

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN

SELECT POETRY.

THE BROKEN CIRCLE.

When the household fire burns brightly,
And the crickets blithely sing,
And the unbroken circle nightly
Gathers in a sportive ring,
Then the moments quickly flying,
Bearing weeks and months away,
Make e'en age forget its sighing
O'er the cares of yesterday.

Morning brings an early pleasure
In the hope of joys to come;
Noontide duties leave no leisure
From the world's continual hum;
And at evening leaping lightly,
Round the earth the crickets sing,
While the unbroken circle nightly
Gathers in a sportive ring.

But when year on year has faded,
Passing steadily away,
And a father's brow is shaded
With its locks of silver grey—
And a mother's foot falls slowly
With a dull and wavering tread,
For her heart is bow'd and lowly,
Weeping for the loved ones dead—

And a sister's chair is empty,
Standing in its wonted place,
She whose smile once play'd so sweetly
Over youth's bewitching face—
Brightly burns the fire as ever,
As of old the crickets sing;
But the broken circle never
Meets again in sportive ring.

EMILY LOCKYER.

A PRAYER.

Heaven, send not yet thy messenger!
Thy crystal courts are trod
By angels who resemble her,
Ere they were called to God.
They walk thy floors of starry gold,
Choiring thine awful space,
When round their brows the white wings
fold.

Before the Father's face,
Their myriads fill thy shining sea,
But Earth has one alone for me.

O, leave her, Heaven! she will not make
Thy bowers more bright and fair,
Nor bid a sweeter harp awake
In thy melodious air:
She will not weave a brighter crown
Of amaranth, on thy shore,
Than cast thy burning seraphs down
When muted they adore:
But she can bid me hear thy streams,
And see thy glory in my dreams.

Not yet! Thy call should welcome be
As sleep to weary eyes,
Nor leave behind, in mockery,
A pang that never dies:
Should touch the heart like harpings loud,
White wings and waving hair,
Not with a blast that leaves it bowed
In terror and despair.
Thy life is peace, thy world is bliss:
Spare thou my only joy in this!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

FROM THE "WEEKLY GUARDIAN."

GLASGOW, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

Sanguine expectations are entertained that fresh news from India will immediately arrive, but no later intelligence has yet been received. It would appear from a paragraph in the City Article of the *Times*, that there is a possibility of the establishment of a weekly communication with India. In several letters from India given in our other columns, will be found interesting particulars in addition to what we have already published.

The Emperor Napoleon has transmitted to the Lord Mayor of London £1000, as a subscription from himself to the Indian Relief Fund, and £400 as the subscription of the Imperial Guard. The communication, which was made through F. De Persigny, the French Ambassador, makes a graceful allusion to Britain's sympathy with the sufferers from the inundations in France. Liberal donations from all classes are daily inere using the aggregate of the Relief Fund.

The submarine telegraph to connect Europe with Africa was successfully laid on Wednesday, the 9th, between Bona and Cape Teulada, a distance of 145 miles.

The S.S. Clyde has been wrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on its passage from Quebec for Glasgow. Happily, though vessel and cargo are destroyed, the passengers were all saved, owing in great measure, it is said, to the courage and presence of mind of the captain.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY ON THE INDIAN REVOLT.

(From *Titan*.)

