

# THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

## SONS OF CHIEFS RENOWN'D IN STORY.

A LYRIC, WRITTEN BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, IN HONOUR OF THE SCOTTISH LEGION, WHICH RETURNED BLIND FROM EGYPT.

Sons of chiefs renown'd in story—  
Ye whose fame is heard afar—  
Ye who rush'd to death or glory—  
Welcome from the toils of war!  
When from conquest late assembling,  
Madly arm'd the frantic Gaul,  
Europe, for her empire trembling,  
Doubted where the storm might fall,  
Britain, from her sea-girt station,  
Guarded by her native oak,  
Heard the threat with indignation,  
Well prepared to meet the stroke.  
But the foe, her thunder fearing,  
Fled her naval arm before,  
And far distant widely steering,  
Seized the famed Egyptian shore.  
There in vain his boasted legions  
Vow'd to keep the wide domain,  
Eager for the torrid regions,  
See Britannia ploughs the main!  
Ye whose sons of old opposing,  
Check'd the haughty Roman band—  
In the shock of battle closing,  
Freed the Caledonian land:  
You, our guardian genius naming,  
To the toils of combat bred,  
Chase to hurl her vengeance flaming  
On the foe's devoted head!  
Methinks old Ossian, from his station  
On the skirts of yonder cloud,  
Eyes his race with exultation:  
Hark! the hero speaks aloud—  
'Sons of chiefs renown'd in story!  
Ye whose fame is heard afar!  
Ye who rush'd to death or glory!  
Welcome from the toils of war!'

## THE CASTAWAY SHIP.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.  
Her mighty sails the breezes swell,  
And fast she leaves the lessening land,  
And from the shore the last farewell  
Is waved by many a snowy hand;  
And weeping eyes are on the main  
Until its verge she wanders o'er;  
But from that hour of parting pain,  
Oh! she was never heard of more!  
When, on her wide and trackless path  
Of desolation, doom'd to flee,  
Say, sank she 'mid the blending wrath  
Of racking cloud and rolling sea?  
Or—where the land but mocks the eye—  
Went drifting on a fatal shore?  
Vain guesses all! Her destiny  
Is dark!—she ne'er was heard of more!

The moon hath twelve times changed her form,  
From glowing orb to crescent wan,  
'Mid skies of calm and scowl of storm,  
Since from her port that ship hath gone:  
But ocean keeps its secret well;  
And though we know that all is o'er,  
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell  
Her fate:—she ne'er was heard of more!

## LITERATURE.

### FORGET ME NOT.

You know those little wild flowers, with pale blue-coloured petals and green-pointed leaves, that are found growing on the margins of rivers and lakes, their roots in the water—which the least breath of air agitates, and the rippling of the current frets into motion. Botanists have named them *Myosotis Scorpioides*. The following is the reason why they are called *Vergis mein nicht*; that is to say, 'Forget me not.' There is a tomb at Mayence, the name engraved on it being long since worn out; it is used for the same purpose that, in the early age of Christendom, the Potter's Field was applied to—namely, to bury strangers in. But the general belief is, that it belonged in times past to a German minstrel, musician, and poet, whose family name is now no longer on record. He was called Henrich, and his verses (none of which, we believe, exist at this day) being always in praise of 'the fair,' and above all, of her he was wont to call 'Mary,' he was surnamed Henrich Frauenlob—which signifies, the woman's poet. When Henrich took his departure from Mayence depressed and poor in circumstances, to try his fortune in a foreign land alone and without friends save his romances and talents, he left behind him a young girl—one who looked forward with the fondest solicitude for his return; watching the elements on all stormy nights, pale

and oppressed at heart, and who, at such times, unceasingly prayed for him. If we desire the cares, the loves, the charities of human nature, they must be looked for in woman. After a tedious and painful absence of more than three years, Henrich returned, rich and of good reputation. But before his arrival Mary had heard the name of her lover much talked of in the town of Mayence, and always mixed up with praise and admiration of his great genius and virtues: but a noble confidence and well-grounded affection told her that neither profit nor glory could impart half as much joy to her friend as the first welcome from the maiden who had constantly bore him in mind, and had waited so long.

