

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

THE DYING CHILD.

What should it know of death?

Come closer, closer, dear mamma, My heart is fill'd with fears, My eyes are dark—I hear your sobs, But cannot see your tears.

I feel your warm breath on my lips, That are so icy cold; Come closer, closer, dear mamma, Give me your hand to hold.

I quite forget my little hymn— 'How doth the busy bee'— Which every day I used to say, When sitting on your knee.

Nor can I recollect my prayers: And, dear mamma you know That the great God will angry be If I forget them too.

And dear papa, when he comes home, Oh, will he not be vex'd? Give us this day our daily bread: What is it that comes next?

'Thine is the kingdom, and the power?' I cannot think of more; It comes and goes away so quick, It never did before,

'Hush, darling! you are going to, The bright and blessed sky, Where all God's holy children go, To live with him on high.'

'But will He love me dear mamma, As tenderly as you! And will my own papa, one day, Come and live with me too?'

But you must first lay me to sleep Where grandpapa is laid; Is not the churchyard cold and dark, And shan't I feel afraid?

And will you ever evening come, And say my pretty prayer, Over poor Lucy's little grave, And see that no one's there?

And promise me that when you die, That they your grave shall make The next to mine, that I may be Close to you when I wake.

Nay, do not leave me, dear mamma, Your watch beside me keep, My heart feels cold—the room's all dark Now lay me down to sleep:

And should I sleep to wake no more, Dear—dear mamma, good-bye: Poor nurse is kind, but, oh, do you Be with me when I die!

STANZAS.

BY FANNIE RAYMOND.

BRIGHT hours, bright youthful hours! Oh, like a fairy dream, In Eden's loveliest bowers, To this fond heart, ye seem: Gay shines the summer sun From cloudless azure sky, Lovelier when day is done Stars brilliant gleam on high.

Sweetly life glides away, Filled with unclouded joy, Hope twines a chaplet gay Time never can destroy; Soft, gently murmuring breeze, Bright flowers and wood-birds' voices— Not these, oh, no, not these Make this light heart rejoice.

Thou whom my soul adores, Dearest and ever blest; 'Tis thou, love the sunlight pours In this wild throbbing breast; Oh, dark were all on earth, Wert thou not ever near, Ne'er could thy spirit cheer.

Thou only, worshipped one, Thou makest the fond heart sing; Moonlight, nor cloudless sun Ne'er could sweet music bring; Heart-lute echoes gay 'E'en to thy lightest tune, List to the roundelay, Ever my own, my own!

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

THE following striking incident is extracted from a manuscript volume by one of the clergymen of Edinburgh. It is the substance of a statement made by a highly intelligent gentleman belonging to the medical profession, during a discussion on the subject of instinct, in a scientific society of which the clergyman was a member. The deaf and dumb boy being, if not quite an idiot, extremely deficient in understanding, the remarkable circumstance is that he should have been able to detect the presence of the fire-damp, when it was imperceptible to others. The reverend gentleman who has kindly favoured us with the interesting narrative attests its truth on the authority of his medical friend:—

'When I was a boy (says the writer) I lived by the banks of the Wye. A very beautiful river is that same Wye, surrounded with rich green meadows, and dark green woods, and wild mountains all its banks were and there ornamented with some token of bygone grandeur in ancient castle or venerable abbey. I dare say you have seen Tintern. Well! I say, when I was a lad I lived on the Wye. Ah! how my heart warms up at the thought of my own native village, and my school days, and holy-days spent away far up the lonely hills, fishing for our own Welsh grayling! But these happy days are gone, and they shall return no more.

In our village there lived a poor widow. She was an industrious creature and a good; few there were to speak an ill word of Dame Morgan and none ever saw either of her two boys ill clad or ill cared for. Oh! no! poor thing! she worked hard, sitting up late and rising early, and eating the bread of sorrow, and all for her two dear boys. And they were twin-boys too; and, poor lads, they had never known a father's care or a father's blessing; before they had entered life, their young mother had become a widow, for the husband of her early love had found a grave in the deep sea; so the twins were born fatherless babes.