From the foundations of the earth, no case in human action or suffering has occurred which could less need or less tolerate the aid of artificial rhetoric than that tremendous tragedy which now for three months long has been moving over the plains of Hindostan. What in Grecian days were called *aporrata*, things not utterable in human language or to human ears—things ineffable—things to be whispered—things to dream of, not to tell—these things amongst high-cast Brahmins, and amongst the Rajapoots, or martial race of heroes, have been the common product of the passing hour. Is this well? Is this a fitting end for the mighty religious system that through countless generations has overshadowed India? Yes, it is well; is a fitting end for that man-destroying system, more cruel than the bloody religions of Mexico, which, for the deification of the individual, made hopeless victims of the multitude. Henceforward east must virtually be at an end. Upon caste has our Bengal army founded a final treason bloodier and larger than any known to human annals. Now therefore, mere instincts of self-preservation—mere shame—mere fiery stress of necessity, will compel our East India Directory (or whatsoever power may now under Parliamentary appointment inherit their responsibilities) to proscribe, once and for ever, by steadfast exclusion from all possibility of a martial career—to ruin, by legal degradation and incapacities, all Hindoo pretensions to places of trust, profit, or public dignity which found themselves upon high cast Brahmins or Rajapoots. Yes it is well that the high-cast men, who existed only for the general degradation of their own Hindoo race in humbler stations, have themselves severed the links which connected them with the glory (so unmerited, for them) of a nobler Western nationality. Bought though it is by earthly ruin, by torment, many times by indignities past utterance inflicted upon our dear massacred sisters, and upon their unoffending infants, yet for that very reason we must now maintain the great conquest so obtained. There is no man living so base—no there is not a felon living amongst us, who could be persuaded to repeat the act of the Grecian leader, Agamemnon—namely to sacrifice his innocent daughter, just entering the portals of life in its most golden stage, on the miserable pretence of winning a public benefit; missing a diabolical selfishness by the ostentation of public spirit. Yet if some calamity, or even some atrocity, had carried off the innocent creature under circumstances which involved an advantage to her country, or to coming generations, the most loving father might gradually allow himself to draw consolation from the happy consequences of a crime which he would have died to prevent. Even such a mixed necessity of feeling presses upon ourselves at present. From the bloody graves of our dear martyred sisters, scattered over the vast plains of India, rises a solemn adjuration to the spiritual ear of him that listen with understanding. Audibly this spiritual voice says:—O dear distant England mightiest to save, were it not that in the dreadful hour of our trial thou wert far away, and hearest not the screams of thy dying daughters and thy perishing infants. Behold! for us all is finished! We from our bloody graves, in which all of us are sleeping to the resurrection, send up united prayers to thee, that upon the everlasting memory of our hell-born wrongs, thou, beloved mother, wouldst engrave a counter memory of everlasting retribution, inflicted upon the Moloch idolatries of India. Upon the pride of caste rests for its ultimate root all this towering tragedy, which now hides the very heavens from India. Grant therefore, O distant, avenging England—grant the sole commensurate return which to us can be granted—us women and children that trod the fields of carnage alone—grant to our sufferings the virtue and lasting efficacy of a *lutron*, or ransom paid down on behalf of every creature groaning under the foul idol of caste. Only by the suzerainty of England can that idolatry prosper. Thou, therefore England, when Delhi is swept by the ploughshare and sown with salt, build a solitary monument to us; and on its base inscribe that the last and worst of the murderous idolatries which plagued and persecuted the generations of men was by us abolished; and that by women and children was the pollution of caste cleansed from the earth for ever.

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

The following is a copy of a letter received from a young soldier, sergeant in the 60th Royal Rifles.

"Camp Guzner de Nuggur, June 3.

"My dear Father,—We left Meerut on the 27th ult. Our force was 400 rank and file, 24 sergeants, 12 buglers, and about 20 officers of our battalion, 200 troopers of the 6th Dragoon Guard, one battery and half a troop of Artillery—of all ranks under 1000; arrived here on the morning of the 30th. At about four the same day the insurgents took up a most capital position, about a mile from our camp, and commenced operations with some very heavy guns. My company, 'D,' was ordered in advance, got under a wall, and returned the fire in first-rate

