



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 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 Kiely'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.

FROM IRVING'S TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES.

News of the Rangers. The Count and his Squire. Halt in the woods. Woodland Scene. Osage village. Osage visitors at our evening Camp.

In the morning early October 12, the two Creeks who had been sent express by the commander of Fort Gibson, to stop the company of rangers, arrived at our encampment on their return. They had left the company encamped about fifty miles distant in a fine place on the Arkansas, abounding in game, where they intended to await our arrival.—This news spread animation throughout our party, and we set out on our march at sun-rise with renewed spirit.

In mounting our steeds, the young Osage attempted to throw a blanket upon his wild horse. The fine sensitive animal took fright reared, and recoiled. The attitudes of the wild horse and the almost naked savage would have formed studies for a painter or a statuary.

I often pleased myself in the course of our march, with noticing the appearance of the young Count, and his newly enlisted follower, as they rode before me. Never was preux chevalier better suited with an esquire. The Count was well mounted, and as I have before observed, was a bold and graceful rider. He was fond too, of carolling his horse, and dashing about in the buoyancy of youthful spirits.—His dress was a gay Indian hunting frock, of dressed deer skin sitting well to the shape, dyed of a beautiful purple and fancifully embroidered with silks of various colors, as if it had been the work of some Indian beauty, to decorate a favourite chief.—With this he wore leathern pantaloons, and moccasins, a foraging cap, and a double barreled gun, slung by a bandolier athwart his back—so that he was quite a picturesque figure as he managed gracefully his spirited steed.

The young Osage would ride close behind him, on his wild and beautiful mottled horse which was decorated with crimson tufts of hair. He rode with his finely shaped head and bust naked—his blanket being girt round his waist. He carried his rifle in one hand, and managed his horse with the other, and seemed ready to dash off at a moment's notice, with his youthful leader, or any mad cap foray or scamper. The Count, with the sanguine expectations of youth, promised himself many hardy adventures and exploits with his youthful brave, when he should get among the buffaloes in the Pawnee hunting grounds.

After riding some distance, we crossed a narrow, deep stream, upon a solid bridge, the remains of an old beaver dam; the industrious community which had constructed it, had all been destroyed. Above us, a streaming flight of wild geese, high in air, and making a vociferous noise, gave note of the waning year.

About half past ten o'clock, we made a halt in a forest, where there was abundance of the pea vine. Here we turned the horses loose to graze. A fire was made, water procured from an adjacent spring, and in a short time our little Frenchman, Tonist, had a pot of coffee prepared for our refreshment.—While partaking of it, we were joined by an old Osage, one of a small hunting party who had recently passed this way.—He was in search of his horse, which had either wandered away or been stolen. Our half bred Beattie made a wry face on hearing of Osage hunters in this direction. "Until we pass these hunters," said he, "we shall see no buffaloes. They frighten away every thing, like a prairie on fire.

The morning repast being over, the party amused themselves in various ways. Some shot with their rifles at a mark; others lay asleep half buried in the deep bed of foliage with their heads resting on their saddles; others gossiped round the fire at the foot of a tree, which sent up wreaths of blue smoke among the branches. The horses banqueted luxuriously on the pea-vine, and some lay down and rolled themselves amongst it.

We were overshadowed by lofty trees with

straight smooth trunks, like stately columns and as the glancing rays of the sun shone through the transparent leaves, tinted with the many coloured hues of autumn, I was reminded of the effect of sunshine among the stained windows and clustered columns of a Gothic cathedral. Indeed there is a grandeur and solemnity in some of our spacious forests of the west, that awaken in me the same feeling that I have experienced in those vast and venerable piles, and the sound of the wind sweeping through them, supplies occasionally the deep breathing of the organ.

About noon the bugle sounded to horse, and we were again on the march, hoping that we might arrive at the encampment of the rangers before night; as the old Osage had assured us it was not above ten or twelve miles distant. In our course through a forest we passed by a lonely pool, covered with the most magnificent water lilies, that I ever beheld, among which swam several wood-ducks, one of the most beautiful of water fowl, remarkable for the gracefulness and brilliancy of its plumage.

