

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

THE EXILE'S THOUGHTS OF HOME.

BY WM. K. M'CURDY.

How sweet it is to think of home
At twilight's soothing hour,
Ere cold misfortune's cheerless clouds
Had yet begun to lower;
The memory of those happy days
I would not part with now,
E'en for the fairest diadem
That decks a royal brow.

Though now a stranger, forced amid
Far distant scenes to dwell,
My heart is neath a fairer sky—
The land I love so well.
There is my home!—there first I saw
The cheering light of day;
There first I felt, from kindly friends,
Affection's purest ray.

Our cottage stood beside the brook,
With ivy twined around,
Each day the birds from bush and tree
Sent forth a joyous sound;
The rivulet flowed merrily,
The cascade rushed along,
And from the lonely willow tree
Was heard the robin's song.

Bright, blooming flowers, of varied hue,
Adorned the hill and dale;
Their sweet, delicious breath was borne
Upon the sighing gale;
And every earthly joy that glads
The heart, was centered there;
Not Tempe, in its loveliest hour,
Was ever half so fair.

But why recount the scenes of youth?
Those blissful days have fled;
That flower-decked cot has passed away—
The friends I loved are dead;
And I'm a wanderer on earth,
An exile from my home,
No more to view my native hills,
But evermore to roam.

THE SPIDER WEBS.

BY W. W. H.

Like some fabled tiny fairy,
Building castles light and airy,
When the night is calm and starry,
And the mist hangs o'er the stream,
Is the busy, weaving spider,
Weaving webs of silvery sheen,
Weaving castles light and airy
On the fallow fence and green,
When the Summer reigns supreme.

Light and fragile as the pleasures
That constitute worldly treasures,
Like Euterpe's sweetest measures,
Doomed to soothe—then pass away,
For the breeze scarce stops to fondle
With the gauzy strings to play,
And the sunbeam scarcely dances
On the dew-bejeweled spray,
Ere the structures fade away.

Like the spider's magic weaving,
Quickly made and quickly leaving,
Of inspiring, oft decaying,
Is the fancy of the brain,
Often building airy castles,
But to build them o'er again,
Often weaving joys as fragile
Or anticipation's plain,
Yet will weave and weave again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PREDESTINARIAN NOTIONS OF NAPOLEON.—The idea of a destiny, (writes the editor of "Life Illustrated") and his having a mission to perform, has been throughout a fixed one in Louis Napoleon's mind. No disasters shook his confidence in his star, or his belief in the ultimate fulfillment of his destiny. This is well known to all who were intimate with him in this country after he returned from America in 1837. Among other noble houses, the hospitality of which he shared, was that of the Duke of Montrose, at Buchanan, near Lochmond, and the Duke of Hamilton, at Brodick Castle, in the island of Arran. His manner in both was generally grave and taciturn; he was wrapped in contemplation of the future and indifferent to the present. In 1839 the Earl of W., then Lord B., came to visit the author, after being some days with Louis Napoleon, at Buchanan House. One of the first things he said was, "Only think of that young man, Louis Napoleon; nothing can persuade him that he is not to be Emperor of France; the Strasbourg affair has not the least shaken him; he is often thinking of what he is going to do when on the throne." The Duke of N. also said to the author in 1854, "Several years ago, before the revolution of 1848, I met Louis Napoleon often at Brodick Castle, in Arran. We frequently went out to shoot together. Neither cared much for the sport, and we soon sat down on a heathery brow of goatfell, and began to speak seriously. He always

opened these conferences by discoursing on what he would do when he was Emperor of France. Among other things, he said he would obtain a grant from the Chambers to drain the marshes of the Bries, which, you know, once fully cultivated, became flooded, when the inhabitants, who were chiefly Protestants, left the country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and what is very curious, I see in the newspapers of the day that he has got a grant of two millions of francs from the Chambers to begin the drainage of these very marshes."

