

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

TO FANNIE.

(From the Waverley Magazines.)

Oh, strike again, thou minstrel fair,
That harp of thine so long unstrung;
And let the zephyrs round thee bear
The strain thou has so often rung;
Breathe forth thine ever thrilling tone,
O'er fraught with sweetest melody,
To cheer my heart, so sad and lone,
And bid my darksome visions flee.

I would not ask of thee a boon
I knew thou couldst not grant to me,
Or speak a single word to wound
Thy heart, from sorrow free;
But ah, I could not speak
The thoughts within my bosom pent,
Thy lyre would then its silence break
And to its sweetest notes give vent.

Then lightly touch the silver chord
Of poesy, that I may hear
The falling of each gentle word,
To whisper hope and banish fear;
For music, sweet and soft as thine,
Methinks has some celestial power
To make the mortal soul divine,
And soothe to rest in sorrow's hour.

THE LOVER'S INQUIRY.

Softly the zephyrs steal
At sunset's pleasing hour,—
But gentler far we feel
Love's more genial power.

How lovely the smiles play
Upon thy beautiful face,
Like a bright summer day,
Combined in every grace.

The glances from thy eyes
Speak volumes to my heart,
And, too, beneath the skies
All bliss to me impart.

Say, hast thou ever felt
The glowing charm of love,—
Has e'er its presence dwelt,
Or in thy presence strove?

Oh, say not no, my love,
For it must ever be,—
Ennobling thoughts will move
Where beauty's face we see.

Ah, say thou lovest me not,
My heart indeed is broke—
I never could bear the thought,
How then survive the stroke?

Upon thy smile or frown
Alone depends my bliss,—
Or, if thou wilt me crown,
Give me a sweet, sweet kiss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MATRIMONY PREVENTIVE OF CRIME.

'Now I very much doubt that,' says the bachelor, as he smokes his cigar with unusual energy. 'How can it be stated, by a reasonable man, that a scolding wife, crying children, and accumulated expenses, would have a tendency to save from crime? Sooner should we judge that the poor victim would plunge into error from mere desperation!'

Not so fast, not so fast, my good friend Celibacy; you are gazing on the dark side of the picture, and I fear you view the darkest shades only. There was the sweet Lily Lee; George Noble loved her for her modesty, worth, and attainments. He loved ere he was aware of it: a fluttering of the heart when she presented herself, and a year lest some one should secure the fair Lily, revealed the tale even to himself. Time passed away, and she was his own: time still passed, and little daguerreotypes gazed fondly upon him. If tempted to indulge in fashionable lolly, he thought of his 'Eden' at home, and wisely resolved to guard it

against the intrusions of the 'serpent.' If for no other reason, for the sake of his own pure Lily he would never prove aught but Noble. See Harry Goodman, who married Beil Worthy ten years ago. Is not his home a little paradise? Is it not a thousand times dearer to him than any other place earth affords? What, think you, he says about marriage? 'Ned, never think of being a bachelor, unless you would deprive yourself of a safeguard to virtue. If I felt an inclination to resort to the haunts of dissipation, the wish to enjoy the respect and love of my wife, and to set a good example for my little ones would more effectually influence me, than would all the 'revised statutes' of our own loved America.'

It is not the married man that mutters, 'I care for no one, and no one cares for me.' No, indeed! If there is sympathy and encouragement in the world, a man may expect to find it in the bosom of his own family.

From an old paper we take the following statement: 'In the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, there were 130 prisoners. Of these were,—married, 16; unmarried, 101; widows and widowers, 13. The drinking habits of these 130 convicts, were thus classified: temperate, 9; moderate, 20; intemperate, 101.'

As 'facts' speak louder than words, we think our bachelor friends will brush their coats, adjust their collars, and endeavour to better their prospects.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

Who that has been blessed with kind sisters, has not had one particular one, around whose heart his affections clung with a deeper, a more trusting love than the other—one to whom he could confide every little secret of his heart without a single fear—to whom he could always go and unfold his sorrows, and whose tears would mingle with his as they fell upon his rosy cheeks? Was he not happy in her trusting love? Ah, yes! And how often would he put his little arms around neck, and imprinting a kiss upon her cheek, call her his dear good sister—his earthly angel. There would be no deception there; it would be the pure outpourings of his innocent and unstained heart.

