



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.

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 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 **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 20, 1835.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE "DEEP."

SHE stood lone and deserted on the shore as the boat flew through the waters to the vessel which was already under weigh.—With bitter feelings I watched her on my native strand, till her form was lost in the distance. My eyes were even then rivetted to the spot: the very buildings had a charm hallowed if I may use the term, by the presence of one who had baffled with me the storms of life unwearied and affectionate.—In a short time I was alongside, and stepped on the quarter deck of the good ship **MARY** for Barbadoes: the captain gave me his accustomed welcome, and in the same breath, desired the helmsman to lay her course to sea. The confusion on board a vessel outward bound is at all times annoying, but above all, in a fresh breeze, and with a crowded cabin. The bustle of the sailors—the reeling of the novitiates, as the vessel lurches to the wave—the stowing away of boxes, packages, hat boxes, portmanteaus, &c., &c.—the half sick faces of some, and complete sickness of others—the squeaking of pigs, cackling of geese, in short, the evident uneasiness of every animal unused to sea voyages, makes so discordant a noise, and disagreeable a *melange*, that Noah's ark could be nothing to it.

Our *live lumber* (as the sailors call passengers and poultry) was numerous. A young Israelite, two old Scotch civilians, a newly married clergyman with his young and delicate wife together with a thick headed Creole, and a bigotted Catholic, formed the principal characters of the cabin. The Jew was too much occupied with prayers and sickness to attend to any other worldly concerns—even a pig-stye, with its abhorred tenant for a companion, would doubtless have been more agreeable to him at this moment, than his berth. The cunning old Scotchmen had been the voyage before, so that while their fellow passengers were as yet strange sick and new, they busied themselves in securing the corners of the cabin for their desks, or appropriating to their use, sundry convenient pegs for their hats, caps, and cloaks,—in short, to be good and true men fra' the land o' cakes, they secured all they could secure for themselves. The married couple were too ill to help each other; the lady's eyes spoke love and fear, and her husband's were as dull as a bishop's after his feed. The Creole, who had been in England for his education, was returning with all the airs and impudence he could export, and banished his nausea by admiring with all due solemnity his legs and boots. While busy scenes were acting in the cabin, and the steward was in high request supplying doses of brandy, various domestic utensils, holding the heeds,—in short, while the steward was as busy as a bee in a tar bucket, acting as wet nurse to the full grown babies there was a scene of bustle among the crew. The hoisting in of the boats which were to be launched in other climes, the unbending and stowing away of the cables and lashing of the anchors, kept all hands in active employment; while the watchful captain with his speaking trumpet, strode the quarter-deck, and tempered his canvass to the gale.

Night crept on,—our native hills became lost in the mist and spray of the angry waves. The wind began to whistle through the rigging, and reefs were set in the topsails. The ship rolled her huge mass among the surges, as the captain paced the deck, now looking anxiously at the binnacle, then at the direction of the wind; his manner appeared to me foreboding, as he said every now and then "keep her the course"—"keep her well out." As he gazed anxiously to windward, methought it was ominous of evil.

I retired to my berth with a weary heart. The hasty and unexpected farewell I had uttered in the morning weighed heavily on me. The anxious hours of my lonely wife, in a strange town, her last gaze upon me, and her last look upon our sails as we sunk in the horizon,—in short a host of feelings worked upon me, till I became heart sore.—The sighs and groans of our fellow-passengers in the dead of the night when all was

darkness, together with the dismal creaking of the vessel as she rolled heavily about, added no comfort to my fevered brain. At last a delicious state of fitful sleep came over me. I dreamed and walked in the same minute. Thoughts came and went ere my mind could fix or dwell on any. Phantoms danced before me. Deep red streams shot in long and rapid lines. Showers of light then darkness, and brilliant beams again. In this state of half unconsciousness, I was aroused by a sudden and tumultuous sound of voices on the deck. "A sail a-head—a sail a-head: port your helm—port. She nears!" "Steady there!—she'll shoot a-head." I rushed up the companion hatchway, and could just discover another athwart our course. She appeared in the misty darkness of the night as an indistinct mass upon the water. The helmsman had ported his helm to give her time to shoot across us. The gale was driving us rapidly—"shout! shout, men!" cried the captain; "the crew are asleep, and—she does not move—down with your helm!—by God! we are foul!" The next moment there was a crash of horror. Our vessel staggered with the shock, and reeled like a drunken man. Our velocity through the water was suddenly checked; a wave broke over us, and before I could regain my breath our ship was walking in her dreary course alone!

The pilot boat had sunk! The crew, perhaps worn out with toil, were asleep, and had lashed the helm, leaving the boat to drift till dawn. Our vessel pressed on wards—its keel passed over the expiring crew! Our men stood horror struck—there was an awful silence—not a cry, not a shriek from the sufferers arose from the darkened billows that rolled astern;—the waves foamed in white surges over their grave, and the wild winds howled forth their sad, sad requiem.

The morning broke at last upon the world and the sun arose dull and heavy. It was in unison with our own hearts. A sad scene had passed since his last rays had beamed on our top-sails.

