

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN

SELECT POETRY

ONCE UPON A TIME

BY MRS SOUTHY

Sunny locks of brightest hue
Once around my temples grew;
Laugh not lady, for with thee
Time may deal despitefully;

One dear hand hath smoothed them too,
Since they lost the sunny hue.
Since their bright abundance fell
Under the destroying spell—

Careful days and wakeful nights
Early trench'd on young delights.
Then of fills an endless train—
Wasting languor, wearying pain,

Now again a shining streak
Gins the dusky cloud to break;
Here and there a glittering thread
Lights the ringlets dark and dead;

Silent warning! silvery streak!
Not unheeded dost thou speak!
Not with feelings light and vain,
Not with fond regretful pain,

Brighten, brighten, blessed light!
Fast approach the shades of night.
When they quite enclose me round,
May my lamp be burning found!

HOPE

BY CHARLIE

Hope is like the dawn of morning
Breaking through the misty night,
Each of nature's works adorning
With a pure and holy light;

Let us then forever cherish
Hope to lift our hearts on high;
That our spirits may not perish,
Or our happy dreamings die;

LITERATURE

MOZART'S REQUIEM

MOZART the coloured composer was much
addicted to melancholy, which at length became
habitual. He fancied that his life was fast draw-

ing to a close and he beheld the prospect with
horror. One day, being plunged in his melancholy
reveries he heard a carriage stop at his door:
a stranger was announced, who desired to speak
with him. He was requested to walk in. He
was a man of a certain age and had all the ap-
pearance of a person of distinction.

"I am charged," said the unknown, by a per-
son of rank to come and see you.
"Who is he?" interrupted Mozart.
"He does not wish that to be known."
"Very well, what is his pleasure?"
"He has lost a lady who was extremely dear
to him and whose memory will be eternally so.
He wishes to celebrate her loss every year by a
solemn service, and he wishes you to compose a
requiem for this service."

Mozart felt deeply affected by this disc-
ourse: the grave tone in which it was pronounced—
the air of mystery which was spread over the adven-
ture—the disposition of his soul strengthened
the impression; he promised to compose the re-
quiem.

The stranger continued, Apply to the work all
the powers of your genius, you labour for a coun-
tessur in music.

"So much the better."
"How long do you require?"
"A month."
"Very well, I will return in a month. At
what price do you estimate your labour?"
"One hundred ducats."

The stranger counted the amount on the table
and disappeared.

Mozart remained for a few moments absorbed
in thought, then asked for pen, ink, and paper,
and in spite of his wife's remonstrances began to
write with an ardour that was insensible to pain
and fatigue; he composed both night and day
with an enthusiasm which seemed to increase as
he proceeded, till at length he fell motionless,
off his seat, owing to extreme fatigue and lassitu-
de, this compelled him to suspend his labours
for some days. His wife endeavouring to dispel
the sombre ideas which occupied his brain, Mozart
said to her hastily, "Yes it is certain it is for my-
self that I am composing this requiem—it will
be for my own funeral service." Nothing could
eradicate this idea from his mind; he continued
to labour at his requiem as if he did not know the
picture of the Passagiarion, equally struck with
the idea of his death. Mozart felt his strength
gradually decay; his requiem proceeded slowly;
he period he had asked was elapsed. The
stranger returned.

"I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to
keep my word."

"Do not let that trouble you," replied, he how
much longer time do you wish—

"A month, the work is a inspired up with
more ardour than I expected it would, and I
have extended much farther than I intended."

"In that case it is necessary to augment your
compilation there are five ducats more."

"Sir," said Mozart, still more astonished, "who
are you then?"

"That has nothing to do with the business; I
will return in a month."

Mozart sent one of his servants after the stran-
ger, to discover where he went to, but he returned
only to inform him that he had lost sight of
the stranger and could not find him again.
Poor Mozart took it into his head that this
stranger was no ordinary being; that he certainly
had some connexion with the other world, and
that he was sent to advertise him of his ap-
proaching end. He now laboured with more
ardour at his requiem which he regarded as the
most durable monument of his talent. He
fainted away several times, and was with difficul-
ty recovered. At length the work was finished
before the end of the month. The stranger re-
turned at the time agreed upon—Mozart was no
more! All Germany accord this requiem as the
chef d'œuvre of the composer.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

I mused as the midnight hour drew nigh, and
methought the Old Year stood before me
Weary and wayworn he seemed; and in his
hands were an hour-glass whence the last sands
were falling. As I looked upon his wrinkled
forehead memories both pleasant and mournful
came over me. Fain would I have constrained
his longer stay and spake earnestly to
him.

