



AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

New Series.

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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 fine fast-sailing Cutter the EXPRESS, leaves Harbor Grace, precisely at Nine o'clock every *Monday, Wednesday and Friday* morning for Portugal Cove, and returns at 12 o'clock the following day.—this vessel has been fitted up with the utmost care, and has a comfortable Cabin for passengers; All Packages and letters will be carefully attended to, but no accounts can be kept for passages or postages, nor will the proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other monies sent by this conveyance.

Ordinary Fares 7s. 6d.; Servants and Children 5s. each. Single Letters 6d., double ditto 1s., and Parcels in proportion to their weight.

PERCHARD & BOAG,
Agents, St. John's.
ANDREW DRYSDALE,
Agent, HARBOR GRACE.

April 30.

BLANKS of every description For Sale at the office of this Paper.
Carbonear, Jan 1. 1835.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

I have often occasion to pass through a village on the St. Alban's road, at one end of which there is so tidy and convenient a public-house, that I always give my horse his bait there, if I happen to be travelling in my gig. I had frequently observed an old soldier, who having lost an eye, a leg, and an arm in the service of his country, had pretty well earned the privilege of idling away the rest of his life in a manner particularly congenial with the habits of one of his calling. He would sit on a bench, outside the door of this inn, with a pipe in his mouth, and a can of beer by his side; and thus he would pass all the fine months of the year. In winter he merely changed his seat. He was constant to his pipe and his can; he took both with him to the warm chimney corner; and thus he enjoyed his out pension. During the hour of baiting, I have often talked with this old man. He had served last in the early part of the war on the Peninsula. He was loquacious enough on other subjects; but if one questioned him concerning these last military services, he became on the instant morose and uncommunicative, and one could not but perceive that the topic was disagreeable and painful to him.

What most interested me about this man was his love for young children. He was generally surrounded by a parcel of curly-headed urchins; and often have I seen the mistress of the little inn consign her infant to the protection of his one arm, when by an arrival she has been called upon to attend to the business of the house. The old fellow never appeared so contented as when thus employed. His pipe was laid aside and his beer forgotten, and he would only think of amusing and caressing his charge, or of lulling it to sleep. The bigger children would cluster round him, clamour over him, empty his pipe, upset his can, take all sorts of liberties with him, yet never meet with a rebuke. At times, however he would appear lost in uneasy thought; gazing with earnestness upon the features of the sleeping infant, while tears would course each other down his cheeks.

As I drove one morning up to the door of the inn, and passed the bench on which the old soldier was, as usual sitting, with his little flock of children playing round him, one of them, a very young one, suddenly backed into the road, and in another moment would have been crushed; but the old man sprang forward; with a vigorous and wonderful effort he seized the child with his only arm, and threw it several feet out of the way of danger; he fell with the exertion and was among my horse's feet. In suddenly drawing up, I had unwittingly done my very worst by the poor fellow; for I had caused the animal to trample upon him, a second time, and a wheel had likewise passed over his body.

He was taken up insensible. We carried him to a bed, and after a little time he recovered his recollection. But he was so severely injured that we feared every moment would be his last.

The first words he uttered were, "The child! the child!" We assured him that the child was safe; but he would not believe us, and it became necessary to send into the village to search for the little creature, who had been hurried home with the others upon the confusion that the accident had occasioned. He continued to call for the child, and was in the greatest distress of mind we had found it and had taken it to him as he lay. His delight at seeing it alive and unhurt was intense; he wept, he laughed, he hugged it to his bosom, and it was not until he grew very faint and weary that he would suffer us to remove it.

A surgeon arrived, and pronounced that the poor man was so much hurt inwardly as well as outwardly, that nothing could be done to save him; and desired us merely to give him cordials or cooling drink, as he should appear to wish for either. He lingered for a few days.

I had been the cause, although innocently of the poor fellow's death: of course I took care that all was done that could alleviate

his sufferings; and as long as he lasted I went every day to pass a few hours by his bed-side. The rescued child too, was brought to him each day by his own desire. From the moment he had first ascertained that it was unhurt, he had been calm and contented. He knew he was lying, but he could part with life without regret; and the cloud which I had so often observed upon his weather-beaten countenance before the accident never after returned.

The day before he died, as I was watching alone by his side, he asked me for a cordial. Soon after he had swallowed it, he laid his hand upon my arm, and said,—"Sir, if you will not think it too much trouble to listen to an old man's talk, I think it will ease my mind to say a few words to you."

He was of course encouraged to proceed. "I die contented," he continued; "happier than I have for some years lived. I have had a load upon my heart which is not quite removed, but it is a great deal lightened. I have been the means under Providence of saving a young child's life. If I have strength to tell you what I wish sir, you will understand the joy that blessed thought has brought to my heart."

I gave him another cordial, and he spoke as follows:—

"It was a stirring time of the Duke of Wellington's wars, after the French had retreated through Portugal, and Badajos had fallen, and we had driven them fairly over the Spanish frontier, the light division was ordered on a few of their long leagues further to occupy a line of posts among the mountains which rise over the northern banks of the Guadiana. A few companies of one regiment advanced to occupy a village which the French had just abandoned."

