

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

VERSES

WRITTEN SOON AFTER ATTENDING THE DEATH-BED OF A BELOVED DAUGHTER.

THE SENTIMENTS AND MANY OF THE WORDS BEING THOSE THAT WERE UTTERED BY THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN IN HER DYING HOUR.

Oh! 'tis a lonely thing to die,
To leave the verdant smiling earth—
The blue, the spangled vault of heaven,
And those we've loved even from our birth.

No more to view the glorious orb
Shed his bright rays o'er land and wave;
Soon shall those rays unheeded beam,
Nor cheer my cold and silent grave.

More poignant for the bitter pang
That rends this faint and feeble heart;
Ah! fondest parent, long beloved,
Fruit nature bleeds from thee to part.

Farewell awhile, my hour is come—
One fond, one other parting kiss—
Bright hopes of glory raise my soul,
And tell me we shall meet in bliss.

In peace and love I leave the world,
No passion e'er perturbed my mind,
From me none can forgiveness need,
For all were good and all were kind.

Long have I felt the sure approach,
And silent mused on this dread hour;
'Tis sad to part from those we love—
Death hath no other pang nor power.

While faith, like sweetest melody,
Exalts with joy the fainting heart,
And thoughts too high for mortal tongue
A peace ineffable impart.

And now the vital spark of heaven
Is languishing to leave this clay;
And soon 'twill sink—to rise again—
In beams of brighter, purer ray.

Come, dear Redeemer of my soul!
Oh! shield me in the tempest high;
I give my soul to thy command;
Jesus, with outstretched arms, is nigh.

To welcome her who loved His word;
Her sole delight its sweet control,
Sufficient is his precious blood,
To free from sin the guilty soul.

Home! home! sweet Jesus, call me home!
Now let me to Thy bosom fly;
Parents, farewell a little while—
'Tis peace, 'tis joy in Christ to die.

OUR BROTHER.

BY MARY.

We laid him where the Northwind sweepeth
Through the dark and shadowy pine,
Where the lamps that night-time keepeth
Softly o'er his earth-bed shine,
Oh, our hearts were sad and lonely,
When we laid him to his rest;
Dearest treasure! and our only,
Sadly were our souls oppress'd.

Blooming as a rose in summer,
Eyes as bright as dew-drops are;
Ah, he seemed a cherub comer
From the athen-land afar,
Joyous as the birds that warbled
Sweetest bird-hymns in his ear,
Or the little brook that gurgled
O'er its pebbly pathway near.

Never more will find him sleeping,
Softly pressing 'neath his cheek
Violets, that once were peeping
Forth so timidly and meek,
On the banks where now they're growing,
All unvisited and lone,
Save by sunbeams, downward glowing,
Or the shadows o'er them thrown.

Glimpses bright, perchance of heaven,
Where he was so soon to be,
To his soul-lit eyes were given,
Visions of the best, the free!
Ever seemed his bright eyes beaming
With the hues of paradise:
Trustingly we closed them, deeming
They were opened in the skies.

Now his little form is resting,
Where the Northland breezes sigh
Low sad requiems o'er the grave-mound,
Where the starlight loves to lie,
Summer comes, with bird and blossom,
Sweetly o'er his grave they bloom—
One thought brings joy: there'll be a summer
To the winter of the tomb!

A young man being cured of a martial predilection, by being in a skirmish, it was said of him that he had an itch for military distinction, but the smell of sulphur cured it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PUNISHMENT OF MAD. MADERSPATZCH.