Oh, how the poor young mother worked for her two boys! On and on did she work, and not a whisper of repining, not a murmur of discontent escaped her lips. She was sad indeed, but not cheerless; for she knew wither to go for consolation. Things went on pretty smoothly in her clean little cottage, and she seemed to be happy; till at last one of her sons would go to sea. Ah, it was a bitter day for her when her dear boy sailed from Newport—for, alas! her other child had been born with the hand of affliction upon him. The tender mother had never heard a word from her silent and voiceless son, nor had that sweetest music, the voice of a mother, ever fallen on his ear. Llewellyn was deaf and dumb; and what was still more melancholy, he was of that helpless class in whose souls the lamp of reason burns but dimly.

Months went and came, but brought no tidings of the widow's son. Months at last amounted to years, but he came no more. Hope deferred, they say maketh the heart sick; but I know not if it made the heart of poor Dame Morgan sick, for she hoped on and on, even against all hope, clinging to mere shadow, as the drowning man clings to a straw on the surface of the deep waters. But the sailor boy never came again. His mother heard his voice no more. He had slept his sleep in his father's grave, beneath the waste of waters, far, far from his dear mother's home; and far away from the lovely Wye and the beautiful mountains of Monmouthshire!

Deaf and dumb Llewellyn! and what must the poor widow do with her helpless boy! And now he was every thing to his mother; and time to was dealing harshly with her; for his iron hand was pressed heavily down on her heart, already crushed and broken by many cares and much anguish and she now required the tender offices of filial devotion to smooth the path of her pilgrimage as she went along in a world which was to her truly a vale of tears. Surely Llewellyn might support his mother by his labour.

But then Llewellyn was a solitary being, even as his affliction led him to be. But then he was very cheerful and very happy. Behind his mother's cottage there ran a little river, and there after he had worked at the flowers and plants in the little garden, he would sit and while away the silent hours, watching the turtles as they floated by. It was a marvellous thing how greatly the deaf and dumb and almost idiot boy delighted in the beauty of woods and fields, and rivers and mountains! Nature, it is true, did not speak to him in sounds, but nevertheless he perceived a voice stronger than that of many waters. The music of the bubbling brook he had never known—the notes of the lark, as he poured forth his shrill song in the clear sky at morning, or the hum of the seed-thrush chaunted by moonlight from among the long sedges by the brink of his favourite river, these notes and that time he had never heard—even the tremendous diapason of the thunder-cloud reverberated in vain for him. But, though the thunder-storm was mute, there was a bright and glorious language in the lightning's flash—though the lark was silent, there was eloquence in his altitude, as he fluttered gaily at his airy height or shot downward with close-clasped wings to his clover-shaded nest—though the

river was tuneless, yet there was a spirit in the sparkle of its bright waves, as they swept on, and on, fast by his humble dwelling! It is thus the Most High can recompense his creatures!

Llewellyn had never been accustomed to work save at his own time and for his own amusement; but when he found that it was needful he should betook himself to the irksome task with cheerful assiduity. He soon got employment in the mines, and there he kept, as he always had, the good will of those around him. He had not, however, been many weeks at work, when he began to show a very strong aversion to the mines; but it was attributed to laziness, and that he had now become tired of the unusual occupation. This dislike seemed to increase day by day; and when he was urged to descend to the pit as his fellow-labourers did, he endeavoured by signs and gesticulations to exhibit his fear of some hidden and mysterious danger.

One evening he had returned from his daily toil, and an unusual sadness and melancholy seemed to weigh upon his spirits. Unlike his usual custom, he walked away alone, but not in the direction of his mother's cottage. It was the season of autumn, and many of the trees were already stripped of their leaves, exhibiting a mournful contrast with the glorious richness and maturity of the past season. A walk through a lonely wood brought him to a cottage, of which three of the inmates, a father and his two stout sons, were labourers in the mines. The goodwife was at home, busied in some domestic calling, and Llewellyn entered the house and seated himself. By a significant gesture he attracted the attention of the good dame, and then kneeling, on the sanded floor, he drew with his forefinger the figures of three coffins, and pointing with the solemn manner of a prophet to the mournful emblems, he slowly left the cottage. This he repeated in several cottages, in some sketching but one, and in others several of those sad emblems of mortality. At last, as the sun was setting, he returned home, and on the floor of his mother's house he formed another of the sad figures, and laying his hand on his own cheek, in the attitude of one about to lie down to rest, he pointed to the sketch and then to him self. This strange conduct filled every one with wonder; and there were not wanting those who did not hesitate to say, that it boded of some terrible calamity upon the poor deaf and dumb boy acted in a way so strange. Some thought it had reference to the mines and his own dislike to go down to work in them; and some thought he might have perceived the presence of that terrible gas which often does such extensive mischief in our mining districts.

