

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

"He sleeps there in the midst of the very simplicities of Nature."

There let him sleep, in Nature's arms,
Her well-beloved, her chosen child—
There 'mid the living, quiet charms
Of that sequestered wild.
He would have chosen such a spot,
'Twas fit that they should lay him there,
Away from all the haunts of care;
The world disturbs him not—
He sleeps full sweet in his retreat—
The place is consecrated ground,
It is not meet unhalloved feet
Should tread that sacred mound.

He lies in pomp—not of display—
No useless trappings grace his bier,
Nor idle words—they may not say
What treasures cluster here.
The pomp of nature, wild and free,
Adorns our hero's lowly bed,
And gently bends above his head
The weeping laurel tree.
In glory's day he shunned display,
And ye may not bedeck him now,
But Nature may, in her own way,
Hang garlands round his brow.

He lies in pomp—not sculptured stone,
Nor chiseled marble—vain pretence—
The glory of his deeds alone
Is his magnificence.
His country's love the meed he won,
He bore it with him down to death,
Unsullied e'en by slander's breath—
His country's sire and son.
Her hopes and fears, her smiles and tears,
Where each his own—He gave his land
His earliest cares, his choicest years,
And led her conquering band.

He lies in pomp—not pomp of war—
He fought, but fought not for renown;
He triumphed, yet the victor's star
Adorned no regal crown.
His honour was his country's weal;
From off her neck the yoke he tore—
It was enough, he asked no more;
His generous heart could feel
No low desire for king's attire—
With brother, friend, and country blest,
He could aspire to honors higher
Than kingly crown or crest.

He lies in pomp—his burial place
Than sculptured stone is richer far;
For in the heart's deep love we trace
His name, a golden star.
Wherever patriotism breathes,
His memory is devoutly shrined
In every pure and gifted mind:
And history, with wreaths
Of deathless fame, entwines that name,
Which evermore, beneath all skies,
Like vestal flame, shall live the same,
For virtue never dies.

There let him rest—'tis a sweet spot;
Simplicity becomes the great—
But Vernon's son is not forgot,
Though sleeping not in state.
There, wrapt in his own dignity,
His presence makes it hallowed ground,
And Nature throws her charms around,
And o'er him smiles the sky.
There let him rest—the noblest, best;
The labors of his life all done—
There let him rest, the spot is blessed—
The grave of WASHINGTON.

ADELAIDE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANCIENT POETRY.

I love old poetry, with its obscure expressions, its obsolete words, its quaint measure, and rough rhyme. I love it with all these, perhaps for these. It is because it is different from modern poetry, and not that I think it better, that it at times affords me pleasure. But when one has been indulging in the perusal of the smooth and elegant productions of latter poets, there is at least the charm of variety in turning to those of ancient bards. This is pleasant to those who love to exercise the imagination—for if we would understand our author we must go back into olden times; we must look upon the countenances and enter into the feelings of a long-buried generation; we must remember that much of what we know was then unknown, and that thoughts and sentiments which may have become common to us, glowed upon those pages in all their primal beauty. Much of which our writer may speak has been wholly lost; and difficult, if not impossible to be understood, are many of his expressions and allusions.

But these difficulties present a "delightful task" to those who would rather push on through a tangled labyrinth, than to walk with ease in a

smooth-rolled path. Their self-esteem is gratified by being able to discover beauty where other eyes behold but deformity; and a brilliant thought or glowing image is rendered to them still more beautiful, because it shines through a veil impenetrable to other eyes. They are proud of their ability to perceive this beauty, or understand that oddity, and they care not for the mental labor which they have been obliged to perform.

When I turn from modern poetry to that of other days, it is like leaving bright flowery fields to enter a dark and tangled forest. The air is cooler, but damp and heavy. A sombre gloom reigns through out, occasionally broken by flitting sunbeams, which force their way through the thick branches which meet above me, and dance and glitter upon the dark under-wood below. They are strongly contrasted with the deep shade around, and my eye rests upon them with more pleasure than upon the broad flood of sunshine which bathes the fields without. My searching eye at times discovers some lonely flower, half hidden by decayed leaves and withered moss, yet blooming there in undecaying beauty. There are briars, and thistles, and creeping vines around but I heed lessly press on, for I must enjoy the fragrance and examine the structure of those unobtrusive plants. I enjoy all this for a while, but at length I grow chilled and weary, and am glad to leave the forest for a less fatiguing resort.

