



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 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

For 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 Kiely'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 or Carbonear, Jan 1. 1835.

HEAT AND THIRST—A SCENE IN JAMAICA.

The Torch was lying at anchor in Bluefields Bay; it was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away and the sea breeze had not set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pennant from the mast-head fell sluggishly down, and swung amongst the rigging like a dead snake whilst the folds of the St. George's ensign, that hung from the mizen peak, were as motionless as if they had been carved in marble.

The anchorage was one unbroken mirror except when its glass-like surface was shivered into sparkling ripples by the gambels of a shipjack, or the flashing stoop of his enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable's length you could not distinguish the water-line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began until the casual dashing of a bucket over-board for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon reunited, and she again floated double like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense, that the iron stanchions of the awning could not be grasped with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would spark out from the unrudded bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again. There was not a cloud in the heavens; but a quivering blue haze hung over the land, through which the white sugar-works and overseers' houses on the distant estates appeared to twinkle like objects seen through a thin smoke, whilst each of the tall stems of the cocoa-nut trees on the beach, when looked at steadfastly, seemed to be turning round with a small spiral motion like so many endless screws. There was a dreamy indistinctness about the outlines of the hills, even in the immediate vicinity, which increased as they receded, until the blue mountains in the horizon melted into sky. The crew were listlessly spinning oakum, and mending sails, under the shade of the awning; the only exceptions to the general languor were Johncrow the black, and Jackoo the monkey. The former (who was an improvisatore of a rough stamp) sat out on the bowsprit through choice, beyond the shade of the canvass without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task whatever that might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles confabulating with his hairy ally as if he had been a messmate.

The monkey was hanging by the tail from the dolphin striker, admiring what Johncrow called "his own dam ogly face in de water." Tail like yours would be good ting for a sailor Jackoo—more use, more ornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of dirty junk that hangs from de Captain's taffril. Now I shall sing to you, how dat Corromantee rascal, my fader, was sell me on de Gold Coast—

"Two red nightcap, one long knife,
All him get for Quackoo,
For gun next day him sell him wife—
You tink dat good song Jackoo?"

"Chocko, chocko," chattered the monkey as if in answer. "Ah, you tink so sensible honimal! What is dat? shark? Jackoo come up Sir; don't you see dat big shovel-nosed fish looking at you? Pull your hand out of the water, Garamighty!"—The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, who mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of his danger shrunk from him lost his hold and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dashed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of the water with poor Jackoo shrieking in his jaws, whilst his small bones crackled and crunched under the monster's triple row of teeth.

Whilst this small tragedy was acting—and painful enough it was to the kind hearted ne-

gro—I was looking out towards the eastern horizon, watching the first dark blue ripple of the sea breeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head.

I looked up and saw a gallinazo, the large carrion crow of the tropics sailing contrary to the habits of its kind, seaward over the brig. I followed it with my eye until it vanished in the distance, when my attention was attracted by a dark speck far out in the offing, with a little tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship's boat, but I saw no one on board, and the sail was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report, I was desired to pull out towards it in the gig; and as we approached one of the crew said he thought he saw some one peering over the bow. We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly.—"Why don't you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us sir?"

He neither moved nor answered, but as the boat rose and fell on the short sea raised by the first of the breeze the face kept moping and mowing at us over the gunwale. "I will soon teach you manners my fine fellow! give way men,"—and I fired my musket, when the crow that I had seen, rose from the boat into the air, but immediately alighted again to our astonishment, vulture like with out stretched wings upon the head.

Under the shadow of this horrible plume the face seemed on the instant to alter like a hideous change in a dream. It appeared to become of a deathlike paleness, and anon streaked with blood. Another stroke of the oar—the chin had fallen down, and the tongue was hanging out. Another pull—the eyes were gone, and from their sockets brains and blood were fermenting, and flowing down the cheeks. It was the face of a putrefying corpse. In this floating coffin we found the body of another sailor, doubled across one of the thwarts, with a long Spanish knife sticking in his ribs, as if he had died in some mortal combat, or what was equally probable, had put an end to himself in his frenzy; whilst along the bottom of the boat, arranged with some show of care, and covered by a piece of canvass stretched across an oar above it, lay the remains of a beautiful boy, about fourteen years of age, apparently but a few hours dead. Some biscuit, a roll of jerked beef, and an earthen water jar lay beside him, showing that hunger at least, could have had no share in his destruction; but the pipkin was dry and the small water cask in the bow was staved and empty.