Among the other victims of the Austrian Government there still lives in Pesth the lady who was scourged by Austrian soldiers—Madam Maderspatzch. I have met several who have seen her, and the account they give of the affair is as follows: She is a lady of fortune and rank, residing in Siebenbergen, in the south-eastern part of Hungary. Her husband was an officer in the Hungarian army, and she herself naturally sympathized with his party, and, it is said, frequently entertained him and the officers under him in a very hospitable manner. This had exasperated the Austrians, and when, at length, they occupied that part of Hungary, they were quite ready for severities against her. Unfortunately for her, her tenantry made some celebration at the time, and burned (she stated, without her knowledge), the Emperor Francis in effigy. She was at once seized, and at the command of the Austrian officer, made "to run the gauntlet," or the "Gassenlauf," as they call it. I gained some acquaintance with this Austrian punishment while in the Gros Warden prison, as it was applied on all the thieves and deserters every Saturday afternoon. The custom is usually to call out three hundred men, who form two rows, one hundred and fifty on a side. Each man is to be provided with a tough limber stick. The criminal, a hardy, strong man, commonly is stripped to the waist, and made to walk leisurely through at the beat of the drum. If any one in the line neglects to lay on as hard as he can, he gets five and twenty himself. It is generally calculated that a strong man sent through the line four times, if he has strength enough to get to the end, will die within a few hours.

This was Madame Maderspatzch's punishment, though with generous consideration for her sex, the "run" was probably limited to once through! The effect upon the proud, high-born lady, was to drive her into insanity. The news of such a public brutal indignity on his wife, so affected the husband, that he shot himself through the brain. And, to entirely hush up the matter, the only survivor, a young son, was drafted into the Austrian army in Italy as a common soldier, where he is still. The whole deed seems to have come, if not directly from Hayman, at least from his general orders. The poor lady is still in Pesth, in a half crazed condition. It is said, after Hayman's tremendous flagellation by the London brewers, some one sent her a paper containing an account of it, and that she kept it in her bosom, wet with her tears! Somehow or other, she obtained, too, a piece of one of the brooms with which she was beaten, and manicule-like she made a bracelet of it, which she now wears.—[Hungary in 1851.]

MORNING CALLS IN TUNIS.

Lady E. S. Wortley, in her description of Tunis, says:—

"People pay visits at Tunis in rather a curious way generally. On ordinary occasions you go, not exactly down your friends' chimneys, but something very like it. You walk from roof to roof, and make a descent where you will down a steep little staircase, communicating with a small door in the terrace-roof; as there is neither knocker nor bell provided, the visiter has no chance of saying "Not at home," and occasionally this must be tiresome and inconvenient; indeed, one of my Tunis friends told me she often found it unpleasant when engaged in the various indispensable avocations connected with a well-managed household. As for us, we had a very agreeable walk on the roofs, which are beautifully paved with broad stones, and often decorated with little avenues of orange trees, beds, and parterres of flowers, and clusters of all kinds of sweet flowering plants—the orange trees affording a delightful shade in the heat of the day, and the flower-beds the most odoriferous breathings. After we had thus promenaded for some time, we met the daughter of the American consul, who, like ourselves, was taking an agreeable little stroll. She invited us to come down the chimney, or through the trap-door, and see her father and mother, which we had much pleasure in doing. The American consul's lady told me it was so long since she had been in the United States, that she had almost forgotten her own native place. After spending some time with Dr. Heav's amiable family, we ascended once more to the roof, and again proceeded to pay a visit to Mrs. Farrier. One could not help, however, feeling a little Paul Fry-ish, thus continually and almost literally dropping in; but we were soon quite reconciled to these slight peculiarities of Tunisian custom."

TIME.—The hand of time is visible in all the works of Nature. Ask the man whose locks are white with the dew of age, over whose head the sun has performed his innumerable revolutions, whose form is tottering on the verge of the grave, and mark the answer:—"Time was, when I was young, and vigorous with hope animated with future prospects and the expectations of long life; but where are they now? Alas! my days have passed away like a dream, and scarcely a trace of them is left to say that they have been!"

Let us call to mind the pleasing recollections of childhood, when, with our early associates, we mingled in the pleasing recreations of childish sports, or, seated around the fireside of our sacred homes, with a tender father and a fond mother to watch over and protect us in the crooked paths of infancy and youth. But where, now, are the associates of our early years? By the hand of time they are scattered here and there on the earth, and many of them have long since sunk in the silent tomb.

