

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY

THE SHADOW-DEATH.

BY VIRGINIA SWOPE.

Dancing lightly in the moonlight,
Sweeping a shadow o'er the wall,
Never ceasing, never resting,
Falls that shadow, grim and tall.
Never ceasing, never waiting,
Dancing ever day and night;
Falling in the homes of sorrow,
Like the angel's wing of light.
Never ceasing, never resting,
Dancing round us one and all;
By the blue sea's dashing wavelet,
In the cot and lordly hall;
Falling now on steel-clad warrior,
Then on maiden frail and fair;
On the eagle's lofty nursling,
On the wild beast in his lair;
On the violet where it lieth,
By the blue lake's star-lit wave;
On the sturdy red-brow'd hunter,
Dashing from the mist-lined cave.
Where the pirate's young bride leans,
Through the casement, by the sea,
Watching in night's lonely stillness,
For her lover, wild and free.

Where the breeze bears gently homeward
Some lone fisher's plaintive song;
And where child of sleepeth calmly,
Guarded by an angel throng,
Like the winged wind of midnight,
Softer than an angel's call,
Is the Shadow-Death, that falleth
Darkly o'er the homes of all.

BY MRS. E. J. JAMES.

Away! away with the red, red wine!
Though it sparkle so rich and rare;
Though its taste be pleasant, its flavor fine,
Though the gold-rimmed goblet in splendor shine,
Yet, yet of the cup beware!

Away! away with the red, red wine!
Though it run so free and fair,
Though the liquid flow of the sunny vine
Around its rosy spells entwine—
Yet, yet of the cup beware!

Away! away with the red, red wine!
There is danger and darkness there;
Though it comes transformed to a thing divine,
The scales of the serpent in secret shine,
Oh! then of that cup beware!

Away! away with the red, red wine!
It brings contention and care;
And sorrows around it their fetters entwine;
There is nothing but grief in the juice of the vine—
Oh! then of the cup beware!

Away! away with the red, red wine!
Though now it may drown thy care,
Its siren song is sweet and fine—
But its victim to death it will soon consign—
Oh then of the cup beware!

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

BY JONES VERY.

My mother's voice! I hear it now!
I feel her hand upon my brow,
As when in heart-felt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days,
Of her loved boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,
Her hand is on my burning brow,
As in that early hour,
When fever throbb'd through all my veins,
And that kind hand first soothed my pains,
With healing power.

My mother's voice! It sounds as when
She read to me of holy men,
The Patriarchs of old;
And gazing downward in my face,
She smil'd each bright thought to trace,
My young eyes told.

It comes, when thoughts unhallo'd throng
Woven in sweet deceptive song,
And whispers round my heart,
As when, at eve, it rose on high,
I hear, and think that she is nigh,
And they depart.

Though round my heart, all, all beside—
The voice of friendship, love, had died—
That voice would linger there,
As when, soft pillow'd on her breast,
My young eyes told, my infant rest,
Or rose in prayer.

From *Wilmington*, June 20, 1857

THE GREAT COMET HOAX, AND REAL COMETS.

The report that a great comet, threatening annihilation or some terrible catastrophe to mankind is expected, has acquired so extensive a circulation that a few words on the subject will doubtless be read with interest.

A great and brilliant comet is indeed expected, and has been for ten years past. Astronomers began to search for it so long since as the year 1846, nor will they cease to look out until after 1862. Other phenomena, such as eclipses and occultations of stars by the moon, may be foretold to the precise minute for many years beforehand and even for hundreds of years in advance within an hour or so, but such is not the case with comets. They recede to such inconceivable distances in the remote parts of their orbits that it is impossible to say what effect undiscovered planets beyond Neptune, if such exist, or even the nearer fixed stars, may exert in hastening or delaying their return. Then the comparatively small parts of a comet's orbit during which it is visible, and upon which alone the calculation of its future positions can be based, is an unsurmountable obstacle to our ever fixing with accuracy the date of return for a comet of long period. The expectation of a great comet at the present time rests upon the supposition that the one which astonished the world in 1264 was identical with another less brilliant, which appeared in 1532. By the laborious researches of several astronomers, but chiefly of M. Bomme, of Middlebury, and our talented countryman Mr. Hind, of London, it has been shown that there is strong reason to believe in this identity, and, if so, to look for the next return within a few years of the present time, the most probable epoch being the month of August 1858.

But even this brilliant and beautiful comet were to favour us with a fresh matter for study and calculation, what have we to fear from it? However near it approaches to our earth, small comets are continually coming, generally three or four a year. Two have just gone away, and probably another may visit us before the close of the year. In 1826, eight comets were discovered. The light astronomical material of which a comet is composed is so gaseous and transparent that the most minute telescopic stars, which would be completely obscured by a slight haze, may be seen through the very center of a comet many thousand miles in thickness. Some have run so close against Jupiter as to be actually drawn from their former path and flung away into space by his powerful influence; but Jupiter rolls on undisturbed and durable, as ever, and so would our earth even if a comet were to brush against it, of which, however, there is not the slightest chance, to admit of hope for the curious, or fear for the timid, to dwell upon. Most of the comets after once approaching our sun return no more, but wander off to other systems. A few on the contrary, revolve about the sun in a similar manner to the planets, though for the reasons before given their return can never be fixed with the same precision obtainable when considering solid worlds resembling our own.

