

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

LONE THOUGHTS.

(From the Waverly Magazine.)

'Tis sweet, when twilight shadows steal
Across the radiant brow of even,
The zephyrs influence to feel,
So soft it seems the breath of heaven—
To view the landscape fade from sight,
Till darkness ushers in the night.

Then, on imagination's wing,
To soar beyond the vale of time,
And from the fount of knowledge bring
Some treasure for the spirit's shine,—
Some joyous theme to feed upon
While o'er life's rugged paths we roam.

'Tis sweet, in twilight dreary hour,
To pause from earthly care and think,—
To make the spirit's drowsy power,
And at the fount of wisdom drink:
It gives the weary strength to bear
The adverse scenes which all must share.

Hour the most sacred to my heart,—
Though brief thy joys as morning dew,
Though canst a soothing balm impart,
Which doth the weary soul renew,
And while thy shades encompass me
The fetters fall, and I am free.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TRUE LADY.

The editor of the *Portland Eclectic*, in the course of an essay upon the ladies, tells the following interesting and instructive tale, which we commend to our accomplished lady readers:—

We once knew a 'young lady,' who lived in style. Her parlors were elegantly furnished, and her dress was always of the latest fashion. She had her piano and her teacher, and she played Italian music charmingly—in all the exquisite graces of life she was faultless. She had a rich voice of sentiment, too, and could talk philosophy, or could discuss standard authors, at pleasure. Of course she read novels—in fact a large portion of the day was devoted to that interesting and instructive class of polite literature. She was also somewhat industrious, for she would occasionally work elegant embroidery. With an abundance of curls that floated over her neck in beautiful profusion, a fine form, hands white and delicate, large powers of conversation in the usual drawing-room style, she was followed by the young men of taste. Yet, somehow, she never got married. The 'beaux' fluttered around her like flies over a pot of honey; but they were very careful not to be caught as those other insects are apt to be. Their attentions were never so particular as to require some 'friend of the family,' to demand what were their intentions. This was no fault of the young lady. She was in the market as plainly as though she had inscribed on her forehead, 'A husband wanted—for particulars inquire within.' But the husband never, to our knowledge, came; and we believe that, at this day she is a disconsolate old maid.

What was the trouble? Step with us into the kitchen. That fat woman with a red face, is the servant of the house. She does the cooking, the washing, and the chamber work. From early dawn until late at night, she is a slave. Well, that woman is our charming young lady's mother! She never saw her daughter's 'callers'; if by accident she should drop into the parlor while visitors were present, she would hasten out again with an embarrassed manner, looking as though she had committed an offence, while her own child's face would be suffused with blushes.

Now take a walk with us. In that workshop do you see that hard-working mechanic? The wrinkles are hardened upon his face, and the grey hairs are thinly sprinkled over his head. He looks anxious, and as though his heart-strings tugged some deep sorrow and mortification. He is the father of the beautiful 'young lady,' and his hard earnings for many years have been absorbed in the expensive luxuries

that her admirable taste has craved. He, too, is excluded from the society of his own daughter.

She moves in a circle above her parents, and in short is ashamed of them. They live in the kitchen—she in the parlour. They drudge—she reaps the fruit. She has no pulsation of gratitude for all this. She despises them, and in fashionable gatherings, is among the first to curl her pretty lips at 'low mechanics,' provided she can do it safely.

Is she a true lady? No—ten thousand times—No! We object to her accomplishments—to her taste in dress—to her manners. We look upon and admire such, just as we do a superior statue of Venus. As a work of art it is beautiful; but nevertheless, it is insensate marble, having no soul, being of no use in practical life, and good for nothing but to look at.

The beauty of the mind is the true beauty; and the affectionate daughter who nestles herself lovingly into the hearts of the parents—who makes her mother her companion and confidant—who not only works with that mother, but takes the heaviest burthen upon herself—she is the true lady. She may never have struck a note on the piano, yet her house is melodious with harmony, such as angels sing. Her exterior may be humble, but her interior life is clothed in the vestment of immortal beauty.

There are many 'young ladies' whose whole character is on the surface. Dress, manners, accomplishments are all external. They have no depth of thought, no heart. They are 'outsiders.' When the scorching fires of adversity burn beneath the surface, there is no protecting the wall upreared within. The whole becomes but a heap of ashes though it may retain the outward semblance of humanity.

The true lady cultivates the higher nature. She is religious, but not fanatical—couteous, but not fawning. Reposing serenely upon the arms of her Heavenly Father, and associating with unseen angelic spirits, she meets the storm with calmness, and accepts it as a disciplinary mercy. Her sympathy ever pulsates to the cry of suffering, and her hand is ever open to relieve. She is beautiful at the bedside of the sick, beautiful through life, beautiful at the hour of her departure into the world of spirits, and transcendently and eternally beautiful in Heaven.

That is a true lady.

WISH FOR NO MAN'S WEALTH.

"I wish I had his money," said a young, hearty-looking man, as a millionaire passed him in the street. And so has wished many a youth before him, who devotes too much time to wishing, that too little is left for working. But never does one of these draw a comparison between their several fortunes.—The rich man's money looms up like a balloon before them, hiding uncounted cares and anxieties, from which they are free; keeping out of sight those bodily ills that luxury breeds, and all the mental horrors of ENNUY and satiety; the fear of death that wealth fosters, the jealousy of life and love from which it is inseparable. Let none wish for unearned gold. The sweat by which 'tis gathered is the only sweet by which it is preserved for enjoyment, for in too literal a sense is it true, that 'tis easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

Wish for no man's money.

