



## 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 expence, 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 Kielty'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.

### THE GIBBET.—A FACT.

The mountainous district of Craven, some fifty or sixty years ago, was much infested by a notorious freebooter of the name of Tom Lee. Tom was one of those daring spirits of the old school of highwaymen, who on levying their contributions upon his Majesty's liege subjects, occasionally displayed a high-mindedness and sparks of generous feeling that would have done honor to a better cause.

Your knight of the road was in those days, was none of your shabby, villainous footpads, skulking behind a tree and ready to bury their knife in your breast ere you can say Jack Robinson; but a man who carried on his profession in an open and gentlemanly manner; well mounted, well clad; and who bade you "stand and deliver," with a tone of authority, that at once gave you to understand the consciousness he had of his own dignity, and the utter fearlessness with which he exercised his avocation. But as old Dame Flibberty used to say—"long gangs t' pitcher t' th' well, but it comes hame broken at last;" was the fate of Tom. After many perilous escapes, he poor fellow, like the rest of his fraternity, was doomed to swing upon the ignominious tree.

Lee having been drinking at a public house in Grossington, a village in Craven, with the doctor, who on many occasions was serviceable to him in extracting shot, &c., a dispute concerning some trifling subject, arose between them. The glass having circulated freely, and the doctor in the warmth of the moment, forgetting the dangerous character with whom he had to deal, dropped some hints that he could have done the job for him long since. Tom turned a menacing eye and scowling brow upon the doctor, and muttering something between his teeth, immediately paid his reckoning and departed. The doctor on his way home that night, had to pass through a wood a mile or two distant from the village. Lee being aware of this, stationed himself a short distance from the road, impatiently awaited the doctor's arrival. He had not remained long in this situation, brooding gloomily over his revenge, before the sound of a horse's hoofs announced the approach of some person on the road; and Tom having ascertained it to be his intended victim, rushing forward, boldly seized the horse's bridle, and after upbraiding the doctor with his expressed intention to betray him, fired—the doctor fell—and for this murderous act Lee having been apprehended, was conveyed to York, with his arms pinioned, and legs tied beneath the horse's belly. He was found guilty, executed, and his body hung in chains on the spot where he had committed the horrid deed.

Though the strong arm of the law had incapacitated this desperado from any further molestation of person or property, yet over the minds of the superstitious and the ignorant, he seemed to have a greater dominion than ever. Many are the tales that were told of a supernatural horseman, that in the dead hour of the night might be seen scouring the plain on a steed that seemed winged with lightning, and many a poor fellow whom necessity compelled to pass by the spot where poor Tom's bones hung bleaching in the wind, as he approached the place, would shut his eyes, hurrying by, as if the sight of so ghastly an object would for ever blast him with blindness, while a cold shuddering of horror damped his inmost soul, and made his very flesh creep upon his bones.

Lee had long been exposed upon the gibbet to the pelting of the pitiless storm, when one gusty night in November, several of the villagers, as they were occasionally wont, had assembled together at that focus of mirth and intelligence, the village alehouse. A huge log of wood, garnished with ruddy glowing peats, sent forth a cheerful blaze upon the hearth, and banished all anxiety about the raging of the storm without. My authority does not mention all the names of the village worthies, who upon the night in question, were luxuriating themselves round the aforementioned joyous blaze; especial

mention, however, is made of Walter the blacksmith, a fellow with iron muscles and steel visage; Snip the tailor, a sort of a hop o' my thumb chap; and Strap the barber, whose tongue ran a great deal faster than his wit, though that was none of the slowest. There was also another individual in this honourable group, whom in deference to his acknowledged importance, we cannot dispose of so unceremoniously; and that was no less a personage than sergeant Dawson.

The sergeant after having been for many years tossed about the world from "wig to wail," had now retired upon a small pension to spend the remainder of his days in his native village. In person he was tall, and to use the phrase of the villagers, "straight as a ramrod." His nose, (to say the least of it) needed not to have blushed for the scantiness of its dimensions, even though it had been compared with that of a celebrated general of our own times; and this together with a large bushy eyebrow, beneath which rolled an eye in ever resting wildness an elevated forehead over which straggled a few bristly grey hairs—a lip sometimes compressed as if well-pleased with the contemplation of his own self-importance, formed altogether a physiognomy well calculated to keep the rebellious sons of thunder at a respectable distance, and nearly frighten out of their wits the unfortunate members of the awkward squad. However, upon the whole sergeant Dawson was a decent sort of fellow enough, loved his joke, his pipe, and his mug of Sir John, and was at once "hand and glove," with a patient listener to his stories.

It was amusing enough to see the old veteran "taking his ease at nine inn," descending upon battles and sieges to the wondering and gaping playmates of his youth; and ever and anon mellowing his discourse by blending the fragrance of the Indian leaf with the heart warming influence of nappy brown. "Whiff, whiff," describing the taking of Quebec under the valiant Wolfe; "whiff—here ran the river," taking his pipe and tracing among the ale spilled upon the table, "and here was the steep and shelving bank up which we had to scramble in the night as well as we could; and there is the spot—God bless his Majesty,—where my left hand was blown off, as clean as a riband by the wrist."

