

# THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

Original.  
REFLECTIONS, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY G. W.

When will the Grave cease to devour  
The noblest work of Heaven below—  
And Death destroyed give place to power,  
Which triumphs not in human woe?—

When shall "the sun withdraw his light,  
The darkened moon be changed to blood,"  
Earth's funeral torch illumine the night,  
And fire destroy as erst the flood?

Ah! who can answer?—time rolls on,  
And bears its passing sons away;  
Who join to day life's thoughtless throng,  
To-morrow range in death's array.

Thy boundless power whilst time shall last,  
On Earth, Oh Death! can know no change,  
Swift thy unerring shafts are cast—  
Wide the destroying angel's range.

How late amid the tempest's roar,  
Thy voice was heard along the deep;  
Still widowed hearts that voice deplore,  
And still the helpless orphans weep.

Far from the south, the 'plaint of woe,  
'Mid pestilential vapours rise;  
And in the east a lurid glow,  
O'er war's fell horrors light the skies:—

There meet the serried ranks of steel,  
And there the Treach'rous hosts defy,  
For CHRISTIAN, and their Country's weal  
There, sternly strive, and nobly die.

One burning page of history's scroll—  
Bright as of yore, illumine the free;  
And HAVLOCK'S ever onward roll,  
Rivals full oft, THERMOPYLÆ.

Whole Hecatombs around him lie,  
But the dread premium should be paid,  
And victory's exulting cry,  
Wakes not the warriors, lowly laid.

Again! less distant.—Hark! the sound  
Of Earthquake—awful source of woe;  
A city sinks beneath the ground—  
A Kingdom mourns its overthrow:

Sudden to thousands, was the call,  
From earth's fair surface to its womb:  
Oh! 'twas the direst type of all  
Dread preludes to the general doom.

And Death is busy—even here,  
Lost are the friends we prized so late;  
Ah me! What moanings rend the air,  
What homesteads are made desolate.

On every side the work goes on,  
Which seems to name, with voice profound,  
The Sea—one vast mausoleum,  
The Earth—a boundless burial ground.

Harbor Grace Jan 1853

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.

Edward Derwent had been married only three weeks, when a cloud came over his sky. His bride was so beautiful, and possessed so many attractions, that he could not see how it was possible for any one to look at her without, at the same time, falling in love. If, therefore, any person belonging to the masculine gender was observed to gaze with apparent earnestness at his Theresa, Derwent instantly became uncomfortable, and his imagination, excited by his feelings, pictured events of a most distressing and terrible nature.

"I'm a fool!" he would say to himself, in moments when he was less under the influence of his peculiar temperament; and yet, though conscious of his folly, he continued none the less a fool. It only required a good looking young man to sit by the side of Theresa, or to fix his eyes earnestly upon her, in order to arouse from its temporary repose the green-eyed monster within him.

A part of the honeymoon was spent at a summer retreat, a few miles from town, where a pleasant company of about a dozen were enjoying the luxury of cool, fresh air, and all the choicest fruits of the season. Among those present was a young man of fine person, good address, and well-cultivated mind, who was a favourite with all. His name was Edmonds. As soon as the young bride arrived, she was received with marked attention by all; for with those who knew her, she was already a cherished companion; and those to whom she was introduced, soon perceived in her qualities to admire or love. From the day of her arrival, much to the disquietude of Derwent, Edmonds was particular in his attentions; and it not unfrequently happened that the jealous young husband came upon this young man and his wife, when sitting alone in the parlor, under the portico, or in some one of the pleasant arbours or summer-houses that were scattered over the lawn and gardens. On such occasions, it was plain to him that Edmonds looked confused; and he was much mistaken if the

bloom on the beautiful cheeks of his wife did not take a deeper hue.

At first, Derwent tried to think this all an idle fancy; but his jealous heart gave the thought an emphatic contradiction. How was it possible for any one to look upon Theresa and not love her? And was she proof against all the appeals of a vivid admiration? The more he saw, felt, and thought, the more uneasy did the young man become; and the more certain was he that Edmonds entertained the purpose of winning from him the love of his wife.

Thus matters stood on the fourth day after Derwent's arrival in the country; when an incident occurred that painfully corroborated, in his mind, all his fears. He was sitting at a window of the room they occupied, thinking of the dangers that surrounded his bride, and meditating a speedy return to town in order to escape them, when he observed Theresa walking along just below him, in a thoughtful mood. Ere she had passed from his sight a servant stepped up and handed her a letter. She looked eagerly at the address, and, as she did so, a flush suffused her face—then, lifting the letter in her bosom, she disappeared around an angle of the house. Crossing the room with a fluttering heart, Derwent passed quickly to another window, near which he rightly conjectured Theresa would go to read her letter. In a few moments he saw her glide forth from a mass of shrubbery, and sit down on a rustic seat beneath some old oak trees that had known the sunshine and storms for at least a hundred years. Here she drew the letter from her bosom, and, while he was gazing down upon her, became absorbed in its contents. Evidently, from her manner while reading, the letter produced a vivid impression on her mind; but, as her face was turned so far away that her husband could only see a small portion of it, he was unable to determine the character of emotions. But he did not in the least doubt that the communication was from Edmonds.