The health, and strength, and freshness, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young love, by day and night, encircles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetousness, beat fondly with your own. None—ghoul-like—listen for the death-tick in your chamber; your shoes have value in men's eyes—only when you tread in them. The smiles, no wealth can purchase greet you—living; and tears that rarely drop on rose wood coffins, will fall from pitying eyes upon you—dying. Be wise in being content

with competency. You have, to eat, to drink, to wear, enough? then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously? He shortens life—increases pains and aches, impairs his health thereby. What if his raiments be more costly? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such regard comes ever mingled with his envy.

Nature is yours in all her glory; her ever varying and for ever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, and rocks, and streams, and holy places, know no desecration in the step of poverty; but welcome ever to their wealth of beauty—rich and poor alike.

Be content! The robin chirps as gaily as the gorgeous bird of Paradise. Less gaudy is the plumage, less splendid the surroundings. Yet no joy that cheers the Eastern beauty, but comes upon his barren hills to bless the nest that robin builds. His flight is as strong, his notes as gay, and in his humble home the light of happiness shines all as bright, because no cloud of envy dims it. Let us, then, labour and be strong—in the best use of that we have; wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those who own them, and could not bless us if we had them, as the gifts already bestowed by a wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorest man is rich; while he who counts his millions hath little joy if he be otherwise.

Forgiveness of Injuries.—It is the mild and quiet half of the world, who are generally outraged and borne down by the other half of it, but in this they have the advantage; whatever be the sense of their wrongs, that pride stands not so watchful a sentinel over their forgiveness, as it does in the fierce and froward; we should, all of us, I believe, be more forgiving than we are, would the world but give us leave, but it is apt to interpose its ill offices in remissions, especially of this kind; the truth is, it has its laws to which the heart is not always a party; and acts so like an unfeeling engine in all cases without distinction, that it requires all the firmness of the most settled humanity to bear up against it.

Prize People.—There are a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety, whose every word is practice and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though well versed in all the categories of polite behaviour, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position, not a smile out of place, and not a steep that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and social intercourse; the frankness that speaks ease and animation; the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy.

ON SALE.

PUNTON & MUNN,

Have just received, ex Brig *Dolphin*, from Quebec,
300 Barrels Superfine Canada Flour
200 Do. Pease
100 Do. Prime Pork
50 Do. Oatmeal
20 Kegs Barley:
Also, ex Brig *Eliza*, from Hamburg,
1500 Bags No. 2 & 3 Bread
285 Firkins Randers Batter
20 M. B r i c k:
And are now landing, ex Barque *Queen*, just arrived from Liverpool, in 18 days,
A portion of their Fall Supply of
MANUFACTURED GOODS,
Which will be Sold Cheap for Fish, Oil,
Sept. 24. or Cash.

NOTICES.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL—£200,000,000, IN 100,000
SHARES £20 EACH.

TRUSTEES—

JOHN SHAW LEIGH, Esq.,
JOHN NAYLOR, Esq.,
DIRECTORS, ETC., IN LIVERPOOL
CHARLES TURNER, Esq., Chairman.
J. BRANLEY MOORE, Esq., M. P., and
RALPH BROCKLEBANK, Esq., Deputy-Ch.

FIRE BRANCH.

Annual Premiums £130,000, exceeding almost every Office in the United Kingdom.
Losses promptly and liberally paid.
SECURITY OF A LARGE CAPITAL ACTUALLY PAID UP.

LIFE BRANCH.

Stamps on Policies not Charged.—Forfeitures of Policy cannot take place from unintentional mistake.
MEDICAL FEES PAID,
Moderate Premiums.—Large Bonus Declared, 1855.
Amounting to £2 per cent, per annum on the sum assured; being, on ages from twenty to forty, 50 per cent. on the premium.

PERIODS OF DIVISION EVERY FIVE YEARS.

EXAMPLES:

Date of Policy.	Age.	Sum Assured.	Premium.	Per Cent.
1845	29	1,020	242 18 4	180
1846	24	1,000	194 5 0	160
1846	33	2,900	480 15 0	320
1847	10	300	46 4 0	42
1848	23	100	14 8 2	10
1849	27	500	46 18 4	40

This Company added about £90,000 to its permanent capital, for the increased protection of its Insurers. This step distinctly shows that the Company has always acted upon the principle enunciated by one of the directors at the last Annual Meeting of the proprietors—that the interests of the assured have a paramount claim on the directors—a claim superior even to that of the shareholders themselves.

From that moment, as might be expected, the Company attained the highest consideration throughout the country, and has retained it ever since. The result is shown in the unexampled fact that its Fire Revenue alone rose in about five years from little more than £30,000 to about £130,000!

A further cause of this rapid growth lies somewhat more below the surface, but is yet of importance. From inquiry we learn that no fire office possessing half the above revenue annually deposits its accounts with the Registrar-general.

The resources and balance-sheet of this great Company are, on the contrary, annually registered, and unmistakable evidence is thus given periodically of its capacity to meet its engagements.—*Morning Herald*, December 26, 1855.

Indeed, the bonus of the 'Royal' may be pronounced to be larger than any yet declared by the mass of the English offices. Here is an office which yields a fairly earnest and wholesome reversionary bonus of 80 per centum in its Life Branch, and in regard to fire operations, can make this very enviable boast, that it has exceeded the Fire business of all but two of the London Fire offices—viz.: the receipt of nearly £130,000 per year in Fire premiums alone—some of which ancient offices have been in existence for a century! Equally successful and singular in both departments. Indeed, the Life Department may be said to present results equally as worthy of mention.—*Morning Chronicle*, November 28, 1855.

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THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

Is Edited and Published every Wednesday morning, by GEORGE WEBBER, at his office, Water-street, opposite the Premises of W. DONNELLY, Esq.
TERMS:—Fifteen Shillings per annum half in advance.

Vol. 1.

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