

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

CHANGE.

(From the Waverley Magazine.)

All is action, all is motion.—HAGEN.
Glance abroad, o'er earth or ocean,
Give the mind its utmost range;
There behold,—all all is motion—
Rude concomitant of change.

Yonder planets have no station,
Revolutions all fulfil;
Thus it is throughout creation,
Motion, motion, motion still.

In the stormy clouds that lower,
In the lone and rocky dell;
In the leaflet,—all all is motion—
In the little coral shell.

In the balmy mists of morning,
In the zephyr floating free,
In the sunny rays, adorning
Temple, turret, tower and tree.

In the pilgrim, fresh or weary,
In the tomb or watery grave;
In the cavern, dark and dreary,
Deep beneath the rolling wave.

In aromal flowers, distilling
Fragrant, sublimated dust,
God's intentions thus fulfilling,
Nature's faithful to her trust.

Nature's channels all have motion:
Through minute capillary
Rolls a vivifying lotion,—
Thus in heart, or ciliary.

In the valley, in the mountain,
Land of plenty, or of dearth;
River, lake, or crystal fountain,
Atmosphere, or crusts of earth.

In yon planets gently rolling—
Yonder meteoric flash;
Comets seeming past controlling;
Lightnings glance, or thunders crash.

Yon effulgent radiator,
And each sparkling stellar gem,
Seemingly to earth's spectator
Made to gild night's diadem.

Naught is fixed, or firm in station,
Naught can Nature's changes stay;
System bright, or constellation,
Nebula, or milky-way.

Think you change will ever falter—
Think you motion o'er will cease?
Nature's laws will NEVER alter;
Not a jot will e'er release.

While Creation's Mighty Mentor
Holds the cosmic control,
Suns around their astral centre
Ne'er will cease to onward roll.

Water, air, light, heat, attrition,
Bringing changes yet untold—
Changes in earth's gross condition,
Forms of beauty bright unfold.

Forms of beauty ever changing,
Keeping pace with rolling time;
Present thus from past estranging,
And unfolding soul sublime.

Soul of beauty, which shall never
In the future stay, or stand,—
But expand, advance, forever,
Even in the spirit-land.

MORTALITY.

BY CHARLES C. RAWLINGS.

The house is old, the house is cold,
And on the roof is snow,
And in and out, and round about
The bitter night winds blow;
The bitter night winds howl and blow,
And darkness thickens deep,
And oh, the minutes creep as slow
As though they were asleep!

It used to be all light and song,
And mirth and spirits gay;
The day could never prove too long,
And night seemed like the day!
The night seemed bright and light as day,
Ere yet that house was old,
Ere yet its aged roof was grey,
Its inner chambers cold.

Old visions haunt the creaking floors,
Old sorrows sit and wail;
While still the night winds out of doors
Like burley balliffs rail!
Old visions haunt the floors above,
The walls with wrinkles frown;
And people say who pass that way,
'Twere well the house were down.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A THRILLING SCENE.

The ship Trade Wind, which took fire on her passage from New York to San Francisco, had among her passengers eight missionaries and three families, sent out to California and Oregon by the Home Missionary Society; one of them writes home the following description of the scene on board:

On the morning of the twenty-first day of our passage, when in latitude 1 deg. 14 min., and longitude 33 deg. 28 min., one of the sailors came running to the officer on the quarter-deck, crying out, "The ship is on fire!" This officer went forward and saw smoke coming out of the cabin lockers and crevices of the deck. He ordered the force pump to be manned and went back to the cabin where Captain W. and the passengers were at breakfast. He communicated the fact to the captain, and they both left without any suspicion being excited as to the cause. After breakfast I went upon deck, and the usual stir on the fore-castle attracting my attention I went forward and soon learned the cause. The ship was on fire in the cargo somewhere it was supposed, between second and third deck; but how extensive the fire was, could not be immediately ascertained. A hole was cut through the deck, and a stream of water from the force pump, which would throw about five barrels per minute, was thrown in upon the burning mass. Several other places were cut, and lines for passing buckets were formed by the passengers. We toiled on in this way for some three hours, but could see no indications that we were getting the fire under. The ventilators seemed rather to show that it was spreading aft under the cabin, which was, then beginning to be filled with gas and smoke.

The ship was then turned head to the land; we were four hundred and fifty miles from it. The magazine were hoisted upon the upper deck, and placed where it could be easily thrown overboard; the life-boats were got and the provisions and water, and the clothing which we would need till we could land, made ready. At this time another large opening was made, and a box, on fire, was broken to pieces, and its contents passed upon the deck. Another and another was passed up in the same manner, till a place was made large enough to admit one of the sailors, who boldly went down with the hose in his hand. He directed it against the burning mass till he fell exhausted upon the burning floor. He was dragged out, and another equally as bold as he, came to his place. In a moment or two he fell like his companion, and was dragged out insensible, and carried upon the deck. Another and another took his place, and shared his fate. Thus it went on till every one of our sixty sailors had taken his turn. At one time I counted sixteen of these generous fellows lying together on the deck. The ladies came from the cabin and bathed their heads with camphor, which would in most cases bring them too in a short time. As soon as one was recovered sufficiently to walk, he would go back and offer his services again. Several of the men were brought up out of this place as many as eight times. On the most of them the gas which they inhaled seemed to have an effect somewhat like that of laughing gas, particularly when they were partially resuscitated. It was no easy matter to restrain those powerful men when they endeavoured to throw themselves overboard, or do themselves or us some personal harm.

