



## AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

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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. &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 cabin 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 Kilty'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 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 & ROAG,

Agents, St. JOHN'S.

Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—The fall of the Ottoman empire is at hand. It resembles the Greek empire. Constantinople awaits new decesses of fate. I discern from hence the Russian fleet, like the floating camp of Mahomet II., daily pressing near and more near to the city and the port;—I perceive the bivouac fires of the Calmucks on the hills of Asia;—the Greeks are returning under the name and in the costume of the Russians; and Providence has marked the day when a last assault made by them upon the walls of Constantinople will reduce that splendid city to a mass of flames, smoke, and ruins. The finest point from which Constantinople can be viewed is just above our place of abode. It is from a belvedere built by M. Truqui on the terraced roof of his house. This belvedere commands the entire group of the hills of Pera, Galata, and the little hillocks which surround the port on the fresh-water side. It is the eagle's flight over Constantinople and the sea.—Europe, Asia, the entrance of the Bosphorus, and the sea of Marmora, are all under the eye at once. The city lies at the feet of the spectator. If we were allowed to take a glance at only one point of the earth, this would be the one to choose. Whenever I ascend to the belvedere to enjoy this view, (and I do so several times a day, and invariably every evening,) I cannot conceive how, of the many travellers who have visited Constantinople, so few have felt the beauty which it presents to my eye and my mind.—Why has no one described it? Is it because words have neither space, horizon, nor colours, and that painting is the only language of the eye? But painting itself has never portrayed all that is here. The pictures I have seen are merely detached scenes, consisting of dead lines and colours without life; none convey any idea of the innumerable gradations of tints, varying with every change of the atmosphere and every passing hour. The harmonious whole and the colossal grandeur of these lines;—the movements and the interwindings of the different horizons;—the moving sails scattered over the three seas;—the murmur of the busy population on the shores;—the reports of the cannon on board the vessels;—the flags waving from the mast heads;—the floating caiques;—the vaporous reflection of domes, mosques, steeples, and minarets in the sea:—all these have never been described. I will try it. The hills of Galata, Pera, and some others, descending to the sea, are covered with towns of various colours: some have their houses painted bright red; others black, with numerous blue cupolas relieving the sombre tint. Between the cupolas are perceived patches of verdure formed by the plantains, fig-trees, and cypresses of the little gardens adjoining each house. Between the houses there are large spaces: these are cultivated fields and gardens, in which may be discerned groups of Turkish women covered with their black veils, and playing with their children and slaves beneath the shade of the trees. Flights of turtle-doves and white pigeons float in the air above these gardens and the roofs of the houses; and, like light flowers blown by the breeze, stand out from the background of the picture, which is the blue sea. One may discern the streets, winding, as they descend towards the sea, like ravines; and lower down, the bustle of the bazaars, which are enveloped in a veil of light and transparent smoke.—These towns, or these quarters of towns, are separated one from another by promontories of verdure, crowned by wooden palaces and kiosks painted in every colour,—or by deep valleys, whence arise the heads of cypress trees, and the pointed and brilliant spires of minarets.—Lamartine's Pilgrimage.

them, and crowd together in the streets, for the sake of making which the houses themselves, I suspect have been erected. The whole city is ambulatory; all are peripatetics." In most other places, let the throng be ever so great, you see people walking on, and the chief noise arises from the rattling of carriages; here, on the contrary, especially in the Strada di Toledo, every one is in a bustle for the nonce, and most vehemently so. Their tongues, too, are quite as active, or even more so than their feet; for those who are sitting or standing about are invariably talking and, of course, gesticulating, both with extraordinary vehemence; for Neapolitan talking is what elsewhere would be termed vociferating and screeching. No wonder that their Punchinello is so great a favourite with them—all ranks, the highest as well as the lowest—since he is but a personification of the national character, and by no means an exaggerated one. Women and children are not the least efficient performers in this *al fresco* street concert, and their voices make up in frequency and shrillness for what they lack in depth of bass. Add to this the continual bawling of hundreds of Stentorian lungs, whose owners are hawking about fruit and innumerable other retail commodities; and, as if all this were not quite sufficient, both the throng and the concert are further swelled by numbers of donkeys, each of which has a bell attached to its neck. Let the reader conceive the effect of a thousand postmen's bells ringing at once, and all day long, and he will obtain some notion of the Strada di Toledo. There is, to be sure, one counterbalancing advantage, namely, that the noise of carriages is quite drowned by this congregation of dins, masculine, feminine, adult, infantine, asinine, at least asino-tintinabular. And this circumstance again points out how indispensable it is for a pedestrian to be ever upon the alert, and to abstain from reveries and musings, lest some vehicle should cut them short by driving over him,—the unfortunate absentee. In fact, no ordinary presence of mind is required for perambulating this part of the town, amid an atmosphere of stunning noise and tumult, which are such that, as Webb remarks, "they sink Charing Cross to the level of still life." Nor is the eye stunned much less than the ear, so incessant and so varied is the procession of magic lantern figures and groups one here beholds. Lazzaroni, monks, porters, beggars, pick-pockets, hawkers, idlers, busybodies, wheelbarrows, cabriolets, donkeys, carriages, all pour in swarms from the neighbouring streets into the Toledo. Here you observe handsome modern shops, a little farther on you come to a range of butchers' shops, which, although they bespeak abundance of good cheer, and the Neapolitans' inclination for it, and notwithstanding that some fancy is shown in decking them out, are not particularly inviting objects for delicate folks. In some of them may be seen a row of hogs hung up just after being killed, and the blood draining from them; in others, the entrails of animals and long trains of sausages suspended like garlands, and macaroni hanging like ropes. And, as if a third sense should not be unregaled where two others are filled to repletion, a passenger may enjoy gratuitously the mingled effluvia arising from boiling, frying and cooking in the open air; for such culinary operations are here performed in the streets by those who are always ready to furnish a customer with an *improvvisu* dinner. No one can accuse the Neapolitans of being an artificial people, for they do almost every thing as naturally and unceremoniously as possible. The lower orders work, eat, drink, scold, and quarrel in the streets; they have no curtain lectures among them, but all are *pro bono publico*, and for the edification of the numerous bystanders. Occasionally a short pause intervenes: a procession of some brotherhood, with long hoods over their faces, and bearing the holy standards and ensigns, comes in sight; and the populace, who have just been laughing or quarrelling, begin to fall down on their knees, and beat their knees in the most religious manner; for who shall say that they are not devout, if bruised knees constitute devotion.

