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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 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 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 the Novascotian)

THE FRENCH EMIGRANT. AND HIS DAUGHTER.

An Original Tale, read by George Young, Esq. at the Athenæum here.

FOUNDED UPON LOCAL INCIDENTS
(Concluded from our last.)

I do not linger over the two solitary years which Lobe and her father passed in this retired abode. The latter found resources in his books, in doing works of charity and of justice to his neighbours and friends. His character soon acquired a certain odour and sanctity in the settlement Lobe spent her time in the performance of her domestic duties, and in solitary musing. Her voice had lost its music, her guitar its power. Her appearance grew into a severe and reserved dignity, and she never mingled in society, unless when on Sunday, she and her father went to chapel. The parish priest LE PERE LE BLANC was an old and valuable friend. The moment they appeared, the homage of unfeigned respect was paid to them; and no stranger could have seen their approach to the people, without seeing also the reverence in which they were held.

All who are familiar with the history of Nova Scotia know the simple and engaging characteristics of the French population—the Acadians, who once peopled our western districts. If we may trust the glowing descriptions of Abbe Raynal, they exhibited the purity, the simplicity, the plenty of an Arcadian age—a society in fact bound by one broad tie of fraternal affection—early marriages, honoured age, patriarchal authority, free alike from crime, from poverty and the conflicts of evil passions. As we have no reason to doubt the fidelity of his sketches, I am willing to entertain them for the honour of human nature.

The emigration of the Sieur De Leon was nearly contemporaneous with the settlement of Halifax by the English. All have heard of the perils which our forefathers encountered and how our infant town was, in its infancy, surrounded by a pallisade, to guard against the secret and bloody assaults of the Indians. I can trace yet the line of this ancient fortification. The town of Dartmouth in 1756 was the scene of a cruel butchery.—The Indians having come down in a body from Shubenacadie favoured by the cover of night, scalped the whole body of settlers.—At those early times, no one could trust himself without the boundaries of the town, unless protected by an armed force; and it is supposed that the Indians were incited to this cold blooded warfare by the jealousy of the French. It is asserted that the government at Louisburg, in defiance of the laws of nations and of God, paid to every Indian a premium for an English scalp. The natural animosities were thus fired by local injuries; and our government, influenced by those causes and others, which I cannot illustrate here, came to the resolution, without distinguishing the innocent from the guilty, of expelling the French from the Province *en masse*. The scene at Horton was one of deep and tragic interest.

The French had refused to take the oath of allegiance, as was required by the treaty of Utrecht, and to compel them to do this act or to expel them from the Province, transports were sent to the Basin of Minas and a part of the Garrison marched to Annapolis under the command of Colonel Winslow. I refer to the history of the period for the details of this transaction—but part of the instructions issued on the occasion are worthy of record here.

As Captain Murray is well acquainted with the people and with the country, I would have you consult with him on all occasions, and particularly in relation to the means necessary for collecting the people together so as to bring them on board and if you find that fair means will not do them you must proceed by the most vigorous measures possible, not only in compelling them to embark, but in depriving those who shall

escape, of all means of shelter or support, by burning their houses and destroying every thing that may afford the means of subsistence in this country.

About a month before this event, a ship had reached Annapolis from England, bringing letters to Lobe, both from her Aunt and from the Count Espere. An opportunity had presented itself for the first time since they had left France, to address her and her father. And certain it is the tidings they conveyed, imparted a new lustre to Lobe's eye, a new elasticity to her step, and her voice and guitar were suddenly inspired with all their former powers of rich and varied melody. I wish it were permitted to give one of these letters entire, as a specimen of the eloquence and artless pathos inspired by a pure and devoted passion. He spoke much of the anguish of their separation, of his constant vigils since—of the fond and endearing reminiscences in which he indulged—brightened as they were by that hope, without which life and love have no charms. But the conclusion brought a blush to the cheek of Lobe, even when she read it in the solitude of her chamber. He had obtained a military appointment in Canada,—he was now on the voyage, for the letters had been delayed some months on their passage, and he gave the Sieur and Lobe a pressing invitation to join him there, that the pledge he had given might be redeemed, and their union consummated. The Sieur on reading the letters, folded his daughter to his arms, kissed her forehead, and promised to accompany her.

I will not attempt to harrow the feelings of my auditory, by describing in all its features the scenes exhibited at this era—the desolation of Horton. I refer to the public dispatches which are to be found extant in the first volume of Haliburton's Nova Scotia. To the honour of the British officers and soldiery, be it told, that they first remonstrated and then wept in the performance of their duty; and to these defenceless peasants extended that generosity for which they are as much distinguished in warfare, as for indomitable courage. It is the cowardly who can be cruel and tyrannical, the free and the brave—the Briton and the soldier,—is a fearless but a noble and forgiving enemy.