Maddened by this conclusion, Derwent could with difficulty restrain himself from going to the young man, and charging upon him the crime of attempting to destroy his happiness. A little reflection taught him the folly of this; and he concluded that it would be more prudent to wait for a time to see the development of things. It might be that the letter which Theresa had received was not from Edmonds; and that, as soon as he saw her, she would show it to him. In this latter conclusion, however, he was doomed to be mistaken. Hoping that she would come up to their room, he remained there for half an hour in momentary expectation of seeing her enter; but he waited in vain. Unable to bear the suspense any longer, Derwent descended to the parlor—no one was there. He passed out into the portico; but saw nothing of Theresa.

"Have you seen Mrs. Derwent?" he inquired of a lady.

"Yes," replied the lady. "I saw her walking towards the garden, some ten minutes ago, with Mr. Edmonds."

"With Edmonds!" he exclaimed; completely thrown off his guard.

The lady looked curiously after him as he strode off, hastily, towards the garden. On opening the gate, he saw Theresa and the young man moving slowly down one of the walks engaged in earnest conversation. They did not observe his approach. Twice, before he reached them, Edmonds stooped to pluck a flower, which was presented to the lady, who manifested pleasure in receiving it. Before he was near enough to hear the sound of their voices—for they conversed in a soft tone—his foot rustled among the dry leaves of a fallen branch, and warned them of his presence.

"What's the matter, Edward?—are you unwell?" asked Theresa, with much concern, the moment she looked into her husband's face.

"I don't feel very well," replied Derwent, evasively.

"You look far from well," said Edmonds, with apparent sympathy.

"Why Edward! you are pale, and your lips tremble as you speak. What has happened?" The young bride seemed frightened.

"Nothing—nothing," returned Derwent, who felt his position to be an awkward one, and was strange to say, more anxious to conceal his suspicions than he had been, a few moments before, to let them be seen.

Theresa drew her arm within his, and said "Come! You must go back to the house, and lie down. You are unwell."

As Theresa thus spoke, Edmonds bowed rather formally, and turned down one of the garden walks, leaving the husband and wife alone.

"What is the matter, Edward?" asked Theresa, anxiously, as soon as they were entirely by themselves.

"Nothing particular—only—I feel well enough now," awkwardly stammered the young husband.

"You don't look well," replied Theresa; her eyes fixed earnestly upon her husband's face while she spoke. "What is the matter? Do tell me, Edward." There was so much of real tenderness in the young wife's voice, that Edward's heart smote him for the suspicion he had permitted to enter his mind.

"I haven't felt perfectly well for a day or two," said the jealous spouse,

"You didn't mention this before," said his wife.

"No; for it would only have disturbed your feelings; but I'm better now." And the returning colour to his face, and light to his eyes, attested the truth.

In silence the young couple returned to the house, and went up to their room. Theresa had proposed a walk, as likely to refresh her husband; but his mind was on the letter, and he could not rest until he was alone with her, in order that she might have an opportunity to show it to him; so he objected to the walk, and said he thought he should lie down for half an hour.

But though they remained alone during the rest of the afternoon, not a word did Theresa say about the letter she had received; and this re-awakened all Edward's most distressing doubts. At tea-time Edmonds took his usual place beside Theresa, and kept her in animated conversation, while her husband sat silent and moody, forcing himself, for mere appearance sake, to swallow the tasteless food he put into his mouth. He complained, on rising from the table, of continued indisposition, and went back to his room, accompanied, of course, by his wife. After awhile the headache with which he had been affected, according to his own statement, passed off, and he entered into a conversation with Theresa, in which he endeavoured to lead her to think of that particular time in the day when she received the letter. He even spoke of the seat under the old oak trees; but not a word was said by Theresa on the subject that was uppermost in his mind.

"Why should she conceal from me the fact of her having received a letter?" Derwent asked of himself, over and over again; but no answer came to the question, and the doubts awakened grew more and more troubled.

