia, and on her estates were 130,000 peasants or slaves. The Countess in her lifetime made money in every way: she lent it out on mortgages, and there are very few landed proprietors in the empire who are not her debtors; she discounted bills, sold good, disposed herself of the immense produce of her lands, and it is even said, that having visited France some years since, and finding human hair so valuable an article in that country, she had on her return to Russia caused the heads of all her female slaves to be shaved, and shipped a cargo of *chevelures* to France, where they fetched her a handsome return. Her *caisse* was always escorted by thirty or forty Cossacks, and her reputation for wealth was so general throughout the empire that, during the last insurrection, the Polish Government had given instructions to General Dwernicki and other officers sent on expeditions into Lithuania, to endeavour to gain possessions of her treasures.

WESLEYAN CENTENARY.—We noticed the great meeting at Manchester, at which upwards of £46,000 had been subscribed, and also the meeting at London, at which £10,000 were added to the subscription. It might be proper to state that at the Manchester meeting there were many of the leading methodists of London then present. Subsequently a meeting was held at Bristol, and £6,473 18s. subscribed. The total amount of subscription up to the 12th of December, was £67,000 or 296,480 dols.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

HAPPY DAYS. A paper was found at the death of Abderrama III., one of the Moorish kings of Spain, who died at Cordova in 961, after a reign of fifty years, with these words written by himself: "Fifty years have passed since I was Caliph. I have enjoyed riches, honours, and pleasures; heaven has showered upon me all the gifts that man can desire. In this long space of apartment felicity I have kept an account of how many happy days I have passed; their number is fourteen. Consider, then mortals, what is grandeur, what is the world and what is life!"

During the November gales in England, upwards of one hundred lives were lost on the Dorsetshire coast, between the adjoining ports of Bridport and Weymouth.