

# THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

## SELECT POETRY.

### "A WISH OF THE PAST."

Oh, sad is the heart that cannot sing  
The song that it liketh best!  
How wearily droops the restless wing,  
Far away from its own loved nest!  
For the strain it loves,  
Like the pining dove's,  
Falls from merry, to moaning lays,  
When the stranger's ear  
Is turned to hear  
What the pensive soul essays.

I would sing as we sang in the days of old,  
When we sat by the murmuring sea,  
And our voices leaped to join the stars,  
In their strange, wild minstrelsy!  
The glittering stars  
Thro' the silver bars  
Of heaven, that peep and gleam,  
By the mystic light  
We watched all night,  
Watched the moon o'er the ocean stream,  
And our voices rolled  
As the night bell tolled  
To the quaint old words with a pathos bold.

But years since then, with sweep and swirl,  
'Neath the tides of time have set,  
The diamonds of youth are lost in the whirl—  
We hold now but porphyry and jet;  
Oh, that some diver bold and strong,  
Untamed as the mighty sea,  
Would bring us our jewels back again  
From the depths of that mystery;  
And then we might sing, as we did of yore,  
Never heeding the soulless, sullen roar,  
For why should we heed, so we held once more  
The gift of our youth and its priceless store.

### TO ONE AFAR.

BY MAURICE BINGHAM.

Oh, dost thou remember the sweet happy hours  
We spent as we wander'd at eve through the  
fields,  
Inhaling, while picking the simple wild flowers,  
The fragrance which nature so bounteously  
yields?  
Thou canst not forget the fond blissful emotion  
That swell'd thy young heart then so buoyant  
and free,  
While I, to exhibit my heartfelt devotion,  
Culled a violet sweet, as an emblem of thee.

As we sat near that old tree, fondly caressing,  
The beams of the young moon stole soft thro'  
the boughs,  
When heaven seem'd shedding the dew of its  
blessing  
On our sweet interchange of affectionate vows;  
We spoke with delight of the days then before us,  
Tho' Hope set her rainbow far off in the sky,  
Yet I recked not the sorrows that then hovered  
o'er us,  
While reading deep love in thy modest blue  
eye.

Ah, well I remember the moment we parted,  
As scenes of the past I in solitude trace,  
As we stood on the beach thou wert nigh broken  
hearted,  
While grief overshadowed thy beauteous face.  
But tho' we are severed and oceans divide us,  
The words I have uttered I ne'er can forget,  
Then cheer thee, sweet maiden, whate'er may  
betide us,  
All, all shall be bright—shall be happiness yet.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE ART OF ARRANGING THE HAIR.**—How often do we see a really good face made quite ugly by total inattention to lines. Sometimes the hair is pushed into the cheeks, and squared at the forehead, as to give a most extraordinary pinched shape. Let the oval, where it exists, be always preserved; where it does not, let the hair be so humored that the deficiency shall not be perceived. Nothing is more common than to see a face, which is too large below, made to look grossly large and coarse, by contracting the hair on the forehead and cheeks, and there bringing it to an abrupt check;—whereas such a face should enlarge the forehead and the cheek, and let the hair fall partially over, so as to shade and soften the lower exuberance.

A good treatise, with examples in outline of the defects, would be of some value upon a lady's toilet, who would wish to preserve her great privilege—the supremacy of beauty.—Some dress the hair down close to the face, which is to lose the very characteristic of hair—ease and freedom. Let her locks, says Anacreon, lie as they like; the Greek gives them life, and a will. Some ladies expect they will shy if you approach them. A lady's head-dress, whether in a portrait or for her daily wear, should, as in old portraits by Rembrandt and Titian, go off into shade, not to be seen too clearly, and hard all round; should not in fact be isolated, as if out of sympathy with all surrounding nature. The wigs of men of Charles

Second's time had at least that one merit of floating into the back ground, and in their fall softening the sharpness of the lines of the dress about them.—Blackwood.

**PAT AND THE ALPHABET.**—The following rich scene occurred recently in one of our private schools:—

"Ah, Pat! Pat!" exclaimed the school mistress to a thick headed urchin into whose muddy brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet—"I'm afraid you'll never learn anything. Now what's that letter, eh?"

"Sure I don't know, mam," replied Pat.

"I thought you'd recollect that."

"Why, ma'am?"

"Because it has a dot over the top of it."

"Och, mam, I mind it well, but sure I thought it was a fly speck."

"Well, now remember, Pat, it is I."

"You, ma'am?"

"No, no—not U, but I."

"Not I, but you, mam—how's that?"

"Not I, but you, block-head."

"Oh, yes, faith, now I have it, ma'am.—You mean to say that not I but you are a block-head?"