order. I fired the first shot on our side. We remained under cover and unsupported for about half an hour, when the remainder of our boys came up at the double, and our captain was ordered to charge the guns. Off we galloped. They sent several rounds of grape and canister into us, but we dodged them. As soon as we saw the explosion down we went flat on our faces, and up, off, and down again before we could say 'Jack Robinson.' 'F' got up to the guns, drove the niggers away, and thought we were all right, when off went their ammunition. They had put a slow match to it. Our captain (J. Andrews) and four men were killed by the explosion, and several wounded. We captured the 24-pounder siege gun and five others. Their field batteries they took away. They next took up their position in front of a large walled village, and fought like devils. We drove them into the village and set fire to it. We were obliged afterwards to go through the fire and drive them out. At last we broke them. A small band, about 30, got together at the back of the village, and stood their ground till the whole were killed. They actually crossed bayonets with ours, and met their death like Trojans. We returned to camp about 9 p.m. At 2 o'clock the next day they came out again, and fought the same battle over again. We drove them from their position, and that was all. They numbered about 6000, with a great many guns. Their cavalry charged our guns over and over again. Both men and officers who have fought side by side with them say they could not have imagined that any of the native troops could have fought so well. I had several very narrow escapes, but one particularly so. In the village I went into a hut; one of the gents was behind the door; as soon as I showed my nose he made a chop. I twinged him in time, took a step to rear, fired through the door, and cocked his goose. The officer commanding my company, was Lieutenant Napier the second day he was shot in the leg, and it has since been amputated. We expected to join the forces of the officiating Commander-in-Chief to day or tomorrow. As soon as that takes place we're off for Delhi; no quarter to be given as they give us none. We were obliged to shoot their wounded. They fought more desperately when hurt than when whole. We picked up several of our old rifles, which were lodged in the Delhi magazine. Delhi Fort now mounts upwards of 150 heavy guns and field pieces innumerable, ammunition, shot, and shell in abundance, so that we may expect rather warm work. The Commander-in-Chief Anson died of cholera at Kurnaul about 10 days ago. General Barnard is officiating. We have been reinforced this morning by 100 rank and file of ours from Meerut, and the Choorka Regiment (natives) from the hills, 600 men. On account of the difficulty in procuring carriage we could only bring one change of clothing, and no white outer-clothing. We are wearing the same as we did on Christmas-day, and what we have is as ragged as it can be; soiling through braimbies and briars does not much improve one's outward appearance. Our greatest difficulty is in procuring water, and what we do get is very bad. The river is so muddy that we cannot possibly use it. In case of accidents I have written a letter, which you will only receive in the event of my getting a 'goose.' My initials are on the outside of the envelope.

"I have written this squatting on the ground; we don't deal in tables, and I must leave off for a sleep, as we expect a row this evening. I enclose a copy of our battalion order after the action, also a rough plan of the battle field.

INDIA.

The Government telegraphic advices may be expected hourly.

The steam gun-boat *Wadeter* has been waiting at Malta to carry the advices to Cagliari for the telegraph there.

The *British Territory in India* is equal to the whole continent of Europe, Russia excepted, covering an area of 1,366,113 miles, with a population, according to the latest corrected returns, of 168,774,065, and now estimated at about two hundred millions.—*Statistical Tables*.

CANADIAN PATRIOTISM.—In the *Quebec Chronicle* of August 21st we read:—"We learn that the Ottawa militia field battery have offered their services to the Imperial Government, and volunteered to serve in India."

The screw steamer *Hydaspes* will take a large artillery force to India. If the offer of the European and American Steam Company to establish eight screw steamers on the Mediterranean, to be regularly supplied to India by the overland mail routes during the next six months, should be accepted, it would afford facilities for a weekly mail from the country, by the departures being arranged alternately with those of the Pentusular and Oriental vessels. The question, it is believed, is likely to be decided this week.—*Times*.

DR. KANE, THE ARCTIC EXPLORER.—The New York State Legislature has voted a sum of a thousand dollars for a gold medal commemorative of the services of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, to be presented to his family.

The Arctic Expedition.—The following letter appears in the *Times*:—"Sir,—I have much pleasure in acquainting you that letters have been received from Captain M'Clintock, in the *Fox*, at the Baal's River, in Greenland, where he had put in for the purpose of sending home M. Lewis, one of his crew, who was seized with spitting of blood, which rendered it advisable for him to leave the Arctic regions as soon as possible. The friends and relatives of those embarked, as well as those who wish success to the expedition, will be gratified to learn that thus far the progress made has exceeded our anticipation, and that in point of time he is fifteen days in advance of Captain Inglefield, in his memorable voyage of 1852. The vessel is found to answer admirably well, and by means of steam forced her way through the pack into Fredericksbaal, where they replenished their coal and then proceeded to Baal's River, the entrance to which they met the Danish vessel bound to Copenhagen. Captain M'Clintock, after touching at Disco intends passing through the Wargat Straits and calling at Proven and Upernivik for dogs. The Danes report that the winter has been a stormy one, which will have the effect of breaking the ice up and rendering the head of Baffin's Bay clear. May I beg the favour that you will communicate to the public this prosperous commencement of a gallant undertaking, and oblige yours truly, R. COLLINSON. Sept. 8."

