

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN

SELECT POETRY.

SEASONS OF LOVE.

The spring time of love
Is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms
And balm in our way;

The summer of love
Is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove, and valley,
Their music impart;

The autumn of love
Is the season of cheer—
Life's mild Indian summer
The smile of the year;

The winter of love
Is the beam that we win,
While the storm scowls without,
From the sunshine within.

G. P. MORRIS.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

BY R. HINCHCLIFFE.

Solemn, tranquil midnight reigns,
Moonbeams gild the landscape fair;

Hallowed numbers, soft and low,
Spread their harmony around;

Are the notes that float along
Whispered by some heavenly band—

Say, what is't that soothes my soul—
Steals so softly on my ears?

MISCELLANEOUS.

"OUR HATTY."

She might have had twenty other names, but that was the only appellation I ever heard. It was, "Get out of the way, Hatty!"—"I dare say Hatty broke that vase, or lost that book!"—"Don't come here; what a fright you are, Hatty!"

stars, the fleecy clouds, and the brilliant rainbow, the silver moonbeam, and the swift lightning; and an artistic eye, seeing her soul-lit face at that small window, might have fancied her some Italian improvisatrice.

That young daughter of yours differs very much from the rest of the family, Mr. Lee," said a maiden lady who was visiting there. "Yes, yes!" said the old man, with a shrug.

"I'm sure I don't know. Wife says she has a little den at the top of the house, where she sits star-gazing. Queer child, that Hatty! plain as a pike-staff," and Mr. Lee took up his newspaper, and put his feet on the fender.

"No, no!" said Hatty pushing back a tangled mass of dark hair; "but it's so odd you should want to come. Nobody ever wanted to see me before."

"And why not, Hatty?" said Miss Tabetha. "Well, I don't know," replied Hatty, with touching meekness and simplicity.

"Who told you that, Hatty?" "All of them down stairs," said she; and I don't care about it, only—only, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I have not done so for some time," replied Hatty, shrinking back. "Come here, and look in this little mirror. Do you see those large, dark, bright eyes of yours?"

"Come here, and look in this little mirror. Do you see those large, dark, bright eyes of yours? Do you see that woe of raven hair, which a skillful hand might render a beauty instead of that tangled deformity?"

"Oh, Miss Tabetha, please don't! It's only a little scribbling, just when I felt wretched!—please don't!" "Yes, but I shall, though. It's just what I want to see most."

"A genius, you delicious little bit of simplicity—a genius! You'll know fast enough what it means; and to think that I should be the first to find it out!"

"Look here, Hatty, does anybody know this?" inquired Miss Tabetha, holding up the manuscripts. Hatty shook her head.

"Five years had rolled away. A new life had been opened to Hatty. She had grown into a tall graceful woman. Her step was light as a tawn's. Her face—not beautiful certainly, if tried by the rules of art—and yet who that watched its ever-varying expression would stop to criticise?"

"They had almost forgotten her at Lee House. Sometimes they wondered 'If Miss Tabetha wasn't tired of her.' Miss Tabetha thought she would let them know, and unbounded was

their amazement when she ushered "Our Hatty" in. It was unaccountable! She was really "almost pretty!" Still there was the same want of heart in their manner to her; and the little old maid could not have kept within bounds, had she not had powerful reasons of her own for keeping quiet for a time.

"By the way, Miss Tabetha," said Mr. Lee "as you are a blue-stocking, can you enlighten me as to the author of that charming little volume of poems, which has set all the literary world astray. It isn't often I get upon stilts, but I'd give something to see the woman who wrote it."

Miss Tabetha's time had come. Her eyes twinkled with malicious delight. She handed him a volume, saying, "well here is a book I was commissioned to give you by the authoress herself."

Mr. Lee rubbed his glasses, set them astride his nose, and read the following on the fly-leaf:—"To my dear father, James Lee; from his affectionate daughter, The Author."

Mr. Lee sprang from his chair, and seizing his child by both hands, ejaculated, "Hatty Lee, I'm proud of you!"

"Teafs gathered slowly in her large eyes, as she said "Oh, not that! Dear father, hold me once to your heart, and say "Hatty I love you!"

"Oh, what is fame to woman? Like the apples of the dead sea"—far to the right, ashes to the touch! From the depths of her unsatisfied heart, came a voice that will not be hushed—Take it all back, only give me love!

FANNY FERN.

LADY FRANKLIN'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The following letter from Captain McClintock will be read with interest:—"Yacht Fox, lat. 71, off Cape Cranstown; closed at Uppernavik Aug 6."

