



AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

Vol. II.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1835.

No. 54.

Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN T. BURTON, at his Office, CARBONEAR

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 expence, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET, BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the 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 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 Monday, 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 Harbour Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'clock, and Portugal Cove at Noon, on the following days.

FARES.

Ordinary Passengers7s. 6d.
Servants & Children5s.
Single Letters6d.
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.

THE TWINS.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

The Kirk of Auchindown stands, with its burial grounds on a little green hill, surrounded by an irregular and straggling village, or rather about a hundred hamlets clustering round it, with their fields and gardens. A few of these gardens come close up to the church yard wall, and in spring time many of the fruit trees hang rich and beautiful over the adjacent graves. The voices and laughter of the children at play on the green before the parish school, or their composed murmur when at their various lessons together in the room, may be distinctly heard over all the burial ground—so may the song of the maidens going to the well;—while all around the singing of the birds is thick and hurried; and a small rivulet, as if brought there to be an emblem of passing time, glides away beneath the mossy wall, murmuring continually a dream like tune, around the silent dwellings of the dead.

In the quiet of the evening, after the Elder's funeral, my venerable friend and father took me with him into the churchyard. We walked to the eastern corner, where as we approached, I saw a monument standing almost by itself, and even at that distance appeared to be of a somewhat different character from any other over all the burying ground. And now we stood close to and before it.

It was a low monument, of the purest white marble, simple, but perfectly elegant and graceful withal, and upon its unadorned slab lay the sculptured images of two children asleep in each other's arms. All round it was a small piece of greenest ground, without the protection of any rail, but obviously belonging to the monument. It shone, without offending them, among the simpler or ruder burial grounds round about it, and although the costliness of the materials, the affecting beauty of the design, and the delicacy of its execution, all showed that there slept the offspring neither of poor or low in life, yet so meekly and sadly did it lift up its unstained little walls, and so well did its unusual elegance meet and blend with the character of the common tombs, that no heart could see it without sympathy, and without owning that it was a pathetic ornament of a place, filled with the ruder memorials of the very humblest dead.

"There lie two of the sweetest children," said the old man, "that ever delighted a mother's soul—two English boys—scions of a noble stem. They were of a decayed family of high lineage; and had they died in their own country a hundred years ago, they would have been let down into a vault with all the pomp of religion. Methinks fair flowers they are now sleeping as meekly here.

"Six years ago I was an old man, and wished to have silence and stillness in my house, that my communion with Him before whom I expected every day to be called might be undisturbed. Accordingly my Manse, that used to ring with boyish glee, was now quiet: when a lady elegant, graceful, beautiful, young, and a widow, came to my dwelling, and her soft, sweet, silver voice told me that she was from England—she was the relict of an officer slain in war, and having heard a dear friend of her husband's who had lived in my house, speak of his happy and innocent time here, she earnestly requested me to receive beneath my roof her two sons. She herself lived with the bed-ridden mother of her dear husband; and anxious for the growing minds of her boys, she sought to commit them a short time to my care. They and their mother soon won an old man's heart, and I could say nothing in opposition to her request but that I was upwards of three score and ten years.—But I am living still and that is their monument."

We sat down at these works, on the sloping headstone of a grave, just opposite to this little beautiful structure, and without entreaty, and as if to bring back upon his heart the delight of old tender remembrance,

es, the venerable man continued fervently thus to speak.

"The lady left them with me in the Manse—surely the two most beautiful and engaging creatures that ever died in youth. They were twins. Like were they to each other, as two plumaged doves of one colour, or two flowers with the same blossoms and the same leaves. They were dressed alike, and whatever they wore, in they did they seem more especially beautiful. Their hair was the same, a bright auburn, their voices were as one—so that the twins were inseparable in my love, whether I beheld them, or my dim eyes were closed. From the first hour they were left alone with me, and without their mother, in the Manse, did I begin to love them, nor were they slow in returning an old man's affections. They stole up to my side, and submitted their smooth glossy, leaning heads to my withered and trembling hand, nor for a while could I tell, as the sweet beings came gliding gladsomely near me, which was Edward and which was Henry; and often did they in loving playfulness try to deceive my loving heart. But they could not defraud each other of their tenderness, for whatever the one received, that was ready to be bestowed upon the other.—To love the one more than the other, was impossible.

"Sweet creatures! It was not long before I learned to distinguish them. That which seemed to me at first so perfectly the same soon unfolded itself out into many delicate varieties, and then I wondered how I ever could have mistaken them for one another. Different shadows played upon their hair, that of the one being silky and smooth, and of the other slightly curled at the edges, and clustering thickly when he flung his locks back in playfulness of joy.—His eyes, though of a hazel hue like that of his brother, were considerably lighter, and a smile seemed native there: while those of the other seemed almost dark, and fitter for the mist of tears.—Dimples marked the cheeks of the one, but those of the other were paler and smooth.—Their voices too, when I listened to them, and knew their character, had a faint fluctuating difference of inflection and tone—like the same instrument blown with a somewhat stronger or weaker breath. Their very laugh grew to be different unto my ear—that of the one freer and more frequent, that of the other mild in its utmost glee. And they had not been many days in the Manse, before I knew in a moment, dim as my eyes had long been, the soft, timid, stealing step of Edward, from the dancing and fearless motion of Henry Howard."