French and English Navies.—The present effective force of the French Imperial navy is 317 sailing vessels, carrying 9176 guns, and 220 steam vessels, carrying 4901 guns. According to the navy list for 1856 (July) the effective force of the navy of Great Britain was at that period, 269 sailing vessels, carrying an aggregate of 9362 guns, total, 572 vessels, carrying an aggregate of 13,830 guns.—*Naval Returns*.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—Mr Field writes to the *Times* that the Atlantic cable is in the most perfect condition, and that there is no damaging heat in the holds or an overture pressure. Experiments show it can bear six times the amount of heat. The offers to dispose of the cable for the Indian route were only entertained on condition that the Company could contract for a similar one, to be ready for laying down early in the spring.

NEW ELECTRIC LIGHT.—In a letter to the editor of the *Paris Cosm*, Professor Tyndall says,—"Mr. Faraday, I am happy to say, is quite well; he has made known to me a new application of magnetic electricity,—the electricity generated by electro-magnetic machines. It consists in the production of electric light which is truly splendid, and which can be immediately employed for illuminating lighthouses.

The Slave Trade in Cuba.—The slave trade flourishes amazingly. I have heard of four or five cargoes of 6000 negroes having been landed since I last wrote you. The last but one beyond Trinidad de Cuba, 600 in number, has been seized by Brigadier Morales de Rada, who happened to be in that vicinity, and was also made prisoners of all the parties concerned in the landing. They, with the Africans are now on their way to this city. This certainly has the appearance of an attempt to put a stop to the African slave trade. The last cargo of 6000 was landed on a quay near Santa Cruz. It had been found impossible to effect their landing without detection on the main land of this island, and so they were landed on the quay. There is an improbable report that the steamship *Pajaro del Oceano* (Ocean Bird), now in this harbour, is being fitted for a trip to the African coast. She would carry from 1400 to 1600 negroes, and with her unrivalled speed could but deance to any British cruiser afloat. Three more American vessels have been sold to the Spaniards, and will most probably be employed in the slave trade. Two have already sailed with a "sea letter," under the United States' flag.

HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Lacerations of the flesh, bruises and fractures, occasion comparatively little pain or inconvenience when regularly lubricated or dressed with Holloway's Ointment. In the nursery it is invaluable a cooling application for the rashes, excoriations and scabious sores, to which children are liable, and mothers will find it the best preparation for alleviating the torture of a "broken breast." As a remedy for cutaneous diseases generally, as well as for ulcers, sores, boils, tumours and all scrofulous eruptions, it is incomparably superior to every other external remedy. The Pills, atorough Toronto, Quebec, Montreal, and our other chief towns, have a reputation, for the cure of dyspepsia, liver complaints, and disorders of the bowels; it is in truth, co-extensive with the range of civilization.

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN

Is Edited and Published every Wednesday, morning by GEORGE WEBBER, at his office water street, opposite the Premises of W. DONNELL & Co. Esq.

TERMS.—Fifteen Shillings per annum, half in advance.

VOL.

Office

The Board on Resolves be account Public B has contr ordered by ed by the cretary Resolv Roads, C have auth work of a the writ ary

NOT

THE no on Gree Harbor, was ou t by one rative LIGHT high wa to sunris seen fr miles. this Light untill B Jean, w berth—c and bou a moder Rocks b Green tlong. 5

Board of St. J

BEGS the Carbene John's, s support Grace.

Is now the Ch Town, o should forward time bas tion of Mr. PA

Pric the artoun

BY His Pres

A Sh

Two gr Ten se land (200 last d

Oct. 14,