To be thus loved and thus cared for, is the highest joy of a childish heart. When play mates are unkind to them—when their little hearts are near breaking with sorrow, oh! how they will flee to that sister for sympathy and comfort. The place which that sister occupies in his heart is truly an enviable one; for, as he comes up life's rugged steep to manhood's summit, that love and esteem of his childish years grows more and more endearing, and each still strive to make each other's path in life smooth and sunny, and strew beside it the sweet flowers of affection.

With what heartfelt pleasure can they, through memory's eye, look back upon their youthful years. Each little kindness, each gentle word then spoken, awakens within their hearts the kindest feelings.

What a beautiful picture they can hang upon Memory's wall, and gaze upon through long, long years, with the same sweet pleasure as when they first looked upon it.

Kind reader, this is no flight of fancy—far from it. I have felt, (as I trust many of you have,) the love of such a sister. I have confided to her all the secrets of my little heart, and received in return gentle words and loving smiles. And now when manhood's shades are on my brow, I love as fondly and as trustingly that dear sister. I trust that you, kind reader, know the love of a dear sister; if not, you lose one of Heaven's greatest blessings.

The members of a family are like the waves of the sea—separate, yet united. Bickerings are winds, producing commotion amongst them; but there is this difference—the ocean has no power to resist the tempest, while the family may always avoid the tempest of strife.

A SCHOOLBOY being asked by the teacher how he should flog him replied, "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system—the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light!"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

SCENE IN THE CABIN OF AN ALABAMA BOAT.

Enter a reverend gentleman, pointing out a trunk to the porter, said—

"Here porter, take this trunk ashore. A Frenchman rising from a chair close by, exclaims—

"Dat ish my thrunk. What for you want to carry my thrunk ashore for? Dis is not my place."

Rev. Gent.—"I repeat, that you must be laboring under—"

Frenchman.—"By dam, you tink dat ish your thrunk, hey! May be you got one key to that thrunk? I got one key. May be my key will unlock that one thrunk, too." Takes out and applies the key to the lock and opens the trunk.

"Ah, ah! my key fit your lock. You say dis is your thrunk. May be dis is your fightin' iron, too?"—holding up and exhibiting a revolver—"You say you thrunk, hey! You pistol? By dam! My thrunk, too! Dish ish my revolver. By gar! look see here; dis your Him Buk?—shuffing dexterously a pack of cards. Ah, ah! you Him Buk? Dish is my pack of cards. Your one blackleg, hey? I gambles. I peet you one, two, tree rubers!"

The reverend gentleman could stand no more, but bolted through the companion way amid the roars of the passengers. We will save his credit, by saying, that he pointed on the deck, a trunk similar to the Frenchman's, having the same initials on the end, which the porter seized and carried ashore.

A Jeweller advertises that he has a number of precious stones to dispose of; adding, that they sparkle like the tears of a young widow.

What will the London brewers say when they hear that, at Rhode Island, in America, the beer is brewed so strong that it requires three men to blow the head off a pot of porter, and they must be tolerably long-winded!

A little girl, on hearing her mother say that she intended to go to a ball, and have her dress trimmed with bugles, innocently inquired if the bugles would all blow up while she danced. "Oh, no," said the mother; "your father will do that when he discovers that I bought them."

ON SALE.

PUNTON & MUMFORD,

Have just received, ex Brig *Dolphin*, from Quebec,

500 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 Butter

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.

BY THE SUBSCRIBER,

Ex *Boneta*, from Baltimore,

Superfine Baltimore Flour, Prime Pork

White Corn Meal, Rice;

Ex *Acastus*, from Montreal,

Superfine Flour, Butter, Pease, &c.

And, ex *Queen*, from Liverpool,

An Assortment of British Manufactured

G O O D S

which will be Sold low for Cash, Fish,

or Oil.

Oct. 15. W. M. DONNELLY.

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ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

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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.	Sum Assured.	Premium.	Div.
1845 29	£ 1020	£ s. d. 242 18 4	180
1846 24	1000	194 5 0	160
1846 33	2900	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.

FREDERICK G. BUNTING, Esq., M.D.,

Medical Examiner.

BROCKLEBANK & ANTHONY,

Agents for Newfoundland.

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