



## AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

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### Notices

#### CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

**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 continuance 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.

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.  
April 10

### THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat, which, at a considerable expense, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after one adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping-berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen, with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts, give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it shall be his utmost endeavour to give them every 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, 10s. each.  
Fore ditto ditto, 5s.  
Letters, Single or Double, 1s.  
Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., will be received at his House, in Carbonear, and in St. John's, for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kieley's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Crute's.  
Carbonear, June 4, 1834.

### St. John's and Harbor Grace Packet

THE EXPRESS Packet, being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort, and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving Harbor Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'clock, and Portugal Cove at Noon, 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 carefully attended to; but no accounts can be kept for Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other Monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,  
Agent, HARBOR GRACE.  
PERCHARD & BOAG,  
Agents, ST. JOHN'S.

Harbour Grace,  
May 4, 1835.

### Notices

Harbour Grace,  
Northern District of } 16th of FEBRUARY, 1835.  
Newfoundland,

THE JUSTICES in GENERAL QUARTER SESSIONS, held this day at HARBOR GRACE for the said Northern District, have under the 15th Section of the Act of the 4th WILLIAM IV, Cap. 9, intituled "An Act to Regulate the Standard of Weights and Measures in this Colony, and to Provide for the Surveying of Lumber," Appointed

MRS STEPHEN JOHN DANIEL of CARBONEAR, in the said Northern District, to be INSPECTOR OF WEIGHTS and MEASURES, for the Division or Districts of CARBONEAR and WESTERN BAY.—In the said Northern District.

By Order

THOMAS STEVENSON,

Acting for

MATTHEW STEVENSON,  
CLERK PEACE.

AGREEABLE to the above Appointment, I hereby give

### PUBLIC NOTICE,

That I shall be in attendance at my OFFICE Three Days in each Week, namely, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, between the hours of Eight in the Forenoon, until 3 P.M. ALL PERSONS having WEIGHTS and MEASURES in their Possession, are directed to bring them to be Inspected or Assayed without delay, otherwise they will be Subject to the PENALTY of the ACT, which will be put in force against them.

STEPHEN J. DANIEL,  
Inspector of Weights and Measures.  
Carbonear, July 29, 1835.

### REMOVAL

STEPHEN J. DANIEL,

BEGS Respectfully to acquaint his FRIENDS, and the PUBLIC Generally, that he has removed his

### ESTABLISHMENT,

To those eligible WATER-SIDE PREMISES, recently occupied by Messrs. PROWSE and JAUQUES, where he intends doing Business as usual.  
Carbonear, July 15, 1835.

(From the Novascotian)

### THE FRENCH EMIGRANT.

AND HIS DAUGHTER.

An Original Tale, read by George R Young, Esq. at the Athenæum here.

FOUNDED UPON LOCAL INCIDENTS.

On one of those graceful, but superb hills, which line the banks of the Loire, there stand the ruins of a Castle, formerly the seat of a distinguished Chevalier of France.—There is a sad yet imposing sublimity in the crumbling outline of its fallen battlements and towers. It is just out upon the eminence of a lofty peak, whose front is clothed with a growth of young and verdant fir—above the ruin is hid, except in some defaced pinnacles of stone, by a grove of venerable oak and sycamore; while from its portals, it commands one of those varied landscapes for which this district of France is so distinguished: the bright and sparkling sweeps of the lucid River—the vineyard—the corn-field, broken up by ranges of gentle hills whose sides and summits are variegated by belts of planting, nurtured and preserved rather for ornament than use. The old castle frowns darkly—mysteriously, upon the scene of verdure beneath and around it, and thus blends the beauty of the present with the feudal recollections of the past.

Some eighty years ago, as now, it was a ruin. The descendants of that lofty lineage,

to whom it had in former centuries belonged, had perished, until the name was only found in history or in the tales of traditional lore. It in fact had devolved as an heritage to the Crown; and, by one of those arrangements so common in the Court of Louis the Fifteenth, which has, not unappropriately, been designated as a soul destitute alike of feeling or of principle—this property passed into the possession of one of the younger sons of a neighbouring Baron. It will not be my province to speak of the race from which he sprung. It is for me to detail only the causes which led to that irreconcilable difference which prevailed at the time of that history which I am about to disclose; for fame, with all her active garrulity had painted these in a thousand aspects, and still enriches the valley which the castle overlooks with a fount of traditional recollections.

The scene of our tale is laid in the earlier part of the last century. At that era the Sieur De St. Leon occupied one of the wings of this feudal establishment; although, under his rule, it wanted all the appanage of its primitive splendour. The family Hall, filled of yore in all its niches with the statues of those Counts of the Line, who had sought distinction and honour in the perils of war or the Crusades, was now roofless; and, like fading beauty, by the tinsel of its former ornaments, its broken friezes—its defaced gildings—its falling columns—told too truly the history of its own decay. The banqueting room for a hundred retainers was cold, chill, and desolate—the stable for a hundred steeds was now occupied by a single palfrey, and the broken gates—the waterless fountains—all spoke of a hand of peace and poverty, and that the present possessor was no favoured scion of Fortune.