For four hours we laboured in this way, and you may imagine the terror of our position. We could but fear that the strength of the men, self-sacrificing as they were, would not hold on till the flames were extinguished. Some of them could do no more, and these the hardest of them all. We toiled on, however—the passengers, gentlemen and ladies, working the pumps—for another hour, when the joyful news came that the fire was out. No more flames could be seen, no more smoke arose. We began to breathe freely, and hope that delivery had been sent us. After the rest of an hour an examination was made, but no signs of fire was discovered. We lay down upon the deck (it was very warm) and passed the night. The next day was the Sabbath, and never did a more devout assembly come together for the worship of God.

POWER OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A writer in the Boston "Times" describing a visit to the penitentiary at Philadelphia, gives the following sketch of an interview between Mr. Scattergood, the humane warden of the prison, and a young man who was about to enter on his imprisonment. Few will read it without deep emotion.

We passed the ante-room again, when we encountered a new-comer, who had just reached the prison as we entered. He had been sent up for five years on charge of embezzlement.

He was attired in the latest style of fashion, and possessed all the non-chalance and careless appearance of a genteel rowdy. He twirled a watch-chain, looking particularly knowing at a couple of young ladies who chanced to be present, and seemed utterly indifferent about himself or the predicament he was in. The warden

read his commitment, and addressed him with—

"Charles, I am sorry to see thee here."
"It can't be helped, old fellow."
"What is thy age, Charles?"
"Twenty-three."
"A Philadelphian?"
"Well kinder, and kinder not."
"Thee has disgraced thyself sadly."
"Well, I ain't troubled, old stick."
"Thee looks not like a rogue."
"Matter of opinion."
"Thee was well situated?"
"Yes, well enough."
"In good employ?"
"Well, so-so."
"And thee has parents?"
"Yes."
"Perhaps thee has a mother, Charles?"

The convict had been standing during this brief dialogue perfectly unconcerned and reckless, until the last interrogatory was put by the warden. Had a thunderbolt struck him he could not have fallen more suddenly than he did when the name of mother fell on his ears! He sank into a chair—a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes—the very fountains of his heart seemed to have burst on the instant. He recovered partially, and said imploringly to the warden—

"Don't you, sir, for God's sake, don't call her by name in this dreadful place! Do what you may with me, but don't mention that name to me!"

There were tears in eyes besides the prisoner's and an aching silence pervaded the group which surrounded the convict.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

A LETTER FROM A BACHELOR.

I belong, Messrs. Editors, to that miserable class of beings called old bachelors—I say old, for every one who passes the age of thirty without a wife, inevitably receives that adjective. I never cared a stab about any woman, except one, with whom I fell in love when I was about eighteen. I trusted that the immortals would, some day, appear and unite us; but about two years ago she married, after one or two intermediate engagements, a man to whom I am an Adonis—an Apollo for the sake of a comfortable position. Of course, faithful as I was to her, I never even thought of others, except as those to whom every man owes conventional homage. But after she betrayed me, I began to scan the circle of my female friends with the eye matrimonial. They do not please me, for reasons—I find most of them vain, frivolous, ignorant, and all too used to the elegancies and luxuries of life to share the lot of a man who is dependent upon his profession for his livelihood, and who must calculate his coin ere he makes an expenditure. It would be cruel to link them to such a life. Besides, most of them have a large circle of relations and friends which to me is an insuperable objection. I hate the idea of marrying a family—one woman, one gentle, loving woman, is all I ask—and I know that there are women in the world that would just suit me—well-educated, free from pride, sensible, long to love and to be beloved, and just as poor as myself. I can picture such a one to myself, now, sitting in yonder chair. She holds a bit of needlework upon her lap; her fine, glossy hair is laid apart over a clear, wide brow, and her eyes and lips smile as she looks up to answer my sympathetic questioning, while her plump, white hands fairly illuminate the darkness of her dress, and the regular, tranquil rise and fall of the bodice above her bosom, shows a warm and contented heart. She is neat and AT FAIT, from the twist of her saken looks to the soles of her tiny feet, and the sphere that surrounds and enfold her is so bountiful of innocence, and purity, and love, that a blind man would be sensible of her presence. Yet it is but a picture, a vision! Can you suggest any means by which I may make it a reality?
COELEBS.