When Henrich saw afar off the smoke ascend from the houses of the town, he stopped, overcome with emotion, and, sitting down on a grass bank of the river, gave vent to a simple but melancholy strain, not unmingled with sensations of pleasure. 'Tis said,

The melody of his small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound.  
The next day, towards sunset, the bells of the church of Mayence rang a cheerful peal, announcing it should seem, the intended nuptials of Henrich and Mary, which were to take place the following morning. At this moment the lovers were walking in the long shade-alley that winds beside the shelving borders of the Rhine. They sat down on a carpet of 'gay green' sward, and passed long and fugitive moments, looking at one another in silence—so full were their hearts, and so inexpressible by words were their feelings.

The purple glow which the setting sun had left on the horizon, was now burning pale and yellow, and the deep shades of twilight were advancing from one end of heaven to the other. Both seemed to feel that it was time to return. Mary, wishing to preserve the recollection of this happy day, pointed with her hand to some of those little blue flowers, which were growing upon the banks of the river. Henrich, readily conceiving her meaning, gathered some of these flowers, but in so doing, his foot slipped, and he was immersed in the water. Twice was the river stirred into motion, and twice he re-appeared, struggling for life, his eye-balls starting from his head with 'beamless stare,' and twice did the insatiate element engulf its victim. He would have cried out, but the waters cooled him. At the second time of reaching the surface, he turned a last look on the bank where he had left Mary standing, and raising one arm, he threw her the flowers (which a nervous contraction still retained in his hand), but this movement again overwhelmed him—and

'A dreary giddiness dissolved his brain.'  
The river holds on its course, and turns in black eddies round—the waters closed on him, and in an instant became smooth and confluent as a mirror! then all was still, as if the fearful chasm had just been made a grave—as if the spirits of doom had been appeased by a sacrifice!

Thus perished Henrich Frauenlob.  
Poor Mary continued a spinster, and died one of the sisters of a religious community. They have translated the eloquent but speechless adieu of Henrich, and named the little blue flower, *Vergis mein nicht*; that is to say, 'Forget me not.'—*Odd Fellow.*

### NEWTON BLOWING SOAP BUBBLES.

When Sir Isaac Newton changed his residence, and went to live at Leicester Place, his next door neighbor was a widow lady, who was much puzzled by the little she had observed of the habits of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society of London called upon her one day, when, among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house who she felt certain was a poor crazy gentleman because, she continued, "he diverts himself in the oddest ways imaginable. Every morning, when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw the window-blinds, he takes his seat in front of a tub of soapsuds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap-bubbles through a common clay pipe and intently watches them floating about till they burst. He is doubtless now at his favorite amusement," she added; "do come and look at him."

The gentleman smiled, and then went up stairs when, after looking through the window into the adjoining yard, he turned round and said, "My dear madam, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton, studying the refraction of light upon the surface of a common soap-bubble."

This anecdote serves as an excellent moral, not to ridicule what we do not understand, but gently and industriously to gather wisdom from every circumstance around us.

### CHILDHOOD.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images. One impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lips, may operate on the young heart, like the careless spray of water thrown on polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

## A STORY WITH A MORAL.

A Foreign beggar sat out one bleak day in Autumn beneath the bough of a venerable oak; he sat down upon a rude stone bench and mused bitterly upon his destitution in regard to friends none and the contents of life.

Who cares for the poor beggar? he said. These people drive us with threats of violence from their doors. I ask for a morsel of meat or a crumb of bread, or a night's shelter from the inclemency of the blast, they turn away, and mutter of vagrants, work houses and the poverty. I am sick of life. Even the wind moaning overhead seems to mock my sorrows.

Just at that moment an acorn which had grown upon the topmost bough of the tree came rattling down and hitting the uncovered head of the beggar, wounded it until the blood gushed out. The old man arose in wrath.

Has everything conspired to wound and injure me? he cried. Cannot I sit down peaceably—must I be pelted and tortured by such a palsy thimble as this? and with his heel he ground the projectile into the soft, moist soil and when it was entirely hidden beneath the surface of the earth he exulted proudly, as men exult over a fallen or extirpated foe.

I will leave you, he muttered, as if he had been a sentient thing, to come rattling down that stile. You will never see daylight again. Your dancing days are over, you are buried and may be here and rot for what I care! and picking up his knapsack, the angry beggar journeyed on.

