

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

THE LAST PAGE.

A little girl was playing once
Upon the smooth damp sand,
And by her side, in youthful pride,
A boy was seen to stand.

He stoop'd and whisper'd in her ear—
"What'er his words might be
None knew—but, kneeling on the sand,
She wrote, "I love but thee."

Time pass'd—yet scarcely came a day
Whereon they did not meet
And talk of love and write of love
In visions long and sweet.

And every day another page
Was added to the past,
Fill'd up with words of constancy,
Each louder than the last.

But circumstances came at length,
And they were doom'd to part.
She was all hope and confidence—
He, brokenness of heart.

But, to revive his drooping soul,
Upon the sand once more
She wrote another page, like those
Which she had traced before.

Alas! alas! she did not know
That every word she traced
Was stamp'd in fire upon his heart,
And ne'er could be effaced.

She went; and with the gay and bright,
The flatterers of a day,
Forgot the friend who loved her well,
For he was far away.

And when she saw that friend again,
She coldly turn'd away; [hear,
For new-made friends had changed her
And taught her to betray.

And as she stood upon the sand,
Where she had stood before,
She stoop'd and wrote with careless hand,
"I love you now no more."

These words were stamp'd upon his heart,
And ever must remain;
For though he wishes to forget,
He tries, in vain.

But time will come, when she will learn
Her falseness to deplore,
And weep that she could write the page
"I love you now no more." CLARE.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

WRITTEN AT SEA.
BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

If sometimes in the dark blue eye,
Or in the deep red wine,
Or soothed by gentlest melody,
Still warms this heart of mine,
Yet something colder in the blood,
And calmer in the brain,
Have whisper'd that my youth's bright flood
Ebbes not to flow again.

If by Helvetia's azure lake,
Or Arno's yellow stream,
Each star of memory could awake,
As in my first young dream,
I know that when mine eye shall greet
The hill-sides bleak and bare,
That gird my home, it will not meet
My childhood's sunset there.

O, when young love's first, sweet, stolen kiss
Burned on my boyish brow,
Was that young forehead worn as this?
Was that flush'd cheek as now?
Where that wild pulse and throbbing heart
Like these which vainly strive,
In thankless strains of soulless art,
To dream themselves alive?

Alas! the morning dew is gone,
Gone ere the full of day;
Life's iron fetter still is on,
Its wreaths all torn away;
Happy it still some casual hour
Can warm the fading shrine,
Too soon to chill beyond the power
Of love, or song, or wine!

DELHI.

The modern town, distance 900 miles from Calcutta, is called by the English New Delhi, and by the natives Shahjehanabad, in memory of its founder Shah Jehan, one of the greatest Mogul Emperors. It is favourably situated for the purpose of commerce on the banks of the Jumna, tributary of the Ganges, and contains a population, according to recent accounts, of about 200,000, of which number somewhat about 200 are Europeans. To the south of the New town, and beyond the site of the celebrated gardens of the Shahjahan, lie the ruins of the ancient capital. These are said to occupy the precipitous

space of eighteen miles in length, by six in breadth, and exhibit at intervals the faded remains of once splendid palaces, mosques, and minarets. These dimensions, however extraordinary, need not excite surprise, when we remember that the several portions of the ancient city were not strictly contemporaneous, but built by successive monarchs, who like the eastern, and particularly Mohammedan rulers, preferred inaugurating works of their own, to maintaining those of their predecessors. Delhi had been the capital of Northern India for many centuries before the Mongols had descended with fire and sword, to spread the faith of Mahammed over the plains of Hindostan, but it was not till it became the chief focus of Mohammedan power in the East that it attained that magnificence and importance which rendered it at once the boast and glory of Asia. It was here resided the great Mogul, the fame of whose riches had spread in a cloud of mystery and fable to the west, and acted like a talisman to incite Vasco de Gama and Columbus to their discoveries. It was here at the court of Jehanghir, "Conqueror of the world," that the first English ambassador was presented; and it was from the same monarch in 1616, that Sir Thomas Rowes obtained a reception more splendid, as he was told than had ever been accorded to the representatives of either Turkey or Persia.

Among the architectural works by which Delhi is so profusely adorned, those of the Emperor Akbar form a large proportion. The mausoleum which he erected to the memory of his father, is a splendid edifice, composed entirely of white marble, and surmounted by a lofty dome of the same material; while interiorly it is elaborately inlaid with a mosaic work of precious stones. This, however, is far eclipsed in magnitude and splendour, by the tomb under which his own remains repose, and which, in 1803 (just two hundred years after Akbar's death,) afforded lodgings to a whole regiment of British dragoons, who made it their quarters for some time after the capture of that territory.