WHAT IS CENTRAL AMERICA?—Central America at present includes five independent republics, viz: Guatemala, St. Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, together with British Honduras and the Mosquito shore. First, on the north, adjoining Mexico, touching in its eastern limits the bottom of the Bay of Honduras, and expanding to considerable dimensions along the shore of the Pacific, comes Guatemala. This State has a population of one million, and its territory comprises nearly two-thirds of that possessed by the five republics; while its capital city of Guatemala has as many as forty thousand inhabitants. Honduras extends along one-half of the southern side of the bay to which it gives its name, and is bounded on the west by Salvador, which lies exclusively on the Pacific. The latter, though the smallest of all the States in territorial extent, has a population of 350,000; the former has only 250,000. Nicaragua, which has recently attained such notoriety through the aid of General Walker, lies chiefly along the Pacific shore. Its eastern boundaries blend with the celebrated Mosquito territory, whose savage rulers enjoy the protection of Great Britain. The Lake of Nicaragua, whose waters descend to the Atlantic by the river San Juan del Norte, is an inland sea as large as the whole island of Jamaica, being 180 miles long, and nearly 100 broad, and navigable throughout.

HOW TO GROW OLD AND BE HAPPY IN AGE.—"Socrates used to say," writes Sir Wm. Temple, "it was pleasant to grow old with health and a good friend, and he might have reason; a man may be content to live while he is no trouble to himself or his friends; but, after that, it is hard if he be not content to die. I knew and esteemed a person abroad, who used to say a man must be a mean wretch who desired to live after three score years old.—But so much, I doubt, is certain, that in life, as in wine, he that will drink it good, must not draw it to the dregs. Where this happens, one comfort of age may be, that whereas younger men are usually in happiness whenever they are not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure when they are out of pain; and as young men often lose or impair their present enjoyments by craving after what is to come, by vain hopes or fruitless fears, so old men relieve the wants of their age by pleasing reflections upon what is past. Therefore, men in the health and vigour of their age should endeavour to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation and the worthiest actions, either in public or private stations; that they might have something agreeable left to feed on when they are old, by pleasing remembrances."

THE GREAT NORTHERN LAKES OF THE UNITED STATES.—The coast line of our great northern lakes exceed three thousand miles in length. The greatest length on Lake Ontario is 180 miles, that of Erie 240, Huron 260, Michigan 320, and Superior 355—making a total length of 1555 miles, and an area of 90,000 square miles. The entire area drained by these great inland seas is estimated at 345,515 square miles. They empty their waters into the ocean through the St. Lawrence, which is navigable from Lake Erie downward, to all vessels not exceeding 130 feet keel, 26 beam, and 10 feet draught. The aggregate traffic of the lakes is at this time, stated at money value, much more than \$300,000,000, employing eighty-odd thousand tons of steam, and 138,000 tons of sail, though as late as the year 1800 there was scarcely a craft above the size of an Indian canoe trading on the lakes.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN SCINDE.—An interesting pamphlet has lately been published in Bombay, by Mr. Bellasis, Collector of Hyderabad, in Scinde, says an English paper, containing an account of his excavations and discoveries on the site of the ancient city of Brahminadab, on a branch of the old bed of the Indus. Tradition affirms that the city—the capital of a Hindoo kingdom to which the tide of Mahomedan invasion had scarcely penetrated, was destroyed by fire from heaven and by an earthquake, on account of the wickedness of its ruler. The investigations of Mr. Bellasis seem to prove that the place really was destroyed by some terrible convulsion of nature, which probably, at the same time, completely changed the course of the Indus. On no other supposition can a ruin be accounted for that was at once so sudden and so complete. Skeletons were found in every house that was opened and in the streets, some crouched together in corners, and there buried, others crushed flat by a falling weight, the pieces of stone or brick still in some cases buried in the fractured skull. Numerous coins and other valuables have already been discovered, carved figures in ivory, engravings on cornelian and

agate, a set of ivory chessmen and the like. The figures carved on objects connected with religious worship are Buddhist. From the fact of their being unutilized, Mr. Bellasis considers it clear that the iconoclastic Mussulman invaders had not reached, or at least had not permanently annexed Brahminadab at the time of its destruction, which he conceives to have taken place A. D. 1020.

