

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

MY NATIVE BAY.

My native bay is calm and bright,
As ere it was of yore
When, in the days of hope and love,
I stood upon its shore;
The sky is glowing, soft, and blue,
As once in youth it smiled,
When summer seas and summer skies
Were always bright and mild.

The sky—how oft hath darkness dwelt
Since then upon its breast;
The sea—how oft have tempests broke
Its gentle dream of rest!
So oft hath darker wo come o'er
Calm self-enjoying thought;
And passion's storms a wilder scene
Within my bosom wrought.

Now, after years of absence, passed
In wretchedness and pain,
I come and find those seas and skies
All calm and bright again.
The darkness and the storm from both
Have trackless passed away;
And gentle as in youth, once more
Thou seem'st my native bay!

Oh that, like thee, when toil is o'er,
And all my griefs are past,
This ravaged bosom might subside
To peace and joy at last!
And while it lay all calm like thee,
In pure untroubled sleep,
Oh might a heaven as bright as this
Be mirrored in its deep!

R. C.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

Weep not, though keen may be the pang
By sad bereavement to thee given;
The herald notes have loudly rang
A welcome to thy child in heaven.

Thy heart, though rent with anguish keen,
Should not a cloud of sorrow bear,
But on the 'rock of ages' lean,
The Christian's only comforter.

Why shouldst thou mourn,—or weeping,
Sigh,—
Or yield to grief thy thoughtful mind?

While thy blest child above the sky,
With Jesus sweetest pleasures find.

Nay do not mourn; thy child no more
Will feel the wave of sickness roll;
Beyond death's dark and dreary shore,
She lives a bright, immortal soul.

HOPE.

There is a spot on earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
Where man, Creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
While in his softened look, benignly-blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend,
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter,
Wife,
Sneaks with fresh flowers the narrow way of
life.

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be
found?

Art thou a man, a patriot? look around;
Oh! thou shalt find, where'er they footsteps
roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy
home.

Shakspeare tells us, that "a jest's
property lies in the ear of him who
hears it," a fact of which Dr. Johnson
was so fully persuaded that he felt
offended if any of his sayings, appeared
to tickle the tympanum of a dullard.
To a simpleton who sniggered at one
of his remarks, he rudely exclaimed,
"What are you laughing at sir? If I
have said anything that you understand,
I ask pardon of the rest of the company."

When a Pennsylvania girl gets kissed,
she backs right straight up, and says,
indignantly, "Will you DARE to do
that again, sir?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the Waverly Magazine)

OUR AIM IN LIFE.

"What art thou living for?" whispers
gently a "still small voice" in mine ear.
Silently, yet clearly its low tones come
stealing over my spirit as I mingle in the
world's busy strife, or the giddy round of
pleasure. "What art thou straining for,
mortal? the wars of the river are foaming
thy bark is frail, and beset with danger.—
Art thou buffeting the billows to win one
glittering line upon the flattering page, or to
gather the golden stores of wealth which
bind the heart more firmly to earth. Is that
all that thou seekest?" I cast aside the vol-
ume that has borne me through the hours
of night, and with a throbbing brow and a
heart sick and weary, give a sad glance
to the past a fearful one towards the future
and mournfully murmur, "What are we
living for? Is it for fame? To win the smiles
of an admiring world, that will bind a chap-
let of praise for the heart, to chill and wither
its generous emotions? Is it for that we toil?"