We had no sooner cast our grappling over the bow, and began to tow the boat to the ship, than the abominable bird that we had scared settled down into it again, notwithstanding our proximity, and began to peck at the face of the dead boy. At this moment we heard a gibbering noise, and saw something like a bundle of old rags, roll out from beneath the stern sheet, and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the gallinazo from its prey. Heaven and earth, what an object met our eyes!—It was a full grown man, but so wasted that one of the boys lifted him by his belt with one hand. His knees were drawn up to his chin; his hands were like the talons of a bird; while the falling-in of his chocolate coloured and withered features gave an unearthly taint to his forehead, over which the horns of a transparent skin was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to crack. But in the midst of this desolation, his deep set coal black eyes sparkled like two diamonds with the fever of his sufferings; there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightness contrasted with the death like aspect of the face, and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence he tried to speak, but could only mutter a low moaning sound.—At length—"Aqua, aqua,"—we had not a drop of water in the boat. "El muchaco esta moriendo de sed—Aqua."

We got on board, and the surgeon gave the poor fellow some weak tepid grog. It acted like magic: he gradually uncoiled himself, his voice from being husky, became comparatively strong and clear. "El hijo—Aqua para mi pedrillo—No le hace para

mi—Oh, la noche pasado, la noche pasado! He was told to compose himself, and that his boy would be taken care of. "Don't you get into any more of that, de la noche pasado, oh Dios, de la noche pasado, and he crawled, grovelling on the deck, with a crushed worm in his mouth. He got his head over the side, and fell down into the sea. The pale face of his dead boy was the only object he ever saw. He dropped his face against the side of the ship, and dropped his face against the side of the ship. He was dead.

EMANCIPATION OF THE JEWS.

[A Polish Tale, entitled LEVI AND SARAH, or the Jewish Lovers, affords us the following admirable defence of the Jewish character. The work is translated from the German, and in a series of Letters.]

It is not a sufficient reason for pronouncing a curse against a whole people, that an unnatural father, a furious fanatic, like Jarick or the other bigots, have persecuted their friend the virtuous Sarah. It is neither just nor humane so to express yourself. Believe me, among us there are honest and enlightened people: people that sigh over the oppressions of our Magnates—that would willingly make great sacrifices for the abolition of the Talmud and the dispersion of the rabbins, if they could be satisfied that the advancement of true wisdom could be thereby assured. The crimes are those of a few, not of the whole. We should pity, should strive to turn them from their errors, but not account curse them. It is true it is difficult to indulge much hope of improvement when we witness so many cruelties, so much inhumanity, and such degradation among our people, all springing up from furious fanaticism; but if we reflect in what blindness, under what prejudices, they are reared, we shall only wonder that they are not a thousand times worse than we now see them.—You have read many severe remarks on our people; but many of them have been partial, and many taunts and stigmas on our errors and crimes might with as much justice be directed towards the Christians. They accuse us of idleness, of lounging about, of our want of merit; but we may inquire if the industry of the Poles is such as does them honour. Each one of them thinks only how he may enjoy life with very little care or trouble. The great squander away their money, which is the product of a thousand tears, in foreign countries, or in introducing foreign follies, and bring up their children abroad so as to make them strangers in their native country. The man who possesses a few acres of land is ashamed to use the plough, and secure independence and prosperity by improving his patrimony; he repairs to the cities to get an office, hoping that by a few hours' labour with his pen he may pass the rest of his time in running about the theatres, the ball-rooms, and the coffee-houses, in well blacked boots and a fashionable coat. The middle class of people, who, either by a prize in the lottery, or by some other mode, obtain a small capital, may buy a few fields, or establish a manufactory; but they find it much more agreeable to pass their time at the billiard-table, or in the public-houses, than in their business, and would rather drink and gamble with their hands, than to be employed in the service of the nation. The waves of the tide have advanced, that it is only necessary for the journeyman to work three days in a week to earn enough to allow them to indulge in drunkenness the other three days. They do, although the work which is bespoken stand still: they who have bespoken it must wait, and workman gives himself no trouble about the matter.

Even the inhabitants of the villages begin to despise the soil on which they are planted, and repair to the towns and cities. The present rage for buildings enables them to earn considerable wages: even a bricklayer can get a dollar a-day; and no one can blame a workman for being well paid. But the work goes on very badly from the many