

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

FADED FLOWERS.

BY JOSEPH C. BAKER.

Ah, years ago these buds were prest
By soft and gentle hands,
And now like shadows from the past,
Or far-off spirit lands,
They lie all withered, like the hopes
In youth which gaily start,
That now the heaving waves of life
Have washed out from the heart.

My faded flowers! who shall tell
The dangers, sad and dark,
Since thou hast slumbered 'tween
these leaves,
Have gathered o'er my bark?
Thou in the days of brightest joy
Wert rife with perfume sweet,
Which lingers yet, e'en like the scenes
That in my mem'ry meet.

I'll wander down the long green lane,
To where the willow weeps,
And there beneath the mossy stone
The maid who pressed thee sleeps;
And oft when twilight shadows come
To kiss the dear one's grave,
I sit to watch the wreathing forms
In which the grass blades wave.

Back once more to thy hiding place,
Thou buds to memory dear,
I'll charge them to cherish thee
When I am far from here;
The violet as her soft blue eye,
The lily as her soul,
Chaste, spotless as the angel robes
That round her spirit roll.

Thus hopes are crushed, while others grow
And like the ivy twine
Around the heart, with wealth of love,—
I would 'twere so with mine;
I leave thee, and alone must go,
When all seems dark as night,
To brave life's waves—O, God direct
My trembling bark aright.

STANZAS.

BY THE LADY NUGENT.

THERE is pity for the mariner,
Who dares the boisterous main;
There is pity for the warrior,
Who bleeds on battle-plain;
There is pity for the aged man,
Outliving all he cherished;
There is pity for the youthful one,
Who hath too early perished.

Yet the mariner a vent'rous joy,
In danger doth betide;
And glorious was the warrior's doom,
Who for his country died.
And the aged man hath had full share
Of good things here below;
And the youthful dead was happiest!—
No sorrow he did know.

Is there pity for the restless one,
Cast on the rocks of life,
Who hath warred with her heart's
Tenderness,
In most unequal strife?
There is pity for most sufferers—
For her, alas! there's none;
She is scorn'd by all the world, beside
Who hath been betrayed by one!

LITERATURE.

THE ARTIST SURPRISED.

A REAL INCIDENT.

It may not be known to all the admirers of the genius of Albrecht Durez, that the famous engraver was endowed with a better half, so xantipical in temper, that she was the torment not only of her own life, but also of his pupils and domestics. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves by conciliating the common tyrant—but woe to those unwilling or unable to offer aught in propitiation. Even the wiser ones were spared only by having their offences visited upon a scapegoat. This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Durez had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs, and the coarse tapestry then used in Germany. He was about forty years of age, little, ugly, and humpbacked; was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow-disciples, and was picked out as a special object of dislike by Madame Durez. But he bore all with patience, and ate, without complaint, the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often fared sumptuously. Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He would at any time have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont, oftentimes, to laugh at him, or abuse him out of his stupidity. True—he had not the qualities of social humour or wit; but he was

an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at daybreak; and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and wrought for his own amusement.

Duhobret laboured three years in this way giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He said nothing to a single human being of the paintings he produced in the solitude of his cell, by the light of his lamp.

But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil. There were none sufficiently interested in the poor artist to mark the feverish hue of his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing attenuation of his misshapen frame. None observed that the uninviting pittance set aside for his mid-day repast, remained for several days untouched. Samuel made his appearance regularly as ever, and bore, with the same meekness, the gibes of his fellow-pupils, or the taunts of Madame Durez; and worked with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands would sometimes tremble, and his eyes become suffused—a weakness probably owing to the excessive use he had made of them.

One morning Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labours. His absence created much remark, and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this, another that, as the cause of the phenomenon; and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton, and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary; or been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to stand open. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after his remains.

Meanwhile the object of their mirth was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes rolled and flashed in delirium; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In days of health, poor Duhobret had his dreams, as all artists rich or poor, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years, labour, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. He never anticipated fame or fortune; the height of his ambition, or hope, was to possess a tenement large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means to purchase one comfortable meal per day.

