



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 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.

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.

THE NEW GIL BLAS.

[This is, in its way, a clever book with a very un-clever title. We expected better tact in its author, Mr. Inglis, than the adoption of the title of one of the most successful and least imitable fictions of modern times. The very title-page provokes a comparison between the Gil Blas of Le Sage, and a string of romantic adventures, by Mr. Inglis; we need not add, much to the disadvantage of the latter. It reminds of an attempt to cover the sun with a wet blanket. At the same time, the merit of Mr. Inglis's Gil Blas must not be low rated. It abounds with lively incident, pleasant bits and scenes of travel, and world-knowledge very agreeably communicated, while its episodal narratives are of the most wonder-fraught character. It has all the glitter and gaiety of Spanish life and manners. The author discourses eloquently of "the charming Andalus," and other "intrigantes"—absolute Dons of fathers and monsters of husbands—mingling "bloody-minded assassins," and hideous wretches, with the sweet emotions of dark eyes, jetty ringlets, and heaving bosoms. Limbs are lopped off, eyes put out, heads shivered, and blood spilled like water; and there are scenes in dark towers and visions of clanking chains in terrific abundance. One of the latter descriptions we have abridged and adapted to our pages.—The hero is convicted of murder upon such evidence as this:—"We found the poor dead man dead at his feet, and the sword in his hand covered with blood,—the murdered man lies in the ante-room run through and through." A pretty scene of justice ensues, the murdered man was a noted robber who had attacked the hero, and became worsted in the affray. The sentence is solitary imprisonment for life.]

The unfortunate persons whose crimes have subjected them to the dreadful punishment of solitary imprisonment for life, in any of the southern parts of Spain, are most generally sent to Tarifa. Along both sides of the port, there is a mole nearly half a mile in length; at the extremity of which on either side, and at the entrance of the harbour, stands a huge and ancient Moorish tower, about a hundred and sixty feet in height above the sea. In this tower which contains six chambers, one above another, prisoners for life are confined; and thither I was accordingly conveyed. It is the policy of the Spanish laws, to render the punishment of criminals subservient to public utility; and this is in some degree effected even by solitary confinement. The prisoners confined in these towers are employed in turns, night by night trimming the lamps,—which are a beacon to the vessels at sea.—From each chamber, there is a separate ascent to the summit of the tower; so that the prisoners never see each other, and each in his turn is obliged to remain from night until day-break upon the summit,—part of his punishment for the destruction of human life, being thus made so subservient to its preservation.

From these towers there are no visible means of escape: in the chambers, the windows are merely circular holes in walls six feet in thickness; and the outside walls being entirely smooth, there are no means of descent from the summit unless by a fearful leap of a hundred and sixty feet into the sea; for on the side towards the town, a wall of twenty feet high shuts out the prospect of land; serving at the same time as a hindrance to any communication, and as an aggravation of punishment, by shutting out from the eye of the prisoner, the cheerful lights of human habitations, or perhaps even it might be, the dim view of human forms. It only requires to be added to this description, that a ponderous iron chain stretches from one tower to the other, across the mouth of the port, depending from fastenings situated about two feet below the summit of each, but forming a curve by its own weight; and in the centre, reaching to within thirty or forty feet of the water, from which point other chains are attached, reaching horizontally to the towers on either side. It is needless to say, that during the day this great chain is lowered into the water when

vessels desire to enter; but at night it is again raised, and there being rumours of war at this period, no ships were admitted during the night,—the chain being a security against an enemy entering, and cutting out vessels under favour of the darkness.

[By aid of a telescope, he recognises on the opposite tower a fair prisoner, "the lovely Isabel," who had been confined there upwards of a year, for conspiring to murder her first husband. The hero by aid of the chain swings to Isabel's tower, where they concert an escape.]

As Isabel pressed closer to me, I felt, that although far from agreeable to sojourn in such a place, even with Isabel, this would yet be greatly preferable to solitude. But to such a project, many serious difficulties presented themselves: I represented to Isabel that if I did not reach the opposite tower that night, it would be discovered that when the food put into my cell, and consequently when I did return, I should die of hunger. "But," said Isabel, "why return ever? Providence seems to delight in throwing us together,—and if, as unhappily seems too true, the doom of both of us be to live and die in these towers, why should we not—"

"Live and die together, you would say," and, in truth, there was reason in this proposal of Isabel. "Why, indeed, should we not?" said I; but in yielding so readily to this suggestion, I looked farther than Isabel did. Isabel had doubtless many charms, and here, I should at least, have nothing to fear from rivals; but that which weighed with me fully as much as the prospect of a honeymoon, was this,—that a man who is supposed to be dead, has greater facilities of escape,—and so, without at that time saying anything upon this subject to Isabel, I acquiesced in the proposal of changing my quarters, and being her guest for the present.

