

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

The sunlight and the shadow,
How gloriously they stray
They cover wood and meadow;—
Lie in the dusty way;
The sunlight makes the purple hills
To team with golden corn,
The shadow makes the laughing rills
As beautiful as morn.

The sunshine and the shadow,
How gloriously they fall
Alike upon the rich and poor,
The good, the bad, and all;
They leave their semblance in the spray,
And on the gilded leaf,—
The fountain's glow with brighter play,
And lovelier looks the heath.

The beautiful display of light
Gleams through the forest wide,
When hill and dale and silver stream
Are sleeping side by side.
In that same innocense arrayed
When first the virgin sod,
Its smiling face in pride displayed
To its Maker and its God.

The beautiful display of light
Reflected on the bow
That spans the ark of heaven so bright,
The zenith and below,
Are all reflections from the form
That rides the eastern sky,
Whether in sunshine or in storm,
Or shadow fitting by.

The golden clouds at sunset's hour,
How beautiful and fair,
When heaven's most delicious breath
Fills all the mellow air;
Like to the good man's spirit pure
Departing from its clay,
It sheds a holier radiance here,
As moments glide away.

The shadow and the sunny beam
Are seated side by side,
Together they pursue their way
In majesty and pride.
On all our many cares of life
Sunshine and shadows fall,—
They mingle in our every strife,
Deck, cot and solace hall.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A Merchant wishing to celebrate his daughter's wedding collected a party of her young companies; they circled around her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. Her father gazed proudly on his lovely child, and hoped that as bright prospects for the future might open for the rest of his children who were playing among the guests.

Passing the hall of the basement, he met a servant who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand, without the candlestick. He blamed her for such conduct, and went into the kitchen to see about the supper. The girl soon returned but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that one had been opened.

'Where is your candle?' he inquired in the utmost alarm.

'I couldn't bring it up with me, for my arms are full of wood,' said the girl.

'Where did you put it?'

'Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck in some black sand that's in the small barrel?'

Her master dashed down stairs, the passage was long and dark, his knees threatened to give way under him, his breath was choked, his flesh seemed dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of heat. At the end of the cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he saw the open barrel of powder, full at the top; the candle stuck loosely in the grains, with a long red snuff of burnt wick—the sight seemed to wither all his power—the

laughter of the company struck upon his ear like a knell of death. He stood a moment unable to move. The music commenced above, the feet of the dancers responded with vivacity—the floor shook, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motioe. He fancied the candle moved—was falling; with desperate energy he sprang forward—but how to remove it; the slightest touch would cause the red hot wick to fall into the powder. With unequalled presence of mind he placed a hand on each side of the candle, pointed towards the object of his fear, which as his hands met, he secured in the clasping of his fingers and safely removed from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs he smiled with previous alarm, but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of the most violent laughter. He was conveyed to his bed senseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient strength to allow him to resume his business.

TWILIGHT.

Calm, holy hour! when Night steals forth with noiseless step, and flinging a sable curtain o'er the face of Day, marshals forth her glittering train, and stations them upon the deserted throne of the day-dog.

'Tis an hour when angel-forms seem to hover more closely round us, till we seem to see their pale sweet faces—

With a pure and holy light,
Beaming in their eyes—

gazing lovingly upon us, and our spirits catch the strains of minstrelsy which breathe from their golden harps, ever attuned to the melody of glorious song. At such an hour the mind is bound by the same soft, dreamy spell which rests upon the face of Nature; and drawing forth from the store-house of memory its favorite pictures, casts aside the veil of obscurity which time has woven around them, and gazes long and sadly upon their faded beauty. And then we are forcibly reminded of those who have gone from us—of loved ones who are wandering far from our side—and we miss the music of their love some voices and gay laughter, which was wont to greet our ear; and we long to clasp them by the hand, and gaze once more into those loving eyes. And then we wonder if those whose images are so deeply engraved upon the tablet of our hearts, are bestowing one thought upon us who are so earnestly dreaming of them—and a tear wells up from the deep fount of love within our bosoms, as a voice whispers—mayhap those cherished forms are bowed low with sorrow, and those fair brows are throbbing wildly with pain and grief—or the fondly cherished idol is dashed from its throne within the heart, leaving it lonely and desolate. Oh! how we long at such times to steal softly to their side and speak to them words of sympathy and love!

But though the hushed hour of twilight brings many saddening memories before the mind, I love it more than all the twenty-four. It sheds a calm holy influence upon the spirit, and leads our thoughts from the ever-varying scenes of life,—from the cares and sorrows of the present—to a bright celestial home, where the dark wave of sorrow shall no more wash the weary soul; and those whom the spirit yearns to meet shall be folded to our bosoms to be parted from us never more!

GET MARRIED.

Young man, if you have arrived at the right point in life for it, let every consideration give way to that of getting married.—Don't think of any thing else. Keep poking about the rubbish of the world, till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter; for you know delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most faithful and constant companion you can possibly have by your side, while performing the journeys of life—a dog isn't a touch to her. She can smooth your hnen and your cares for you,—mend your trousers and perchance your manners—sweeten your sour moments as well as your tea and coffee;

ruffle your shirt bosom, but not your temper; and instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew the buttons on your shirts, and plant happiness instead of sorrow in your bosom.

When a woman loves, she loves with a double distilled devotedness; and when she hates, it is on the high pressure principle. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hempen halter, and as immutable as the rock of ages. She won't change, except it is in a very strong fit of jealousy; and even then it lingers as if loth to depart, like evening twilight at the windows of the west. Get married by all means. All the excuses you can fish up against doing the deed, ain't worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Get married, I repeat young men. Concentrate your affections upon one object, and do not distribute them crumb by crumb among a host of Susans, Mays, Lauras, Olives, Elizas, Augustas, Betsies, and Dorothies.

A MARVELOUS REMEDY FOR A MARVELOUS AGE!
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The Grand External Remedy.

By the aid of a microscope, we see millions of little openings on the surface of our bodies. Through these this Ointment, when rubbed on the skin, is carried to any organ or inward part.—Disease of the Kidneys, disorders of the Liver, affections of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Asthmas, Coughs and Colds, are by its means effectually cured. Every housewife knows that salt passes freely through bone or meat of any thickness. This healing Ointment far more readily penetrates through any bone or fleshy part of the living body, curing the most dangerous inward complaints, that cannot be reached by other means.

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No remedy has ever done so much for the cure of disease of the Skin, whatever form they may assume, as this Ointment. Scurvy, Sore Heads, Scrofula, or Erysipelas, cannot long withstand its influence. The inventor has travelled over many parts of the globe, visiting the principal hospitals, dispensing this Ointment, giving advice as to its application, and has thus been the means of restoring countless numbers to health.

Sore Legs, Sore Breasts, Wounds and Ulcers.

Some of the most scientific surgeons now rely solely on the use of this wonderful Ointment, when having to cope with the worst cases of sores, wounds, ulcers, glandular swelling, stiffness or contraction of the joints, even of 20 years standing.

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These, and other similar distressing complaints can be effectually cured if the Ointment be well rubbed in over the parts affected, and by otherwise following the printed directions around each pot.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:—

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N.B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each Pot.

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These famous Pills are expressly combined to operate on the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the skin, and the bowels, correcting any derangement in their functions, purifying the blood, the very fountain of life, and thus curing disease in all its forms.

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Many of the most despotic Governments have opened their Custom Houses to the introduction of these Pills that they may become the medicine of the masses. Learned Colleges admit that this medicine is the best remedy ever known for persons of delicate health, or where the system has been impaired, as its invigorating properties never fail to afford relief.

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