But there is one kind of old poetry to which these remarks may not apply—I mean the POETRY OF THE BIBLE.—And how much is there of this! There are songs of joy and praise, and those of woe and lamentation; there are odes and elegies: there are prophecies and histories; there are descriptions of nature and narratives of persons, and all written with a fervency of feeling which embodies itself in lofty and glowing imagery. And what is this but poetry? yet not that which can be compared to some dark maze forest, but rather like a sacred grove, such as "were God's first temples." There is no gloom around, neither is there bright sunshine; but a calm and holy light pervades the place. The tall trees meet not above me, but through their lofty boughs I can look up and see the blue heavens bending their perfect dome above the hallowed spot, while now and then some fleecy cloud sails slowly on, as though it loved to shadow the still loneliness beneath. There are soft winds murmuring through the high tree-tops, and their gentle sound is like a voice from the spirit-land. There are delicate white flowers waving upon their slight stems, and their sweet fragrance is like the breath of heaven. I feel that I am in God's temple. The Spirit above waits for the sacrifice. I can now erect an altar, and every selfish worldly thought should be laid thereon, a free-will offering. But when the rite is over and I leave this consecrated spot for the busy path of life, I should strive to bear into the world a heart baptized in the love of beauty, holiness, and truth.

I have spoken figuratively—perhaps too much so to please the pure and simple tastes of some—but He who made my soul and placed it in the body which it animates, implanted within it a love of the beautiful in literature, and this love was first awakened and then cherished by the words of Holy Writ.

I have, when a child, read my Bible from its earliest book to its latest. I have gone in imagination to the plains of Uz, and have there beheld the pastoral prince in all his pride and glory. I have marked him, too, when in the depth of his sorrow he sat speechless upon the ground for seven days and seven nights, but when he opened his mouth and spake, I listened with eagerness to the heartstirring words and startling imagery which poured forth from his burning lips! But my heart has thrilled with a delightful awe when "the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind," and I listened to words of more simplicity than uninspired man may ever conceive.

I have gone too with the beloved disciple into that lonely isle where he beheld those things of which he was commanded to write. My imagination dared not conceive of the glorious throne and of Him who sat upon it, but I have looked with a throbbing delight upon the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven in her clear crystal light "as a bride adorned for her husband." I have gazed upon the golden city flashing like "transparent glass," and have marked its pearly gates and walls of every precious stone. In imagination have I looked upon all this, till my young spirit longed to leave its earthly tenement and soar upward to that brighter world where there is no need of sun or moon for "the Lamb is the light thereof."

I have since read my Bible for better purposes than the indulgence of taste. There must I go to learn my duty to God and my neighbor. There should I look for precepts to direct the life that now is, and for the promise of that which is to come, yet seldom do I close that sacred volume without a feeling of thankfulness, that the truths of our holy religion have been so often presented in forms which not only reason and conscience will approve, but also which the fancy can admire and the heart must love.

ELLA.

THE GREAT COMET.

In a letter expressing this belief that the identity of the expected comet with those which appeared in 1264 and 1556 cannot be established, the German astronomer, Von Littrow, remarks upon the absurd predictions put forth in various parts of the continent, to the terror of the ignorant and superstitious. One prophet has got many into the belief that the comet's near presence will destroy the world. One object of Von Littrow's letter is to dissipate this ridiculous idea. He proceeds to show "that the matter which comets consist forms an extremely loose texture, that comets are in reality not coherent masses, but mere agglomerations of small corpuscles separated from one another by large interstices. Highly improbable as it is because it could only take by a concurrence of circumstances hardly conceivable, that a collision of the earth and the nucleus of a comet should ensue, such an event, far from entailing destruction on this world, could only be compared at the most with the fall of a meteor and in its effects would barely equal those produced by our thunderstorms and hurricanes. A mere passing of the earth through the luminous appendages of one of those bodies, which it is true might more easily happen, would be unattended by any injurious consequences, since the matter of which comets consist is no coherent substance nor is it even an atmosphere such as we could not inhale. With regard to the comet of 1556, its orbit is so situated that it cannot approach the earth within some five millions of miles; and, therefore, its nearest possible advance would still be about nineteen times more remote than the moon. It is, to say the least of it, a waste of words, if it be not practising upon the credulity of ignorant people, to attribute to this most innocent among the innocent heavenly bodies evil designs of any sort against this earth of ours. Incredible as it may appear, we hear it from too trustworthy a source not to believe it, that in Austria, too, the country folks, in expectation of what is to happen, have ceased to till their fields, and are wasting their time in idleness. Such a delusion might provoke a smile, if it were not too lamentable. Whatever the use of comets may be in the universe, assuredly it is not that of liberating us men from the eye of the future. Besides, a man must be very young who has not already outlived without injury many similar destructions of the world. To conclude: I take this opportunity of mentioning, by way of correcting some reports in the journals, that the comet recently discovered by professor d'Arrest at Leipzig, and which is now visible, is an entirely different body from the comet of 1556—that the Emperor Charles V., long before the appearance of that comet in 1556, had taken the resolution of abdicating his crown, and that the very rumor of his doing so was craftily taken advantage of by the astrologers of that time to connect the expected event with the comet. It is natural that inquiries should have been made upon the appearance of every comet during the last few years in order to see whether it had anything in common with that of 1556, but in no one instance as yet has any sufficient proof of its identity been perceived.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE BY RIFF PIRATES.—Accounts have been received of another outrage committed by the Riff pirates. On the 27th of last month they made signals on the frontier importing that they had a good cargo of poultry and other provisions to dispose of. A Spanish boat, manned by four sailors and an interpreter put off and made for the point from which the signals proceeded. On nearing it, a large boat, filled with pirates, which had been lying in ambush, fired and gave chase. The Spaniards rowed for Cape Moro, but found themselves stopped by more pirates in a little English shallop (which they have doubtless stolen). Two of the sailors were shot dead, and the other two with the interpreter, made prisoners. By the last accounts it was feared that the latter would be murdered by the pirates. The *Patrie* threatens an expedition against these corsairs, to "penetrate into the heart of their country and exterminate the race," observing that the Riff rocks are not more inaccessible than the Casbah of Algiers.

