

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

WINTER.—Burns

The wintry west extends his blast, And hail and rain do blow;

The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast The joyless winter day,

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty These woes of mine fulfil;

CHARADE.—By Præd.

COME from my first, ay, come! For the battle hour is nigh;

Toll ye my second, toll! Fling wide the flambeau's light,

Call ye my Whole,—ay,—call The lord of lute and lay!

ANSWER.—Campbell

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GOVERNESS.

"If you please, ma'am, a young woman in the hall, dressed in mourning, wishes to speak with you."

The lady addressed might have been (we are aware we are treading on debatable ground) about thirty-eight years of age.

Slightly raising her eyebrows, she said, "So you are the young person who answered my advertisement for a governess?"

"Indeed," said Mrs. Fay. "Yes, and when I pull out her comb and let all her beautiful hair down over her shoulders, papa says it looks like waves of gold."

And thither, fair reader, we will follow her. Poor Grace! Left to herself, a sense of her utter loneliness overpowered her, and she wept like a child.

But Grace Clifford was a Christian. She had been early called to suffer; she knew who had mixed for her the cup of life, and she pushed it not away from her lips because the ingredients were bitter.

Reader, have you never in a summer's day rambled to admire in some secluded spot a sweet flower that had sprung up as if by magic—rich in colour, beautiful in form?

Repulsed by her mother, who saw nothing in that little shrinking form but a bar to the enjoyment of her empty pleasures; doated on by a father who was the slave of Mammon, and who, unable to fathom the soul that looked out from the depths of those clear eyes, lavished as a recompense for the many unanswered questions prompted by her restless mind, the costliest toys of childhood;—from all these would Meta turn dissatisfied, to clasp her bosom the simplest daisy that decked the meadow, or to hail with rapture the first sweet star that came stealing forth at evening.

Such was Grace Clifford's pupil. All thought of herself was soon lost in the delight of watching her young mind develop; and if a thought of her responsibility as its guardian sometimes startled her, yet it always made her more watchful, more true to her trust.

Often when engaged in their studies, when Meta's love-speaking eyes were fixed upon her young teacher, and the flush upon her delicate cheek was coming and vanishing like the shadows of a summer cloud, would Grace tremble for the frail casket that contained so priceless a gem.

Meantime, Mrs Fay continued her treadmill round of visiting, shopping, and dressing, occasionally looking into the nursery, quite satisfied her child was wonderfully improved in beauty, and willing to take it for granted every thing else was as it should be.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Fay. "Yes, and when I pull out her comb and let all her beautiful hair down over her shoulders, papa says it looks like waves of gold."

Mrs. Fay walked up to her husband, and said in a hissing whisper, "So this accounts for the interest you take in the child's studies! In my opinion that Grace Clifford, with her sly, demure face, is a great flirt—I thought she was too pretty when I engaged her."

The next day, as Grace sat busy with her work, with Meta beside her, the child suddenly looked up and said, "What is a flirt, Miss Clifford?"

Grace was about to burst into a hearty laugh, but there was a look almost amounting to distress in Meta's face that checked her.

that you are a flirt, and I thought—and the child hesitated—it meant something naughty, because mamma was so angry."

Poor Grace! The blood rushed in a torrent over cheek, neck, and brow. Meta, frightened at the effect of her question, began to sob as if her heart would break, when the door opened and Mr. Fay came in. Grace rushed precipitately past him, and gaining her own room, burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Suddenly she was startled from her reverie by the sound of hurrying feet in the hall. A quick rap at the door and a summons to Meta's room followed. She had been taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. Grace forgot everything in her anxiety for her darling, and hastily snatching a dressing gown, she flew to her room.

With the tenderness of a mother she changed the heated pillows, parted the thick curls from her little forehead, bathed the throbbing temples, and tendered the thousand little nameless services, known only to the soft step, quick eye, and delicate hand of woman.

Meanwhile the mother slept quietly in an adjoining room, soacing herself that the doctor knew better than she what was best for the child, and fearing the effect of night vigils upon her complexion.

