RELECT POETRY.

From the Keepsake.

STANZAS.

BY LORD YISCOUNT JOCELYN.

HE gazed upon an infant's tomb, Which a woman was weeping by; The evening breeze with sweet perfume Moaned o'er the grave of infancy.

A woman bent her o'er the sod, A mother in her agony, And wildly called upon the God, That took her babe in infancy.

The stranger spake," Hear, woman, hear, Thus weep not for your clay cold child Weep not, but dry the scalding tear, For when you wept, your infant smiled."

" Hark, atranger to a mother's tale, How all she loved has passed away, As from the tree the reckless gale Sweeps the green leaves that made it gay.

Three children played around my feet, And all these loved ones now are gone. The first he went the foe to meet, And a proud grave in battle won.

The second on the sea would roam, My beautiful my dark eyed boy; He said he loved the billows' foam, And ne'er came back to bring me joy.

I saw this last then fade away, I vainly thought he could not die, But grasping Death soon snatched his prey 'Twas o'er his grave you heard me sigh.

The father of my babes lies there, Cold, cold, the lips I loved to press; Wither shall I wander where, To meet those whom I once might bless!

For they have left me all alone, And none shall ever weep o'er me, No loved one's tear shall stain the stone That hides a mother's agony.

Say, stranger, 'tis not wrong to weep, A mother's tears must God forgive; Oh! let me sigh myself to sleep, To dream that still the loved ones live!

THE DREAM.

BY PHILA EARLE.

Wandered I in magic dreamland, Careless as a singing bird, And my heart was dancing lightly, As the leaves by zephyrs stirred; Rosy light was gleaming o'er me, Silvery pinions fanned the air, Busy fairies seemed to sing me, Fragrent flowers were blooming fair.

But what made the dream so blissful? O' heloved one thou wast here; And thy love-lit eyes were resting Upon mine with look so elear; And I heard the witching music Of thy low and thrilling tone, And my trembling hand was fondly Folded, clasped within thine own.

And thy lips so warm and quiv'ring, On my throbbing brow were prest; Like a weary bird I nestled Lovingly upon thy breast, Tenderly thy arms entwined me, Light and joy alone were seen! Cherished beautiful, elysian Was that bright and sunny dream.

But I woke-the vision vanished : Pale and snow-white was the earth. And the flowers faded, perished, That in dreamland had their birth. And my heart grew sad with-thinking ; But ere twilight's ebon wings Folded in its oft embraces Earth's ten thousand fitful strings.

Thou, my cherished one, wert with me. And thy warm breath on my And thy smiles were beaming of Loving words thy lips did speak And the golden moments flitted Swiftly as the lightning's gleam,-Thou, in earnest, love, wert with me. And it was not all a drean.

LITERATURE

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

We had been playing all the evening at whist Our stake had been gold mohur points, and twen. ty on the rubber. Maxey, who is always lucky, had won five consecutive bumpers, which lent a elf-satisfied smile to his countenance, and made writes the story of the blacksmith

eration superfluous.

the body-guard.

'Hush!' responded Maxe, in a tone which fences. thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

'Are you uuwell?' said another, about to start up for he believed our friend had suddenly been

For the love of God sit quiet! rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his eards. If you value my life

his senses? demanded Churchill appealing to my-

Don't start-dont move. I tell you! in a sort of whisper which I never can forget,, uttered Maxey. If you make any sudden motion I am a dead man!

We exchanged looks, He continued-Remain quiet and all may yet be well. I have

a cobra capella round my leg. the reptile transfer but one fold and attach him- ed that, in the eagerness incidental to this excitself to any other of the party, that individual ing amusement, the smaller boy tipped into the might already be counted a dead man-so fatel is water, and, after a good deal of struggling, sank the bite of that dreaded mouster.

still dress in India, namely, n br ec es n silk efforts he had made to rescue his companion, and stockings, he therefore the more planny felt his answer made it evident that he had by no every movement of the snake- His countenance means exerted himself to the utmost. This conassumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave viction preduced a severe rebuke from the tutor; his mouth without that feature altering its posi- upon which Master Simpson burst into a flood of tion so rigid was his look, and so fearful was he tears, and said, " I do think that I could have alarm the serpant, and hasten his fatal lost my gallipot!"

We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

He is coiling round! murmured Maxey; I feel him cold-cold to my limb: and now he tightens! For the love of Heaven call for some milk! I dare not speak loud. Let it be placed on the ground near me, let some be spillt on the

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped cut of the room.