Now, alas! however, even that hope deserted him. He thought himself dying, and he thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him; without the words of comfort that might soothe his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by devilish faces, grinning at his sufferings, and taunting him with his inability to summon a priest to exorcise them. At length the apparitions faded away, and the patient sunk into an exhausted slumber. He awoke unrefreshed; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched he turned over, and feebly stretched out his hand towards the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness, he had quenched his thirst. Alas! it was empty! Samuel lay a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die if he remained there alone; but to whom could he apply for aid in procuring sustenance? An idea seemed at last to strike him. He arose slowly and with difficulty, from the bed, went to the other side of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman, and hoped to obtain for it sufficient to furnish him with the necessaries of life for a week longer. Despair lent him strength to walk, and carry his burden. On his way he passed a house about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh—asked what was going on; and received for an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years. It has often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the proprietor, were sold without mercy or discrimination after his death.

Something whispered the weary Duhobret that here would be the market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture-dealer, and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and, after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important little man with a handful of papers; he was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, sallow hunchback, imploring as were his gestures and language.

"What do you call your picture?" at length said he, carefully looking at it.

"It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg—with its village—and the surrounding landscape," replied the eager and trembling artist.

The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously and asked what it was worth.

"Oh, that is what you please—whatever it will bring," answered Duhobret.

"Hem! it is too odd to please, I should think—I can promise you no more than three thalers." Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered would give him bread for few days. He nodded his head to the auctioneer, and retiring, took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and

engravings had been disposed of, Samuel's was exhibited.

"Who bids at three thalers?" Who bids?" was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered.

"Will it find a purchaser?" said he, despondingly, to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up, for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at a public sale.

"What will become of me?" was his mental inquiry.

"That work is certainly my best," and he ventured to steal another glance. "Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs, and moves those leaves! How transparent is the water! what life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steepie shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!" This was the last expiring throeb of an artist's vanity. The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

"Twenty-one thalers!" murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture-dealer to whom he had first thought of applying.

"Fifty thalers," cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker.

There was a silence of hushed expectation.

"One hundred thalers," at length thundered the picture-dealer.

"Three hundred."

"Five hundred."

"One thousand."

Another profound silence; and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other with eager and angry looks.

"Two thousand thalers!" cried the picture-dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly, when he saw his adversary hesitate.

"Ten thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clenched convulsively.

"The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts, and at last cried out—

"Twenty thousand!"

His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low laugh of triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace at stake. "Fifty thousand!" exclaimed he in desperation.

It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted "One hundred thousand!"

The crest-fallen picture-dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

How was it, meanwhile, with Duhobret; while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly, and murmured to himself, "After such a dream my misery will seem more cruel."

When the contest ceased, he rose up bewildered, and went about asking first one, then another the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his apprehension could not at once be enlarged to so vast a conception.

The possessor was proceeding homeward when a decrepit, lame and humpbacked invalid, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as dispensing with the thanks.

"May it please your honour," said the supposed begger, "I am the painter of that picture," and he again rubbed his eyes.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines. "Take it, friend," said he; "it is a check for your money. Adieu."

Duhobret finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of a castle, sold it, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, and to cultivate painting as a pastime. But alas for the vanity of human expectation! He had borne privation and toil; prosperity was too much for him; as was proved soon after, when an indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsback; and afterwards passed into the possession of the King of Bavaria.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE KITCHEN.

TALK of the parlor, with its ornamental elegance—we care nought for it. Let its covered magnificence riot in darkness, its red velvet lie in shroud—its pictures gaze dimly in its linen cover—its worsted rose, and pinks, and gill-flowers remain unplucked in dark corners—and double curtains exclude every beautiful ray of light: it is welcome to its darkness, and its solitude, while we can have the pleasant, airy, yellow-floored, carpeted kitchen.

That is the place for real enjoyment—the kitchen with its bright shelves and clean tables

white with time. The kitchen, with its comfortable old easy chair; and broad, shining hearth—cracking, blazing fire.