CUNNING AND DISCRETION.—Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of short sightedness, and discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is the only found in men of strong sense and good understanding: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

WANTED.—Twenty fashionable young ladies who dare be seen wielding a dusting brush or darn their brother's stockings, if a gentleman should happen to make an early morning call.

THE FOLLIES OF GREAT MEN.

Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, changed colour, and his legs shook under him, on meeting with a hare or a fox.

Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost: if by mistake it did get in first, he would step back and place his right foot foremost.

Julius Cæsar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get in a cellar or under ground to escape the dreadful noise.

To Queen Elizabeth the word "death" was full of horrors. Even Tellebrand trembled and changed colour on hearing the word pronounced. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat.

Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so. Whenever he set foot on one he would shriek out in distress and agony.

Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would he be helped himself. If any of the articles happened to be spilled on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished.

The story of the great Frenchman, Malebranche, is well known, and is well authenticated. He fancied he carried an enormous leg of mutton at the tip of his nose. No one could convince him to the contrary. One day a gentleman, visiting him adopted this plan to cure him of his folly: He approached him with the intention of embracing him, when suddenly he exclaimed, "Ha! your leg of mutton has struck me in the face!" at which Malebranche expressed regret. The friend went on: "May I now remove the encumbrance with a razor?"

"Ah, my friend! my friend! I owe you more than life. Yes, yes; by all means cut it off!"

In a twinkling the friend lightly cut the tip of the philosopher's nose, and adroitly taking from under his cloak a superb leg of mutton, raised it in triumph.

"Ah!" cried Malebranche, "I live! I breathe! I am saved! My nose is free; my head is free; but—but—it was raw, and that is COCKED!"

"Truly; but then you have been seated near the fire: that must be the reason."

Malebranche was satisfied, and from that time forward he made no more complaints about any mutton-leg, or any other monstrous protuberance on his nose.

A WIFE AND SIX CHILDREN.—A new comer in California was lamenting his condition and his folly in leaving an abundance, and especially two beautiful daughters who were just budding into womanhood—when he asked a New Yorker if he had a family. "Yes, sir, I have and six children in New York—and I never saw one of them." The interrogator said "Were you ever blind, sir?" "No, sir." "Did you marry a widow, sir?" "No, sir." "Did I understand you to say, that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?" "Yes, sir, I so stated it." "How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?" "Why," was the response, "ONE OF THEM was born after I left."

GEORGE III. AND WOLFE.—When George III. was told that Wolfe was quite unfit to command, and was in fact a madman, the monarch replied, "Mad—mad—mad! Wolfe mad!—Wish he'd bite some of the other generals!"

"Mr. C.," observed Mr. B., in a recent trial, "practises his arguments before a glass." "Better practice them before a glass than AFTER A GLASS," was the courteous retort of the able lawyer.

LONG SPEECHES.—Mr. Wilkinson says that when our great parliamentary orators rave for hours about their love of country, they mean their love of talking.

A REAL AMERICAN.—An American, when asked by a Russian the boundary of his country, said—"That it was bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, and on the south by the day of judgment."

INGENIOUS REPLY.—"Miss Brown, I've been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette. "Just let me have your hand, if you please." "La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa."

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."—If much evil is spoken of you, first tax your friends with the scandle, and you will seldom have to accuse your enemies.

Why is a lady's waist like a crowded meeting?
—Because there is a gathering and a squeeze.

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

Is Edited and Published every Wednesday morning, by GEORGE WEBBER, at his office, Water-street, opposite the Premises of W. DONNELLY, Esq.
TERMS:—Fifteen shillings per annum half in advance.

WOL. I.

LET US

HOLLO

WHY

It has been
How weighed
HOLLOWAY
adapted to the
wous, the Dell
dines, ages, ses
tessor Hollowa
the-manufacture
tion to tree an
best remedy the
most of disease

THESE P.

These famou
lived to operate
the kidney, the
lungs, correcti
functions, puri
fountain of life,
adits forms.

DIAPYPSI

Nearly half
these pills, it
of the world, the
equal to them
liver, dyspepsia
personality. And
to those organs
than a doctor's

GENERAL D.

Many of the
Have opened the
introduction of
become the medi
cine of ages adu
best remedy ever
saw health, or w
impaired, as is s
habit of food

REMALE

No female you
can this celebra
and regulates the
system, acting in
It is also the best
remedy given to
any complaint
should be without

DR. DOWDY

renewed knowle
Dyspepsia—
Ague, Asthma, B
emission the skin,
Constipation of
Dizziness, Dropsy,
Fever, Intermittent
Piles, Gonorrhoea,
Rheumatism, Jaundice,
Sciatica, Leucorrhoea,
of the face, Scalding
Gavel, Scurvy,
tossy, Pains of the
Wounds of all kind
(see cases, &c., &c.)

Sold at the Es
HEALTHY 244 St
London, and 50, V
admission and respect
ers in Medicine
world at the follow
3s. and 7s. each

There is a
taking the larger
N.B.—In certain
patients in every
each box.
Wholesale