



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 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 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 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 20, 1835.

IRISH SKETCHES.

THE EVENT; OR THE SEQUEL TO IRISH HOSPITALITY.

THE simple story and song of the poor blind harper still lingered on my ear in ascending to the nursery at Brianafield, which like most Irish nurseries, seemed akin to a rabbit warren. It was well furnished with the pretty pictures of young humanity, of all ages and sizes, all fast asleep—animation at rest—rudy health at repose. If there be any truth in the legend, that “when children smile in sleep, the angels are whispering to them,” one little ushchit about three years old must have had a very merry conversation, for he was laughing very heartily. His brother, a year older, beside him, clasped in his arms the decapitated head of a rocking-horse; and when I stooped to kiss the little rosy cheeked rogue and tie on his night cap, which had come off, and displayed his clustering curls, he grasped closer the mane of his wooden prize. “Ah lady jewel, don't waken the bochaleen,” cried the nurse; “for if you do well have no pace, for that boy must keep the world awake.” She then, with a rich brogue, stated that a “ruction” had taken place in the nursery that evening about the wooden quadruped. The two elder boys wishing to unhorse the younger, might gained over right, and this boy in the struggle broke off the head of Pegasus, and after a glorious battle with the pillows, retained it as the only proof of his victory. Two little girls reposed on a couch by themselves, next the cot of the infant,—the living pictures of Chantry's admirable monument. After taking a silent farewell of the lovely group, the young ladies conducted me into a large chamber, the one appropriated to visitors, and wishing me good night, retired to their own apartment.

There were some very formal portraits of respectable antiquity hung about the room the floor and wainscoting of which were of dark polished oak; the bed and hangings deep crimson, and the rest of the furniture of the fashion of the feudal times. I saw nothing modern but a large watchman's rattle on the chimney piece, a taper, a lucifer-box, and a few books. I took up one of these, and became so interested in the mysterious production “Vathek” that I had forgotten the hour, when the stable clock tolled one, which roused me from the magnificent description of the Hall of Eblis to think of “tired nature's sweet restorer.” The small portmanteau I had brought with me was on the chair, but the key which opened it was in a black silk reticule which I had forgotten in the amusements of the evening, and had left on the back of a chair in the drawing room, and without which I could not get to my dressing case or what was requisite. Fearful of disturbing the family as it was midnight, I took the candle, and stepping as cautiously as possible, descended to the drawing room. On opening the door I found a chair placed against it: gently raising this, I observed other chairs and tables piled up against a large Indian cabinet, and on the chair next the door I found my reticule. On returning, as the light gleamed on the table in the centre of the room, to my surprise I saw it was covered with fire arms, guns, blunderbusses, swords, blunderbusses, and a case of double barreled pistols. I flew like lightning up stairs, and on my way heard footsteps cross the kitchen. Frantic with fear, thinking the house was in possession of some of those turbulent tribes who drive the better order of people out of the country, and use little ceremony in their midnight visitations, with uncommon speed I gained my room, just as my candle went out, and heard another footstep—and a shot fired! Groping my way to the mantle piece I seized the rattle, sprang it, and screamed vociferously “Robbers! thieves! thunder!” certain in my own mind that the “Whitefeet,” “Peep-o'-day boys,” or “Terryalts,” savage barbarians who infest this country, had gained possession, and that we should all have our throats cut to a “dead certainty” in less than half an hour.