A NEW PREMONITORY SYMPTOM OF CHOLERA. The Academy of Sciences has received from Dr. Pozanski an important communication, in which it is stated:—1. That during the prevalence of cholera it frequently happens that the pulse is extremely low, and reduced to 45 or even 42 in persons apparently in perfect health. 2. That this symptom is unaccompanied by any other denoting a morbid state. 3. That when the pulse is low, the blood becomes dark and viscous while in persons whose pulse is in a normal state during the epidemic the blood is perfectly healthy. 4. That cholera only attacks those that have previously experienced a diminution in their pulse. 5. That this diminution, which often occurs weeks before the regular attack, may be considered a pathognomonic symptom of approach of cholera. 6. That those who have experienced the diminution in question have always escaped the disease whenever they have followed a regimen calculated to accelerate the circulation. 7. That the falling off of the pulse and therefore the predisposition to the disease are in general proportional to the want of energy in the circulation of the blood and to the excess of atmospheric pressure. 8. That this diminution does not occur in healthy subjects when the epidemic has ceased. If these observations be confirmed it will be easy to stay the ravages of cholera.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—The *Memorial of the Count and Countess de Bourbon-Chalus*, of Moulins, both young, left that city four mornings ago, accompanied by a friend, to visit the coal-pits of Montet, at a distance of eight leagues. On arriving at the village they early breakfasted, and then went to the pits, where they were joined by some other persons. As they were standing near the entrance of one of the pits, a cracking noise was heard, and the windlass suddenly broke down. Whether it fell any portion of the rock it struck the countess, or whether frightened by

the noise, she unconsciously darted forward, is not known; but, dreadful to relate, she fell into the pit! Her husband and the manager of the establishment immediately let themselves down by means of a rope, and found the lady lying with her limbs broken, and in a frightful state. She was still alive, and was raised to the mouth as rapidly as possible, but it was seen that she could not possibly recover, and a priest was summoned, who administered to her the last consolations of religion. Her husband, who was almost distracted, entreated her to say if she recognised him, and she faintly answered "Yes," after which she expired.

The Emperor of Russia's Summer Travels. It appears that the voyage of the Czar and Czarina will take place three or four days earlier from Constantinople than was expected. Their majesties are to embark on the 23rd instant, and will weather permitting, arrive at Kiel on the 26th, and proceed next day to pass the night at Hamburg. They will dine with the royal family at Hanover, and after sleeping at Göttingen, continue their journey to Darmstadt, where they are to remain three days, then join the Empress Dowager at Wiesbaden on the 2nd July, and on the 6th arrive at Kissingen, where the reigning Emperor will take the waters. Their Russian majesties are to travel in strict incognito, under the names of Count and Countess Borodinsk. They will, nevertheless, be complimented by persuares sent in the name of neighbouring sovereigns and princes to visit them at Hamburg. It is said that the King of Denmark will perform his duty in person, and receive their majesties on their landing. The Grand Duchess Constantine has already arrived at Elms with her children, so that the German spots west of the Rhine will be nearly all filled with members of the Russian imperial family and their immense suites. Those of the Emperor and Empress it is said amount to more than 100 persons of all ranks, with luggage sufficient for an Indian army.

THE PESTILENCE IN MONTEVIDEO. The following is an extract from a private letter, dated Monte Video, May 24th:—The mail takes home little more than tidings of sickness and death. Indeed, since the departure of the last packet we have been too much occupied in burying our friends and endeavours to save our own lives to think of business, even where there any approach to such a thing in this deserted city. Many of the mercantile establishments, the bulk of the shops and stores, and almost all the private houses, are closed entirely; and as there is quarantine upon us, not only in the neighbouring ports but also even in the surrounding villages (already overcrowded with people who fled at the outbreak of the fever), the only occupation has been endeavouring to escape the pestilence. The population remaining in the city cannot exceed, for six weeks past, 2000 to 3000, whilst the deaths amongst those variously estimated at from 1500 to over 2000, from which you will be able to form some idea of the cases of sickness. In Buenos Ayres the quarantine is vigorously enforced of 15 days, as the minimum, to be raised to 21; and there is no means of escaping it, as on board the few vessels going up, sickness has, on several occasions, broken out fatally. In the up river ports there is also quarantine. Business is so completely stopped that the most respectable houses cannot, for the time being, meet their written engagements, but as the cause is known, nobody ever thinks of protesting an unpaid acceptance. (What a calamity would have been had the whole population remained, it is impossible to imagine. Of course no one comes here from Buenos Ayres, or any other place.)

