

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

CASABIANCA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike, form.

The flames rolled on,—he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud,—“Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!”
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

“Speak, father!” once again he cried,
“If I may yet be gone,”
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted, but once more aloud,
“My father! must I stay?”
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;
The boy,—O, where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strowed the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EARTHLY HOPES.

“And so next Thursday is to be your wedding day, Evy?” said a young girl to her companion, as they sat together in the pleasant parlour of a neat dwelling. As you have at length made Ernest happy by naming the day, I suppose your dress is finished,” she continued, looking up mischievously into the blushing face of Evy.

“Yes,” replied the latter, as if only hearing the concluding words; “yes, my dress is finished; come up stairs Clara and you shall see it.” Clara needed no second invitation; and when she had entered her friend's prettily furnished chamber, and taken her accustomed seat beside the window, the bridal robe of plain white tulle was brought from the wardrobe for her inspection. Clara, who was to be bridesmaid at the approaching ceremony, expressed approbation of the dress, as well as of several other matters on which her friend desired her opinion; and after a time she rose to go, saying “that as she had yet some preparations to make, and the day was so near at hand, she should have no time to lose.”

“But you can be ready for Thursday, can you not?” asked Evy, somewhat anxiously, as they stood at the street door.

“Oh, I shall accommodate my arrangements to the time remaining,” was the laughing reply; “I do not think it likely that you will postpone the day on my account—yes I will be ready,” and she tripped lightly down the steps and disappeared.

Evy closed the door, and ascended to her apartment to put away the bridal dress. As she looked upon it other thoughts came into her mind, and she sat down on the low chair just vacated by Clara, casting many an unconscious glance at the opposite house, in which dwelt her lover, so soon to be her husband. Her dress lay unheeded on the bed; and she sat thus for a long time busy with her thoughts; sweet, and happy ones they must have been; for a bright smile often flitted over her dewy lips giving a new charm to the joyous features, which indeed seemed only made for smiles.

Cherish those sweet thoughts pet a little longer, young misdoer—hug those visions of happiness still closer to thy bosom; for, as a sudden tempest cloud overshadows the fair arch of heaven, so shall a dark funeral pall banish thy bright visions—like blooming flowers wrested from the earth, and tossed upon the whirlwind to wither and die, shall thy sweet hopes be up-

turned from their resting-place, leaving but sorrow and desolation and darkness to thee. Cherish them, then, while thou mayest—enjoy the brief moments of bliss which they afford!

At the same hour that Evy sat talking with her friend, Ernest Wilson stood on the deck of a beautiful steamboat; not, however, as one of the passengers, but to take leave of one of his early friends, who was leaving, never perhaps to return to his native land. Brilliant prospects lured him onward, yet still he gazed with fondness and regret on the beautiful shore he was so soon to leave; for it is no commendable fortitude or philosophy which enables one to leave without emotion the hallowed home of childhood; and there was a moisture which shamed not his manhood in the young traveller's eye, as he withdrew his lingering gaze and turned to the friend, whom, as one link in the bright chain he was about to sever, he detained beside him to the last moment. The warning bell sounded, the groups on board began to separate; and parting words were spoken; hands fondly grasped in a last fond pressure, and the next moment the separation realised by many an aching heart, as the boat slowly and gracefully receded, as if willing to allow yet a few fond glances and signals between those who crowded the deck and the saddened groups who saw them depart.

Ernest Wilson, who was one of the last to leave the boat, stood silently watching its quickening motion as it swept onward, throwing the clear waters in a shower of silvery spray around its wheels, and leaving a bright track of leaping waves to still its progress. The day was one of the loveliest of early autumn; the warm sun shone down goldenly from the cloudless sky, and as its radiant beams fell upon the graceful fabric, the fluttering pennant that streamed like a thing of life above, and the gaily dressed throngs that stood beside the railing, it presented a spectacle beautiful, yet solemn. How tranquilly it glides through the opposing waves, thought Ernest, as if conscious of its power, and laughing at the few who even now shrink with dread from the mighty engine. Onward it bounds—another moment and it will disappear. Hark! that fearful crash—that appalling scream of human agony and despair. The iron-bound monster has burst its fetters, and spread ruin and death through that gallant boat with its freight, oh, how precious, of living, loving souls!

Ah! many a household will mourn—many a heart grow sad and earth-weary with the tidings that too soon will reach them; the expectant families that already in anticipation clasp the long absent ones to their hearts—the saddened and lonesome groups that have bid adieu, for a season, to the loved and cherished—and others still, to whom the first intimation of the dear ones will be the intelligence of their awful fate. O Heavenly Father, comfort them in their distress, and soothe their overwhelming sorrow!—for what sorrow, what anguish can equal theirs?

