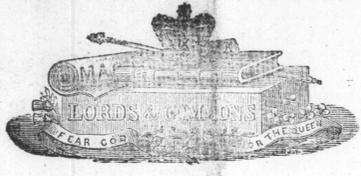


The Star



AND Conception Bay Journal.

HEARTS RESOLVED AND HANDS PREPARED, THE BLESSINGS THEY ENJOY TO GUARD.—SMOLLET.

VOL. V.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1840.

No. 290

HARBOUR GRACE, Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN THOMAS BURTON, at his Office, opposite the MARKET PLACE.

JACK SHEPPARD'S VISIT TO HIS MANIAC MOTHER.

"When Jack entered the cell, she was talking to herself in the muttering unconnected way peculiar to her distracted condition; but, after the eye had rested on the same time, the fixed expression of her features relaxed, and a smile crossed them. This smile was more harrowing even than her former rigid look.

"You are an angel," she cried, with a look beaming with delight.

"Rather a devil," groaned her son, "to have done this."

"You are an angel, I say," continued the poor maniac; "and my Jack would have been like you if he had lived. But he died when he was a child—long ago—long ago—long ago."

"Would he had done so!" cried Jack.

"Old Van told me if he grew up he would be hanged. He showed me a black mark under his ear, were the noose would be tied. And so I'll tell you what I did—"

"And she burst into a laugh that froze Jack's blood in his veins.

"What did you do?" he asked, in a broken voice.

"I strangled him—ha—ha—ha!—strangled him while he was at my great ha!—ha!—and then with a sudden and fearful change of look she added—'That's what has driven me mad. I killed my child to save him from the gallows—oh! oh! One man hanged in a family is enough. If I'll not gone mad they would have hanged me.'

"Poor soul!" ejaculated her son.

"I'll tell you of a dream I had last night," continued the unfortunate being.

"I was at Tyburn. There was a gallows erected, and a great mob round it—thousands of people, and all with white faces like corpses. In the midst of them there was a cart with a man in it—and that man was Jack—my son Jack—they were going to hang him. And opposite to him, with a book in his hand—but, it couldn't be a prayer-book—sat Jonathan Wild, in a parson's cassock and band. I knew him in spite of his dress. And when they came to the gallows, Jack leaped out of the cart and the hangman tied up Jonathan instead—ha! ha!—How the mob shouted and huzzaed—and I shouted too—ha! ha! ha!"

"Mother!" cried Jack, unable to endure this agonizing scene longer.—"Don't you know me, mother?"

"Ah!" shrieked Mrs. Sheppard.—"What's that?—Jack's voice!"

"It is," replied her son.

"The ceiling is breaking! the floor is opening he is coming to me!" cried the unhappy woman.

"He stands before you," rejoined her son.

"Where?" she cried. "I can't see him. Where is he?"

"Here," answered Jack.

"Are you his ghost, then?"

"No, no," answered Jack; "I am your unhappy son."

"Let me touch you, then; let me feel if you are really flesh and blood," cried the poor maniac, creeping towards him on all fours.

"Jack did not advance to meet her. He could not move; but stood like one stupefied, with his hands clasped together, and eyes almost starting out of their sockets, fixed upon his unfortunate parent.

"Come to me," cried the poor maniac, who had crawled as far as the chain would permit her; "come to me," she cried, extending her thin arm towards him.

"Jack fell on his knees beside her.

"Who are you?" inquired Mrs. Sheppard, passing her hands over his face, and gazing at him with a look that made him shudder.

"Your son," replied Jack—"your miserable son."

"It is false," cried Mrs. Sheppard. "You are not. Jack was not half your age when he died. They buried him in Willesden churchyard after the robbery."

"Oh, God," cried Jack "she does not know me. Mother—dear mother!" he added, clasping her in his arms, "look at me again."

"Off!" she exclaimed, breaking from his embrace with a scream. "Don't touch me. I'll be quiet. I'll not speak of Jack or Jonathan. I won't dig their graves with my nails. Don't strip me quite. Leave me my blanket! I'm very cold at nights. Or, if you must take off my clothes, don't dash cold water on my head. It throbs cruelly."

"Horror!" cried Jack.

"Don't scourge me," she cried, trying to hide herself in the farthest corner of the cell. "The lash cuts to the bone.—I can't bear it. Spare and I'll be quiet—quiet—quiet!"

"Mother!" said Jack, advancing towards her.

"Off!" she cried, with a prolonged and piercing shriek. And she buried herself beneath the straw, which she tossed above her own head with the wildest gestures.

"I shall kill her if I stay longer," muttered her son, completely terrified.

"While he was considering what it would be best to do, the poor maniac over whose bewildered brain another change had come, raised her head from under the straw, and peeping round the room, asked in a low voice if they were gone?"

"Who?" inquired Jack.

"The nurses," she answered.

"Do they treat you ill?" asked her son.

"Hush!" she said, putting her lean fingers to her lips. "Hush!—come hither and I'll tell you."

"Jack approached her.

"Sit beside me," continued Mrs. Sheppard. "And now I'll tell you what they do. Stop! we must shut the door, or they'll catch us. 'See!' she added, tearing off the rag from her head, 'I had beautiful black hair once. But they cut it all off.'

"I shall go mad myself if I listen to her longer," said Jack, attempting to rise.

"I must go."

"Don't stir, or they'll chain you to the wall," said his mother detaining him.