When Mr. Fay returned with the physician Meta had sunk into an uneasy slumber. Resigning her post to him, Grace watched his countenance with an anxious eye while he felt the pulse and noted the breathing of her little pupil.

With a glance at his child, in which all the father was expressed, and a grateful "God, bless you," to Grace, Mr. Fay left the room. Shading the small lamp, lest it might wake the child, Grace unbanded her rich tresses, and loosening the girde of her dressing gown, seated herself beside her.

Silently, slowly pass the night watches, in the chamber of the sick and dying! The dull ticking of the clock, falling upon the sensitive ear of the watcher, strikes to the throbbing heart nameless terror. With straining eye its hours are counted; with nervous hand, at the appointed time, the healing draught is prepared for the sufferer.

The stars, one by one, faded away in the golden light of morning. The sun rose fair to many an eye that would never see its setting. Meta was delirious. In fancy she roved with her dear teacher in green fields, and listened to the song of the birds, and was happy.

"Do not tell me my darling will die," said the stricken father to the physician; then turning to Grace, he said, "almost in the form of a command, 'You know how to pray; you taught her the way to heaven when I could not; ask for her life; God hears the angels.'"

Day after day, night after night, regardless of food or rest, Grace kept tireless watch by the side of the little sufferer; the selfish mother occasionally looking in, declaring her inability to stay in a sick room, and expressing her satisfaction that others had more nerve than herself for such scenes.

That day a new harp was strung, a white robe was worn, a new song was heard in heaven. On earth "the child was not!"

"Alone again with the dead?" faltered Grace, she sank insensibly by the little corpse.

Well was it for the grief-stricken father that a new object of solicitude was before him; well for the mother that such devotion to her dead child had at last touched a heart encrusted with

worldliness. All their united efforts, joined with the skill of the friend and physician, were needed to rescue Grace from the grave. To an observing eye, the interest the latter evinced for his fair patient was not entirely professional.

Sofly fell the moonlight on the countless sleepers in the vast cemetery of Rose Hill. Each tiny flower swaying in the night-breeze was gemmed with nature's tears. The solemn stillness was unbroken save by the sweet note of some truant bird returning to his leafy home. How many hearts so lately throbbing with pain or pleasure lay there for ever stilled!

With a saddened heart I turn to inhale the sweet breath of the flowers planted by the hand of affection, or strewn in garlands with falling tears over the loved and lost. Before me, shining in the moonlight is a marble tablet; on it I read, "Our little Meta." I advance towards it; suddenly I see female a figure approaching, looking so spiritual in the moonlight—

There is a Reaper whose name is death, And with his sickle keen,

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between.

Oh! not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper came that day; 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took those flowers away.

A holy calm has settled upon the face of the mourner. Noiselessly she retraces her steps, and as she glides away I hear her murmur in a voice of submission:—

Oh! not in cruelty not in wrath, The Reaper came that day; 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took my flower away.

The splendid mansion of the physician had for its mistress the orphan governess. The world, with its sycophantic smile, now flatters where it once frowned, both are alike to Grace, who hath given her warm heart, "till death us do part," to one who knows well how to prize the gift.

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Edited and Published every Wednesday morning by GEORGE WEBBER, at his office, water street, opposite the Premises of W. DONNELLY Esq.

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Oct. 23

Office of

The following Board on the 4th... Resolved—That be accountable for public Buildings, has control, executed by the written Secretary for such Resolved—That Roads, or servants have authority to work of any description the written order

NOTICE

THE BOARD notice that on Green Island Harbor, Trinity Bay was on the 13th by one of a more severe range. The LIGHT, burns a high water, exhibit to sunrise, and seen from E. N. miles. Vessels to this Light open until Bonavista Jean, will give berth—or when and bound for Co a moderate berth. Rocks by steering Green Island long. 63,03 West

Acting Board of Works St. John's July 1864

Warre St. JOHN'S COMMISSION

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