Earthquake in Germany.—The *Leipzig Gazette*, of the 8th, says that at three in the afternoon of the previous day a shock of an earthquake, which had some quakes, was felt in that town. It was likewise felt at Reichenbach in the Voigtland; at Zwickau, at Gera, and at Schwarzenberg. The shock is stated to have been strong enough to shake the windows and disarrange light pieces of furniture.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN ON IRISH POLITICS.—Mr. Smith O'Brien has again made declaration of his views on Irish politics. In a letter, apologising for his absence from a public dinner given at Rathkeale, in the country Limerick, to the Rev. Archdeacon Fitzgerald, he takes occasion to reiterate his oft-expressed opinion that, since his return from exile, he is more than ever convinced that Ireland requires a national legislature and a national executive to give to that country the full advantage of the resources which it possesses. "In the absence of such a domestic government," he says, "it seems to me that the national interests of Ireland can be best protected by sending to the British Parliament a body of members who shall hold themselves entirely independent of all English parties, and avail themselves of every opportunity that may present itself in the conflict of rival factions to secure for Ireland the enactment of useful measures and the attainment of our national rights." In conclusion, Mr. O'Brien says he expects but little good for Ireland from the legislation of a British Parliament, but admits that the earnest and persevering manifestation of Irish opinion may have some influence upon

IRELAND.

AN IRISH ELECTION.

The following scene occurred at the re-election of the new Irish Secretary last week. Just before winding up his address, Mr. Herbert thus delicately observed:—

"There is one more question to which I wish to ask your attention. It is rather a delicate one, but I trust to the good humour, kindness, and good sense of my countrymen to listen to me for a few moments on the subject. I allude to the subject of patronage. You all know, probably—at all events, you all believe—that, in consequence of the appointment I have received, I have a considerable amount of what may be called, in familiar language, 'the doves and fishes' under my distribution."

"Con. Lamb (an elector).—Signs by, you're 'be troubled with a great deal of applications. (Laughter.)"

"Colonel Herbert.—You are quite right. That's what I was coming to. (Laughter.)"

"Con. Lamb.—It's the most troublesome situation a man can hold, God help you. (Laughter.) And half of them that would cut your throat are now and scraping about you now. (Laughter from the gallery.) You want a couple of dozen clerks to read and answer your letters. I hope you will be after making out an answer, perth, you know, for me now in my old days. (Laughter.)"

"Colonel Herbert.—So much do I consider myself indebted to the electors of the country not only for the honour of electing me, but for the kindness with which they have always viewed my efforts to mine, and the forbearance they have exercised towards me, that I really speak the honest truth when I tell you that, if I consumed my own feelings, every time I saw a poor fellow who wanted a parish should have the very best place I could give him, with the best possible salary. (Laughter.)"

"Con. Lamb.—That would just suit my knuckle to a nice y. (Laughter.)"

"Colonel Herbert.—But I am placed in a public and responsible position, in which it is my duty, as far as I am able, to consult the public interests. I must just ask you to consider that if I am guilty of perpetrating a job I disgrace myself and reflect disgrace on you—(hear, hear.)—because if a man has been without opposition for ten years, your representative it reflects on your choice if it can be fairly said of him, when he comes into an official position, that he has been guilty of a job. Do not for a moment suppose that I am such a fool as to think I am going to inaugurate a period of perfect purity, and do not imagine that political and personal considerations will not have their weight. But I must remind you that the tendency of public opinion has been of late—most properly in my mind—to put down, as far as it is possible, anything like jobs or unfair patronage. Within the last few years a system has been adopted in Dublin of holding up to competition some of the best offices to be given away by the secretary. Do not suppose for a moment that I can attempt to put a stop to that system. Still, do not suppose that it will not be my wish, whenever I can legitimately, to serve any one of my fellow countrymen; but I entreat of you to remember that I have now the honour to be not only your representative, but that the whole of Ireland has other claims upon me."—(Hear, hear.)

The French journals describe a frightful crime committed by a young widow, at Pys, who poisoned two of her children, a boy of seven years old, and a girl of three, and threw their bodies into a cesspool. She is said to have fallen desperately in love with a young man, who, but for her children, would have married her, and it was to get rid of this obstacle that she committed the crime.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Lacerations of the flesh, bruises and fractures, occasion comparatively little pain or inconvenience when regularly lubricated or dressed with Holloway's Ointment. In the nursery it is invaluable as a cooling application for the rashes, excoriations and scabious sores to which children are liable, and mothers will find it the best preparation for alleviating the torture of a "broken breast." As a remedy for cutaneous diseases generally, as well as for ulcers, sores, boils, tumours and all scrofulous eruptions, it is incomparably superior to every other external remedy. The Pills, sold through Toronto, Quebec, Montreal, and our other chief towns, have a reputation for the cure of dyspepsia, liver complaints, and disorders of the bowels; it is in truth, co-extensive with the range of civilization. (See list of agents and local depots at end of volume.)

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