"Father is coming!" and bright eyes sparkle with joy, and tiny feet dance with glee, and eager faces press against the window-panes, and a bevy of rosy lips claim kisses at the door, and picture-books lie unrebuked on the table, and tops and balls and dolls and kites are discussed, and little Susy lays her soft cheek against the paternal whiskers with the most fearless "abandon," and Charley gets a love-pat for his "medal," and mama's face grows radiant, and the evening paper is read, (not silently, but aloud), and tea, and toast and time vanish with equal celerity, for jubilee has arrived, and "Father has come!"

**HAPPINESS OF THE NEWLY MARRIED.**—It is the happiest and most virtuous state of society in which the husband and wife set out early together, make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations and desires, with reference to their present means and to their future and common interests. Nothing delights me more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young couple, who, within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge or industry, have joined heart and hand, and engaged to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner whilst perhaps the little darling sits prattling upon the floor, or lies sleeping in the cradle; and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands, and the best of fathers, when he shall come from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise. This is the true domestic pleasure. Health, contentment, love, abundance, and bright prospects are all here. But it has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries, that the wife must have no sympathy or share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and the young married people must set out with a large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unhappy; it fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortune, endangering virtue and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by a fortune, and passively without any care or concern on their part, and thus many a wife becomes, as a gentleman once remarked, not a "help-mate," but a "help-eat."

**THE WATER BUFFALO.**—The water buffalo is an animal much in use at Singapore for purposes of draught. It is a dull, heavy looking animal, slow at work, and I think disgusting in appearance, but remarkable for sagacity and attachment to its native keepers. It has, however, a particular antipathy to an European, and will immediately detect him in a crowd. It is dislikable to, and courage in attacking the tiger, is well known all over India.

Not long ago, as a Malayan boy, who was employed by his parents in herding water buffaloes, was driving his charge by the borders of the jungle, a tiger made a sudden spring, and seized the lad by the thigh, and was dragging him off, when two old bull buffaloes, hearing the shriek of distress from the well known voice of their little attendant, turned round and charged with usual rapidity. The tiger, thus closely pressed, was obliged to drop his prey to defend himself. While one buffalo successfully drove the tiger away, the other kept guard over the boy. Later in the evening when the anxious father, alarmed, came out with attendants to seek his child, he found that the whole herd, with the exception of two old buffaloes, had dispersed themselves to feed, but that they were still there—one standing over the bleeding body of their little friend, while the other kept watch on the edge of the jungle for the return of the tiger.—Keppel.

**HEROISM AND CRUELTY.**—A most touching instance of heroism, and one of the most atrocious acts of cruelty, the truth of which is vouched for by the most respectable authority, occurred during the Columbian struggle for independence. The Spanish General Morillo, the most blood-thirsty and treacherous tool of the Spanish king, who was created Count of Cartagena, and Marquis de la Pueria, for services which rather entitled him to the distinction of butcher or hangman, while seated in his tent one day during the campaign of Carrucos, saw a boy before him drowned in tears. The chief demanded of him for what purpose he was there. The child replied that he had come to beg the life of his father, then a prisoner in Morillo's camp.

"What can you do to save your father?" asked the General.

"I can do but little, but what I can do shall be done."

Morillo seized the little fellow's ear; and said,

"Would you suffer your ear to be taken off to procure your father's liberty?"

"I certainly would," was the undaunted reply.

A soldier was accordingly called, and ordered to cut off the ear with a single stroke of the knife. The poor boy wept but did not resist while this barbarous order was executed.

"Would you lose your other ear rather than fail of your purpose?" was the next question.

"I have suffered much, but for my father I can suffer still," was the heroic answer of the boy.

The other ear was then taken off by piecemeal without finching on the part of the noble child. "And now go!" exclaimed Morillo, untouched by his sublime courage: "the father of such a boy is dangerous to Spain, and must die!"

In the presence of his agonized and vainly suffering son the father was then executed. Never did a life picture exhibit such truthful lights and shades in national character, such deep, treacherous villainy—such lofty, enthusiastic heroism.

**THE MURDERED MAN ALIVE.**—Two men are now incarcerated in Morris County (N. J.) jail, who were indicted for the murder of a man named Randolph Kendig, and are to be tried in Morristown, next week, on the charge of having committed an offence, the punishment of which is death.