"Now, tell me why they brought you here?"

"I came to see you dear mother," answered Jack.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, staring eagerly in his face. "Are you my son?—Are you Jack?"

"I am," replied Jack. "Heaven be praised, she knows me at last."

"Oh, Jack!" cried his mother, falling upon his neck, and covering him with kisses.

"Mother—mother," said Jack, bursting into tears.

"You will never leave me," said the poor woman, straining him to her breast.

"Never—never!"

"The words were scarcely pronounced when the door was violently thrown open, and two men appeared at it. They were Jonathan Wild and Quilt Arnold.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jack, starting to his feet.

"Just in time," said the thief-taker.—"You are my prisoner, Jack."

"You shall take my life first," rejoined Sheppard.

"And, as he was about to put himself into a posture of defence, his mother clasped him in her arms.

"They shall not harm you, my love," she exclaimed.

"The movements was fatal to her son. Taking advantage of his embarrassed position; Jonathan and his assistant rushed upon him and disarmed him.

"Thank you, Mrs. Sheppard," cried the thief-taker, as he slipped a pair of

handcuffs over Jack's wrists, "for the help you have given us in capturing your son. Without you, we might have had some trouble."

"Aware, apparently in some degree, of the mistake she had committed, the poor maniac sprang towards him with frantic violence, and planted her long nails in his cheek.

"Keep off, you accursed jade!" roared Jonathan.—"Keep off, I say, or—" And he struck her a violent blow with his clenched hand.

"The miserable woman staggered, uttered a deep groan, and fell senseless on the straw.

"Devil!" cried Jack; "that blow shall cost you your life."

"It'll not need to be repeated, at all events," rejoined Jonathan, looking with a smile of satisfaction at the body.—"And now—to Newgate!"—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Our Countryman's Journey to China.

It is certain that an Irish man, who "had a living" for a term in Sydney, when he started for China, found a country he little dreamed of; for the joke runs, that this native of the "first flower of the land" cut, very sagaciously, the plate of the compass out of an epitome of navigation, and he pasted it in the crown of his hat, and having got a contribution of beef from his mess, the all-determined Paddy cleared the sentry in the dark, and the next dawn found him thirty miles on the road to China. On consulting his compass at starting, he found his course lay north half west; and the hat being referred to, enabled him to walk in the true way the compass pointed: thus, such a remarkable bore, by his *Noire* exactly north: for that tree then did Paddy steer. By some means or other, the unlucky traveller put on his hat *hindsight before*; and, after many days and nights' hard tearing through the country, the first glimpse he got was a little hut, by a turnpike road, where he was fully prepared to sit down at the end of his travels, secure from all whips, work and chains, in China! The swinging sign of the "Turks Head" was a satisfactory assurance that the Chinese were a civilized nation; and Paddy was about unsuspectingly to enter, when he was recognized by a sergeant of Police; and in ten minutes our traveller was safely seated—not in the "Turks Head" at China, but in the lobby of Sydney gaol: he having got a fortnight's fag over the country, and by means of his invaluable compass, and the subsequent guidance of the sergeant, steered to the place whence he started.

A Greenwich Pensioner.

Is a sort of stranded marine animal, that the receding tide of life has left high and dry on the shore. He pines for his element like a sea bear, and misses his briny washings and wettings. What the

ocean could not do, the land does, for it makes him sick; he cannot digest properly unless his body is rolled and tumbled about like a barrel churn. Terra firma is good enough, he thinks, to touch at for wood and water, but nothing more. There is no wind, he swears ashore, every day of his life is a dead calm a thing above all others, he detests; he would like it better for an occasional earthquake. Walk he cannot, the ground being so still and steady, that he is puzzled to keep his legs; and ride he will not, for he disdains a craft whose rudder is forward, and not astern. Inland scenery is his especial aversion. He despises a tree "before the mast," and would give all the singing birds of creation for a boat-swain's whistle. He hates prospects, but enjoys retrospects. An old boat, a stray anchor, or decayed mooring ring, will set him dreaming for hours. He splices sea and land ideas together. He reads of shooting off a tie at Battersea, and it reminds him of a ball carrying away his own pigtail. "Canvassing for a situation," recalls running with all sails set for a station at Aboukir. He has the advantage of our economists as to the "standard of value," knowing it to be the British Ensign. The announcement of "an arrival of Foreign vessels, with our ports open," claps him into a Paradise of prize money, with Poll of the Pint. He wonders sometimes at "petitions to be discharged from the Fleet," but sympathises with those in the Marshalsea Court, as subjected to a Sea Court Martial. Finally, try him even in the learned languages by asking him the meaning of "Georgius Rex," and he will answer, without hesitation. "The wrecks of the Royal George."

A Turkish Marriage.