"There cannot be a doubt," said Isabel, "that the Pope has long ago been applied to by my husband to dissolve our marriage."

"And that his holiness has granted the petition," said I. "And although ours be a new case, as it probably never happened before that the idea of marrying was ever entertained by persons in solitary imprisonment,—yet as there is here neither church nor priest, Heaven will, without doubt, accept our vows, and bless us."—And thus did I become all but the husband of Isabel.

Several days elapsed before it was again the turn of Isabel to watch on the summit; meantime the food that was intended for one was made to suffice for two; we conversed in whispers, lest my embryo plan of escape should be frustrated by a premature discovery of my dwelling place; and even if I had looked to no ulterior advantages, from my change of quarters, the society of Isabel would have been a sufficient reward for the peril of my journey. But I had now concerted in my mind, a plan of escape which I hastened to put into execution, after having first communicated it to Isabel, whose co-operation was necessary to ensure its success.

It may have been already gathered, that the characteristic of the punishment of solitary confinement in the towers of Tarifa, consisted in the rigidity with which it was enforced: once admitted there, and no human eye ever more rested upon the living form of the prisoner. The food necessary for the preservation of life, and therefore, for the continuance of punishment, was placed and removed by unseen hands; nor was the sound of a human voice ever heard within these stone chambers. But to this, one exception was provided: although it was the policy of the law, to punish the living culprit thus severely, the church did not resign her claims to the care of his soul; once accordingly, in every month, a holy tread was heard along the secret passages, and an iron screen being thrown back the confessor, a Franciscan friar, took his seat at a thick grating, behind which nothing could be seen, though the confession of the prisoner might pass to the ear of the holy man, and his counsel in return reach the

ear, or it might be the heart of the solitary criminal. The door by which the prisoner first entered was never unbarred, until the hour when his coffin was carried in and out.

The day now approached, when the visit of the confessor might be expected, and I laid my plans accordingly, and executed them in the following manner:—

"Isabel," said I, as the slow tread announced the approach of the confessor, "you must feign to be dead; spread the pallet opposite to the grating, and lay yourself upon it."

I found some difficulty in prevailing upon Isabel to mock the king of terrors; but at length I succeeded in persuading her,—by representing that it was easier to countenance death than to meet it; and that to do the one, afforded the only chance of avoiding the other; and scarcely was Isabel extended upon the floor, when the screen was heard to open upon its harsh hinges, and the confessor to say "erring daughter, approach!"

"Father," said I, in a low sepulchral tone at the same time advancing noiselessly towards the grating.

"H h St Francis," said the confessor, in a voice of terror, and making at the same time a retrograde movement from the grating, "tis a man!"

"Father," said I in the same unearthly tone, "fear nothing, it is no man that addresses thee; well thou knowest that no fleshly form can gain entrance here; it is not a man, but a spirit with whom thou art communing." As I spoke thus, I could hear the Friar rapidly communicating himself to the protection of the Holy Mother of God, and of all the Saints; and I continued, "She whom thou camest to confess, is now beyond the reach of thy counsel; her soul is gone to its heavy account, and her body lieth there;" said I gliding aside, and knowing well, that although nothing could be seen from the cell through the grating, yet all within was visible from the other side. "I am the ghost of the murdered José Andrades;" (the husband of Isabel) and at the same time that I made this announcement, I threw back a part of the hood that covered my face, and the dim light from the circular hole falling upon the upper part of the countenance, showed a visage which fasting and confinement had already made more like the face of a dead than of a living man, and which I had taken care to besmear with blood.

A new exclamation of horror, and still more rapid prayers, followed this revelation.

"Here," continued I, again drawing the hood over my face, and approaching the grate—from which I could hear the Friar retreating; "here will I remain, in dread communion with the body of my murderer, until it be taken hence; delay not to let this be done, else I will speak with thee nearer anon."

The Friar being already as near the ghost of a murdered man as he probably desired to be, and willing to prevent the execution of this threat of a nearer colloquy swung the screen forward, which clanked with a tremendous clank, and the rapid footsteps of the terrified confessor speedily died away.

"Ah, Dios!" said Isabel, "I had scarcely had courage to go through my part; when you spoke of my soul having gone to its account, I was on the point of rising, to convince myself I was yet living."

"Surely," returned I, "you may find courage to personate a dead woman, when I have no hesitation in personating the ghost of a murdered man; the stratagem succeeds; you will have but once more to play your part; and I am much mistaken if we be not both outside of this tower before another day shall pass over our heads;" and animated by this hope, Isabel promised to obey my directions.

Now, it will easily be believed, that the confessor, upon leaving the tower, would immediately communicate to the civil and spiritual authorities, the particulars of the extraordinary interview that had taken place; and that although doubt might at first be entertained of the sanity of the man,