Where now is the fond brother, or the kind and affectionate sister, whose society we once enjoyed? Perchance they have long since been removed by the hand of Time, and the gentle breezes of the evening now softly wave the tender grass over their lonely habitations.

This will time continue to work his ravages until the Seventh Angel with one foot upon the land, shall swear by Him that liveth forever that time shall be no longer.

WOMEN IN CHINA.—Woman is in a more degraded position in China than in any other part of the globe, and her humiliation is rendered more conspicuous by the extent to which civilization and education have been carried in the empire. In no rank is she regarded as the companion of man, but is treated solely as the slave of his caprice and passions. Even amongst the females of the highest ranks few are found who can read or write; their education is confined to the art of embroidery, playing on a horrid three-stringed guitar, and singing; but the obligation of obedience to man is early inculcated, and the greater portion of their time is spent in smoking and playing at cards. The women of the poorer classes have no education, and can be considered little better than beasts of burden. A man of that rank will walk deliberately by his wife's side, while she totters yoked to a plough, while he guides it! Those of the lower classes who are good looking, are purchased by the rich at about twelve or fourteen years, and are then instructed according to their master's ideas.

The Chinese cannot at all comprehend the European mode of treating ladies with respect and deference, and being naturally superstitious attribute to devilish arts practised by the fair sex, the just appreciation we entertain of their value; in short, they consider European ladies have an influence somewhat similar to that ascribed to an evil eye by Italian superstition.

Chinese domestics have a very great objection to reside in an European family over which a lady presides; and a tradition of theirs coincides with their superstition about our females, "That China should not be conquered until a woman ruled in the far West!" Some say that this prophecy was never heard of until they were conquered by the army of Queen Victoria. Be this as it may, they all contend that it is to be found in some of their oldest works.—[Travels in China.]

A NEW AMUSEMENT.—We have sometimes thought it might prove a most useful thing for the pale, feeble and sickly young women of the present day, if some competent person should get up a series of amusements for them, of a kind fitted to develop and strengthen their physical powers. Suppose, for example, we should get up an amusement called "Taking off our Grandmothers," in which one or several of these feeble young women should appear in short gown and petticoat, with pails, soap and scrubbing brush, and play scrubbing the floor—mind only play it, though, of course, to be effectively played it should be done as vigorously, and as nearly like our grandmothers who did it in earnest, as possible. The brush should be laid on as hard and the floor be made as clean, as if done in earnest instead of fun, but you are to remember that it is only as fashionable fun, and you know that a great many fashionable amusements are as far as scrubbing floors, for instance, dancing all night. Only let some ingenious body contrive to make it a fashionable amusement to take off our grandmother's floor-scrubbing, and our word for it, many of our fashionable young women who don't seem to have strength enough to pick up a fan or handkerchief, would go through the whole process of scrubbing a floor and do it well. It is only as work that they can't do it. Fun is altogether another thing.

As few of our fashionable friends would know how to get up this amusement, on account of never having seen it done, we supply the recipe from our collection of hints to housewives.

For this purpose have a small tub or bucket of warm water, an old saucer to hold a piece of brown soap, a large, thick tow-linen floor-cloth, and a long-handled scrubbing-brush. Dip the whole of the floor-cloth into the water, and with it wet a portion of the floor. Next, rub some soap on the bristles of the brush, and scrub hard all over the wet place. Then dip your cloth into the water, and with it wash the suds off the floor. Wring the cloth, wet it again, and wipe the floor with it again a second time. Lastly, wash the cloth about in the water, wring it as dry as possible, and give the floor a last and hard wiping with it. Afterwards go on to the next part of the floor, wet it, scrub it, wipe it three times, and proceed in the same manner, a piece at a time, till you have gone over the whole, changing the dirty water for clean whenever you find it necessary. When the floor has been scrubbed, leave the sashes up while it is drying. For

scouring common floors that are very dirty, have by you an old tin pan with some gray sand in it; and after soaping the brush, rub it on some sand also.