This emperor was accustomed to celebrate his birth-day by a fête, which, in point of extravagance, has no parallel even in the annals of eastern courts. It was the custom on such occasions to cause himself to be weighed three times in golden scales—the first balance being of golden pieces, the second of silver, and the third of rich perfume; and at the conclusion of the ceremony, these were all distributed amongst the nobles and courtiers present. Nor was it on these occasions alone, he chose to exhibit the resources of his treasury. Magnificence was the character of his court, and he lost no opportunity in peace or war to indulge his passion for display. His hunting establishment alone included five thousand elephants, and when he travelled, except on very distant expeditions, he was furnished with an equipage, by which, even in the midst of the desert, he was surrounded with the pomp and luxury of his imperial palace.

And round him 'mid the burning sands he saw
Fruits of the north in icy freshness thaw.
And cooled his thirsty lips beneath the glow
Of India's sun, with uros of Persian snow.

Farper's Gazetteer of the World says:—
The principal European structures are an arsenal, a church, a college, a printing office, and the dwellings of the British functionaries, who exercise the real authority of Delhi, the Mogul Emperor receiving a yearly stipend of £150,000 from the Indo-British government. The vicinity is fertilized by the canal of Ali-Merdan, reopened by the British in 1820. Delhi has manufactures of scarfs, embroidery, harness, and ornamented goods in great variety; and its bazaars are furnished with most of the produce of the east.—COURIER.

SCALPING A WOMAN ON THE PLAINS.—HER EXTRAORDINARY FORTITUDE.—Some weeks ago news from Carson valley was published in our columns, which told of the almost total destruction of an immigrant train by the Indians. A woman who was one of the train, was scalped and left for dead. It turns out, however, that she was not dead; and she has since recovered to tell the extraordinary story of her sufferings and her resolute endurance, which deceived the savages. The *Red Bluffs Beacon* of the 17th Spt., thus tells the tale:—

"An instance of the most remarkable fortitude and heart-rending cruelty we ever heard of, is related to us by a black man by the name of Scott, who has recently arrived here from the Missouri, by the way of the plains. He informs that a short time before he arrived at Stony on the Humboldt River, the Indians attacked a train of six men and one woman and child. The men were all killed but one who made his escape. The child was also killed, and its mother shot in several places with arrows, scalped and left for dead.

"All the while they were scalping her and stripping the clothes from her body, she was perfectly conscious of what they were doing, but feigned death, and let them tear the skin from her head without even giving signs of life, knowing that if she did, they would either dispatch her at once or take her into hopeless captivity. At one time, when they had left her for a moment, she ventured to change her position

in order, if possible, to relieve herself from the uncomfortable position in which she was lying, but on their return they soon discovered that she had moved, and for fear that her life might not be extinct, they took hold of the arrows that were still sticking in her body, and worked them, about in the wounds and pushed them deeper into her flesh, and stamped upon her with their heels.

"And this she endured without uttering a groan, or drawing a breath that could be perceived by the savages, and in that condition was left as food for the wolves. Fortunately however, a train came long before she had lain long in that condition, and dressed her wound, and brought her along with them; and not the least remarkable fact attending the whole matter is, that she is fast recovering from her wounds; her head, we are told is nearly well, and the arrow wounds doing better than any one expected."

LORD CANNING.—Lord Canning is the man for the present exigencies of the Indian Empire, no personal considerations should be permitted to stand in the way of his immediate recall; nor can we believe it possible that Lord Palmerston will hesitate a moment to take this step if he entertains even a doubt of the Governor-General's fitness for his trying position. The lives of thousands, the fame and fortunes of the British Empire, all are at stake, and are not to be jeopardized in order to spare the feelings of an individual. Lord Palmerston would not have made the same choice if he had foreseen the troubles to be encountered; however, that might have been, the serious question now is, whether Lord Canning has or has not been found wanting so far as he had been tried. It would be awkward, we freely admit, to recall him, but much more serious and fatal may be the consequences of retaining him in his post if he be unequal to the great occasion. The question must be conscientiously solved by the Government without favour, nor less certainly than without prejudice. Government must not cannot, imperil an Empire to stick to a colleague.—*Examiner*.

NANA, NOT NENA.—The leader of the insurgents at Cawnpore is Nana Bhu doo Pant, the adopted son of the Peshwa, and that he is Nana and not Nena, we have positive proof, having taken the trouble to examine his seal and signature. On the seal is written in most distinct characters, Nana Sahib, and the signature is simply Piraji Rao Raj: Bhonle.—*Home Mail*

NENA SAHIB EDUCATED IN AN ENGLISH GOVERNMENT SCHOOL.—The Rev. Mr. Williams, a Baptist Missionary from Bengal, in a speech at a Missionary Meeting at Southampton said that he knew Nena Sahib intimately, and bore testimony to his possessing mental accomplishments, and to his polished and gentlemanly manners.—Nena Sahib was educated in one of the English Government schools in India, where almost every book is studied but the Bible, and everything taught but Christianity. The great enemies to British rule and to the spread of the Gospel in India were men like Nena Sahib, and others who had been educated in the Government colleges; most of whom were professedly Deists, but in reality Atheists.