Don't stir, Northcote-you moved your head by everything sacred, I conjure you do not do so again! It cannot be long ere my fate is decided I have a wife and two children in Europe, tell them I died blessing them-that my last prayers were for them—the snake is winding itself round my calf. I leave them all that I possess -I can almost fancy I feel his breath.

The milk was brought and carefully put down, a few drops were spr n'iled on the floor, and the affrighted servants drew back. Again Maxey spoke:

No-no! it has no effect; on the contrary, he has clasped himsel tighter—he has uncurled his upper fold. I dare not look down but I am sure he is about to draw back, and give the bite of death with more fatal precision. Receive me, O Lord ! and pardon me; my last hour is come !- Again he pauses. I die firm; but this is past endurance ;-ah ! no-he has undone another fold, and loosens himself. Can he be going to some one else?'-We involuntarily started .-For the love of Heaven, stir not !- I am a dead man; but bear with me. He still loosens; -he is about to dart !- Move not, but beware! Churchill he falls of that way. Oh 't'is agony is too hard to bear !- Another pressure, and I am dead. No!he relaxes, he relaxes!

At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had unwound himself, the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the mi.k.

I am saved !- saved! and Maxey bounded from his chair and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants. In another instant, need it e added we were all dispersed : the snake was cilled and our poor friend carried, more dead than alive to his room.

That scene I can never forget: it dwells on

MINCELLANEOUS

EVIL SPEAKING. If wise, however, he will de de

natural death, instead of by the battery of passion. There is much good sense losophy in the following extract me note of a valued correspondent:-

us, the losers, look anything but pleased when he requested to bring a suit for slander. He said suddenly changed countenenance, and hesitated he could go into his shop and hammer out a When one of their young men resolves to marry. to play, this the more confounded us, since he better character in six months than all the courts was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly n Christendon could give him. I lately saw a master of the game that he deemed long consid- piece which did me great and outrageous wrong So I sat down and wrote six practical pieces 'Play away Maxey; what are you about?' im- for the press, and let the thing pass. I found ting their wives kindly, as with us, they are so patiently demanded Churchill, one of the most this the best way of keeping my temper. I impotuous youths that ever wore the uniform of think it more likely to give me a fair name with to count the scars on their fair one's head! good people, than sheets of everlasting de-

SELFISHNESS.

Live and let live, is a very excellent maxim and absolutely essential to be observed by those who would go though the world with comfort to themselves, and meriting the good opinion of others. Love thy neighbor as thyself, is a divine What can he mean? has he taken leave of precept, and a selfish man, although the law cannot reach him, is fairly guilty of high treason against human nature A seifish terson is gene rally an ungrateful one. and a long catalogue of offences may be traced to this first cause, at the head of which is avarice, while rottery and violence bring up the rear.—The wickedness of selfishness is forcibly expressed in the following little narrative :

"I remember when I was a boy at sohool Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs; two of the boys proceeded to a pond, for the but an appealing look from the victim induced us purpose of swimming a gallipot, which was the to remain although we were aware that should property of the bigger boy of the two. It chancand was drowned. After the melancholy catas-Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents trophe, the bigger boy was questioned as to what least the slightest museular movement should saved Green-but-if I had tried, I should have

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

other wound we seek to heal-every other afflic- cold." Many instances of a similar character tion to forget; but this wound we consider it a might be presented where testimony of the duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and highest order has been given were it necessary. who would willingly forget the infant that perish- fatal sources of common colds, especially among recollection was a pang? Where is the child that winter. This is a subject that demands the though to remember be but to lament? Who, fully devoted to the charms of a beautiful foot tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most obligations that pertain to our mortal existence. loved-when he feels his heart, as it were, crush- As it the rosy cheek and strong lungs, were ed in the closing of its portal-would accept of far less efficient symbols of fireside joys, or cousolation that must be bought by forgetful- heart-felt sympathy then the tiny foot comness? No; the love which survives the tomb pressed in brocade. Then in our witter months. is one of the noblest attributes of the souls If when the roads were cold and damp, these thinit has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and cled feet are necessary brought to a temwhen the overwhelming burst of grief is calm- perature much below the pulse of robust health. ed into the gentle tear of recollection-when Physiologists have asceramed that the blood the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony as it issues from the heart is 101 degrees, but over the present ruins of all that we most loved often when at the sole of the foot, it is not is softened away into pensive meditation on all more than 90 degrees. Enestle feet are that it was in the days of its lovelyness-who protected by non-conductors; tiless females would root out such a sorrow from the heart? can endure the mortification of wearing well Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud made boots, even as worm as many worm over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a by males, they are not secure from the vicissideeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who tude of our northern climate, and "severe colds" would exchange it even for the song of ; leasure | will be the consequence followed by chill fever or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice or consumption, and life itself must eventually from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a pay the debt of youthful pride and folly. remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charins of the living. Oh the grave: the grave! It buries every error covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From forest, and was out all night, gave the following its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets account of his conduct, at the approach of dark and tender recollections. Who can look down ness :- 'It grew dark, and I beeled down and upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a asked God to take care of little Jonny, and compunctious throb, that he should ever have theu went to sleep. " warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moulder n; before him?