We do not mean the kitchen in the great house, where lazy servants have entire control, and the lady of the house never sets her foot within its precincts; but the homely, comfortable kitchen of the well-to-do working man, where the wife and the tea-kettle sing together, and the little children prattle round the mother while her own hands set the table for tea.

There may be snow in the gleaming, or sunbeams lodging in the tops of the trees—there may be city wells about, or blue waters and undulating hills. It matters not—in such a place everything smacks of true comfort.

Make the kitchen attractive and pleasant by all means. How absurd to keep one room in a constant state, as it were, for the pleasure of a chance caller, or a few party-going friends! We wish no further evidence of a bad house-keeper than to see her parlor in full dress, her kitchen down at the heel, and her chamber in confusion. Make the home-place the most agreeable, or if your many duties allow not time to attend as thoroughly as you would wish to its adornment and refinement, throw open the doors of your best room, and let your family enjoy it. Pray who should, if not they?"

A SINGULAR FAMILY.

In a small village in the Bouches de Rhodan (France) there is a family of three persons—husband wife and daughter—who had made a solemn vow to preserve the most profound silence. A traveller who lately passed their dwelling finding it necessary to make some inquiries respecting his way applied to these eccentric people. Not receiving any answer to his questions, he repeated them when to his great astonishment, they, in a fit of exasperation seized a cudgel, tong, and turn-spike, and threatened him with summary castigation. This extraordinary conduct is explained by the fact that the parties had become the dupes of a cleric-impostor who has taken the advantage of their credulity by holding out to them the acquisition of a great treasure on condition of their maintaining strict silence. They have formed the resolution to keep such silence for the space of nine years, only half of which term has expired. But as so complete an interdiction of the use of the tongue could not fail to become intolerable to the female portion of the family, the impostor granted them permission to indulge their natural propensity anywhere beyond the limits of their Commune. In order to avail themselves of this privilege the two women regularly repair every market day, to the little town of Belfort where they enjoy the conversation of neighbors, and mitigate to some degree the privation which they voluntarily endure.

THE INDIAN BLOWPIPE AND POISON.

One of the most deadly weapons used by the Indian is his blowpipe. This extraordinary tube of death is one of the greatest natural curiosities of British Guiana. It is not known so jealously as the secret kept from Europeans where this reed grows. The one in our possession is nine feet long. It is perfectly smooth and straight and there is no knot joint in it. Another reed of the same kind, but smaller, is introduced through the whole length to strengthen it. Towards the end two teeth of the acouri are fixed on most curiously, which serve the Indian for his sight in taking aim, and with this weapon of death and his "onrah-ourah" arrows laden at the end with a small knob of silk cotton, the Indian steals through the woods with the silence of an unbroken whisper, sees his prey, man, beast, or bird, collects his breath and at one hundred yards distance never fails to blow his death-dealing arrow with fatal certainty. He takes no immediate trouble about securing the prey, he marks a notch or two on a neighbouring tree to point out the whereabouts and when his day is ended, returns secure to find in the immediate neighborhood, the victims of his blowpipe and wouralli.

The Macoosie tribe alone of the Indians of British Guiana prepares the fatal wouralli poison, and in its preparation and use there is such a mixture of savageness and a bimby that it reads like a nightmare poem more than an unvarnished fact. The conjurers or priests alone prepare it. They collect the root of a bitter poisonous vine, called "haiary," which is bruised and steeped in water. To this is added two black venomous ants the largest that can be found, and one red ant that inhabits decayed trees. Into this mixture a quantity of cayenne pepper is put; the forest is then searched for two of the deadliest snakes that infest these solitudes, the Labarri and the dreaded "Bushmaster." These being caught, their fangs are added to the already Macbeth-witch preparation. The conjuror then retires into a hut built on purpose. No woman is allowed to come near him while he prepares the poison. He fasts rigidly the whole time, and when it is concocted the hut is immediately destroyed by fire, and the conjuror remains secluded from his tribe for a week. Some small arrows tipped with this wouralli poison, brought from South America, were tried upon a mouse. The poison was still as deadly as ever; the little animal had scarcely been pricked in the thigh before he rolled over and died.

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