A PREDICTION FOR THE UNITED STATES.—This expansion (of business) will last one, two, or three years, then the public may look out for squally times; but it is wisdom for all to make hay while the sun shines. On or about the time of the next presidential election, in 1860, we believe this country will pass through a terrible political and financial convulsion that will shake the whole Union to its centre, in every relation of human life.—[New York Herald.]

[FROM THE EXPRESS.]

The following notice was given by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON in the House of Commons on the 8th current "that on Monday next he should present a petition from Newfoundland on the subject of the proposed convention with the French Government in relation to the fisheries on the coasts of those colonies and put a question as to the intentions of Government on the subject.

The affairs of Newfoundland appear to excite fully as much interest in England as they do in the colony. It is to be regretted that Sir JOHN has no representative of the fishery interest of Newfoundland, specially authorised to prompt

him as to the enquiries he should make. We are informed however, by the organ of our local government, that we need be under no apprehension respecting the resumption of negotiations between England and France—that the publication of the convention in the *Moniteur*, a fortnight after the date of the despatch notifying us of its disavowal, was merely that the French nation might know how much the Emperor demanded for them. But unfortunately they were not informed of the disavowal. We do not apprehend however, that the British Government will attempt to carry out the convention by Imperial Legislation. What we fear is that endeavour will be made to give effect to the virtually large concessions of Governor DARLING'S Dispatch No. 66, giving up the valuable fisheries of the French Shore, to the exclusive possession of the French—fisheries from which, notwithstanding French encroachments, British subjects now annually draw produce to the value of many thousands of pounds sterling.

[FROM THE PATRIOT.]

F. N. GISBORNE, Esq.—The following glowing tribute has been paid by our late Governor (Sir GASPARD LEMARCHANT) to this gentleman; and no one, viewing impartially the labours Mr. Gisborne has undergone, and the zeal he has manifested in carrying those labours to a successful issue, will deny that he pre-eminently merited the high compliment and exalted testimonial thus tendered him:—

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX, N. S.
10th Feb., 517

Mr F. N. GISBORNE, Chief Engineer of the "New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company" having completed that enterprise, I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to his high character talent, and integrity. To his skill and enterprise the British North American Provinces are indebted for being now united by the Electric Telegraph first constructed by him in Canada and this Province, the link having been recently completed by a Submarine Cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and an Overland line to the East Coast of Newfoundland under his superintendence, and by means of the above Company, formed by him, which has now in conjunction with capitalists in England undertaken the grand project of the "Sub-Atlantic Telegraph."

J GASPARD LE MARCHANT,
Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia—M. G.

VISIT OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE TO HER MAJESTY.—Paris, Friday night.—It is decided that the Grand Duke Constantine is to have an interview with the Queen of England at Osborne; but this visit will not take place until his Imperial Highness has finished his tour of the Western part of France. According to the programme in "Lee Nord," the Grand Duke's visit to Her Majesty will not take place until about the first of June.

In the House of Commons, Sir John Pakington was to bring forward the subject of the Newfoundland Fisheries on the 11th instant.

The London subscription for the Russian Railway scheme had been closed. But scarcely any application had been received except from persons connected in some way or other, with the Russian Government. This failure seems to have been general on all the Stock Exchanges of Europe.

The Grain Markets throughout the United Kingdom, show an improvement in prices—wheat 1s. per quarter dearer, and flour 6d. The Flour market at New York had also advanced 75 cents.

HOLLOWAY'S 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 as 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 serofulous eruptions, it is incomparably superior to every other external remedy. The Pills, all through Toronto, Quebec, Montreal, and 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.

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