

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY

LOVE.

BY COLERIDGE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of LOVE,
And feed his sacred flame.

Of in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best when'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land!

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

But sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darkness shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich the balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long;

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she slept aside;
As conscious of my look she slept—
Then suddenly with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beautiful bride!

AMERICA IN HYSPERICS.

The London Punch, at the request of numerous American friends, devotes a portion of his speech to the immortalising of a few of the addresses transmitted from the various States in New York in honor of the Atlantic Cable:—

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

I salute ye. The deed is done. A new heart-string, forgotten at creation, has been inserted into the world, and henceforth its pulses will keep time to flapping of the wings of our almighty and inextinguishable eagle. May the blood of freedom course along that giant's vein with the rush of Niagara, and sweep away before its mightiness the mouldering ceremonies of antiquated hallucination.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

The golden harp of civilization and progress needed one chord of iron to sustain her sterner harmonies, and it has been added by Cyrus W. Field. May it sound in glory and vigour until the end of time, and five and twenty minutes later.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE

Noble, O thrice men! Nobler than Canute, the French tyrant, Cyrus the Great has ordered the sea to obey his behest, and ocean has obeyed him. Xerxes, the haughty Roman, caused letters to be thrown into the Archipelagus in sign of his dominion; but Cyrus W. Field has thrown one letter across the waste of waters, not for dominion, but for freedom. O noble men, let us huzur!

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI

When the heart would speak in the presence of a miracle, the words feeble; but our souls rush out in song; and we sing to you, brothers, in the strains of our native and inimitable land:

London it is very big,
America is bigger;
Do not let us care a fig
Which cuts the better figure.
Send the current to and fro,
The bottle round the table,
Nothing in creation, no,
Licks the Atlantic Cable.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA.

Hail Columbia, happy land Now fast linked to England's sand. Let us join with heart and hand Ocean is repealed To her coral rocks and shelves Lo the cable dives and delves. Let us drink our noble selves. Likewise Cyrus Field.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF OHIO

If England has given us no more towards our great American sea triumph, she has given us a thought in the name of her little vessel which waited upon our giant fleet. The Agamemnon's name is a corruption of Memnon, the Ancient Hebrew warrior, whose statue, on the plains of Thessaly, sounded one note when the morning sun shone upon it. So, now when the sun of enlightenment dawns from America upon accidental darkness, the electric ray flashes from us to the Hibernian shore, may the inexpressive slaves of feudalism or the first time raise the music note of liberty.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA.

We salute you, give old England rope enough and she will hang herself, but not in despair. No, the aged and effete island ties herself to the apronstrings of vigorous young America, and looks to her for support.—Shall England look in vain, my brothers?

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Yankee Doodle used to ride
On a little pony,
Now he talks to 't other side
In twenty minutes on'y

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF DELAWARE.

The boys must have their amusements, and so we've tied England to a long string, and we'll fly her like an almighty kite. When we're tired of the sport, and want to be quit of it, we calculate we'll just wind her in, and hang her up on one of our unfathomed forests. Guess we've atalied the tarnation old caution at last; yes, siree.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS.

This here we look upon as the real creation of the world, the other was but a sort of the rehearsal. Now is given to the eastern

inarticulate continents a voice of humanity and intelligence, and they can now whisper their hopes and their fears to majestic America, and receive from her lessons of wisdom and greatness. The educational work is confided to us, friends, and we will not be slack. Along the awful chasms of the roaring ocean shall fly the teachings of liberty, and Field's wire, like the spear of Uranus shall touch the squat toad of despotism at the ear of Eve, and the Fiend, starting up in all his sulphurous ignominy of ugliness, shall be spiked like a bug-bee upon the crystal weapon of Columbia.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

Old Virginny never tire,
But dance on the electric wire
Clare de kitchen, &c.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Friend Field, thee have, according to worthy evidence, done thy part of the task, and it is well. When thee fastened both ends of thy string, and fixings, and has greatly and firmly reduced the price of thy messages, we may see cause for further communication with thee. Meantime friend we wish thee success, but decline to burn money in fireworks, melt it in strong liquors, or waste it in wasting time upon idle demonstrations. Amen!

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.

Two nations in two different ages viz, Stand prominently out of the abyss, One, England, a respectable old boss, And one America, a giant loss.

The power of nature could no further go, So made C. W. Field to join the two— This is all the room Mr. Punch can this week spare to these remarkable productions, and will only add that it does not appear to him wonderful that under such terrific pressure and strain of compliment, the unfortunate cable, being of English make and unused to hyperpole, gave way, and sent down shares from £915 to £250.

UNITED STATES, Dec. 29.—The Washington correspondent of New York Evening Post says that the Yankee Government is offered the six northern States of Mexico in consideration of the recognition of Comport and the payment of twelve million dollars.

The New York Herald learns that the bill for the Repeal of the Fishery Bounties, passed by the House referred to the Committee on Commerce, will shortly be reported back by that committee, with a recommendation for its passage.

POST OFFICE NOTICE

MAILS will be made up at the General Post Office for the following places:—
Harbor Grace and Carbozear, on Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, at half-past nine o'clock A.M.

Brigus, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at half-past nine o'clock A.M.

Trinity, Bonavista, and King's Cove every Thursday at half-past nine o'clock, A.M.

Greenspond, every alternate Thursday, commencing on Thursday, the 2nd September, at half-past nine o'clock, A.M.

Bay Bulls and Ferryland every Wednesday at 10 o'clock, A.M.

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St. Mary's Placentia Little Placentia, Harbor Buffett, Mirasleen, Isle of Valen, Odein, St. Kyril's Burn, Harbor Briton, and Burgeo every alternate Tuesday at 8 o'clock, P.M. commencing on Tuesday 28th Instant. Letters, repaid by postage stamps and newspapers must be dropped into receiving boxes until 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

W. L. SOLOMON,
Post Master General,
Post Office department,
St. John's Nfld., 24th Aug., 1858.

THE CONCEPTION BAY-MAN

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Notice.

BRITANNIA LIFE Assurance Company
1, PRINCESS STREET BANK, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED—1837.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, IV. vii. cap. 1A.

ADVANTAGES OF THIS INSTITUTION

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Credit given for half the amount of the First even Annual Premiums, the amount of the unpaid Half-Premiums being deducted from the sum assured when the Policy becomes a claim SUM ASSURED PAYABLE DURING LIFE.
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	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	
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30	0	12	3	0	1	19	0	19	7
35	0	12	3	0	1	19	0	19	7
40	0	12	3	0	1	19	0	19	7
45	0	12	3	0	1	19	0	19	7
50	0	12	3	0	1	19	0	19	7
55	0	12	3	0	1	19	0	19	7
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