"There was one whose brow was the
seat of genius, whose eye was lit by inspi-
ration almost divine, and whose cheek had
been paled by chaining down the hours of
night to study. Ambition with her torch of
hope had kindled his veins, with songs of
future years of renown. He strove for the
smiles of the world's devotees, and they
were his to win. Now wild and fearless as
the blast that sweeps over the mountain, he
poured his artillery of thought upon their
ear, hushing each voice of rebellion, stilling
the tempests of wrath, and the world bowed
their hearts as with fear. Then, lightly,
gently, as the evening zephyr that wows the
leaves of the forest he touched his harp,
and its soft numbers stole to the soul of
man. When his flowers and loved ones died,
he wove his tears into a mournful song, and
all were sad with him. Happiness came not
with fame. Though millions joined his
sorrows he must weep alone. His heart
was bound to earth; and she had given him
her boon; yet he was miserable. Dark sin
with subtle dregs lay in his cup of pleasure;
deeply he drank till his heart was robed
with chains of woe, distrust and envy, and
hatred for those whom once he loved, but
yet he sang of love, peace and purity, and
the world gave his works praise, and called
their author happy. Fame nor Wealth could
forbid Death from aiming his arrow at the
worldling's heart. He died. His life, with
all its joys and sorrows, was at an end, and
the head that held its weight of intellect was
pillowed on the same couch with the un-
known and unlearned. We cannot look be-
yond the scenes of earth. Fame's brightest
star was but a meteor of sin.

What are we living for? Is there some
bright star above us, or some fair flower
near, that cheers us on the rugged pathway?
Flowers will bloom, and the fairest die.—
The golden chain of affection may be se-
vered by the "damp clod of the valley,"
for earth hides her gems, and the brightest
are in the grave. The name we cherish may
soon meet our gaze from the marble face of
the tombstone, and the sad gloom that Na-
ture wears whisper to our earth-sick souls
that the one we loved has lain down to sleep.
We cannot light again that half closed eye,
nor bring back the crimson to that pale
cheek. Oh! were all our hopes bound in
that one frail flower, and must they now
wither and die? Is there no brighter and
firmer stay for the broken spirit? Live not
for earth, not the bright jewels she may wear,
for tears are the only reward.

"What are we living for?" Propound the
question to your hearts, gentle friends, and
let it whisper to you wherever you are. Have
we so far glided down life's stream, unheed-
ing where our bark is steering; unheeding,
what the shore we are nearing? Oh, let us
remember life is not a dream but a reality
clothing with clouds, unless the light of
Ope who cheereth all hearts, fall round
our pathway.—*New York Magazine.*

Would you be willing to undertake
the management of my property for
your victuals and clothes? said Girard
to a gentleman who was congratulating
him on his vast possessions.—"No,"
was the reply. "Well, that's all I
get," said the millionaire.

PULLING THE WRONG BELL.

I have heard a story of pulling, which,
as many of my readers may be ignorant
of, and as it is worthy of telling, also
being myself in a gossipping mood, I
will even out with it.

A fine Western steamer, of the larg-
est class was ploughing her way down
streams with a 'full head' on.

The time was early morning; the sun
had not yet cooled his fiery beams in the
murky waters of the Mississippi; few
of the passengers were astir; and the
boat, quiet and still, save the regular
scream from her iron throat, was mak-
ing fine headway.

Suddenly the engineer's bell rang out
a furious and alarming summons, which,
being translated into the vernacular,
—"Slow her!"

The man at the steam obeyed the
mandate, and with his hand upon the
lever, awaited anxiously the next call.

It soon came, and louder yet, "Stop
her!"

"Some trouble ahead," thought the
engineer; but hardly had the idea
passed through his mind when the busy
bell again pealed forth—

"Back her!"

Steam was let on in an instant, and
seizing the lever, the man commenced
working the engine by hand; but the
wheel had not yet completed the first
retrograde revolution, when a louder
tintinnabulation tinkled out successively—

"Go ahead!"

"Slow her!"

"Back her!"

"Go ahead!"

Having obeyed the command, and
supposing all was right at last, the man
quitted his post for a moment and stepped
out upon the guards to see what the
trouble had been, when suddenly the
over-busy bell again was heard:

"Slow her!"

Before he could put his hands upon
the screw, the bell again ordered:—

"Stop her!" immediately after, "Back
her!" and "Go ahead!"

Instead of going ahead, the engineer
scratched his own, and then applying
his mouth to the speaking tube, ad-
dressed the pilot thus—but stop, let us
turn for a moment to the pilot, and see
what was going on in his dominions.