NAPLES AND THE NEAPOLITANS.—Although the number of inhabitants does not exceed four hundred thousand, and by some has been estimated at much less, Naples appears far more populous than Paris or London; for here almost every body is out of doors; shoemakers, and various other artisans, work at their respective trades in the streets. On my remarking this to a friend, he observed:—"True; the people here seem to have built houses only that they may keep out of

CHARACTER OF NELSON BY SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.—He seems to have been born with a quick and good sense, an affectionate heart, and a high spirit; he was susceptible of the enthusiasm either of the tender or of the proud feelings; he was easily melted or inflamed; to say that he was fearless, seems ridiculously unnecessary; he was not merely averse to falsehood or artifice, but he was in the highest degree simple and frank.—These qualities of his heart are not mentioned for the idle purpose of panegyric; however singular it may sound, I will venture to affirm that they formed no small part of the genius of Nelson: they secured attachment and confidence, and they revealed to him the feelings of other men—that great secret in the art of command, which reason alone can never disclose. His understanding was concentrated on his profession; and as danger must always excite where it does not disturb, it acted on his mind, in the moment of action, with the highest stimulant power, and roused his genius to exertions greater than the languor of tranquillity could have produced. Still, Windham certainly, and perhaps Fox, met Captain Nelson at Holkham, without suspecting that he was more than a lively and gallant officer. \* \* Why is it not possible to wipe out from history the scenes in the Bay of Naples? I read over the passage which respects them three or four times, in hopes of discovering a vindication; but, alas! it is impossible.—It might be thought affectation, but it is true that I have read them with no small pain.—The breach of faith to the garrisons of the two castles is certain and too atrocious.—The execution of Caraccioli is an act which I forbear to characterise. The writers admit, that at this execution was present that ferocious woman who lowered the illustrious name of an English matron to the level of a Parasian fish woman; and who made our chosen hero an instrument in deeds of cruelty and dishonour. The contrast between these horrible executions and the profligate splendour of Palermo in the autumn of 1799, as it appears by Sir T. Trowbridge's letters, reminds the reader of that union of effeminacy and barbarity which marked the worst of the Roman Emperors. From this moment the charm of the kind and honest Horatio Nelson is gone. His correspondence with his poor wife becomes cold and rare.—She, the companion of his poverty and obscurity, entirely loses him, at the moment when he became the most celebrated man in Europe. His excellent father, notwithstanding the virtues and the glories of his son, seems nobly to have joined his injured wife. What excites the most bitter regret is, that he who was seduced into barbarity and public as well as private perfidy had a soul full of honour and humanity; that he was the same who never punished a seaman, and whose nerves were convulsed at seeing him punished; that he was the very same whom the sailors called "Nel, bold as a lion, and mild as a lamb."

MATRIMONIAL SQUABLES.—On Saturday last a man was placed before the Magistrates who had been summoned by his better-half for refusing to support her. The complainant stated her case with a volubility which would defy the pen of the swiftest reporter to keep pace with it, and charged her husband with all the delinquencies under the sun. The husband recriminated, and said, that his wife had such a tongue that no mortal, unless he possessed greater patience than Job himself, could maintain a good temper under its influence. He had formerly been a baker, but had given up that business and turned miller; and he declared, that the clack of the latter was music to his ears compared with the eternal rattle of the former. At length he had come to the determination of quitting her, when she said,—"Away with you,—and the d— go with you and sixpence, and then you'll have both money and company." The complainant seemed to justify her husband's statement, for she talked incessantly. The Magistrates finding that the parties were determined not to live with each other, recommended them to go and settle their affairs at the Parish-office.—The next case was one of a very dif-