A Turk about to be married knows nothing of the figure, intellect, or accomplishments of his future wife, except what he learns from her parents, or some aged matron, whom he may have employed to examine and report thereupon. When the Parents have agreed, and fixed the sum the husband is to settle upon the wife, they make an inventory of all that belongs to her, which is returned, in case of divorce or repudiation. Preliminaries being settled, the future husband, the father, the next nearest relative to the lady, and the witnesses, go before a *cadi* to sign the articles of contract, and obtain a permission in writing. The celebration of the nuptials can only take place on Thursday night, which precedes their *sabbath*. A day or two before this, the lady is taken to a bath; and on the wedding night, she is dressed in the

riches which can be procured, covered with jewellery, pearls, and pieces of money, which the parents often hire. They also try to beautify the face, by colouring it red, blue, and white, painting the eye-brows black, and staining finger-nails red. Thus adjusted, and placed upon an elevated seat, under a canopy—the bride composes herself, keeping her eyes firmly fixed upon the floor; whilst a troop of women, invited to the fête abandon themselves up to amusements of a ludicrous and disgusting nature, executing divers dances and playing upon instruments. At night, the parents, husband, and women, proceed with torches and music to the house of the bride, to conduct her to that of her husband. She sets out with her parents, and more immediate friends, the men remaining at her house and regaling themselves. Arrived at harem, the attendants perfume and place the bride on an elevated seat, prepared for the purpose, and all strangers retire, leaving only the relations of both parties. The husband is all this time in another apartment, being perfumed and dressed in the most expensive apparel his station affords, by the young men of his acquaintance, who sing songs adapted to the occasion.—This done, all the men, accompanied by music, go to the mosque, from whence they return to the door of the house of the bridegroom leaving him to enter only with his parents. Whilst they are at the mosque, the lady is conducted into her destined place of incarceration; and upon the bridegroom being introduced, all retire, except an old woman who serves him with supper. Whilst he partakes of this, the bride remains standing before him in a humble posture; and after supper she presents her lord and master with a dash, water, and linen, and then sits down. When she has handed him a pipe and coffee, she sups herself. The servant now retires, and the newly married pair remain alone.—On the following day the female friends return more richly dressed than before, to congratulate the bride and bridegroom, and to spend the day in amusements. The husband is expected to appear very modest and silent; lounging upon an Ottoman, his eyes cast down, his face melancholy, whilst all besides are transported with joy.

An Illustrated copy of Mackin's Bible is exhibiting at No. 22, Golden Square, with a view to its being disposed of by a kind of raffle; the subscribers not to exceed 128; and each subscribers to be entitled also to prints to the value of twenty-five guineas—the amount of his subscription. The Bible was illustrated by the late Mr. Bowyer, whose names has been so long connected with the arts; it is valued—and not too highly—at £3000; it contains nearly 7000 engravings, "Illustrative of the Divine Records, from the era of Michael Angelo to that of Reynolds and West." In the collection there are also 113 original drawings by De Louthembourg. It is stated in the prospectus, that upwards of thirty years were expended in collecting and arranging the materials; and it is beyond all question a monument of industry and perseverance. It is illustrated by the finest engravings after Reynolds, West, Smirke, Opie, &c.; and an amusing collection of etchings and engravings, including the works of Raffaele, Marc Antonio, Albert Durer, Callot, Rembrandt, &c., extending to nearly every object treated of in the Holy Scriptures. It would be the work of a week to examine these forty-five volumes; but an hour's scrutiny will be sufficient to satisfy as to its exceeding interest and rare value.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

If there is an object of British policy beyond any others paramount, it is that the Dardanelles, the most important military position in the world, and the surrounding countries on which its strength mainly depends, should be held by a power not only possessed of strength to resist the encroachments of Russia, but to inspire such a dread as even to repel all desire on her part to attempt any. This is, indeed, not only a British, but an European interest, and as such it has been felt and discussed in every European cabinet. But while this is so clearly perceived and universally acknowledged to be essential to the general safety, the several powers more immedi-

ately concerned have (in ignorance of the internal state of Turkey, the nature and extent of her resources, as well as the causes which were depriving her of all substantive power) been led to the adoption of a policy destructive of her independence. Meanwhile the intelligent cabinet of St. Petersburg availed itself of the opportunities which they thus afforded it of acquiring a predominant influence with the Porte, through which it succeeded in further disorganising, embarrassing, and weakening the Ottoman empire.

As the character of the Eastern intelligence which has recently reached this country is not such as can afford us the means of arriving at the causes of the events which have there occurred, or of estimating their probable results, we must be content, for the present, to set at rest the absurd proposition entertained in some quarters of displacing Sultan Abdul-Medjid, the descendant of the Prophet, from the throne of the Ottomans, and of establishing there Mehemet Ali in his stead; and this by way of checking the advance of Russia!

That no measure could more fully realize the objects of that power by affording it an increased and unparalleled facility for further disorganising and dismembering the Turkish dominions, must be the conviction of all perusing that clear and convincing exposition of Mr. Urquhart, of which the following are extracts.

Whoever has opened the history of the Ottoman Empire, must have been struck by the fact of the supremacy of a single family through thirty generations, and during six centuries. We will not venture to trace the cause of this fact, but we may be permitted to infer from it, first, the great probability (to us certainly) of breaking up the empire by displacing this family; and, secondly, the deep demoralization that must ensue from destroying throughout a whole people, a principle which is not only their sole political bond, but which is so interwoven with their habits, their feelings of duty, and religion, that it cannot be separated from them. In this country there are no codes of written laws. Man's social rights and his political constitution, are defined and preserved by a few, but simple and estimable, convictions—deeply engraven on every man's bosom. Teach them or force them to throw aside the respect which to you appears to you solely political, and you insult all that renders them individually inestimable; you endanger all respect whatever, so that, in the furtherance of what you are led to believe to be a design for uniting them against a foreign foe, you destroy that bond of union, and you weaken, if you do not entirely destroy, the peaceful habits of submission, without which there would be no government in Turkey to work upon.

