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Important to Administrators.
The Vice Chancellor has recently expressed an opinion that under the act of 3 and 4, Wm. IV. c. 104, Funeral expenses are not included in the debts to which the real estate of an intestate is liable; and secondly that a creditor for advances made towards the expenses of a lunatic where the income of his property was insufficient cannot recover his debt under that statute out of the intestate's real estate.

Curious and Valuable Discovery.
A manufacturer at Paris has invented a composition much less oxidable than silver, which will not melt at less than a heat treble that which silver will bear; the cost of it is less than 4d. an ounce. Another improvement is in steel: an Englishman at Brussels, has discovered a mode of casting iron so that it flows from the furnace pure steel, better than the best cast steel in England, almost equal to that which has undergone the process of beating. The cost of this steel is only a farthing per lb. greater than that of cast iron.

The Eglintoun Tournament.
The Sheriff of Ayrshire has addressed a letter to the Earl of Eglintoun, for the purpose of informing him, that should a life be lost, or even such a wound be inflicted as would endanger life, it would be his indispensable duty to commit those immediately concerned as to a capital felony. Lord Eglintoun, in reply states, that the Tournament will certainly take place on the 28th. of August, but it will be merely a display of splendour, amusement, and hospitality, in the style of their ancestors, and cannot possibly be productive of danger to any who are engaged in it.

THE IRISH PEASANT.

Stand forth, then, poor Paddy, and at the bar hold up your hand; and a fine muscular fist of your own you have. Of what are you accused? what says the indictment? It sets forth—whereas, the prisoner at the bar is lazy, idle, improvident, superstitious, careless, ungrateful, ignorant, black-hearted, bloody-minded, &c.

I meet the first accusation with a flat denial; I deny it with both my hands.—Paddy is not lazy; he is sometimes idle; and why?—because he can get nothing to do; he is willing to work if he be offered employment, and if he can't get it, the idleness is not his fault. But lazy? no! he is active and energetic; he will work for sixpence a day, or sometimes less—is that lazy? he will, for a trifle, run you an errand ten or fifteen miles, nearly in as short a time as a horse could perform the distance—is that lazy? and when he returns, if there's a piper in the way, he will dance up to his girl as nimbly as if he had not gone a perch—is that lazy? Then he'll see the girl home and most indubitably make love to her; ah! Paddy, there's the improvidence.—“Why, sir it's not improvidence to make love; I make love myself, after a short, and I'm a prudent Englishman or a far-

sighted Scotchman.” “Oh! yes, sir, but when Paddy coaxes his Norah he means matrimony; that's the mischief; and then comes the terrible consequence of a family to perpetuate poverty.” But is it nothing to escape the sting of conscience that illicit love leaves behind; to have the heart expand under the holy influence of domestic affections; to enjoy the proud boast that his countrywomen are among the purest of the earth, and that whatever murders may occur in Ireland, child-murder is almost unknown? Let manufacturing towns consult this balance sheet, and on which side does the credit lie? Pat, you're not a bankrupt this time; you can pay twenty shillings in the pound in the court of chastity!

Paddy's heart opens wider as his children increase to claim its affections; does he dread that the scanty ridge of potatoes will not be enough for the wants of his rising family? no! with a holy reliance on the goodness of Providence, he repeats the proverb he often heard his father repeat, and religiously believes, “that God never sends mouths without sending something to feed them.”

So much for Paddy's improvidence: now for his superstition. He nails a horseshoe upon the threshold of his door for luck; well—does that do anybody any harm? “No,” your utilitarian saps, “but it would be better employed under a horse's foot.” Sir, it's always an old shoe that is past service; are you answered?

Why, as that athletic peasant bends over his sleeping child, does the devotion of an enthusiast mingle with the expression of a father's love? Because the baby has smiled in its slumber, and the father believes “it is talking with the angels;” who, with a particle of feeling, would blame this innocent and lovely belief? Neither the head nor the heart are the worse for it. On the contrary, it has its birth in a lively affection and a poetic imagination, and of the same class are most of his superstitions.

But the father must leave his child; he has not work enough at home to enable him to pay his rent. What's to be done? He must go to England to mow or reap her harvests; so, giving kisses and leaving blessings, all he has to give or leave, to his wife and children, lazy Paddy walks sixty or eighty miles to the coast, and quits poor Ireland for rich England. There lazy Paddy walks some hundreds of miles, very often, to procure work—task work; slaves from the earliest dawn till dusk, to raise a few pounds; lives on next to nothing all the time, and is merry into the bargain.—What! does not Paddy repine under this privation? not at all; Paddy can do anything better than fret. “What a foolish contented fellow! Why, he must expend half he makes in shoe leather, with all his walking.” But, sir, he does not always wear his shoes; he carries them in a bundle slung over a stick at his back; perhaps, indeed, he has two sticks, for Paddy, I own, is rather fond of a stick, which he considers his best friend in a row; his other friend is his reaping-hook, which he very carefully envelopes in the folds of a small straw rope, to preserve from injury, and slings on his shoulder. Now, considering Paddy is called a careless fellow, I think this care of his shoes and his reaping-hook is more than could be expected from him. I remember even a story which puts Paddy's care for whatever he pays money for in a stronger light: Paddy Purcell bought, at a fair, a new pair of brogues, and put them on that he might be decent in the fair, more betoken as he had to dance with his “darlin' Biddy;” but the business and amusement of the fair over, Paddy took off his brogues to walk home and his companion, Mick Murphy, shouldered a new spade that he had purchased. On the way home, Mick, every now and then, held out his spade at arm's length to admire his new posses-

sion; but, as this was done in a tasty manner, between his finger and thumb, he had not much command of it—perhaps he had not too much over himself, indeed; but whether it was the result of having a drop too much I know not, but he happened to drop his new and sharp-edged spade upon his friend Paddy's foot, on which it inflicted a serious wound. Paddy roared, I won't swear he didn't curse a little, Biddy cried, and Mick pulled all the dock leaves in the neighbourhood to apply to the wound.—After a time Paddy's lamentations grew milder, and he began to congratulate himself on his luck. “Luck, jewel!” says Biddy.