After proceeding some distance farther, we came down upon the banks of the Arkansas, at a place where tracks of numerous horses all entering the water, showed where a party of Osage hunters had recently crossed the river on their way to the buffalo range. After letting our horses drink in the river, we continued along its banks for a space, and then across prairies, where we saw a distant smoke, which we hoped might proceed from the encampment of the rangers. Following what we supposed to be their trail, we came to a meadow in which were a number of horses grazing; they were not, however the horses of the troop. A little farther on, we reached a straggling Osage village, on the banks of the Arkansas. Our arrival created quite a sensation. A number of old men came forward and shook hands with us all severally; while the women and children huddled together in groups staring at us wildly chattering and laughing among themselves. We found that all the young men of the village had departed on a hunting expedition, leaving the women and children and old men behind. Here the commissioner made a speech from on horse-back, informing his hearers of the purport of his mission, to promote a general peace among the tribes of the west, and urging them to lay aside all warlike and bloodthirsty notions, and not to make any wanton attacks upon the Pawnees. This speech being interpreted by Beattie, seemed to have a most pacifying effect upon the multitude, who promised faithfully that as far as in them lay, the peace should not be disturbed; and indeed their age and sex gave some reason to hope that they would keep their word.

Still hoping to reach the camp of the rangers before night, we pushed on until twilight, when we were obliged to halt on the borders of a ravine. The rangers bivouacked under the trees, at the bottom of the dell while we pitched our tent on a rocky knoll near a running stream. The night came on, dark and overcast, with flying clouds with much appearance of rain. The fires of the rangers burnt brightly in the dell, and threw strong masses of light upon the robber looking groups that were cooking, eating and drinking around them. To add to the wildness of the scene, several Osage Indians, visitors from the village we had passed, were mingled among the men. Three of them came and seated themselves by our fire. They watched every thing that was going on round them in silence, and looked like figures of monumental bronze. We gave them food, and what they most relished coffee, for the Indians partake in the universal fondness for that beverage which pervades the West.

When they had made their supper, they stretched themselves side by side before the fire, and began a low nasal chant; drumming with their hands on their breast by way of accompaniment.

Their chant seemed to consist of regular staves, every one terminating not in a melodious cadence, but in the abrupt interjection huh uttered almost like a hiccup. This, chant, we were told by our interpreter Beattie

related to ourselves, our appearance, our treatment of them, and all that they knew of our plans. In one part they spoke of the young Count, whose animated character and eagerness for Indian enterprise had struck their fancy, and they indulged in some wag-gery about him and the young Indian beauties that produced great merriment among our half breeds.

This mode of improvising, is common throughout the savage tribes; and in this way with a few simple inflexions of the voice they chaunt all their exploits in war and hunting, and occasionally indulge in a vein of comic humour and dry satire, to which the Indians appear to me much more prone, than is generally imagined.

In fact the Indians that I had an opportunity of seeing in real life, are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics they are represented; taciturn, unbending, without a tear or a smile. Taciturn they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn in like circumstances.—When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips.—Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites with whom they have associated and who have supposed them impressed with a profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting every thing in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye; occasionally exchanging a glance and a grunt with each other, when any thing particularly strikes them, but reserving all comments until they are alone.—Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry and mirth.

In the course of my journey along the frontier, I have had repeated opportunities of noticing their excitability and boisterous merriment at their games, and have occasionally noticed a group of Osages sitting round a fire until late hour of the night, engaged in the most animated and lively conversation; and at times making the woods resound with peals of laughter. As to tears they have them in abundance both real and affected; at times they make a merit of them. No one weeps more bitterly or profusely at the death of a friend; and at stated times they repair to lament and howl at the graves. I have heard doleful wailings at daybreak in the neighbourhood of Indian villages made by some of the inhabitants, who go out at that hour into the fields, to mourn and weep for the dead; at such times I am told the tears will stream down their cheeks in torrents.

As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical fiction, is like the Shepherd of pastoral romance, a mere personification of imaginary attributes.

The nasal chaunts of our Osage guests, gradually died away; they covered their heads with their blankets and fell fast asleep and in a little while all was silent, excepting the pattering of scattered rain drops upon our tent.

In the morning our Indian visitors breakfasted with us, but the young Osage who was to act as esquire to the Count in his knight errantry, was no where to be found. His wild horse too, was missing, and after many conjectures we came to the conclusion that he had taken "Indian leave," of us in the night. We afterwards ascertained that he had been persuaded so to do by the Osages we had recently met with; who had represented to him the perils that would attend him in an expedition to the Pawnee hunting grounds, where he might fall into the hands of the implacable enemies of his tribe; and what was scarcely less to be apprehended, the annoyances to which he would be subjected from the capricious and overbearing conduct of the white men; who, as I have witnessed in my own short experience, are prone to treat the poor Indians as little better than brute animals.—Indeed he had had a specimen of it himself, in the narrow escape he made from the infliction of "Lynch's