When the first shock of awe and terror was past, and men sought the fatal wreck, others moved amongst the gaily remains that had been hurled upon the shore, which but a few moments previously they had left unconscious of danger; and here, sad to relate, they discovered the lifeless remains of Ernest Wilson, so mangled and disfigured that, but for papers found in his pockets, not even his friends, who were present could have recognised that once proud and manly form. A huge fragment of iron that lay upon his chest, crushing him, as it seemed, into the earth, told the sad story of his doom; and several of his acquaintances, who had collected on the spot, sorrowfully undertook to convey his remains to the home which that morning he had left, buoyant in health and spirits.

Evy Ward was still sitting by her window lost in reverie, when the sound of many footsteps coming through the usually quiet and lonely street aroused her, and looking out she saw with astonishment several young men approaching, bearing carefully a covered litter; while a large, but silent solemn-looking crowd followed. They paused at old Mr. Wilson's house—the door was opened by one who had apparently preceded them—as they entered with their precious burden Evy thought she heard a wild scream from the mother, though the sound was too earthly in its agony to be distinguished; she saw the young man who was to be groomsmen at the approaching wedding dash the tears from his eyes as he replied to the question of a passer-by—she saw the look of horror which overspread the inquirer's face at the reply—and a suspicion of the dreadful truth rushed through her mind. At the same instant Mrs. Ward softly opened the door and approached her daughter, who, reading in her looks a confirmation of her fears, with a short, quick gasp, fell senseless in her mother's arms.

“And was it indeed Ernest, my Ernest, that I saw borne to his home dead—dead!” exclaimed Evy, wildly, when after several days she was able to sit up, and converse rationally with her mother. What a change had those few days made in that fair girl! How touching was the mournful expression of that youthful face—how full of unutterable anguish were the tones of her once gay and joyous voice! The eyes of her tender parent filled with tears as she looked upon her child, but seeing how overpowering was the resolution of her brave-

ment she strove to comfort and soothe her; but her words for a time seemed to fall on an unheeding ear. It was Thursday, the day appointed for the wedding, and the recollection added to Evy's sorrow.

“My child, my poor child,” said Mrs. Ward, at length, as she twined her arms about her trembling form, “do not give way thus. Bend humbly to the will of God; it is he that has afflicted you—rebel not, my child, against this dispensation.”

“I know I should not, mother,” replied Evy, with a fresh burst of tears. “But, alas! if you only knew how—oh, where shall I find comfort now?”

“Look up, my sweet girl! He that has afflicted will comfort you—He will give you the strength you need. And remember my own darling,” added the mother, as she now sobbed aloud, you are all I have—bear up for my sake against this.”

The right chord was touched. Evy threw her arms fondly around her mother: “I am selfish, indeed, dearest mother, but I will no longer afflict you thus; I will try to be resigned.” And with a strong effort Evy controlled her feelings, and went about the house as usual; and even tried to console Ernest's parents, who were almost overpowered by the sudden and awful death of their eldest and favourite child. But the watchful eye of the anxious mother saw that all was not right with her gentle, uncomplaining daughter. The stroke had fallen too suddenly, too deeply on her young spirit; and with all her outward calmness, and assumed cheerfulness, she knew that the stricken heart was silently breaking. Slowly, but surely, this her first deep sorrow was crushing the vital energies of that delicate young creature, so unfitted to struggle against her unexpected bereavement; and when the spring burst forth with gladness and beauty, Evy Ward bowed her head meekly to the stroke of death, and in her mother's arms breathed out her gentle, sorrowing spirit.

They laid her beside her betrothed, in the quiet churchyard; and deep and sincere was the grief of many for the two young beings so sadly stricken down in the morning of their existence—an existence which had bid fair to be so bright and joyous. Mrs. Ward did not long survive the death of her only child. She sunk into a decline, from which there was no recovery for one so lonely and desolate; and ere the anniversary of the fatal day which had brought sorrow and anguish to so many, and blighted forever their pleasing hopes and bright anticipations, mother and daughter slept together in one grave.

M. L. M.

A FLIRTATION WITH A FAIR AMERICAN.