We believe the above are the necessary directions, and strictly followed, they will constitute an amusement of the most taking character, and many a gentleman who wouldn't give a straw for all the polkas that were ever invented, would give his eyes and his heart for a sight of the young ladies "Taking off their Grandmothers."—[N. Y. Organ.]

TREES IN OREGON.—In the March number of Barry's Horticulturist, published at Rochester, is a communication from N. Coe, of Portland, Oregon, furnishing accounts of the dimensions of several trees of remarkable size which he measured in that Territory; one of these trees, near Astoria, being ten feet in diameter, five feet above the ground, 112 feet to the first limb, and its total height 242 feet. Another one, in a forest of spruce, cedar and fir, of about the same size, measured thirty-nine feet in circumference. Mr. Coe says:—"Gen. John Adair, of Astoria, informs me that about three years ago he bought a hundred thousand shingles, all made from one cedar tree, for which he gave fifteen hundred dollars in gold." The tremendous size of timber in Oregon appears to be well attested.

SENTIMENTALITIES.—By a SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.—THE heart is a nursery of the tenderest plants to which the least chill often proves most destructive.

White hair is the chalk with which Time keeps its score—two, three, or fourscore, as the case may be—on a man's head.

Two's a secret, but three's none.

The heart-strings will snap, just like harp-strings from excess of cold and neglect.

Good nature is a glow-worm that sheds light even in the dirtiest places.

Man has generally the best of everything in this world—for instance, in the morning he has nothing but the newspaper to trouble his head with, whereas poor Woman has her curl-papers.

Kindnesses are stowed away in the heart, like bags of lavender in a drawer, and sweeten every object around them.

SEVEN FOOLS.—1. The Envious Man—The man who sends away his mutton because the person next to him is eating venison.

2. The Jealous Man—who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it.

3. The Proud Man—who gets wet through, sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior.

4. The Litigious Man—who goes to law, in the hopes of ruining his opponent and gets ruined himself.

5. The Extravagant Man—who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home.

6. The Angry Man—who learns the ophicleide, because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano.

7. The Ostentatious Man—who illuminates the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.—[Punch.]

An affray happened in Macao a few years ago, in which a Chinese was killed by the Portuguese. A peremptory demand was made for one of the latter to expiate the death of the former. The government of this place, either unable or unwilling to fix on the delinquent, proposed terms of compromise, which were rejected, and force was threatened to be used. Then happened to be a merchant from Manila then residing at Macao, a man of excellent character, who had long carried on a commerce between the two ports. This unfortunate man was selected to be the innocent victim to appease the rigor of Chinese justice, and he was immediately strangled.

A lady at the St. Louis Hotel remarked in our presence recently that she always watched with much interest the ingress and egress of husbands and wives to and from the dining and drawing rooms of fashionable hotels. "If," said she "the wives enter and depart little in advance of their husbands, be sure they wear the—'Oh! no, we never mention 'ems.' If, on the contrary, the husbands take the lead, you may rest assured they take the lead in everything else." This idea, to us, is perfectly original, and we shall be somewhat particular, hereafter, in satisfying ourselves of the truth of such significant signs.

IMPUDENT QUESTIONS.—To ask an unmarried lady how old she is.

To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie.

To ask a doctor how many persons he ever killed.

To ask a minister if he ever did anything wrong.

To ask a merchant whether he ever cheated a customer.

ANGER.—In contentions be always passive never active on the defensive, not the assaulting party; and then also give a gentle answer, receiving the furies and indiscretions of the other like a stone in a bed of moss and soft compliance; and you shall find it sit down quietly; whereas anger and violence make the contention loud and long, and injurious to both parties.

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