THE SISTER OF THE POET BURNS.—We learn from the London "Athens" that the sister of Burns still lives at Bridgehouse, on the Doon, at the age of 84, supported mainly by the proceeds of a subscription which was raised for her about fourteen years ago. Her daughters, Agnes and Isabella Begg, whose heroic exertions for her support through many years of neglect, drew forth much praise, continue to live with her unmarried. Seeing that the greater part of Mrs. Begg's income would die with her, Messrs. Chambers published in a cheap form a few years ago an edition of Mr. R. Chambers' "Life and Works of Burns," and requested the especial favor of the booksellers in promoting its sale, as the profits were to be given to a fund whereby a provision for the needs of Burns might be completed after their mother's death. The object was the more interesting as Mrs. Begg regarded the scheme as taking the last load of earthly care off her mind. The public and "the trade" will be gratified to learn that £200 have been lately handed to the Misses Begg, derived from this source. The sum will be allowed to accumulate at interest till the close of Mrs. Begg's life—when, with another sum remaining from the subscription, it will be sunk in annuities on the lives of the Misses Begg, who already enjoy life pensions of £10 each from the Government, granted them by Sir Robert Peel. Thus, what with the public beneficence and what with their own industry, the permanent comfort of these interesting relatives of the Scottish poet may be considered as secured.

AN EXTENSIVE ROYAL FAMILY.—Lady Shell, in "Glimpses of Life and Manners in Persia," gives us rather extensive ideas of family relations in the royal Court of the Persian Shah. She says: "The number of the inmates of the audience belonging to this sovereign (Futteh Ali Shah, grandfather of the reigning Sovereign) is estimated at several hundred. His Majesty's sons were reckoned at upwards of eighty, but his daughters were too numerous to admit of calculation; though why the ladies should exceed in such proportion the gentlemen of the family was never explained. It is an idea among Persians that women are considerably more numerous than men; and this delusion they all allege as a proof that Providence intended wives should be in excess to husbands. His Majesty's sons followed his example, with the result of many among them having forty or fifty children; and the total of his descendants is estimated at some thousand persons. Some among them are consequently in a deplorable state of poverty. I have heard of one Prince, a son or grandson of Futteh Ali Shah, who used to go himself to the bazaar to buy bread for his family; and I know more than one who begged a member of the mission to give them two or three sovereigns to relieve them from actual want. The princesses are many of them greatly to be commiserated. They have been forced by destitution to marry persons of very inferior condition; and one lady in particular had taken for her husband a man who had been a cobbler, but who had raised himself above that station."

A FATAL LEGACY.—The following paragraph is published in a French paper, the "Journal des Vosges." A few days since, a young girl, residing near Charnes, (Vosges), on returning from Nancy, where she had been to receive three hundred francs, which had been bequeathed to her by a relative, was overtaken on the road by a young man and girl, who fell into a conversation with her. She had placed her money in a hand-basket, and as the young man observed that she frequently transferred it, on account of its weight, from one hand to the other, he offered to carry it for her, which was accepted. The young man, at the same time, thrust into it some things of his own, and among the rest his papers. On reaching Crevechamp, they all entered a public house to take some refreshments, and the young girl, receiving the basket from her male companion, placed it on the table by her side.

The mistress of the house, in serving them, struck the basket, which gave out a metallic sound. She asked what the basket contained, and was told three hundred francs belonging to the young woman. The plan of the mistress of the house was, without doubt, formed instantaneously, for, making a sign to the girl to follow her, she said to her when she was alone: "You are not aware with whom you have been walking; that young man is a very bad character. Do not think of departing with him." "What am I to do then?" said the girl. "Take your basket and go down to the cellar, where you will find my husband. You can remain there till the others have gone." The young woman acted as the woman recommended, and when the travellers were about to depart, they enquired for their companion.