"My dear Barrow,—Although I have but little news to relate, I am sure you will be none the less rejoiced to hear from the poor little Fox. There she is off Cape Cranstown, in lat. 71 deg, having on board an Esquimaux and ten very fine dogs obtained at Disco. She also is complete with coals, having lled up in the coal cliffs in Waigat Strait. I have sent home one of my crew, who proved to be consumptive, and leaving proved the others pretty well, I can answer for their soundness and willing cheerfulness. We get on admirably—exactly as in the old Intrapid. At Uppernavik I saw two whaler captains, whose ships were crushed in Melville bay last June. They seemed to think I should not experience any difficulty. I cannot find that we have forgotten anything, great as was the hurry of sailing. We are very comfortable; our provisions are most excellent. The Fox sails well, but steams slowly in consequence of the screw being too small. As she gets lighter she will go better. I have tried her among the ice, and had that her sharp bow readily opens a passage where a bluff one would knock in vain."

"I did not stop at Atonkeruaak, where the fossil wood and leaves are, so have none to bring home for your friend."

"I write on this opportunity to beg that the Admiralty may grant to my crew upon their return, if successful, that their time for pension may be allowed to count. I am most fortunate in my officers and crew; all deserve my praise alike."

Aug. 6.

"Blowing strong from the southward. Hope to off Uppernavik. We have got 30 dogs, and are about to proceed on our voyage, so I must end rather hastily."

Yours very sincerely,

"F. L. MCCLINTOCK."

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

A Pesth paper says there have been 105 bankruptcies in Vienna during the last two months. There are four small firms suspended on the 31st October.

A board of Trade notice states that the prohibition to export gold and silver from Islay and other parts of Peru has, by a recent decree, been suspended.

Forty workmen destined for the works on the Roman railway have left Marseilles for Civita Vecchia. These men had been previously employed on the Southern line.

Four Mongol tribes who have been hitherto subjects of China have recognised the sovereignty of Russia, which has granted them an exemption from taxation for several years.

The number of emigrants who embarked at Bremen during the present year to the end of September was 42,822. In the corresponding period of 1856, 31,550 had taken their departure from that port.

M. Frecht, a shipbroker of Ham Lurg, who is said to have possessed property in ships and houses to the amount of several hundred thousands of marks, committed suicide when he heard of the loss of the steamer Comet, in which he held a fourth share.

The Gazette contains a notice from the Board of Trade that no foreigner will be permitted to enter Spain unless provided with a passport, duly signed by the Spanish consul or consular agent in the country from which such foreigner may come.

The chief of the railway station of Montigny blew out his brains a few days ago, in consequence, it is said, of his having appropriated to his own use some of the money of the company, the discovery of which he feared. He has left a wife and several children.

A St. Petersburg letter announces the establishment of steamers for the conveyance of passengers and goods on the river Moskva from the capital to the conflux of the Oka and the Moskva, between Orel and Nijni-Novgorod on the Oka, between Tver and Simbirsk on the Volga.

An extensive joint-stock company has just been formed at Moscow, to explore and work the coal, sulphur, and other mineral products which are said to abound in the provinces of Moscow, Kaluga, and Tver. The company proposes also to establish smelting furnaces and forges, and to carry on a trade in iron and other metals.

The English residents in Paris have held a meeting at which resolutions were entered into to raise a sum of £5000, in shares of £25 each, to purchase the chapel in the Rue d'Aguesseau, with the view of making it free to the English in that city. The scheme is to be submitted to Lord Cowley for approval.

According to the inquiry instituted by the Russian Government relative to the fire on the Canal of Ladoga, it appears that, out of 672 vessels and boats which were there, 37 were burnt and 131 sunk; 91 vessels and 225 boats were more or less damaged. The loss is estimated at 300,000 silver roubles. No lives were lost.

It appears that one of the English engineers of the Cagliari has gone quite out of his mind, owing to the continued and increasing ill treatment he has received from his Neapolitan gaolers.—It is stated from Turin that 11 of the crew have been set at liberty by the Neapolitan government, but not the captain, who still remains in confinement.

IRISH WIT.—Captain West of the steamship Atlantic, has quite a character on board his ship in the person of Pat.—On his last voyage the following colloquy took place:—"Which way does the wind blow, Pat?"—"West south-west, half west, a little westerly."—"If you will improve on that, I'll order a bottle of wine for you."—"Be dad I'll do it; west south-west, a little westerly, Captain West." The Captain immediately ordered up a tumbler and a cork-screw.

JONATHAN'S IDEA OF A STORM AT SEA.—If you would have an idea of the ocean in a storm, just imagine ten thousand mountains, all drunk, and chasing one another over newly-ploughed ground, with lots of caverns in it for them to seep into now and then.

Mrs. Cook wishes to know, should Russia and Turkey go to war, if that will prevent our getting any turkeys at Christmas; and if Greece should rise, will she get a high price for her kitchen-stuff.

A well-dressed young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, ran his head against a young lady. He began to apologise. "Not a word, sir," she cried; "it is far too soft to hurt anybody."

HOLLOWAYS 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 a cooling application for the rashes, excoriations and scabrous 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, all 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 fact, co-extensive with the range of civilization.

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