Morning, however, came at last; but Llewellyn would not descend to the pit. Approaching the brink, he started back as if in terror, and, casting himself on the ground, endeavoured to exhibit his strong aversion and dismay. It was thought, however, that he was anxious to avoid his work, and he was forced to enter the basket, and was let down. Alas! it was but a few hours when a cry of terrible despair arose, that the fire-damp had exploded, and that many had perished! And then, oh what frantic cries resounded every where, and how many rushed in unutterable agony to the fatal mine! Strange to say, Llewellyn was first brought up dead—quite dead; and every house where he had made the figure of the coffin became a house of mourning; and whether he had made two or three coffins, the deaths in each family were found to correspond with the prophetic indications of the poor dumb creature. Llewellyn Morgan was carried home to his desolate mother, but, alas for her! the only tie that bound her to the world was cut in twain. She laid her down on her pillow, but not to weep, for the fountain of her tears was dry; she laid her down, for the golden bowl was broken. A few days, and mother and son were carried to the same grave; and in the ancient churchyard they were buried under an aged yew tree, fast by the stream which they loved so well.

Miscellaneous

A WILD MAN.

A Wild man named Goings, said to be originally from East Tennessee, who has been living in the hollow of trees and caves, and who has frequently been mentioned in the newspapers, was recently captured near Florance, Alabama. He is from twenty-five to thirty years of age. He had been surprised several times by parties, and tales of romantic encounters with him were deemed fabulous heretofore. Last December an attempt was made to capture him, but he eluded his pursuers, and forsook his then quarters in the hollow of a chestnut tree. A pack of hounds afterwards got on his trail, but owing to the rugged character of the country, the horsemen could not keep up, and the fugitive was lost in the waters of Shoal Creek. All further pursuit was then abandoned, and many believed the whole story fabulous until last Sunday week, a boy, belonging to A. P. Neely, reported to his master that he had seen a man upon the bluffs near a noted cave, on the plantation of Judge Posey. Mr. Neely immediately collected a number of gentlemen and proceeded to the spot indicated.

On nearing the mouth of the cave, they discovered the shivering form of the poor wretch buried beneath a covering of straw. He paid no attention to their summons to come forth, and one of the company (thoughtlessly we hope,) tossed in a dog, which making a furious assault, brought the hapless Recluse to his feet. He then came out in a state of almost perfect nudity presenting a picture of abject misery and squalid wretchedness, which utterly beggars all description and we shall not attempt it. He appeared perfectly sane, but gave no satisfactory reasons for his singular conduct, beyond a general charge that the world had treated him badly, and he had determined to come out from it. He protested that he had done no man harm, and begged to be allowed to continue his solitary life but he agreed to go home with Mr. Eastrage, which he did and when we last heard of him he was suffering from a violent cold contracted no doubt by his sudden change from a worse than savage to a civilized life.

A SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF A MURDER.

The following interesting narrative has been communicated by a gentleman at present residing in Russia, to his friends at Macclesfield:

About two years ago a vessel left Archangel on an expedition to the coast of Greenland, to collect walrus tusks, seal oil, skins, &c. On the voyage the crew, or a part, rather, mutinied murdered the Captain, and ended the tragedy by leaving the crew to perish on the inhospitable shores of Greenland, giving them little or no food whatever to prolong their existence. One of the men, however, took on shore a gun, and that eventually led to the discovery of the mutiny and the murder.