This gentleman had been but a few
moments at his post, and was not fairly
awake when the bell commenced its
mysterious operations, but sleepily as he
was, the queer antics of the boat, and
the strange language of the steam-pipe,
excited his attention, and he had arrived
at the conclusion that something was
wrong, at the same moment that identi-
cal idea had forced itself upon the
engineer; so, applying his mouth to the
end of the tube, the following remarks
went up and down simultaneously:—

"What in thunder are you about up
there?"

"What in thunder are you about down
there?"

Having, like two vessels about com-
mencing an engagement, fired these
shots across their bows, the train went
immediately into action as follows:—

Pilot—Who told you to 'stop her'
and 'back her'?

Engineer—You did: what did you
ring the bell for twenty times?

Pilot—You must be a nice fellow to
trust Mr. 'Kettles,' to get drunk be-
fore sunrise. Call your mate and turn
in.

Engineer—Drunk! drunk yourself;
I haven't had a drop, and you're just
lying drunk; that's what it is.

Pilot—Look here 'Old Kettles,'
hold on a bit, and I'll be down on you
like a thousand o' brick.

Engineer—Don't trouble yourself to
come down. I'll be up to you in two

shakes, and then we'll see who's drunk
and who is not.

Now this backing and filling had ex-
cited the attention of officers and crew,
and as the pilot and engineer having
obtained relief, met half-way down in
the 'boiler deck,' captain and clerk,
mate and steward, bricklayer and cham-
bermaid, all hastened to the spot of
observation, and ere the two combatants
could join issue, they were seized and
held, and an investigation of the affair
was entered into.

While all this was in progress, neither
boat nor bell had been touched, but the
same singular succession of orders was
going on, and the two assistants, above
and below, were meditating a little affair
of their own, when that of their princi-
pals had been satisfactorily concluded.

The mystery was apparently past
solution, but the captain bethought him
of a possible cause, and stepping to a
state-room, in the 'social hall,' kicked
the door open, and there stood a lanky
young Tennessean, who had embarked
at Memphis the previous night, very
actively jerking at a cord that ran
through his room in the farther corner.

Seizing him by the collar, the cap-
tain demanded, "What are you about?"

"About!" answered the Tennessean,
"why, don't you see, I'm ringing for my
boot?"

Pulling the wrong cord, that was all.

THE FIRST SPOOF.—"Never was drunk
but once in my life," said a chap in my
hearing, "never mean to be again. The
street seemed to be very steep, and I lifted
my legs at every step as if I was getting
up stairs. Several cart wheels were mak-
ing convulsions in my brain, and at one
time I fancied my head was a large car-
ving and turning establishment, the lathe of
which I was keeping in motion with my
own feet. I couldn't conceive what was
the reason that the town had turned into
such an enormous mill, and what made it
worse was that it seemed all the time grow-
ing higher, and threatened to pitch over me.
Stop, stop, though! I, and I'll head this old
hill yet, or at least it shan't head me. So I
turned round to go down and get at the
bottom—but hang me if the town didn't
turn round with me, heading me all the
time, and presenting the bluff in front of
me. Well, sure enough, the ground soon
flew up, and struck me in the forehead, and
as soon as the stars cleared away, I com-
menced climbing with my hands and knees.
The next thing I saw was a big brick house
coming full spilt around the corner, and I
believe it ran right over me, for I don't
remember any more!"

THE JUDGE AND THE CULPRIT.—
Lord Chief Justice Holt, when young,
was very extravagant, and belonged to
a club of wild fellows, most of whom
took to an infamous course of life.—
When his lordship was engaged, on a
certain occasion, at the Old Bailey, a
man was tried and convicted of a robbery
on the highway, whom the judge re-
membered to have been one of his old
companions. Moved by that curiosity
which is natural on a retrospection of
past life, and thinking the fellow did not
know him, Justice Holt asked what had
become of such and such of his old
associates. The culprit, making a low
bow, and fetching a deep sigh, said,
"Ah, my lord, they are all hanged but
yourself and I."

A lady who was very modest and
submissive before marriage, was observ-
ed by her friend to use the tongue very
freely after. "There was a time when
I almost imagined she had none."—
"Yes," said her husband, with a sigh,
"but it's very long since."

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