"Many blessings hast thou brought me for
which I give thee thanks. New have they been
every morning and fresh every moment.
Thou hast indeed, from my heart's garden, up-
rooted some hopes that I planted there. With
their clustering buds they fell, and were never
quickened again."

"Then he said, "Praise God both for what I
gave and what I took away. And lay up treas-
ures in heaven that thy heart may be there also.
What thou callest blighted hopes are oft-times
changed into the fruits of righteousness."

"But I answered, "Thou hast also hidden
from my sight the loved and the revered. Clouds
are strewn upon their faces; they reply to my
call no more. To the homes that they made so
fair they return not and the places that once
knew them know them no more for ever."

"Still he said, Give praise to God. Thou'lt
not thyself about those that are with Him.
Rather make thy own salvation sure, that thou

mayest go unto them and be parted no more.
Then in a faint voice, he murmured, "My mis-
sion unto man is done. For me the stone is
rolled away from the door of the sepulchre.
I will enter in, and slumber with years beyond
the flood, till the last trumpet soundeth."

I gazed upon his wan brow and to me it was
beautiful. Fain would I have swept away the
snows that gathered around his hoary temples;
but he suffered me not, and stretched himself
out to die. By his side I knelt and said, "On-
departing year! I behold a scroll folded be-
neath thy mantle. What witness shall it bear of
me at the judgment?"

Low and solemn were his last tones:—"Thou
shalt know when the books are opened, and the
dead small and great, stand before God."

The midnight clock struck. And I covered
my face and mourned for his death who had once
been to me as a friend. I remembered with
pain how oft I had slighted his warnings and
the opportunities he had given me of doing good,
and had cast away the wealth of time, that peer-
less boon from the Eternal. Methought from
the dying lips came a feeble sigh:—"Farewell!
farewell!" Then a passion of weeping fell upon
me. And when again I lifted up my head, to
the New Year stood in the place of the depart-
ed.

Smiling he greeted me with good wishes and
words of cheer, while around me lay many
bright tokens of friendship and love. But I was
afraid. For to me he was a stranger; and when
I would have returned his welcome my lips trea-
bled and were silent.

"Then he said, "Fear not. I come unto thee
from the giver of every good and perfect gift."

"New Year wishes with thee feel me? As
thou art appointed to bring me joy or sorrow, life or
death?"

He replied:—"I know not. Neither dost
the angel nearest the throne know; only He who
seth through. Give me thy hand, and I question
not. Enough for thee, that I accomplish His
will. Make that will thine own, and thou shalt
taste an angel's happiness ever here below. I
promise thee nothing. Be content to follow the
Lake, with a prayer for wisdom, this winged
moment. The next may not be mine to give.
Yet if we walk onward together forget not that
thou art a pilgrim for eternity. If I bring thee
the cup of joy, be thankful, an antidote to those
who mourn; and let all men be unto thee as bre-
thren. If the dregs of bitterness cleave unto
thy lip, be not eager to receive relief, lest thou
weary the weakness of thy faith. God's perfect
delights flesh wisdom. Therefore count them
happy who endure. When our breath ceaseth in
the east, and thyself for thy duties with a song
of thanksgiving, and when night putteth on her
coronet of stars, kneel and ask that the day's
sins may be forgiven thee; so that when I have
no longer any days or nights to give thee, and
must myself die, thou mayest bless me as a
friend and a helper in the road to heaven."

FRIENDS BEHIND OUR BACKS.

If we quarrelled with all the people who abuse
us behind our backs, and began to tear their
eyes out as soon as we set ours on them, what
a life it would be and when should we have any
quietness? Backbiting is all fair in society.
Abuse me and I will abuse you; but let us be
friends when we meet. Have not we all entered
a dozen rooms, and seen sure from the counten-
ances of the amiable persons present, that they
had been discussing our little peculiarities, per-
haps as we were on the stairs? Was our visit
therefore the less agreeable? Did we quarrel
and say hard words to one another's faces?
No—we wait until some of our dear friends take
their leave, and then comes our turn. My back
is it my neighbour's service; as soon as that is
turned let him make what faces he thinks proper;
but when we meet we grin and shake hand like
well-wed folks to whom clear heaven is not more
necessary than a clean sweet-looking countenance
and a nicely got up smile for company.