The Sieur De St. Leon was poor, but he was proud! His education and temperament had early departed him from the circle of his friends. Nature had gifted him with talents of a commanding order. He breathed, in fact, from the first years of manhood, with all the brilliant inspirations of genius. While his brothers were at the hunt or the hall, wasting their energies by day in the pursuit of exciting but worthless pleasures, and spending their evenings in revels and debauchery—he kept himself aloof and alone, drinking, under the guidance of his tutor, the pleasures of knowledge from the Classics, and the boundless realms of philosophy and science. True, he was nursing powers for which France afforded then no field of becoming exertion. True, he was sacrificing his own domestic peace, and dissipating the ardour of his affection, at the shrine of knowledge. His kindred began to shun him.—Coolness grew to repulsion. His own peculiar enthusiasm and warmth of temperament found no sympathy at home. He sought for them abroad. It led to an attachment—tender, burning—reciprocal; but the crimes against his lineage reached their height, and the ire of his race concentrated, when he declared his resolution to marry the object of his devotion, because she could not trace her descent from some privileged case! Pride—Pride what havoc is made by you with human happiness. Oh! how many hearts are broken with the ideal and rapid distinctions of the world! Resolute and fearless he married. His father denounced him. He left the home of his sires to enjoy his embittered honey-moon and his studies, in the ruinous castle of which we have spoken. His income confined to a moderate maternal patrimony!

For a time indeed the union of the young couple was darkened by the auspices under which it was commenced. But the purity of their love, and the strength of the Sieur's character, at length wrought out their own happier developments. The spirit of peace descended upon their household. There is no heaven upon earth like the home of the affections; and truly has that classic poet sung, who expressed in his own beautiful rythm, that it matters little for the wrath of the other Gods, if those of the Household were only propitious. The frowns of the world and the blows of adverse fortune, are but little felt, if they are cheered and mitigated by the smiles and sympathies of friends.

Moderate in their habits—refined in their pleasures, of intellectual tastes and confiding tempers, their intercourse sweetened and brightened by the appliances of love, life passed noiselessly away; and their married life had numbered some years ere the even tenor of its course had been broken. But they had not been idly nor uselessly spent. The Sieur, in the skilful management of his vineyards and fields were regarded as the benefactor of the District—his lady was equally esteemed for her charities, and guardianship of the village school. He had employed his leisure in cultivating into higher excellence those transcendent powers with which he was gifted, and she in acquiring a greater proficiency in those accomplishments which are the peculiar ornaments of her sex. They were blessed by one only daughter, their Iobe.

It is justly said, however, that all here below is vanity and variability. This scene of felicity had its end. The Lady De St. Leon was attacked by an epidemic which invaded the district of the Loire. She lingered in her bed for some weeks. The Sieur spent his time in alternate groans and prayers at her bed-side. But the dispensation of Heaven was fore-doomed, and she slept—SLEPT IN DEATH. I shall not attempt to describe the burning and quenchless anguish which scathed his heart, when he looked for the last time upon the rigid but still divinely composed and intellectual features of his departed love. From the moment of her death till the morning of her funeral, he trod the chamber in which the body lay, without nourishment or without sleep, apparently without emotion. His sunken eye and hollow cheek told of the struggle within. No pride, no imperative necessity of circumstances, hid it from the view of the world. He maintained the same cold—abstract—melancholy firmness, till the procession reached the Chapel; but when the coffin sunk to its tomb the manhood could sustain the conflict no longer. He snatched his Iobe—a child with golden ringlets, then at his side—to his breast, and relieved his throbbing heart by one burst of long and uncontrolled passion. The grave often buries, not only the dead, but the hopes of the living.

We pass over another eventful period of twelve years. During that time De St. Leon had served in the Camp and Senate; and Iobe had blossomed into the beauty and grace of maidenhood. His early study of the classics had filled him with all their ardour for liberty. In some discussions he had ventured upon a style of popular eloquence offensive to the ruling powers.—He was proscribed by the Court—a hint was conveyed to him that he would soon travel from the Bastille to the scaffold, or at least to banishment and disgrace. He left Paris, in disguise, for his castle on the Loire, to prepare his Iobe for flight; for he had formed the resolution of seeking refuge among his countrymen who had found a home in the New World—in 'LA BELLE ACADIE'—as it is called by the writers of our early history—our own pretty and fruitful Province. Young as it is, it has not been without its martyrs for principle, its battle fields and tales of romance. Fiction may invent her wonders, but she can never surpass in pathos and interest, the realities of truth.

It will not be expected that the fruits of such an union as we have described, could be aught than perfect. Iobe had grown up under the joint care of Sieur and the sister of her mother—the lady Abbess of a neighbouring convent. As is eloquently said by Pratt of one of his heroines, "she was not pure only, but purity itself." Gifted with genius, enthusiasm and fixedness of purpose, far above her years, she had made rapid advances in those branches of learning, and the arts, to which her attention had been devoted. She sung with exquisite skill, touched her guitar with a cunning which the Goddess of Music could not have surpassed—painted with a devotion which the scenery of her country inspired, and added to these accomplishments a depth of reading and piety, which gave them at once utility and ornament. Oh! how the pride of her father's