WHAT A COUNTRY.

Austrália has been called the country of conmy memory still strengthened by the fate of poor tradictions. Whether justly or not, let us see. It Maxev, who from that hour pined in hopeless is summer there when it is winter here, and imbecility and sunk into an early grave. - contrariwise. Most of their rivers run into the interior. The north wind is hot, the south wind is cold. The barometer rises before bad, and falls before good weather. The coast is higher than the centre of the island. Cottages are fitted up with cedar. Myrtle trees are burnt as fuel. Fields are fenced with mahogany. The dent public or private life escape the leaves of every kind of tree and plant are ever-There is a propensity in greens. Black swans and white eagles are natives of the island. Their kangaroo, a kind of compromise between the deer and squirrel, has for the Christian and always to hold his peace five claws on its fore paws, three tatons on its when idle tongues are dealing with his fair name, hind legs like a bird, hops on its tail, and carries its young in a pouch in its breast. Their moles we duck's vills and lay eggs. They have one rd with a broom instead of a tongue in its outh, another which brays like a donkey. bey have natural pears made of wood with the alk at the broad end. The stone of their chergrows on the outside.

The aboriginal inhabitants eat human flesh, instead of going through a course of sparking, he waylays his intended, fells her with a club, and after I cating her on the herd until she is insensille, carries her to his house. Insterd of treaharsh in their conduct that it is usually impossible

The white population seem to partake of some of the characteristics of their country; the sons of convicts are exemplary for their virtue and althorrence of vice .- N. Y. Organ.

WHY CATCH COLD?

This is the season of the year, when it becomes a sort of second nature to tome to be constantly complaining and suffering with coughs and colds, If they can escape so providential a calamity for one short week even, it becomes a proper sulject of congratulation, that they can lispense with all the dirty eppendages of a" spring cold," and appear once more like men and women.

New it is our misfortune, rezhaps, to take quite a different view of this malady from many others. Colds without dout, under ordinary circumstances, are avoidable, and should be garded as pamishment for physical violations rather then an arbitrary dispersation. By the use of sponging or some other application of water every morning on first getting out of bed, followed by a brisk rubbing, a healthy tone is given to the skin, that greatly assists it in maintaining a proper action and proves a safeguard to the common influence of sudden changes of temperature. None who have never tried it. can imagine its bountiful reward of pleasure and animation, and consequently are not the proper arbiters. That iron-sided man, Tomas H. Benton, says he owes his present ernghtliness and vivacity of mind to the practice of daily al lutions, and Sir Astley Cooper said :', the methods are temperance, early rising, and sponging the body every moraig with cold water immediat-The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow ly after getting out of hed, a practice which I from which we refuse to be divorced. Every have adopted for thirty years without catching

brood over in solitude. where is the mother It should not be cor cealed, that one of the most ed like a blossom from her arms, though every females, is the practice of wearing thin sloes in would willingly forget the most tender of parents, most earnest attention. Those who are so wileven in the hour of agony, would forget the friend that they will sacrifice for it a le lahy constitution over whom he mourns? Who even when the meny contingency, are lost to one of the first

LITTLE LOY'S FAITH.

A LITTLE boy, who had been lost in a dense

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind then irresolution; to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity is so urgent: to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as it a man should put off eating, drinking, and sleeting from one day and night to another, till he is stary. ed and destroyed-Fillotson,

IMPUDENT QUESTIONS.

To ask an editor the name of his correspon-

To ask an old bachelor why he never married.

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

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