“What flirts all you men are,” said she. “But oh, my sakes! ain't that tree lovely! just one mass of flowers. Hold me up, please, Mr. Slick, till I get a branch of that apple-tree. Oh dear! how sweet it smells.”—Well, I took her in my arms and lifted her up, but she was a long time a chousing of a wreath, and that one she put round my hat, and then she gathered some sprigs for a nosegay. “Don't hold me so high, please. There, smell that, ain't it beautiful? I hope I ain't a showin' of my ankles.”—“Lucy, how my heart beats,” said I, and it did too, it thundered like a sledge-hammer; I actually thought it would have torn my waistcoat buttons off. “Don't you hear it go bump, bump, bump, Lucy? I wonder if it ever busts like a boiler; for holdin' such a gal as you be, Lucy, in one's arms ain't safe, it is as much as one's—” “Don't be silly,” said she, leavin' 'er or I'll get right down this minit. No,” she said, “I don't hear it beat; I don't believe you've got any heart at all.”—“There,” said I, bringin' her a little farther forward, “don't you hear it now? Listen.”—“No,” said she, “it's nothing but your watch tickin',” and she laughed like anything. “I thought so.”—“You hav'n't got no heart at all, have you?” said I.—“It never has been tried yet,” said she; “I hardly know whether I have one or not.”—“Oh! then you don't know whether it is in the right place or not?”—“Yes, it is,” said she, “a pullin of my whiskers; 'yes, it's just in the right place, just where it ought to be,” and she put my hand on it, where else would you have it, dear, but where it is?” But, hush! said she; I saw Eunice there. Set me down quick, please. Ain't it provokin' that gal fairly harnts me. I hope she didn't see me in your arms. I'll lift her up to the tree too, said I, if you like; and then—“Oh no! said she, it ain't worth while. I don't care what she says or thinks one snap of my finger.—Sam Slick.

A KNOWING BEGGAR.

A beggar posted himself at the door of the Chancery Court, and kept saying, “A penny, please, sir! Only one penny, sir, before you go in.”—“And why, my man?” inquired an old country gentleman.—“Because, sir, the chances are you will not have one when you come out,” was the beggar's reply.—Punch.

An Irishman, on being told that a newly-invented stove would save just half his usual fuel, “Arrah, then, I'll have two, and save it all, my Jewel.”

The *Deseret News* (Mormonite) has the following story. “A woman was walking, and a man looked at her and followed her. The woman said, ‘Why do you follow me?’—He answered, ‘Because I have fallen in love with you.’—The woman said, ‘Why are you in love with me?’—My sister is much handsomer than I! she is coming after me, go and make love to her.’—The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman and said, ‘Why did you tell a story?’—The woman answered, ‘Neither did you speak truth; for if you are in love with me, why did you go after another woman?’—The man was confounded. We should rather think he was.

The *Morning Post* revives a good story appropos to English reserve. An Englishman and a German were travelling together in a diligence and both smoking. The German did all in his power to draw his companion into conversation, but to no purpose; at one moment he would, with a superabundance of politeness, apologise for drawing his attention to the fact that the ash of his cigar had fallen on his waistcoat, or a spark was endangering his neckerchief. At length the Englishman, exclaimed, “Why the deuce can't you leave me alone! Your coat-tail has been burning for the last ten minutes! but I didn't bother you about it.”

AN HONEST CONFESSION.—The course of true love never does run smooth. A young gentleman lately found it so; and, as he thought, to punish the hesitating fair one, rushed off and married himself to another. He was a splendidly handsome fellow. The subject being talked of at some party, one of the company asked, “was it not very sudden? I did not know that he was acquainted with her.” Upon some one answering, “He was a foolish fellow, and being angry with Miss Smith, determined to marry the first girl he met in his pique,” a young lady, who was present, innocently exclaimed, “Oh dear me, I wish he had met me in his pique!” we never heard of a better specimen of thinking aloud.

A physician once advised Sydney Smith to “take a walk upon an empty stomach.”—“Whose stomach?” asked the wit.

The woman who was driven to her wit's end, found her way back last week, having given her pursuers the go-by.

The negroes in the West Indies say that monkeys are little men who won't talk for fear they should be set to work.

EDITORIAL APPEAL.—An Eastern editor announces the arrival of a twelfth responsibility at his house, and makes the following appeal thereafter. “More subscribers wanted immediately at this office.”

—Printers on the wing! “Among other innovations which the mammoth steamer Great Eastern is about to inaugurate, will be the publication of a daily paper on board for the benefit of the travelling public—the regular ‘public of travellers’—whom she may be bearing across the ocean. This startling feature is anticipated on the western waters of the New World; for the New Orleans and St. Louis packet steamer James E. Woodruff now sails equipped with the force and material for the publication of a regular daily paper on board during her trips up and down the river, with a job office attached, for the printing of bills of fare and other work.”

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