



### 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.  
Packets 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, HARBOUR GRACE.  
PERCHARD & BOAG,  
Agents, ST. JOHN'S.

Harbour Grace,  
May 4, 1835.

### AFFECTING STORY.

Generous souls  
Are still most subject to credulity.

Albion.

"Will you take a drop sir?—Do take a drop!" said a middle aged female very decently attired, accosted me in the street one evening last week. "A drop of what I enquired; of laudanum to be sure," was the reply, and in a moment that indicated an affection of the mind—a degree of insanity, but of the most inoffensive character. I passed on a few paces, thinking she might be one of those unhappy beings, who devoid of reason, but perfectly harmless, wander through our streets both by day and night, the butt of the unfeeling, though as I have sometimes seen, the pity even of children. Another female instantly addressed me with "sir, that girl has drank a phial of laudanum—do go after her—she bought it at the druggists on the corner." The girl was still but a few steps off and the drug-store still nearer at hand—so I hurried into the latter, and learned that an ounce of laudanum had been sold a few minutes before to a female whose dress corresponded with hers above referred to. Assistance was procured and in a minute more we had overtaken her. She was sitting on the cold marble steps in the damp air of an unwholesome evening resting her head upon her hand.—We accosted her hastily—but her perceptions were yet sufficiently distinct to enable her to know that our abrupt manner of addressing her, was or would have been under other circumstances, rude and insulting—for her language and deportment had undergone a total change. She was taciturn and angry, refused to answer any questions, and bade us all begone, in language too, and with a vehemence that soon gathered a mob of gaping passengers around us. After much persuasion, she confessed to having drank the liquid, the bottle she had thrown into the street. We raised her gently on her feet, and with the druggist on one side, and myself on the other, conducted her with rapid steps to the hospital. We entered its charitable doors—doors that are ever open to the sick, the helpless, or those on whom the anguish of any sudden calamity has fallen—and the efforts of its skillful surgeons were immediately directed to our unhappy patient. The stomach pump was brought, and most successfully applied. The deadly liquid flowed in a clear stream from the stomach through this astonishing medical and mechanical ingenuity. The last drop was brought away—the stomach was washed out and thoroughly cleansed, and the patient declared free from danger.

The history of this unhappy female possessed a deeper interest than the common run of such unfortunates. She was born and reared, but not educated, in a village near Philadelphia, in the humble capacity of a domestic, but in the family of a most worthy and estimable man. When at a very tender age she became the dupe of an individual belonging to the household, who finally made her the only repatriation in his power, by making her his wife. Yet the tale of scandal and detraction went abroad, and busy defamation was laboriously employed in charging to her master's account the sin of bribing the husband into a marriage with her, that his own iniquity might be effectually concealed. The tale was propagated by a rich and generous neighbour; and the character of the slandered master being sorely libelled, a suit was brought by him to wipe away the infamous allegation. It came before a jury in Philadelphia court, and Matilda, the unhappy subject of this article was brought in as a leading witness. Her testimony alone convinced the jury that the libel was most base and unfounded—they returned a verdict of ten thousand dollars damages, which the generous but injured plaintiff instantly relinquished, declaring his sole wish was gratified by putting to flight the injurious tale. The husband of Matilda was industrious and worthy, and while he lived supported her in comfortable circumstances. But death came suddenly upon him, and no support remained to his

widow and family of young children, except an occasional remittance of a hundred dollars, received at certain periods from Matilda's brother a wealthy planter in Barbadoes. Her want of friends and education prevented her making known to him her destitute situation; and from being forced to change her place of abode every few months, his remittances often failed to reach her. In the midst of her distresses, however, the goodness of a heart opened in a remarkable degree to the sufferings of others, was not lost or deadened. Her humble calling of a domestic afforded small resources for the relief of others, after the wants of three young children were provided for; yet what little surplus did remain, she has been known to give with honest pleasure to the wants of others more depressed and suffering than herself.

A disposition so remarkable for disinterested generosity, was not suffered always to go unrewarded. Hearing that an aged couple in the neighbourhood to whom she was entirely unknown, were lying ill, deserted and avoided by their friends, for relations they had not—Matilda, scorning the superstitious dread which kept others from their gloomy and unfrequented abode, went to them became their nurse, and without any prospect or hope of reward, watched beside them until death relieved them of their sufferings. Her situation while attending on them, is described as awful and solemn beyond description. They were wealthy, and their whole thoughts, even in their dying struggle, centered in their money, which lay within an iron chest. The chest was placed between their beds, so that each could touch it as they lay, even when the agonies of death were on them, and sight and speech had faded as the last terrible convulsion approached, they reached out their thin ragging arms to feel for the chest, unwilling to the last to give its contents up! Yet in all these dreadful midnight scenes Matilda stood by, and though horror-struck and terrified ministered to their numerous necessities. Both died within a few hours of each other, but before the closing scene, they gave to her, in the presence of a witness, a large sum of money, in compensation for her unremitting watchfulness. A host of claimants came in to divide their property, and Matilda returned to her accustomed avocations.