Here the old man paused, not, as it seemed, from any fatigue in speaking so long, but as if to indulge more profoundly in his remembrance of the children whom he had so tenderly loved. He fixed his dim eyes on their sculptured images with as fond an expression as if they had been alive, and had laid down there to sleep—and when, without looking on me whom he felt to have been listening with quiet attention, he again began to speak, it was partly to tell the tale of these fair sleepers, and partly to give vent to his loving grief.

All strangers, even many who thought they knew them well, were pleasantly perplexed with the faces and figures of the bright English twins. The poor beggars, as they went their rounds, blest them, without knowing whether it was Edward or Henry that had bestowed his alms. The mother of the cottage children with whom they played, confused their images in her loving heart, as she named them in her prayers.—When only one were present, it gave a start of strange delight to those who did not know the twins, to see another creature, so beautifully the same, coming gliding in upon them, and join his brother in a share of their suddenly bestowed affection.

"They soon came to love, with all their hearts the place wherein they had their new habitation. Not even in their own merry England had their young eyes ever seen brighter green fields, trees more umbrageous, or, perhaps, even rural gardens more flowery and blossoming, than those of this Scottish

village. They had lived, indeed, mostly in a town; and in the midst of the freshness and balminess of the country, they became happier and more gleesome, it was said by many, even more beautiful. The affectionate creatures did not forget their mother.—Alternately did they write to her every week, and every week did one or the other receive from her a letter, in which the sweetest maternal feelings were traced in small delicate lines that bespoke the hand of an accomplished lady. Their education had not been neglected: and they learnt every thing they were taught, with a surprising quickness and docility, alike amiable and intelligent. Morning and evening, too, did they kneel down with clasped hands, these lovely twins even at my feet, and resting on my knees; and melodiously did they murmur together the hymns which their mother had taught them, and passages selected from the Scriptures, many of which are in the affecting, beautiful, and sublime ritual of the English Church. And always, the last thing they did, before going to sleep in each other's arms, was to look at their mother's picture, and to kiss it with fond kisses, and many an endearing name."

Just then two birds alighted softly on the white marble monument, and began to trim their plumes. They were doves from the nest in the belfry of the spire, from which a low, deep, plaintive murmuring was heard to come, deepening the profound silence of the burial-ground. The two bright birds walked about for a few minutes round the images of the children, or stood quietly at their feet: and then, clapping their wings, flew up and disappeared. The incident, though at any other time, common and uninteresting, had a strange effect upon my heart now; and seemed dimly emblematic of the innocence and beauty of the inhabitants of that tomb, and of the flight of their sinless souls to heaven.

"One evening in early autumn, [they had been with me from the middle of May]—Edward, the elder complained on going to bed, of a soar throat, and I proposed that his brother should sleep in another bed. I saw them myself, accordingly, in separate places of repose. But on going, about an hour afterwards, into their room, there I found them locked, as usual, in each other's arms—face to face—and their innocent breath mingling from lips that nearly touched. I could not find heart to separate them, nor could I have done so without awaking Edward. His cheeks were red and flushed, and his sleep broken and full of starts.—Early in the morning I was at their bed-side. Henry was lying apart from his brother, looking at him with a tearful face, and his little arm laid so as to touch his bosom.—Edward was unable to rise, his throat was painful, his pulse high, and his heart sick. Before evening he became slightly delirious, and his illness was evidently a fever of a dangerous and malignant kind. He was I told you, a bold and gladsome child, when not at his tasks dancing and singing every hour; but the fever quickly subdued his spirit, the shivering fits made him weep and wail, and rueful indeed, was the change which a single night and day had brought forth.

"His brother seemed to be afraid more than children usually are of sickness, which they were always slow to link with the thought of death. But he told me weeping, that his eldest brother had died of a fever, and that his mother was always alarmed about that disease. 'Did I think,' said he, with wild eyes and a palpitating heart that Edward was going to die?' I looked at the affectionate child, and taking him to my bosom, I felt that his own blood was beating but too quickly, and that fatal had been that night's sleeping embrace in his brother's bosom. The fever had tainted his sweet veins also; and I had soon to lay him shivering on his bed. In another day he too was delirious, and too plainly chasing his brother into the grave.

"Never is the purest hours of their healthful happiness had their innocent nature seemed to me more beautiful than now in their delirium. As it increased, all vague fears of dying left their souls, and they kept