During six centuries the line of Ottoman has reigned without the support of any of those institutions which are supposed with us to be the sole props of a dynasty or a throne. It has had no standing army, no aristocracy, no centralised administration.

The Sultan is the key-stone of an arch which exists not by him, but which cannot stand without him. He is the centre of a great system, which has conciliated the interests apparently so discordant,

according to European notions of interest, of this vast empire, ever since its erection; which has established habits to govern and sustain its action; which reposes on long traditions of submission; which has many and great abuses, but which has exhibited an immense power of self-regeneration. This last consideration, which ought to give it favour in our eyes, is precisely the cause of our actual doubts, and of its weaknesses; for before there was sufficient time for the effervescence to subside; for the results to appear, for the experiments to be made, an artful and watchful enemy attacked it, seized the moment when the Ottoman nation was disarmed and in doubt, to throw its armies upon it, having succeeded at the same moment in producing internal revolt, and in detaching from it those powers which ought to have flung at all times their shield before it, and more especially at the moment that so great and important a change was in progress. These appear to us imperative reasons for supporting Turkey as an independent state, without reference to the danger, for ourselves, of its annexation to Russia. It can only be supported by supporting its chief and its government. It would be a strange infatuation, either to think of supporting it by the destruction of both, or to compromise their existence by hesitation as to what policy is to be pursued in a contingency which certainly ought not to take us by surprise.

We have weighed Mehemet Ali against Mahmoud, now we must weigh the Pasha of Egypt against the Sultan; but what balance is there between the two? Is not the very power of Mehemet Ali the result of a state of indecision in the central government which must become dissolution if he were at the head of it? The prejudices, prescriptive rights, habits of submission, vanish the moment that Mehemet Ali succeeds to the Sultan, for these all centre in his person. Mehemet Ali is moreover an old man, his son is not certainly to be looked to, as a peaceable successor; England has nothing to reckon on, save the personal ability of a man of 65. Her whole schemes frustrated by a diarrhoea or a quinsy, what guarantee of duration, of stability, can be imagined to support a decision, or an indisposition, which may lead to such a result, through the destruction of a system that has so long existed, that exists to-day, and which contains the germs of future and prosperous existence.

Had Mehemet Ali been the most able administrator that ever appeared in Turkey; had he comprehended the principles of the constitution of Turkey; had he made himself the idol of those populations which are subject to his authority, then should we consider his merits as the greatest of misfortunes; if they gained for him at such a crisis such golden opinions in Europe, as to make him the champion of the allies against the Sultan; for even then the destructive principle which would have raised him to the throne would have dissolved the empire; every Pasha would have looked on him as an equal; the causes of actual discontent which proceed from political circumstances, would not have been altered, and the unity of the empire would have been lost.

But such as he is, having failed,

whether by his own system, or the personal violence of his supposed successor Ibrahim—having lost Greece to the empire—having disgusted the populations of every province he has acquired, having lost the good name which, won so unjustly, has served him so well, the supposition of to-day of his succeeding to the sway of the Sultan is but the dream of an impossibility.

CONFLAGRATION AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

(From Galighani's Messengers.)

The Ministerial Journal announces that Government has received intelligence from Constantinople of the 10th ult., stating that, on the preceding morning, at 10 o'clock, a fire broke out at Pera and Galata, which at first appeared to be of slight importance, but afterwards spread so widely, that, by four in the afternoon, two hundred houses were destroyed. As soon as the Prince de Joinville was aware of the occurrence, he hastened with the officers who accompanied him to Constantinople, and the crew of the steamship Papin, to the scene of conflagration. All the French at Pera and Galata joined his Royal Highness, and placed themselves under his orders, which were given with judgment and effect. The Argus, stationed off Therapia, was directed by the Ambassador to run down to Galata for the double purpose of lending the assistance of her crew, and of receiving on board the wives and children of such families as might require an asylum.—Baffled by the winds and currents, the Argus did not arrive before one o'clock in the morning, but the captain, with many men, got into their boats, and joined the Prince in stopping the progress of the flames. They were not, however, extinguished till late in the morning, when his Royal Highness, covered with smoke and ashes, retired to his residence at Pera, which, fortunately, remained untouched. "The people's" this journal adds, "are unanimous in attributing to the Prince, and the crews of the French ships, the salvation of Pera from total destruction, and are, consequently, loud in the expression of their gratitude.— Happily, too, the north wind did not prevail as usual at this season, or the disasters of 1831 would have been renewed, and the Pera and Galata would have been reduced to a heap of ashes.—The number of dwellings burnt are estimated at about a thousand, but few of the French inhabitants have suffered, as the quarters destroyed were principally those of the Turks, Armenians, and Jews. It is not believed that the fire was wilful. The local authorities displayed their usual apathy, although Ali Pacha, the Seraskier, of Constantinople, was on the spot. The Prince de Joinville, notwithstanding the fatigue he has undergone, continues to enjoy the most perfect health, nor have we to deplore any accident to our sailors.

VICTORIA LEVEL.