The acorn hidden away beneath the surface of the soil, by buried from sight little while, but finally the spirit of life lumbering in it began to act, and up came a vigorous young oak, waving its green leaves in the sunshine and becoming more firmly rooted by every blast that swept over it. The beggar in his wanderings had done a good work for the world. He had made it answer the purpose for which it had been designed; he had unconsciously been the agent of planting the young and vigorous oak. And thus it often happens. Men strive to crush their enemies and fancy they have buried them beneath public obloquy and scorn, but, ten to one, the stroke they design for an afflictive one, will be the means of developing some latent virtue which makes them rise higher than ever.

What men term "adverse circumstances," are often times the best developers of physical, moral or intellectual greatness; the poor crushed and two-trodden orphan becomes the great statesman, had he been the petted child of a monarch he never would have been a hero; he would have died in poverty and obscurity. Truthfully has it been said, that what we term afflictions may be blessings in disguise.

## A MODEL LITERARY CRITIC.

He weighs about one hundred and twenty pounds. His face is sharp as a dull hatchet—his knees have an inclination for each other; and he toes in. He drinks strong black tea, and eats only twice a day. He is very fond of pickles and apple sauce. His constant care is to avoid good-natured people, and children, unless the latter are very ill-natured, ugly and squalling. He has the greatest abhorrence of fat people as they are seldom fidgety or cross. He is never seen out of doors excepting stormy weather, when he may be seen in the most slippery or muddy places. He cannot bear the sunshine excepting in dog days. He lodges in an attic at

the back of the house, as his chance is better being in the vicinity of cats wallings and the barking of dogs.

When the Spring comes he keeps his solitary window closed, and stops his ears with wool, for fear he shall hear the singing of the birds. He gets in debt to as many as possible—to his landlady in particular; as he will not deny himself the gratification of being dunned by her, she does it so exceedingly peppery. His wife sits at the very narrow, steepest and most uncomfortable desk, that the genius of the critic only could devise, where he squares himself off at presumptuous pen-drivers, generally between sundown and dark, and his them such digs, the philistines of which is truly astonishing. He tells them that they can never be a Daniel Webster, a Henry Clay, or some other great character, and consequently had better go digging potatoes at once. When he goes to bed, he lays himself on his back, with his heels higher than his head, and sighs in the hope of having the nightmare, the better to furnish for his agreeable task of criticism on the morrow.

## MERCY TWICE BLESSED.

Every effort to increase the happiness and lighten the character of the poor, will tend powerfully on the condition of those by whom it is made, seeing that the comfort and good order of the peasantry of a country give value to the revenues of its nobles and merchants, for our own part we never look on a public hospital or infirmary—we never behold the almshouse into which old age may be received, and the asylums which have been thrown up on all sides for the widow and the orphan—without feeling that, however generously the rich come forward to the relief of the poor, they advantage themselves whilst providing for the suffering and destitute, these buildings, which are the best of our country, not only bring blessing on the land by saving, it may be, as electrical conductors, when torn from us many flashes of the lightning of wrath that being as centres whence succurs are sent through distressed portions of our community, they are fostering—places of kindly dispositions towards the wealthier ranks; and may therefore, be so considered as structures in which a kingdom's prosperity is nursed, that the tithes in suspension over their get ways would be "his." Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

TOWARD HOLLAND, of the ill-fated 'Arctic' sent a thrill of admiration through the civilized world because, unawed by the disaster about him he continued to fire the signal gun of distress until engulphed in the insatiable grasp of the sea. Who still remembers the noble Richard Mann, who upon the burning steamer 'Geoffin' was asked if he would remain at the wheel, and his stern answer was heard above the increasing tumult—'I will.' And a bold deed he redeemed his promise amidst sheeted fire he directed the burning boat to the shore, and as she struck, and was announced to hundreds of shrieking women and children and appalled men that they were saved, the form of Richard Mann was seen for the last time as he sank into the fiery vortex below him—he perished nobly at his post! Yet Holland and Mann, as hundreds of kindred spirits, come up out of the class known as intelligent hard-working men, Noble spirits, who, without the advantages which should result from refinement and wealth, are still natures noblest works. They are the kind of men who, in all ages, have performed the valorous, self-sacrificing deeds of history, but yet a rarely remembered.

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