"She has gone on before you," said the woman, "you will overtake her." The young man urged the girl who was with him to make all the haste she could, as he wanted to recover his papers. After walking until late in the evening they overtook no one, but being met by two gen d'armes, were called on by them to give an account of themselves. They mentioned what had happened, but the whole story appeared to the gen d'armes a very unlikely one. However, the soldiers agreed to accompany the young man back to the public house. When they arrived there the door was found closed, and no answer was given to them when they knocked. The gen d'armes at last forced their way in, and found nothing of a suspicious character in the rooms above; but in the cellar was discovered the body of the young woman cut up into pieces. The husband and wife who had perpetrated the murder were at once arrested.

WELL WORSHIP.—In Asia, Africa, and North America, water-sheds and sources of streams in elevated situations, have at all times been revered as sacred spots, and the native tribes are wont to assemble at them for their religious festivals. Thus all the Romans, and the original inhabitants of Switzerland before them, worshipped at the high springs of the Alps, on the Luchnamer, perhaps on the Barnadine, and undoubtedly on the St. Gothard, and on the Great St. Bernard, where pillars and remains of temples may still be found. Two rude pillars, whose origin is as yet unexplained, standing at a height of 7,000 feet on the water-shed of the Julian Pass, seem to point to a yet earlier worship of the Deity. Christian chapels and hospices have been erected on the site of these ancient temples, and the modern inhabitants of the mountains not seldom celebrate their religious festivals on the very same spot where their pagan forefathers worshipped.

A CURIOUS STORY—ANOTHER ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Twenty-eight years ago a schooner, out on a fishing expedition, and driven from its course by an adverse gale, made for St. Paul, an island in the South Indian ocean. The captain, a Frenchman from Bourbon, elected a landing, and was surprised to find there a Pole, a brother of the illustrious Kosciusko, in quiet possession of the island, which he had occupied since the year 1819. How he came there, whether placed in exile, forced or involuntary, is unknown. The Frenchman, a busy, energetic man of the world, turned his discovery to some account, and seeing the capabilities of the island he made for Port Louis, Mauritius, freighted his schooner with tools, seeds, stores and poultry, and returned to St. Paul's, determined to establish a permanent fishing station. He found the Pole the sole occupier of the island. Setting vigorously to work, with two blacks and a white man, whom he had brought with him, they commenced the process of civilization, by digging up the ground and sowing their seeds. They built, also, two small wooden houses and a shed for their stores, constructed a landing-place, and made every preparation within their power for establishing a quiet, snug fishing harbour. Seeing things thus in progress, the Frenchman, loading his craft with fish, returned to Port Louis to sell his cargo. In 1830 the Pole left the island, on receiving from the Frenchman 2,000 dollars by way of compensation.

A laughable story is told of an old miser, who, being at the point of death, resolved to give all his money to a nephew, at whose hands he experienced some little kindness. "Sam," said he, "for that was his nephew's name—"Sam, I am about to leave the world, and to leave you all my money. You will then have £50,000—only think! Yes, I feel weaker and weaker; I think I shall die in two hours. Oh, yes, Sam, I'm going to give me two per cent., and you may take the money now!"

A minister, while preparing his next Sunday's sermon, stopped occasionally to review what he had written, and as a matter of course, to erase some portions which on consideration seemed to require improvement. While doing so he was accosted by his little son, a child about three years of age. "Father, does God tell you what to preach?" "Certainly, my child." "Then what makes you scratch it out?"

Relationships are far-fetched sometimes, both in Ireland and Scotland. "Do you know Tom Duffy, Pat?" "Know him, is it?" says Pat, sure he's a near relation of mine; he once wanted to marry my sister Kate.

FRIENDSHIP is like a cobbler's tie, that joins two soles in unity; but love is like the cobbler's awl, that pierces through the sole and all. To ascertain whether a woman is passionate or not, take a muddy dog into her parlour. What did Kosuth mean when he said, "Bayonets think?" The meaning is obvious. Every polished bayonet is capable of reflection.

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