It gives us much satisfaction to learn that the promoters of the magnificent undertaking of reclaiming from the ocean and bringing into cultivation upwards of 150,000 acres of fertile land, are making considerable progress. Another meeting was held at the Fen Office, in Serjeant's Inn, on Tuesday last, Lord George Bentinck, M. P., in the chair, when a communication was made, that her Majesty's government had relinquished upon terms all the rights of the Crown to the land intended to be recovered. A variety of reports were read from several scientific and other persons well acquainted with the subject, all confirmatory of the opinion of the promoters as to the practicability and profit of the proposed undertaking, of which 4,000 acres, valued at forty pounds per acre, would be brought into cultivation in the short space of four years; and 73,000 acres are already land at the receding of the tide. Under these circumstances the promoters felt themselves justified in forming a company to be ratified by an Act of Parliament, to be called "The Company of Proprietors of the Victoria Level," under the immediate sanction of her Majesty. Lord G. Bentinck was unanimously elected president, and several noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank and property (subject to their concurrence) as trustees and provisional directors, many of whom have expressed such concurrence. The capital to be two millions, divided into shares of £100 each, with five per cent,

deposit, and no further call till the company is established by the authority of Parliament. When we consider the vast field of enterprise, industry, and wealth, which will arise to all classes of her Majesty's subjects, without expatriation or severance of any domestic ties, we cannot doubt that a general feeling of support will be given to attain the accomplished end. Ten thousand pounds were subscribed at the meeting. Upon the suggestion of the Earl of Oxford a general meeting of the Company is to be held at Lynn on Tuesday, the 8th of October, to view the great wash and estuary, forming the lands to be recovered. Sir John Rennie and Geo. Rennie, Esq., were appointed engineers, and Sam. Wells and Fred. Lane, Esqrs., joint registrars to the Company.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

An auctioneer in a county town, while engaged in his avocation a few days since, thus exalted the merits of a carpet which he was desirous of selling: "Gentlemen and ladies, some people are in the habit of selling carpets for Brussels which are not Brussels, but I can most positively assure you that this elegant article was made by Mr Brussels himself."

The Royal Cheese. The Queen's West Pennard Cheese was suffered to see day light on Friday, and on being removed from the vat was found in every respect to exceed the most sanguine expectations of the numerous persons who have interested themselves in its production. An iron frame, of an octagonal shape, is made, in which to preserve the "symmetry" of the cheese, when finally removed from the vat; as also a stand of elegant design, to place it on when presented to Her Majesty. The Cheese, we are told, is supposed to weigh *ten hundred pounds.* The vat and other apparatus required for the manufacture embellish parts of this extraordinary Cheese will cost little less than *one hundred and fifty pounds.* It is ornamented on the top with a spirited impression of the Royal Arms, the carving alone of which cost upwards of *ten pounds.* *Dorset Chronicle.*

HONESTY is a virtue beloved by good men, and pretended to by all persons. In this there are several degrees: To pay every man his own, is the common law of honesty; but to do good to all mankind is the chancery law of honesty: And this chancery court is in every man's breast, where his conscience is a lord chancellor. Hence it is though a miser though he pays every body their own, cannot be an honest man, when he does not discharge the good offices that are incumbent on a friendly, kind and generous person: For, faith the prophet Isaiah chap, xxxii, ver 7, 8. "The instruments of a churl are evil; He deviseth wicked devices to destroy the poor with lying words, even when the needy speaketh right. But the liberal soul deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." It is certainly honest to do every thing the law requires: but should we throw every poor debtor into prison till he has paid the outmost farthing, hang every malefactor without mercy, exact the penalty of every bond, and the forfeiture of every indenture this would be downright cruelty, and not honesty: And it is contrary to that general rule. "To do to another that which you would have done unto you." Sometimes necessity makes an honest man aknave: and a rich man an honest man, because he has no occasion to be a knave. The trial of honesty is this: Did you ever want bread, and had your neighbour's loaf in keeping and would starve, rather than eat it? Were you ever arrested having in your custody another man's cash and would rather go to gaol, than to break it? If so, this indeed may be reckoned honesty. For King Solomon tells us, That a good name is better than life, and is a precious ointment, and which when a man has once lost, he has nothing left worth keeping.

Haydn's Dying Prayer.—The army of Napoleon had been gradually ap-

proaching Vienna, and on the night of the 10th of May, 1808, the French artillery took up its position at Schoenbrunn, within two hundred yards of the composer's little garden, in which four shells fell and exploded in the course of the night. Its batteries were directed against the city, and Haydn, picturing to himself the horrors of a sacked town, massacre of his fellow citizens, and the imperial eagle succumbing to the bird of Gaul, raised his feeble hands to heaven, and then tottered with feeble steps to his piano, where sang with a voice tremulous with emotion more than from bodily weakness, the national air composed by himself, of "Gott halte den Kaiser." God save the King. This, which he has been accustomed to call his prayer, he sang with surpassing expression three times, but the doom of his country was sealed, and a few days after the taking of Vienna the patriotic composer breathed his last.

[Published by request.]

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

And wherefore do the poor complain? The RICH MAN ask'd of me; Come walk abroad with me, I said, And I will answer thee.

'Twas ev'ning, and the frozen streets Were cheerless to behold; And we were wrapt and coated well, And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man, His locks were few and white; I ask'd him what he did abroad In that cold winter's night:

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said, But at home no fire had he; And therefore he had come abroad To ask for—charity.

We met a young bare-footed child, And she begg'd loud and bold; I ask'd her what she did abroad, When the wind it blew so cold;

She said her father was at home, And he lay sick a-bed; And therefore was it she was sent, Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down Upon a stone, to rest; She had a baby at her back, And another at her breast;

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there, When the wind it was so chill; She turn'd her head, and bade the chill, That scream'd behind, be still.