Courage is sometimes natural, and often acquired: I have no pretensions to it in either case; and if I had, mine must, like fighting Bob Acres', have oozed out at my fingers' ends. “Further this deponent sayeth not,” only I suppose that after so magnanimously giving the alarm and raising the house I must have fallen senseless on the landing; for on coming to myself, I found six little seraphs in white night caps surrounding me, with their honoured parents and sisters, in dressing gowns and other varied hasty costume, with the venerable nurse Mable M'Donagh at their head in a pyramidal flannel night cap, pale, breathless, like Hecate and weird sisters. They took up the wooden vociferator which I had so bravely called into action; and “What was the matter?” became the general question. When they had seated me in the easy chair, my lips still quivering with fright, I looked round at them as so many Banquo's ghosts, with “blood upon their faces.” “Oh! who is murdered?” said I. “Murdered!” answered all—“Oh! who is shot?”—“Shot!” echoed they again.—“Yes, yes, tell me all; and are they caught?” “Caught shot, murdered,” and the ladies exchanged looks with an expression as if they thought I must be under the influence of Madame Luna; for I positively saw them shake their heads in pity at my supposed aberration of intellect. “Compose yourself, my dear Mrs H.,” said they; “there is no one caught, shot, or murdered.” “The more's the pity,” said I; I would punish them without mercy for such daring outrage.—“With uplifted hands they concluded I was as far gone as a mad person could be, and that reason had abdicated its throne. “You must have been dreaming; do you often walk in your sleep?” asked Mrs M'Mahon. “I am no somnambulist” said I, “and so far from dreaming and sleeping, I have not even undressed as you see, but have been reading.” I then related fetching my reticule—the drawing room being converted into an armoury—the footsteps in the kitchen—the shot fired—and the means I had taken to arouse the family to a sense of their danger. One loud and universal burst of laughter followed the termination of my woeful adventure, which was repeated and echoed even down to the tiny cherub in arms. I now began to question their sanity and requested an explanation. They then assured me it was the custom, although that part of the country was peaceable, to muster all the fire arms, in case of intruders, who if they did come only wanted fire arms, and then they without giving them extra trouble in shedding blood to obtain them; not that there was the least cause for alarm, but if it so happened that there was time to arm the household, they knew where to find such a weapon for their defence. “But the shot?” said. Then another laugh was raised against me; for it was another custom for the men-servants to sit up alternately, and fire off a pistol in the haggard, and reload to scare depredators; not that there were any among their honest peasantry; Oh no! such were hundreds of miles off. Having as they thought reconciled me to the customs of the country, they were preparing to leave me, when I requested one of the young ladies to remain with me; for although I never yet found myself deficient in fortitude in cases of extreme danger by land or sea, yet in this instance, and in this disturbed country, I excelled a hare in timidity. The lesson of old English prejudice would not leave me,—that an Irishman's house was not his castle, but that of any turbulent maurader who chose to come and take by dividing the lawful owner's jugular vein! The expectation and sight of preparation for civil war had “murdered sleep.” I watched for the dawn of day anxiously, and sallied forth into the delightful grounds as the first ray of the sun was tinging the trees with gold. How sincerely did I lament that this must be the first and last time of my enjoying the morning air, the sunrise, and awakened nature at Brianafield; and how bitterly did I regret that a few perturbed bad spirits should keep this perfect paradise and its amiable inmates in constant terror, and thought of Moore's own words on the subject

“The if, while scenes so grand,
So beautiful shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
Should haply be stealing o'er thee.
Oh! let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious.
To think how man hath curst
What heav'n hath made so glorious.”

If ever the mind is filled with true devotion and ideas of the omnipresence of the Creator, it is in seeing the sun rise in the open field of redundant nature, glowing in heat, gorgeous in light, and beautiful in divinity.

I packed up my portmanteau, and bade adieu to the prim portraits, and old oak chamber. My ridiculous fears were the subject of much mirth at breakfast, but no entreaties of the worthy host, or persuasions of the kind hostess, or any inducements the young people could offer, could prevail on me to pass another such a night for all Brianafield and manor. Firm as a rock to my purpose, I was resolute in taking my departure that very morning, being well aware in my state of health, that sleep was essential to my vitality.

The dismay my resolution spread could not have been greater had I been a relative or a friend known for years. The affectionate manner of all can never be erased, and while I am proud still to retain the friendship of this delightful family, and preserve it by paying my due respects in the open day, no power on earth shall ever induce me to submit again to their midnight hospitality.

THE AUTHOR ON PELHAM

The following sketch of Bulwer, is taken from a recent Number of N. P. WILLIS'S IMPRESSIONS.

Toward twelve o'clock, ‘Mr Lytton Bulwer,’ was announced, and enter the author of Pelham. I had made up my mind how he should look, and between prints and descriptions thought I could scarcely be mistaken in my ideas of his person. No two things could be more unlike, however, than the ideal Mr Bulwer in my mind and the real Mr Bulwer who followed the announcement. *Imprimis*, the gentleman who entered was not handsome. I beg pardon of the boarding schools—but he really was not.—The engraving of him published some time ago in America, is as much like any other man living, and gives you no idea of his head whatever. He is short, very much bent in the back, slightly knock kneed, and if my opinion in such matters goes for anything, as ill dressed a man for a gentleman as you will find in London. His figure is slight and very badly put together, and the only commendable point in his person as far as I could see, was the smallest foot I ever saw a man stand upon. *Au reste*, I liked his manner exceedingly. He ran up to lady Blessington, with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the ‘how d’ye do Bulwer?’ went round, as he shook hands with every body, in the style of welcome usually given to the best fellow in the world. As I had brought a letter of introduction to him from a friend in Italy, lady Blessington introduced me particularly, and we had a long conversation about Naples and its pleasant society.

Bulwer's head is phrenologically a fine one. His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well marked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline, and far too large for proportion, though he conceals its extreme prominence by an immense pair of red whiskers, which entirely conceal the lower part of his face in profile. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, curly, and of a light auburn, his eye not remarkable, and his mouth contradictory I should think, of all talent. A more good natured, habitually smiling, nerveless expression, could hardly be imagined. Perhaps my impression is an imperfect one, as he was in the highest spirits, and was not serious the whole evening for a minute—but it is strictly and faithfully my impression.

I can imagine no style of conversation