"We had a brisk march over a scorching and rugged country, which had already been ransacked of all that could have supplied us with fresh provisions; it was many days since we had heard the creak of a commissary's wagon, and we had been on very short commons. There was no reason to expect much in the village we were now ordered to. The French who had just marched out, would of course, have helped themselves to whatever was portable, and must have previously pretty well drained the place. We made a search, however, judging that possibly, something might have been concealed from them by the peasants; and we actually soon discovered several houses where skins of wine had been secreted. A soldier sir, I take it, after hot service or fatigue, seldom thinks of much beyond the comfort of drinking to excess; and I freely own that our small party soon caused a sad scene of confusion."

"Every house and hovel was searched, and many a poor fellow who had contrived to hide his last skin of wine from his enemies, was obliged to abandon it to his allies. You might see the poor natives on all sides running away; some with a morsel of food; others with a skin of wine in their arms, and followed by the menaces and staggering steps of the weary and half-drunken soldiers."

"Vino! vino!" was the cry in every part of the village. An English soldier sir, may be for months together in a foreign land and have a pride in not knowing how to ask for anything but liquor. I was no better than the rest."

"Vino! quiero vino!" said I to a poor half-starved and ragged native, who was stealing off, and hiding something under his torn cloak;—"Vino! you beggarly rascal give me vino!" said I.

"Vino no tengo!" he cried, as he broke from my grasp, and ran quickly and fearfully away.

"I was not very drunk—I had not had above half my quantity—and I pursued him up a street. But he was the fletter; and I should have lost him had I not made a sudden turn, and come right upon him in a forsaken alley, where I suppose the poor thing dwelt. I seized him by the collar. He was small and spare, and he trembled under my gripe; but still he held his own, and only wrapped his cloak the closer round his property."

"Vino! quiero vino!" said I again: "give me vino!"

"Nada, nada tengo!" he repeated. "I had already drawn my bayonet—I am ashamed sir to say, that we used to do that to terrify the poor wretches, and make them sooner give us their liquor.—As I held him by the collar with one hand, I pointed the bayonet at his breast with the other, and I again cried 'Vino!'"

"Vino no tengo—pino, nino es!"—and he spoke the words with such a look of truth and earnestness, that had I not fancied I could trace through the folds of his cloak the very shape of a small white skin, I should have believed him.

"Lying rascal!" said I, "so you won't give me the liquor? then the dry earth shall drink it!" and I struck the point of the bayonet deep into that which he was still hugging to his breast.

"Oh sir! it was not wine that trickled down—it was blood, warm blood!—and a piteous wail went like a chill across my heart!—The poor Spaniard opened his cloak—he pointed to his wounded child—and his wild eye asked me plainer than words could have done,—'Monster! are you satisfied?'"

"I was sobered in a moment. I fell upon my knees beside the infant, and I tried to staunch the blood. Yes the poor fellow understood the truth: he saw and he accepted my anguish—and we joined our efforts to save the little victim—But oh it was too late!

"The little boy had fastened his small clammy hands round a finger of each of us. He looked at us alternately; and seemed to ask alike from from his father and his murderer, that help which it was beyond the power of one of earth to give. The changes in the poor child's countenance showed that it had few minutes to live. Sometimes it lay so still I thought the last pang was over; when a slight convulsion would agitate its frame and a momentary pressure of its little hands, would give the gasping father a short vain ray of hope."

"You may believe sir, that an old soldier who has been only able to keep his own life at the expense of an eye and two of his limbs—who has lingered out many a weary day in a camp hospital after a hot engagement—must have learnt to look on death without any unnecessary concern. I have sometimes wished for, it myself; and often have felt thankful when my poor wounded comrades have been released by it from pain. I have seen it too in other shapes. I have seen the death blow dealt, when its effects have been so instant that the brave heart's blood has been spilt, and the pulses have ceased to beat, while the streak of life and health was still fresh upon the cheek—when a smile has remained upon the lips of my brother soldier, even after he had fallen a corpse across my path. But oh! sir, what is all this compared with what I suffered as I watched life ebb slowly from the wound which I had myself so wantonly inflicted in the breast of a helpless innocent child!—it was by mistake, by accident. Oh yes! I know it, I know it well; and day and night I have striven to forget that hour. But it is of no use; the cruel recollection never leaves my mind—that piteous wail is ever in my ears!—the father's agony will follow me to the grave!"

POLITICAL PROPHECY.

If we were to prophesy that in the year 1930, a population of fifty millions, better fed, clad, and lodged than the English of our time, will cover these islands,—that Sussex and Huntingdonshire will be wealthier than the wealthiest parts of the West-Riding of Yorkshire now are;—that cultivation rich as that of a flower garden, will be carried up to the very tops of Ben Nevis, and Helvellyn,—that machines constructed on principles yet undiscovered, will be in every house,—that there will be no highways but rail-roads, no travelling but by steam,—that our debt, vast as it seems to us, will appear to our great grandchildren a trifling encumbrance which might easily be paid off in a year or two,—many people would think