She told us that her husband serv'd, A soldier far away; And therefore to her parish, she Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress, was loose, And sunken was her eye; Who, with the wanton's hallow voice, Address'd the passers by;

I ask'd her what there was in guilt, That could her heart allure; To shame, disease, and late remorse? She answer'd she was poor.

I turn'd me to the RICH MAN then, For silently stood he; Your ask'd me why the poor complain And these have answer'd thee.

[Whoever reads this beautiful little piece cannot, we hope, easily forget the poor at this inclement season of the year.—Ed.]

The Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1840.

WHITEHALL, Dec. 5.

The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, granting the dignity of a Baron of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, unto Lieutenant-General Sir JOHN COLBORNE, G. C. B., and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Baron Seaton, of Seaton, in the County of Devon.

Ship News.

Port of Harbor Grace.

CLEARED
Jan. 27.—Jane, Walker, Gibraltar, 3390 qts. fish.

Port of Carbonear.

ENTERED

Jan. 13.—Nonpareil, Martin, Demerara, 44 puns. molasses, 3 puns. rum.

Port of St. John's.

CLEARED

December 27.—Hypolite, Morrison Barbados, fish.
30.—Speedy, Dollard, Cork, fish.
January 4.—Devon, Dench, Oporto, fish.
Surprise Toby, Lisbon, fish.
Euphemia, Butt, Oporto, fish.
7.—Echo, Hart, Liverpool, seal and cod oil.
Ellen, Jones, Cork, fish.

In the Press,

And speedily will be published,

(Price 1s. 6d. Currency)

THE
Newfoundland
ALMANAC,

(Calculated expressly for this Island)

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1840,

Being BISSEXTILE or LEAP YEAR, and the third year of the reign of

Her Majesty Queen VICTORIA.

In addition to the matter usually found in similar publications, viz., the time of the sun's rising and setting, the moon's Changes, the moon's age, &c., this Almanac will contain much information exclusively local, and never before published in an authentic form, which it is expected will render it generally useful.

N. B.—As only a limited number will be struck off, it is requested that persons desirous of obtaining copies will make timely application to Mr. A. M'IVER, by whom the work will be sold.

Times Office,
St. John's.
December 25.

For Sale

BY

RIDLEY, HARRISON & Co.

The Cargo of the Brig JANE.

Capt WALKER, from Danzig.

1030 Bags Biscuit, A B & C
400 Bls Superfine Flour
100 do Prime Mess Pork

Harbour Grace,
Dec. 23, 1839.

ALL Persons having claims on the Estate of the late Wm. DIXON, of Harbor Grace, Trader, deceased, are requested to furnish their accounts duly attested to the Subscriber, and all Persons indebted to said Estate are to make immediate payment to.

C. F. BENNETT,
Administrator.

St. John's,
November 19, 1839.

WILLIAM STERLING, M. D.

And Surgeon,

HAVING returned from the University of Edinburgh, has to acquaint his Friends and the Public generally, that he is now Practising the different branches of his Profession in conjunction with his Father, at whose residence, he may at any time be consulted.

Harbour Grace,
23d Sept., 1839.

CURIOUS ANNOUNCEMENT OF A SUICIDE. The following is from the *Concord* (N. H.) *Courier*:—Jonathan Butterfield, Esq. of Hopkinton, late taverner in Gofftown, not having sufficient nerve to meet the responsibilities of life, meanly stole cut of existence last Monday night by hanging himself.

On Sale

JUST RECEIVED,

ex-ANN from BRISTOL,
AND FOR SALE.

A well assorted Stock of
BRITISH
Manufactured
Dry Goods,

60 Pieces PAPER HANGINGS

90 Coils CORDAGE, and
50 Tons Best Newport

RED ASH
COALS.

ALSO,

Of former Importations,

Bread, Flour, Pork
Holstein Butter (repacked)

Oatmeal
Peas, Rice
Gin in Cases, &c., &c.

At accommodating and
Low Prices

BY

THORE, HOOPER & Co.

Harbour Grace,
Nov. 13, 1839.

NEW PROVISIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

FOR SALE,

BY THE

SUBSCRIBERS,

Ex ELIZABETH, 13 days
from NEW YORK,

70 Barrels Superfine FLOUR	} From
50 Half Do. Do. Do.	
50 Barrels Fine Do.	} Wheat
100 Do. Prime BEEF	
77 Do. Do. PORK	
50 Do. Very Fine APPLES	
50 Boxes CRACKERS	
30 Puncheons MOLASSES	
10 Kegs Negrohead TOBACCO	
1 Hoshead Leaf Do.	
20 Barrels PITCH	
20 Do. TAR	
4 Do. Bright VARNISH	
3 Do. TURPENTINE	
2 Dozen Carpet BROOMS.	

RIDLEY, HARRISON & Co.

Harbour Grace
October 9, 1839.

THE BRIG

Whit or Miss,

Burthen per Register 93⁹⁴ Tons,

Iron Sheathed and well found in
Anchors, Cables, Sails, Rigging,
Boats, &c., &c., &c.

Inventory to be seen on appli-
cation to

THORNE, HOOPER & Co.

Harbour Grace,
Oct. 16, 1839

Indentures
FOR SALE,

At the Office of this Paper.

POETRY

DIALOGUE - MOTHER AND CHILD.

SCENE - LOUDON CASTLE.

Child -

Mother, what means that weeping throng,
Those carriages in dark array,
That move so mournful along,
Where all was joyous yesterday?