“To be sure, darlin’,” says Paddy.

“Why, your fut is a'most cut off,” says Biddy.

“Thrus for you, darlin’,” says Paddy, “but was'n't it lucky I had'n't my new brogues on me?”

“Sure enough,” said Biddy, who comprehended this Irish argument; for Biddy knew it was easier to heal a cut foot than to buy a new pair of brogues.

Next in the indictment stands Pat's ingratitude. Never was there a grosser calumny than to lay such a charge at his door. The Irish peasant is preeminently grateful; treat him kindly, and he is your's to the death. Gratitude with him is a passion, for it often overpowers his judgment. I remember hearing an instance of Irish gratitude from an English lady, the wife of a clergyman of the Established Church. On a certain occasion, the harvest was late, and the poor Irish reapers who came over for work were without employment, and consequently without the means of subsistence. In this melancholy plight, they were succoured by this excellent clergyman, so worthy of being the priest of a Christian creed. He permitted a party of otherwise unsheltered beings to lie in one of his out-houses, and his kind lady ordered food to be supplied to the poor starving creatures, until the harvest gave them employment. Then they departed; but ere they went on their way, they assembled round the door of their benefactor's house, and their expression of thanks, their prayers for blessings on the good man's head, and prosperity to his family, and vows of eternal gratitude, were given with an eloquence and passion remembered to this hour with emotion by that kind English lady. I think I hear some anti-Irish scoffer say, “Tis easy to speak thanks and vow gratitude; and as for the eloquence, no one denies that the Irish have the gift of the gab.”

Cold and sheering sceptic, the story is not yet finished. The following season the same party of poor Irish came to the door of the English clergyman, and each person had brought some trifling present to “the kind lady, God bless her, who was their friend in their trouble:” one brought a hen, another a bottle of whiskey, another a decoction of herbs that his wife had made up, “a fine thing again the sickness;” another some specimens of crystal from his native mountains; every one of them some testimonial of remembrance for the benefit bestowed on them; “not,” as they said themselves, “for the worth o' the thing, but to show that the gratitude lived in their hearts ever since the day they got the bit and the sup and the shelter in their need.”

The English lady wept as she took their presents. Nay, years after, the tear trembled in her gentle eye as she told the tale to me, and added, “Whenever I hear Ireland abused, I always remember my poor grateful peasants, and stand up for them and fight their battle.”

May God bless you, gentle English lady!—By S. Lover; from *Heads of the People*.

A VICTIM OF THE NORTH WIND.—Not many years back, a man named Garcia was executed for murder. He was a person of some education, esteemed by those who knew him, and, in general, rather remarkable than otherwise for the civility and amenity of his manners; his countenance was open and handsome, and his disposition frank and generous; but when the north wind set in, he appeared to lose all command of himself, and such was his extreme irritability, that during its continuance he could hardly speak to any one in the street without quarrelling. In a conversation with my informant a few hours before his execution, he admitted that it was the third murder he had been guilty of, besides having been engaged in more than twenty fights with knives, in which he had both given and received many serious wounds; but, he observed, it was the north wind, not he, that shed all this blood. When he rose from his bed in the morning, he said he was at once aware of its accursed influence upon him; a dull headache first, and then a feeling of impatience at every thing about him, would cause him to take umbrage even at the members of his own family on the most trivial occurrence. If he went abroad, his headache generally became worse; a heavy weight seemed to hang over his temples; he saw objects, as it were, through a cloud, and was hardly conscious where he went. He was fond of play, and if in such a mood a gambling house was in his way, he seldom resisted the temptations; once there, any turn of ill luck would so irritate him, that the chances were he would insult some of the bystanders.—Those who knew him, perhaps, would bear with his ill humours; but if unhappily he chanced to meet with a stranger disposed to resent his abuse, they seldom parted without bloodshed.—Such was the account the wretched man gave of himself, and it was corroborated afterwards by his relations and friends; who added, that no sooner had the cause of his excitement passed away, than he would deplore his weakness, and never rested till he had sought out and made his peace with those whom he had hurt or offended.—*Sir W. Parish's Buenos Ayres.*

TO MOTHERS.—Not long since, at Sunning, Berks, a little boy, of five years old, being in a violent passion, his mother locked him into a room by himself, and left him crying violently. In a little while, his cries suddenly ceased; she thought he was good; went to let him out; to her horror and anguish she found the child dead,—black in the face—suffocated! It was currently reported that the boy had killed himself by perversely holding his breath; an incredible feat for an infant of five years of age to perform. The fact is, children are very apt, in the paroxysms of violent crying and languishing, to be unable to get their breath, and often suffer agonies in consequence. It is a real kindness, then, in any person, happening to be by, to give, by a light shake, or blow on the back, a counter-shock, to over-stretched nature; which instantly restores the power of breathing. Some recommend in preference to a shake, or blow, instant immersion of the sufferer's hand and arm, in cold water. The little boy at Sunning was, without doubt, suffocated, because no one was with him again to set going his suspended breath.

NATIONAL CONVENTION.—Letters have been received by Lovatt, the secretary, from Worcester, Dunfermline and Stirling announcing that the working classes in those places repudiate the principles of the revolutionists. The letter from Worcester, states that it is impossible to collect the rent there. That from Dunfermline states that treason must be in the camp, and that if the destructives and levellers assembled in Bolt-court recommend physical force, they need not

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