THE FATE OF THE AMERICAN STEAMSHIP PACIFIC.—The maritime prefect of Brest has transmitted to the minister secretary of state for the navy and the colonies, a note written with a pencil in English, and which was enclosed in a glass bottle, found on the 14th of September 1853, on the strand of Melon, in the syndicate of Porspoder (department of the Finistere). Great interest is attached to this note which appears to have been written by a passenger on board the American steamer Pacific, supposed to be wholly lost, with all hands, in 1856; and we think it therefore our duty to publish its contents verbatim:—"Steamship Pacific; Smith, passenger. Steamship Pacific ran between two icebergs. All hands lost. On the 1st of April 1853. Just going down, 2 p.m." The word April is written over a word effaced, for the author of the note had first commenced with a capital M, as if to write March.—*Monitor*.

The 32d Regiment, lately relieved, had been shut up within the walls of the Residency fort at Lucknow since May 29. The Corps is about 600 strong, but very deficient of Officers. Most of the women and children belonging to this regiment had been slaughtered at Cawnpore, but here were still upwards of 300 women and children and helpless people at Lucknow dependent upon the gallant 32d for protection.

The old 52d Regiment, after doing excellent service in the Punjab, arrived before Delhi, Aug. 12, delighted at the prospect of sharing in the assault on that day.

The 64th Regiment is behaving in the most admirable manner under Gen. Havelock. In a spirit stirring General Order, the Gen. says: "64th, you have put to silence the gibes of your enemies throughout India. You reserved the fire until you saw the colour of your enemies' mustachios—this gave us the victory." The conduct of the 78th Highlanders has

been highly eulogised by Gen. Havelock, particularly at Onas.

HISSAR.

At Hissar, in the provinces of Rohilkund the rebels have been defeated in three designs. A body of upwards of 2,000 men, horse and foot, attempted to surprise the gates of the town on the 19th of August; but Lieutenant Mildmay, Assistant Political Agent, who received a timely warning, met the assailants with some loyal troops, and totally routed and pursued them, after killing 300 of their number. Other affairs of minor importance have taken place.

HER MAJESTY.

The Queen is once more at home, from the Highlands. At Aberdeen, Perth, Edinburgh, and York the lieges flocked to do honour to Her Majesty. Triumphant arches, addresses, bouquets, railway directors, &c., figured as usual. It is very important to observe that Her Majesty wore a "lavender and white flounced silk dress, a black silk quilted jacket, trimmed with lace, and a white bonnet." The Princess Royal attracted particular attention at the present time.

MISTAKES OF PRINTERS.—Some people are continually wondering at the "carelessness" of editors in allowing so many errors and blunders to appear in their columns and mar the print. Such people know very little of the difficulties of keeping them out. The most careful attention to these matters will not prevent errors from creeping in, even when the professional proof-readers are engaged expressly for the purpose. And when it is borne in mind that in most papers such an expense is necessarily dispensed with, and the proofs on that account are hurriedly examined the fact will no longer appear strange. In connection with this subject, the following anecdote is not inappropriate:—

A Glasgow publishing house attempted to publish a work that should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. After having been read by six experienced proof readers, it was printed up in the hall of the university, and a reward of fifty dollars offered to any one who should detect an error. Each paper remained two weeks in this place, and yet when the work was issued, several errors were discovered, one of which was in the first line of the first page!

When this was the case in a city so long celebrated in Great Britain for publishing the finest and most correct editions of the classics, what is to be expected in a newspaper, which must necessarily be hurried through the press while it is new; and where the compensation will hardly afford "one experienced proof reader," let alone six. The wanted accuracy of our papers is really astonishing.

WE are pained to learn that our staple export Oil has fallen very considerably in the British Market; that the effect will be felt here there can be no doubt, but not to an extent which would prove generally disastrous. The Revenue for the past year, we are given to understand, has been productive beyond precedent, and if a curtailment of the Spring imports should unfortunately arise from the decrease in the value of our staple productions the evil will not be so severely felt, as it would be if the Receiver General could not show so favourable a state of the last year's Receipts. We trust that the untavourable state of the Market will be but of temporary duration, and that its effects upon our commercial community will have no other result than to create caution and prudence. Patriot

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, exoriations 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, all through 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.

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