Mother -

You knew, my child, the high-born
maid
Who, by ambition, called to roam,
From these fair scenes, that call obeyed
'Tis she, returning to her home!

Child -

But she to grace a palace went,
Lived with the Mother of a Queen;
Her days in pride and pomp were spent -
Then, what can this deep sadness
mean?

Mother -

You see this blighted rose, my child?
The canker-worm hath eat its heart!
Such was her fate - from home beguiled -
Foul slander played that canker's
part!

Child -

Can slander, mother, dwell in Courts,
Attack the great, the good, the fair?
Oh! give me still my simple sports,
How glad I feel I am not there!

Mother -

Yes, there it lurks, its venom wild,
Concealed with ermine, diamond,
pearl -
A Throne protects it! then, my child,
Thank heaven thou'rt but a peasant
girl!

HAPPY HOURS

When the heart was young
And knew no thought of sorrow,
And Hope, with siren tongue,
Spoke blandly of the morrow;
When through realms of truth
Our tiny thoughts could wing us,
And reck'd not of the ruth
Our future years would bring us!
When we danc'd in fairy bowres,
They, indeed, were happy hours!

When the heart was young,
In merry gladsome childhood;
When we roam'd along
The thicket and the wild wood,
When, with chamois' bound,
We clumb' the rocks together,
Or, with speed of bound,
We prauk'd it o'er the heathen!
When life's road seem'd strew'd with
flowers,
They, indeed, were happy hours!

THE ALPINE HORN.

BY M. G. R.

Oh, meetly o'er those mountains borne,
Whose tops sublimely point to Heaven,
Those breathings of the hordsman's
horn

The vespers of an Alpine even!
And under the ethereal sky,
No holier altar for the rite,
When nature's mightiest tones reply
The solemn, beautiful, "good night!"

Children of the simplest nature these,
Fill'd with the heart-fraught worship-
ing!

(True worship! which a temple sees
In every God-created thing!)
Nor vainly seek for forms and prayer,
Nor Priests to consecrate the rite:
But breathe their untaught incense there,
On mountain-altar, tell "good night!"

Wild tenant of their Alpine home!
Simple and free as the buoyant breeze
They rock not of the marble dome,
Or organ's swelling symphonies!
Far, far, the deep restounding horn,
Tells of the day's declining light;
'Till echo's music, heavenward borne,
Repeats their solemn last "good
night!"

Preparations to Practise Law in
Mississippi. We met a young
eastern friend of ours a few days
since, in a shop, purchasing a brace
of pistols, and looking keenly at a
large Bowie knife. "Whatever
are you about," said we to our
peaceful and demure acquaintance,
who never before had handled such
a weapon. "Why," he replied,
"I have finished Burlemagui,
Coke, Kent, Blackstone, &c." in
Maine, and I am now about to
emigrate to practise in Mississippi.
New York Express.

A Gateshead paper says - For
sometime past an Irishman, named
Ward, has made several applica-
tions at the Gateshead Post Office,
to ascertain if a letter had arrived
for him for him, promising not
only to pay the postage, but also
to thrate the postmaster "like a
jiltman" when the expected
epistle was forthcoming. At
length, on Tuesday, a letter came,
bearing the following address: -
"Barne Ward Gateshid post offis,
if Barne can't be found by the
same token the postman may open
it and tell Barne what it manes!"

The editor of the *New Orleans
Courier* is said to be worth a mil-
lion and a half of dollars. He'd
be a curios ty to look at.

Gross Flattery. Louis XIV
asked the poet Benserade what
o'clock it was? He answered,
'whatever your Majesty pleases.'

The late Dr. Abernethy silen-
ced a loquacious female patient by
the following expedient: "Put
your tongue out, madam." The
lady complied. "now keep it
there until I have done talking."

Double Damages. The follow-
ing, from the last published volume
of the *Camden Society*, where it is
given on the authority of Sir
Nicholas L'Estrange, is a curious
Act of law anecdote! "A fellow
was condemned to the Pillory,
and his head, being in, he raise!
himself on his tip-toes, when the
footledge broke, being old, rotten
and disused, and there the poor
wretch hung by his neck in dan-
ger of his life; after his penance,
he brings his action against the
town for the insufficiency of their
pillory, and recovers against
them."

"Oh, dear!" blubbered an urchin
who had just been suffering
from an application of the birch.
"Oh, my! they tell me about
forty rods making a furlong, but I
can tell a bigger story than that.
Let 'em got such a plaguy lick
as I've had, and they'll find out
one rod makes an ACHER."

GREAT HAVOC! The Editor
of the *New Orleans Picayune*,
while writing a short editorial,
a few days since, killed 20 mus-
quitos and whipped 11 more!

HAPPINESS. An eminent mod-
ern writer beautifully says, "The
foundation of domestic happiness
is faith in the virtue of woman;
the foundation of political hap-
piness a confidence in the integrity
of man; the foundation of all hap-
piness, temporal and eternal, re-
joiceance on the goodness of God."

The Benevolence of a Pipe. -
"Mary," said an old Cumberland
farmer to his daughter, when she
was once asking him to buy her
a new beaver, "why dost thou
always teaze me about such things
when I am quietly smoking my
pipe?" "Because ye are always
best tempered then, feyther," was
the reply. "I believe, lass, thoust
reest," replied the farmer; "for
when I was a lad, I remember that
my poor feyther was just the same;
after he had smoked a pipe or
twree he wad ha' gi'en his head
away if it had been loose." A
Paper of Tobacco.