Col. Monckton determined to remove the French in obedience to his instructions, with all the amenity in his power. In the morning however, in which the first shipment was to be made, a party of Indians, attaches to the camp, preceded the troops in their march to Kentville. They had been strictly charged to commit no act of violence, and to keep in rear of the line of march. By a dexterous manoeuvre they had passed the van and no sooner were they, beyond the control of the troops than they indulged in their infernal thirst for blood and plunder. In the course of the day, their belts were loaded with their trophies of scalps. The report of their advance spread through the settlement like the hollow and preceding murmur of an earthquake—creating fear, horror, and irresolution. The Sieur, to whom the intelligence was early conveyed, armed himself, and determined to proceed through the settlement and induce the people to arm *en masse*.—It occurred to him what protection would there be for Lobe? He like others, without acting upon a combined principle of energy, remained at home to await the issue of events, and defend his own household. About an hour before sunset, the party of Indians, incited like a pack of blood hounds to fury, by the carnage in which they had revelled, were seen to defile from the main road towards the cottage—brandishing their tomahawks, and loading the air with yells which rang fearfully upon the ear. The Sieur that death was inevitable. He kissed his child—breathed a prayer to God, and loading his piece, took his position at the door, determined that they should not reach his daughter,—his all that bound him to existence—unless they trampled over his lifeless body. It was fortunate for Lobe, that in the first anguish of her horror, she had fallen into a deep swoon. It is said the lion the fiercest animal of

the forest, is tamed and awed by the full glance—the resolute steady glare of man's eye. The influence of the Sieur De St. Leon's appearance upon the savages, had something of the same effect. His tall and graceful figure—his air of resolute defiance—and the raising of his fuscée arrested them in their progress. They drew up in line, and gathering in a circle, held a parley, but they had not convened long, ere one of the boldest advanced towards the cottage. The Sieur levelled his piece, and waved him back but he advanced. The Sieur fired, and the savage fell. A cry of aroused vengeance re-echoed through the valley and the party danced round the fallen body of their comrade, brandishing their tomahawks, and uttering unholy imprecations of their wrath.—It was evident they were only whetting their courage for a new and far more deadly onset.

At the time, Lobe having recovered, she was at the door clinging to her parent, and beseeching him to seek refuge within the walls of the cottage; while the Sieur held the piece and endeavoured to compel her to retire.

'No father,—I shall not leave thee, we shall meet death together; and with one desperate effort, she threw her arms around his form, that she might act as a protecting shield.

It was wonderful that the Indians did not avail themselves of that opportunity of advancing without danger; but at this moment the shrill note of the bugle broke gladly on the ear. It was the advance guard of the British troops, who under the command of Colonel Monckton, had followed with rapid march, the trail of the Indians, to arrest them in their progress of blood and carnage. The war note seemed to inspire the Indians with a sudden terror—~~but~~ they instantly defiled off into the neighbouring woods, and saved the Sieur and Lobe from their impending fate.

I pass again over a period of three years. One beautiful morning in the month of May, Lobe dressed in sable weeds stood by the side of a marble tombstone which yet honours the graveyard of St. Pauls. She stood there weeping and pointing out the inscription to a military stranger, who seemed to sympathize in her bursts of sorrow—it is the grave of the Sieur De St. Leon. He had then occupied this last house for about a year.

Colonel Monckton was one of those men who honour even the honourable profession to which he belonged. Although the orders he had received were to compel all to embark from Horton in the transports, destined for the Southern States, or to deprive them of shelter, he did not extend these in their strict letter or severity to Lobe and her father. Struck with the grace and imposing dignity of their manners, with his intelligence—her beauty, and with the frank and affecting details of their past history, he despatched both to Halifax, and gave them a home in his house. He was himself a father and a christian; and blended the firmness of the camp with the diviner benignity which belongs to the man.

He wrote so eloquent a defence of his conduct that the Governor and Council relieved him from all censure; more, he insisted that the Sieur, now detained in Nova Scotia as a prisoner of war, should remain under his roof on patrol. I need not say that an intercourse thus commenced, strengthened into friendship. Had he been a younger man, it might have kindled towards Lobe into a softer passion. The Sieur died in his arms. To Lobe he still continued the friend the protector, the father; and when the wars in Canada were brought to a termination by the capture of Quebec, and the young Count Espere, relieved from the calls of duty there, touched at Halifax on his route to France, he stood as their parent at the altar, and blessed the union of their devoted, and pure affection.

Their descendants are now of the nobility of the Loire, and in the Grand Gallery of the Chateau Chermont—the family seat of the Count Espere—may be seen a picture