We buffeted our course, and at night-fall the Start Point was on the starboard bow.—A pilot-boat of Cawsand Bay advised us to make for Plymouth, as the night was threatening, and we were on a lee shore. The little bark then filled her foresail, and danced buoyantly on the waves, as if flying with joy to the shelter of her moorings. A West Indiaman of four hundred tons, compared with a trim pilot boat, is like the floundering of a huge whale, to the swift and elegant dolphin; so that the captain and passengers of the good ship **MARY** soon lost sight of the little guide, and night again came upon us, and all was looking black and dreary as before. The promontory stood forth on the horizon, dark and undefined, like a bravo wrapped in his gloomy mantle. The world was shrouding itself from us, and our little community, in compliment to the weather, looked very blue, heartily wishing themselves any where but near land with a strong southerly wind. The vessel added to their discomfort by her curvettings and jumpings, as elegant as an elephant's jig on a hot floor.

The pilot's prophecy was coming true, and the sailors anticipated what they call a dirty night. The captain resolved to make for Plymouth, but the pilot had sailed too far into the surrounding gloom. The elements now broke loose and began their frolic.—The eye of day appeared hitherto to have restrained their madness, and the wind and storm commenced, like wild schoolboys breaking forth in a boisterous clamour when their old pedagogue has turned his back.—"Crack on her to overhaul the pilot—shake a reef out if she'll bear it; and now gentlemen," continued the captain, "I will show you Plymouth."

Hopes are vain, and winds are like courtier's promises—fickle, and frequently mischievous. We were already within the bay, when her steersman exclaimed, "She falls from her course." "Keep her full," said the captain; and in a few minutes we were in a rush of eddy winds. The sails were all

aback, and it was a query in this dilemma whether we were to sink or swim.

The wind in a short time returned nearly to its former quarter of the compass, but the captain was afraid to venture for the port without a pilot's aid, and orders given, to tack, in order to clear if possible, the bay. "Stand by to go about," said the **Palniurus**.—"Aye, aye, sir," sounded from various parts. Their rough voices from various quarters, came loud, then weak, as the wind hurried over us; inspiring a wild idea as they sounded from the darkness and the storm, like the Red **Dæmon's** laugh in *Der Freischutz*.

All were ready. "Helm's a lee!"—"helm's a lee!" as loudly answered the helmsman. The vessel answered the helm. "Mainsail haul!" was heard from the trumpet mouth. In the same second the block sheaves creaked as the cordage traversed—the yards moved quickly round, and the good ship was on the larboard tack.

Wind and waves drove us deeper and deeper in the bay, and we were unable to weather the point. It seemed as if a magic chord was stretched from headland to headland by some tempest god, while a sad enchantment, a destructive fascination, hovered over our native hills and shores, to tempt us to our death. It was an anxious period—the gale increased—the sea increased.

"Aloft my boys, and close keep the fore-topsail," exclaimed the captain, but the crew demurred. A panic had commenced, and the commander instantly threw his hat as a challenge to the storm, into the wave beneath us as it was passing away with its sheet of foam. "Cowardly lubbers," he cried, "if fear has not unmanned you, follow me!" and he sprang up aloft, and was out at the weather yard arm before a man could overtake him. The Jacks rallied in a moment, and all tried who could reach the cross trees first. The main yard snapped in the middle like a reed in a giant's hand, and fears were entertained for the masts. The sea became terrific—at times we were engulfed in the valley of waters, and the next minute we were hanging on the summit of the surge; the face of the bravest looked lank with despair. I had remained upon deck, nursing hope, till the bantling expired in my bosom, and I descended the companion ladder, as if I had been entering the tomb. The sun will rise, thought I, in a few short hours, and the timbers which now bind us to life, will be scattered on the wave. My widowed wife may look for my return in vain—my dying words will be breathed to the gale! I entered the fore-cabin—a lamp pendant from the beam shed a dim light upon the faces of my unfortunate companions; they had long since retreated from the deck, and I beheld them now kneeling around, in deep prayer, preparing themselves, each according to his creed, for the dreadful moment of dissolution.

In the hour of peril, the fierce hatred arising from religious prejudice is miraculously absorbed. Fear is certainly contagious like the plague; I could with difficulty resist its influence. Here the panic ruled absolute, and the hymns of one party increased the fervour of the other. In one corner of the cabin, away from christian prayers, kneeled the devout Israelite. His quick and active eye, which had often glistened at gain, now darted round the cabin with an expression of despair, as his lips were uttering that in which his mind had no share. Near him were the two Scotch Presbyterians, ejaculating psalms, and near him I beheld the Protestant clergyman, and the rigid Catholic. Here I saw men side by side, who if free, would have persecuted each other to the death, now joining their prayers to the Deity of all. Sad picture of human folly, and human frailty. The impression it made upon my mind can never be forgotten. Each after the manner of his fathers, was closing his account with the world; and it was to me as an epitome of mankind at the moment of some vast and mundane catastrophe! Cold and wet, and almost exhausted with watching, I had recourse to brandy; and poor Levi, who was inclined to try my remedy, rose from his corner, and came staggering towards me, when an unlucky