BACHELORS, WIVES AND WASH-TUBS

Every youth is the father of an ideal youth.
The wise boy's ideal is—the boy that he ought
to be; and he strives to emulate the imaginary
virtues of the offspring of his imagination.
The foolish boy's ideal is—perfection in petti-
coats; and forgetting that if such a lady lived
she would not marry M. Perfection, but would
choose a bosom friend from a different family—
he searches for her and a mathematician would
kind was as fails to discover his mind's null-
on.

SELF-FLATTERY.

It often amuses me to hear men impute all
their misfortunes to fate, luck, or destiny, whilst
their successes or good fortune they ascribed to
their own sagacity, cleverness, or penetration.
It never occurs to such minds that light and
darkness are one and the same, emanating from
and being part of the same nature.

A young lady told an old gentleman that
she was in love with his estate—"Take it mad
am," said he, "and then you will possess two-
thirds of me, for my mind you have already, and
my whole being consists of cut-and-dried person, and
estate."—"Oh, then," rejoined the juvenile fair,
"it would be very unreasonable, sir, for me to
rob you of all three. Pray keep your person
yourself!"

THE CURE FOR STAY-MAV.

A very loquacious lady once offered to bet
her husband five pounds, that she would not
speak a word for a week. "Done!" said the
delighted spouse, staking the money, upon which
the lady put it into her pocket, observing very
gravely, that she would secure it until the wager
was decided. "Zounds, woman!" cried the hus-
band, "I've won it already."—"You have mis-
taken the time," said the lady, "I mean the
week after I am buried."

THE CURE FOR STAY-MAV.

It Edited and Published every Wednesday morn-
ing, by GEORGE WEBBER, at his office, Water-
street, opposite the Premises of W. DUNSTON,
Esq.

TERMS:—Five Shillings per annum, half
in advance.

in the newspapers, it is one-sided and a the re-
sult neither of experience nor of reflection. Did
its writer ever meet a man who congratulated
himself on having married an animated wash-
ing machine? Did ever a man who had wedded
such a woman, maintain (after having spent the
honey-moon, that a woman's chief end in this
world was to sew on buttons, darn stockings,
and—hold her tongue? "Not blush!" that is a
virtue which she possesses in common with the
tau!

There is, O silly writer, an inner as well as
an outer without denting the inner pair, is capa-
ble of but one deviation; it is an insti-
tution for the promotion of human miser-
ry.

Man is an intellectual being, he wishes to have
a companion into him not a being who is merely
a domestic drudge.

Often times, indeed the lover is the father of
his own one's mind as she is almost always the
mother of his heart. Such parents are worthy
of the name of being parents! But evermore
the genius of love; and reverer of the sex looks
for an animal and heart rather than to the domes-
tic caprices of his intended.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, King of Prussia, had
heard that a corporal in his regiment of body-
guards, who was well known as a remarkable
dandy and brave young man, wore out of
vanity, a watch-chain suspended from a leaden
chain, in his top.

The king had the curiosity to
inquire into the circumstance himself, and an op-
portunity was contrived that he should meet
the corporal as by chance. "Apropos, corpora!"
said the king, "you are a brave fellow, and pro-
bably, to have spared enough from your pay
to buy yourself a watch." "Sure," replied the
soldier, "I flatter myself that I am brave; but
as to my watch, it is of little signifi-
cance." The king putting out a golden watch set
with diamonds, said, "By my watch it is
ever. What o'clock are you pray?" The
corporal, putting out his bullet with a trembling
hand, replied, "My watch neither tells five nor
six, but it shows me clearly the death I am to
die in your Majesty's service."

Well then," rejoined the king, "that you may
never see the hour among the twelve in which
you are to die in my service, I will give you
none."

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY.

A little philosophy humbly a man's mind
to amuse, but depth in philosophy bringeth
his mind round to religion; for while the
mind is in taken up with secular causes scattered
it may rest in them and go no further; but when
it penetrates the chain of them, confederate and
linked together, it must needs fly to Providence
and Deity.

BOTTLED LOVE.

In some hot countries to which
Yankee has been sent, it is a great luxury. An
American journal relates that a gentleman, who
had purchased some lumps of it, sent it to his
cook with orders to have it sent up for dinner.
The cook was a long wait to do with it; but
as he had a pot of boiling water over the fire,
he dropped the ice into it. At the dinner table,
the master said, when the dessert was ready,
"Now fetch up the ice." "All gone, massa."
"Come! where is it gone to?" "Why, massa,
me put it in the pot to boil, and when me
look for it, it wasn't there." The poor fel-
low had a bottle taro-wa at his head for his blun-
der.

SELF-FLATTERY.

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