On Sale

Just Landed

Ex Jane Elizabeth, Nathaniel Mun-
den, Master,

FROM HAMBURG,

Prime Mess PORK
Bread
Flour
Oatmeal
Peas
Butter.

Also,

15 Tuns BLUBBER.

For Sale by

THOMAS GAMBLE.

Carbonear,
June 9, 1839.

ON SALE

BY THE

SUBSCRIBERS,

Ex NAPOLEON from HAM-
BURG,

BREAD, FLOUR and
4000 Bricks

The latter at Cost and Charges,
if taken from the Ship's side im-
mediately.

ALSO,

90 Tons

SALT

And,

20 Tons Best House

Coals,

Ex APOLLO, Captain BUTLER from
LIVERPOOL.

RIDLEY, HARRISON & Co.

Harbour Grace,
July 3, 1839.

Capt THOMAS GADEN

BEGS to inform the Public in genera-
l that he intends employing his
Ketch BEAUFORT, the ensuing Season
in the COASTING TRADE, between St.
John's, Harbour Grace, Carbonear, and
Brigus, as Freights may occasionally offer.
He will warrant the greatest care
and attention shall be paid to the Prop-
erty committed to his charge.

Application for FREIGHT may be
made, and Letters or Parcels left at Mr.
JAMES CLIFF'S, St. John's; or to Mr
ANDREW DRYSDALE, Agent, Harbour
Grace.

N. B. - The BEAUFORT will leave St.
John's every Saturday (wind and weather
permitting).
May 1, 1839.

For Portugal Cove.

The fine first-class Packet Boat

NATIVE LASS,

James Doyle, Master,

Burthen 23 tons; coppered and copper fastened.
The following days of sailing have been deter-
mined on: - from CARBONEAR, every MONDAY,
WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, precisely at 9
o'clock; and PORTUGAL COVE on the mornings of
TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 12.

She is completely new, of the largest class, and
built of the best materials, and with such improve-
ments as to combine great speed with unusual
comfort for passengers, with sleeping berths, and
commanded by a man of character and experienced
The character of the NATIVE LASS for speed and
safety is already well established. She is con-
structed on the safest principle of being divided
into separate compartments by water tight bulk-
head, and which has given such security and
confidence to the public. Her cabins are superi-
or to any in the Island.

Select Books and Newspapers will be kept on
board for the accommodation of passengers

FARES: -

First Cabin Passengers	7s. 6d.
Second Ditto	5s. 0d.
Single Letters	0s. 6d.
Double Ditto	1s. 0d.

N. B. - James Doyle will hold himself respon-
sible for any Parcel that may be given in charge to
him.
Carbonear.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS
St John's and Harbour Grace Packets

THE EXPRESS Packet being now
completed, having undergone such
alterations and improvements in her accom-
modations, and otherwise, as the safety, com-
fort and convenience of Passengers can pos-
sibly require or experience suggest, a care-
ful and experienced Master having also been
engaged, will forthwith resume her usual
Trips across the BAY, leaving Harbour
Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and
FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and Por-
tugal Cove on the following days.

FARES.

Ordinary Passengers 7s. 6d.
Servants & Children 5s.
Single Letters 6d.
Double Do. 1s.

and Packages in proportion
All Letters and Packages will be careful-
ly attended to; but no accounts can be
kept or Postages or Passages, nor will the
Proprietors be responsible for any Specie to
other monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,

Agent, HARBOUR GRACE

PERCHARD & BOAG,

Agents, St. JOHN'S

Harbour Grace, May 4, 1839

Nora Creina

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and
Portugal Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his bene-
fits thanks to the Public for the patronage
and support he has uniformly received, begs
to solicit a continuance of the same fa-
vours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further no-
tice, start from Carbonear on the mornings
of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, posi-
tively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man
will leave St. John's on the Mornings of
TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 9
o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from
the cove at 12 o'clock on each of those
days.

TERMS.

Ladies & Gentlemen	7s. 6d.
Other Persons,	from 5s. to 3s. 6d.
Single Letters.	
Double do	

And PACKAGES in proportion
N.B. - JAMES DOYLE will hold
himself accountable for all LETTERS
and PACKAGES given him.
Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respect-
fully to acquaint the Public that he has
purchased a new and commodious Boat,
which at a considerable expence, he has fit-
ted out, to ply between CARBONEAR,
and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKETS
BOAT; having two cabins, (part of the after-
cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping
berths separated from the rest). The fore-
cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentle-
men with sleeping-berths, which will
the trusts give every satisfaction. He now
begs to solicit the patronage of this respect-
able community; and he assures them it
will be his utmost endeavour to give them
very 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	7s. 6d.
Fore ditto,	ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single	6d.
Double, Do.	1s.

Packages in proportion to their size of
weight.
The owner will not be accountable for
any Specie.

N.B. - Letters for St. John's, &c., &c.
received at his House in Carbonear, and in
St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick
Kielty's (Newfoundland Tavern) and
Mr John Cruet's.
Carbonear,
June 4, 1838.

TO BE LET

On Building Lease, for a Term of
Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the
North side of the Street, bounded of
EAST by the House of the late captain
STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,

Widow.

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1839.

Blanks

Of Various kinds for sale at this Office, of
this Paper.