The circumstances under which they were arrested and an indictment found against them, were substantially as follows:—

The body of a man was found in Morris county, which was so much decomposed as to be past recognition; but a story soon became current—whether true, or even probable, is of course a mystery—that the man was a victim of some horrid deed, and that a foul murder had been perpetrated. Suspicion turned towards the two individuals who are now in prison awaiting the majesty of the law; and upon searching their persons, a memorandum book, which was known to belong to Kendig, was found in the pockets of one of them. They had both been seen in company with Kendig, and the body of the man which was found, it was contended, was that of Kendig. The two men asserted their innocence, but admitted that they had been in company with Kendig; had gone with him to New York, and parted with him in that city—they returned to their home in Morristown, and he to pursue his journey toward Illinois, whither he intended to migrate. But, of course, against such circumstantial evidence as presented itself, the assertions of the two suspected persons were as naught, and a true bill of indictment was accordingly found against them.

Immediately after their imprisonment, some philanthropic individuals took an interest in the matter, and wrote a statement of the facts to one of the Chicago journals, which was published, and, as it appears, fell under the eye of the supposed murdered man, who immediately set about making arrangements to return. He was poor, and had not the means to defray his expenses at command, and furthermore found it difficult, from the improbability of his story, to elicit sufficient charity to enable him to accomplish his purpose. By perseverance, however, he succeeded, and we learn is now on his way to this city, and will appear upon the stand in propria persona as a witness in favor of the two men who are charged with his murder.—N. Y. Herald.

**THE BRACE OF PARTRIDGES.**—Though the stories told by the people of Basse Bretagne over the winter evening fire are of the gloomy and marvellous kind, they have sometimes a merry tale, which charms from the manner in which it is usually told. The "Brace of Partridges" is a fair sample of the lively class.

A certain cure had two partridges, which he ordered his maid-of-all-work to dress for his Sunday dinner. While he was saying mass, a female friend of the cook's called upon her, and was so tempted by the delicious odour of the birds, that she slipped off a wing, which excited her appetite to such a degree, that she ventured to take a leg, then a bit of the breast; and the cook being herself unable to withstand temptation, followed the example; so that, between them both, the partridges disappeared altogether.

Twelve o'clock struck, and the cook found

herself in a great quandary. Fortunately a mendicant friar came to the house.

"Father" said she, "my master will be happy to see you here if he is in his right mind; but I must tell you that he has lately been insane on a particular point: he has a longing to cut off the ears of his visitors, but not always. If you wait till he comes from the church, which will be very soon, and step into the closet you will have the power of judging, by his manner when he comes into the kitchen, whether you may venture to dine with him or not. If you hear him sharpen his knife run, for then the wicked it will be surely on him."

The cure came in, and the wicked cook asked him to sharpen her kitchen-knife in the yard; while he—good easy man—went out to do as he was bid, she hurried to the friar, drew him to a window, and said:

"Do you see him sharpening a knife?—run for your life."

He did not wait to be twice warned, but darted off. A few minutes afterwards the cook said to her master, who had given an edge to the knife:

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!—the two beautiful partridges—they were on the spit—so nice and so savoury, it did one good to smell them!"

"What, what?" said the cure, looking at the bare spit.

"A thieving monk came here and carried them off in his wallet."

"Where is the thief?" said the cure.

"There—see there!" said the cook; "there, running away like a rogue—do you see him?"

The cure, in a great rage, pursued the stranger; but finding that he lost instead of gaining ground, cried out:

"Stop! stop! at least one—at least one—"

He wanted to capitulate, and recover at least one of the partridges; but the friar, who imagined that the cure wished to have one of his ears, replied:

"Ma foi, monsieur le cure, you shall have neither the one nor the other."

**AGE OF ANIMALS.**—A bear rarely exceeds twenty years. A dog lives twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen. Lions are long-lived. One has been known to live to the age of seventy years; a squirrel or hare seven or eight years; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Phorus, king of India, he took a great elephant, which he fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years afterward. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of thirty-two, but averages from twenty to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales live sometimes one thousand years. A swan has attained the age of two hundred years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven. Insects, as a general rule, are short-lived, though there are a good many exceptions to the rule.

How many hours is the sun from us?—Why, if we were to send a baby in a railway train, going incessantly one hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow old and die—without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this compared with Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started by a railway to go from Neptune to the sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet, for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of system.

**PREPARED FOR A STORM.**—A few nights ago a Mr. Rodkin, who had been out taking his glass and pipe, on going home late borrowed an umbrella, and when his wife's tongue was loosened, he sat up in bed, and suddenly spread out the parapluie. "What are you doing with that thing?" said she. "Why, my dear, I expected a very heavy storm to night, and so came prepared."

**AN UNANSWERABLE DEFENCE.**—Fontenelle, at the age of 79, after saying many amiable and gallant things to a beautiful young lady, passed before her to place himself at table. "See," said the young lady, "how I ought to value your gallantries: you pass without looking at me."

"Madam," replied the old man, "if I had looked at you I could not have passed."

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