On the night in question the sergeant was seated at the upper end of an old, black, oak long settle, spelling and conning over a tattered newspaper that after passing thro' the hands of the parson, schoolmaster and exciseman and various others, came in the course of two or three weeks to be thumbed to pieces at the ale bench; "white ower (th' bleeding ingle) stood Andrew M'Pherson the travelling Scotchman, driving his rain bespattered garments, and holding forth to the landlady on the merits of a piece of long lawn which she seemed desirous of purchasing. Andrew was a shrewd cunning fellow, who took care for the most part to keep his hand upon his bawbie; a kind of walking newspaper, wherein such important articles as births, deaths, marriages, and other interesting et ceteras, were duly and carefully delivered—I don't mean to say entirely free of expence, for Andrew sometimes contrived to drop in upon the gude wife for not a small piece of whangby cheese and haver cake—a repast not to be despised by a stomach subjected to the two-fold influence of toil and mountain air; though the axe frequently had to be applied to the cheese ere its dismemberment could be effected, Andrew's usual salutation was "weel dame, or weel bonny, are ye wanting ony thing i' my way to day?" In short he was in no way degenerated from his honoured namesake the tutelair saint of the country.

"It's a very cauld blusterie night this," observed Andrew as he drew from the fire and seated himself by the side of the sergeant.

"Blustering enough, no doubt," replied the sergeant, "if we may judge of it by the creaking of the sign and the rattling of the windows; but methinks, an old soldier, who many a time and oft, hath had nought but the earth for his bed, his knapsack for

a pillow, and the wild winds for his lullaby should reckon little of a squall of wind or a few drops of rain."

"Weel, aweel, maister sarjun," says Andrew, "ye may blaw it as leetly as ye please man; but mony's the bitter blast I've had o' it mysel, tuggin thro' thick an' thin wi' my canna braw pack o' my shouter."

"A fig for your cauld blusterie night," interrupted the sergeant, following his rebuke with a hearty good swig of his favorite Sir John; "what news?"

"I've nane particular to tell," replied M'Pherson, "synce ye've may be heard as weel's mysel bout the dainty chiel wha was terrified out o' his wits i' passing the gibbet a night or twa back."

"Ha! ha! is that all?" says the sergeant.

"Nae doubt maister sarjun, but ye're a dauld hearted fellow," answered M'Pherson, "and aye that canna be flustered wi' a trifle; but were I guilty o' bettin wagers I suld nae fear to lay twa ells o' my best lang lawn to their equivalent i' siller, that ye dare na gang to the gibbet to night, and ask Tom how he is."

The sergeant did not anticipate this thrust home of Andrew, and consequently, like a prudent general, endeavoured to make a counter revolution, by asserting that he was not so much afraid of going to the gibbet as he was loth to leave his warm seat in the corner. But M'Pherson continuing to press his point, considerations for his reputed valour, and his copious libations during the evening to Sir John Barleycorn, (by the by the valiant Sir John ought to have been promoted to an earldom long since,) finally overcame Dawson's attachment to his favorite corner, and having accepted Andrew's wager, he accordingly set out on his enterprise.

It was drawing near midnight when the sergeant left the inn: the moon was obscured by a dense heavy mass of clouds, that black as a raven's wing, brooded gloomily over the desolate expanse around; the rain had ceased to fall; and the wind had sunk into a calm; but it was like that awful calm which is said to be the harbinger of death—while every now and then, a hollow gust as it swept from the hills, seemed like the moan of the dying faint and yet fainter, ere the struggling spirit trees itself from the trammels of mortality. Dawson felt this and though as a soldier he was not inclined to treat such feelings with too much indulgence, yet they came over him again and would not be repressed:—

Shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.

Despite these unwelcome visitations, the sergeant, however, still continued to hold on his way, fortifying himself as well as he could by calling to mind his former perilous achievements. "It was no unusual thing for me," he thus argued, "to be exposed to the terrors of the night—he had often been engaged in the hottest part of the battle where bullets were showered around him as thick as hail—he had never feared to face the living, why should he now quail before the dead?" Reasons to be sure the most cogent, but which, like those of greater philosophers under similar circumstances, were found to be ineffectual in warding off the foul fiend.

By this time Dawson had reached the entrance of the wood, at the further extremity of which the gibbet was placed. He paused for a moment ere he entered—the wind had again risen, and howled fearfully around him, as if a thousand demons were gibbering in the air—again he pushed on—the withered leaves rustling beneath his feet, and the pale beams of the moon, struggling through the leafless branches of the trees, threw but a faint, flickering light across the road, barely sufficient to direct his steps. He heard, or fancied he heard, the panting of a hard-riden steed—quicker, deeper, nearer, and ere he could turn his head, the supernatural horseman swept by him with the rapidity of a whirlwind. Still he urged on, and in a moment more he stood full in front of the gibbet. The moon, now a