Many of the Russian peasantry are very ingenious and expert in the use of the hatchet and knife and one of the poor fellows so cruelly deserted by the unfeeling crew, before he died, had succeeded in carving on the stock of the gun a history of the voyage, the mutiny, the murder, and the desertion, so clearly that the whole story was deciphered without much difficulty. It happened that another vessel, which had been sent to the same coast, for a similar purpose, touched at the spring of the year at the very place where the remains of the two poor fellows were lying, and by the side of one of them the gun which told the whole tale. This the discoverers brought away with them, and on their return to Archangel it was placed before the authorities. The guilty parties were traced but were at sea. On their return, however, they were apprehended on landing, tried and convicted, and are now waiting the execution of their sentence. In Russia, however, there are now no capital punishments, but the flogging inflicted is often so severe, that the wretches seldom survive its infliction.

VARIETY OF SCOLDS.

"In the whole course of my reading," says a celebrated writer, "which has been both extensive and desultory, I do not recollect having ever met with an essay on the science of scolding; yet that it is reduced to a perfect system, and that the practice of it has long been a passion with the fairer part of the creation, few men will deny. There is as much harmony, comparatively speaking, in the boisterous pipes of a regular-bred, out-and-out scold, as in the astonishing cadenzas of Madame Alboni, or the melting appoggiaturas of Brahan; indeed even the most celebrated and experienced physician asserts, that it is of the most essential benefit in many cases, which I would attempt to divide into the following classes:—

First.—The constitutional scold, who practises for the benefit of her health.

Second.—The beautiful scold, who is put out of temper, because she cannot bring her complexion to its usual pitch of perfection, even with the aid of the captivating patch.

Third.—The authoritative scold, who discharges her spleen to support her dignity, and will not permit the least infringement on the prerogative of the petticoat.

Fourth.—The matrimonial scold, who reads certain lectures for the reformation of her husband's morals, recommended to the very ancient and numerous family of the hen-pecks.

Fifth.—The dramatic scold, alias stage shrew, who endeavors to convince the world that she can rant off the stage as well as on it.

Sixth.—The patriotic scold, who vociferates for the good of her country, to display her great knowledge and party principles.

Seventh.—The inebriate scold, who, by forming a cordial alliance with certain strong liquors, is wrought up to frenzy, in which she strikingly evinces the ardent disposition of a woman of merit.

Eighth.—The common, scold, though last, not least in name, who may with the utmost propriety be styled a professional virago, possessed of a volume of voice, combining vast compass and exhaustless strength, especially in the upper notes. She is so well established in the ancient art, mystery, and practice of scolding, that all others implicitly submit, and leave her the undisputed heroine to the field of tongue.

Having all of her... to give a ring... any... any... any... any...

VOL. I.

PROSP... OF A WEEKLY... TO BE... THE CONCEPT...

THE Subscriber... Weekly Newspaper... Conception-Bay, about... month of July.

It is unnecessary... observations upon... usefulness of a Local... and wealthy a... Conception-Bay. That... But it is neces... ical principles whic... Journal.

Is.—The Conception... strong advocate... of the true princ... Government.

ndly.—Equality of... privileges among... rdly.—We shall us... above all other, wh... tion are equal.

4thly.—This Journal... ous advocate, fir... next of Agriculture... 8thly.—It shall in... interest, maintain... dent course.

Its Motto shall be... "Truth ever lovely... The Foe of Tyrants... We shall attack... selves are assailed—... views of Constituti... erment, and if these... stance with the views... deavour to defend th... discussion—but no... blink the grand on... "The greatest hap... number."

We shall endeavor... power to make the... interesting weekly... structure to the rising... and a welcome in... As an advertiser... great advantages, c... hours after publicat... of upwards of 50,00... The price of the... will be fifteen shill... advance.

It will be publish... will contain sixteen... The first number... buted, and those wh... port the establish... Conception-Bay, b... BERS, will please... now, or after they... first number, their... to whom all corre... dressed.

We are promise... in St. John's, and... disappointment. GEO

H. & J... Watch and Clock... Dealers, and... Quadrants, Com... Almanacks, &... Plates, and... Nautical... Sold...

Depository for... eign Bible Socie... Tract Society, &... B. L. L. E... Sold at the Soc...