For half the night that followed, the jealous husband lay awake, a prey to the most harassing suspicions, while Theresa slept calmly by his side. At length—it was long after midnight—he resolved to end this state of suspense. The moon was shining brilliantly, and pouring into the room a flood of light, making all objects, distinctly visible, and rendering the aid of a lamp in the search he contemplated, altogether unnecessary. Quietly slipping from the bed, Edward went to the chair over which Theresa had thrown her dress on retiring for the night, and searched in the bosom for the letter. But it was not there. He then lifted the garment in his hand, and shook it carefully; but the object for which he sought so anxiously did not fall upon the floor. Might there not be a pocket in the dress? Yes, that was altogether probable; and there, no doubt, would be found the missive that would remove his fears or blight his happiness for ever. Such was the conclusion of the young man's mind. For the pocket he now commenced an eager search; but any one who has been commissioned by his wife to go to her wardrobe and bring her something from the pocket of a dress—of course no man would think of inspecting his wife's pockets unless specially commissioned to do so—can form a pretty clear idea of the difficult task Derwent had upon his hands. He pulled open the folds of the skirt round and round the whole garment, but no pocket-opening could be found. While thus engaged, he felt something hard, and his ear caught, at the same time, the rattling sound made by paper when crumpled in the hand. An electric thrill passed through the young man's frame. Here was the letter! More hurriedly, and with a nervous trembling, he sought an entrance to the place where the little messenger of good or ill reposed. But, in his eagerness, he failed, each time he revolved the dress in his hand, to light upon the particular fold that concealed the opening.

Impatiently he thrust his arms through the dress, and a single sweep turned it entirely inside out, making unconsciously to himself, as he did so, a loud rustling noise. The pocket was easily found within; but the entrance thereto was as far as ever from being discovered; and two or three minutes more elapsed in a vain search, when, despairingly grasping the pocket with one hand, he carried the other along on the outside until, at the corresponding part of the garment, after a few ineffectual trials, he found the long-hidden opening. A moment more, and the letter was in his hand. Eagerly he tore it open, and was endeavouring by the moonlight to obtain a knowledge of its contents, when a movement in the bed caused him to look around. Theresa had risen from her pillow and was bending forward and staring at him, her face looking agitated and pale in the dim moonlight. Before he could speak, she uttered a wild scream, and fell forward upon the bed.

Here was indeed a dilemma—and, more than all this, a confirmation of Derwent's worst fears. His indiscreet haste in searching for the letter had betrayed him into making noise enough to awaken his sleeping wife—who seeing that he had obtained possession of her unfaithfulness, was frightened, as well she might be, into a swoon. This was the natural inference of the husband's mind.

Scarcely had the echoes of Theresa's thrilling scream died along the passages, ere sundry movements above and around were heard; and, by the time Edward Derwent had drawn on his

pantaloon, a hand was on his door, and a frightened voice called out to know what was the matter. Edward, already aware that his wife had fainted, opened the door, after having hidden the letter in his own pocket, and admitted the hostess, who had been first to arrive at the scene of alarm. To her enquiries as to the cause of Theresa's scream, and her fainting condition Edward could give only confused and unsatisfactory answers. Other members of the family soon after appearing, active efforts were made to restore the swooning bride, who, in about an hour, was so far recovered as to open her eyes, and answer a few questions, carefully concealing the cause of her fright.

Day had begun to dawn ere Theresa was so far recovered as to be thought in a condition by the family to be left alone. Then Derwent, who had remained aloof nearly the whole time that efforts were making for her restoration, walking the floor uneasily, asked a lady who had come in if she would not remain with his wife for half an hour. Escaping from the room, he hurried into the open air, and, as soon as he had reached a place where no eye could be upon him, he drew the letter he had obtained from his pocket. Opening it once more, he devoured, so to speak, almost at a single glance, its contents which were as follows:—

"DEAR MADAM, I regret extremely to have, to inform you that your new pearl-coloured silk, which you sent me to be altered, has been totally ruined through the carelessness of one of my girls, who overturned a lamp. No help remains but for me to make you a new one; which I will do as soon as you return to town, and give me an opportunity to fit you. I feel greatly mortified about it; but it is one of those accidents against which we cannot provide. Hoping that you will not be inconvenienced by this mishap, I am, very respectfully, yours,  
"MARY MODE."

If the green-eyed monster did not die under that blow, he expired half an hour afterwards, when Theresa, with her arm around her husband's neck, told him of the frightful apparition she had seen in the night; and then, trembling from the recollection of the scene, shrunk still closer to his side and laid her head upon his bosom.

If ever a man was heartily ashamed of himself, that man was Edward Derwent. Months were suffered to go by, ere he ventured to disabuse thoroughly the mind of his wife in regard to the apparition she had seen, and then he concealed so much of the truth that she never more than half suspected the weakness which had nearly betrayed him into wounding a heart that loved him intensely, by the avowal of his suspicion.  
H. S.

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