This large accession to her comforts—this (to her fortune) soon got wind among her circle of acquaintance, and as it spread rumour magnified it into many thousands. An artful foreigner, attracted by the story, laid siege to her hand, and finally married her. He was soon discovered to be lazy and dissipated, every way utterly worthless. Poor Matilda's little fortune was soon sunk by this base but too successful adventurer, and to increase her troubles, other children claimed her thoughts and earnings. In this posture of affairs, while her husband had become the mere drunkard and vagabond, her brother in Barbadoes died. His property was large, and he died unmarried and intestate, the whole of it devolved to her sister and herself. But being poor, ignorant, and destitute of friends to interest themselves in her behalf, the effects were seized upon by the legal harpies of the place, and out of an estate valued at a hundred thousand dollars, only a single thousand reached Matilda and her sister! Yet even this last hope became the prey of her most worthless husband. To complete her ruin—for until now she had borne up against her many troubles with even more than even a mother's firmness, she received a letter from the previous wife of her husband, then living in Ireland but abandoned by him who had imposed himself so shamelessly on poor Matilda! This letter was couched in language truly affecting. It stated, and without reproaching her to whom it was addressed, that the writer was the first wife, that she was the mother of several helpless children whom her husband had abandoned leaving them in the utmost distress. She concluded by deploring the imposition he had practised upon her, as it was of a piece with his treatment to the mother of his first born children.

This terrific information came with stunning consequences to the heart of Matilda. The wretch whom she had married was not only an impostor but a robber. He had stripped her of every dollar she possessed, and made her infinitely more miserable than all her complicated sorrows had ever done before. Yet even now, perfidious, degraded, and utterly unworthy as she was, her natural kindness of disposition was still felt by him. Sickness came upon the spoiler and a miserable hovel in the outskirts of the city sheltered him. In that desolate and lonely abode the much injured Matilda penetrated, and found him every necessary which his weak condition needed. She restored him to his health—and then it was that the strings of her swollen heart gave way and cracked asunder. Despair took possession of her soul. The "slow, unmoving finger" of scorn was pointed at her, and her shattered spirit was unable to withstand the false, but foul imputations, cast upon her character, which humble as was her condition, still continued dear to her. The tempter overcame the wounded soul, and the common refuge of the sorrow-smitten, the bottle, was turned to for oblivion of her griefs. In this career, however, she lived but a few months. Her lucid intervals drove her to adopt a deadly remedy—such was her condition—such had been her determination, when I providentially encountered her as above related. Horror, now, has taken hold upon her mind, and still true to her original character, a deep repentance is the final result of what she considers a merciful interposition of an ever-watchful Providence.

"Who came from heaven to calm the tempest-tossed,  
To seek the wanderer, and to save the lost."

#### EXTRACT FROM MRS. BUTLER'S JOURNAL.

VISIT TO LAWRIE TODD.—My father has received a most comical note from one —, a Scotch gardener, florist, and seedsman; the original by the by of Galt's Lawrie Todd—and original enough he must be. The note expresses a great desire that my father and myself will call upon him, for that he wishes very much to look at us—that the hours of the theatre are too late for him, and that besides he wishes to see us as ourselves and not as kings and princesses. I have entreated my father to go; this man must be worth knowing; I shall certainly keep his note.

When they were gone, walked out with my father to —'s. They day was gray, cold and damp—a real November day, such as we know them. We held the good man's note, and steered our course by it, and in process of time entered a garden, passed through a deep green house, and arrived in an immense and most singularly arranged seed shop, with galleries running round it, and the voices of a hundred canaries resounding through it. I don't know why, but reminded me of a palace in the Arabian Nights. "Is Mr — within?" shouted forth my father, seeing no one in the strange looking abode—"Yes he is," was replied from somewhere by somebody. We looked about, and presently with his little grey bullet head, and shrewd piercing eyes just appearing above the counter, we detected the master of the house. My father stepped up to him with an air like the Duke of —, and returning his curiously folded note to him, said "I presume I am addressing Mr. —; this sir," drawing me forward is Miss Fanny Kemble." The little man snatched off his spectacles, rushed round the counter, rubbed his enormous hand on his blue apron, and held it out to us with a most hearty welcome. He looked at us for some time, and then exclaimed, "Ha! ye're her father? Well ye'll have married pretty early—ye look very young; I should not have been sae much surprised if ye had called her ye're wife!" I laughed, and my father smiled at his compliment, which was recommended by a broad Scotch twang which always sounds sweetly in my ears.—The little man, whose appearance is that of a dwarf in some fairy tale, then went on to tell us how Galt had written a book all