

The Conception-Bay Man.

"TRUTH—EVER LOVELY SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN,"
"THE FOE OF TYRANTS AND THE FRIEND OF MAN."

OL. I. HARBOUR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1856. No. 9.

PROSPECTUS OF A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, TO BE ENTITLED "THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN."

THE Subscriber intends publishing a Weekly Newspaper at Harbor Grace, in Conception-Bay, about the last of the ensuing month of July.

It is unnecessary for him to make any observations upon the convenience and usefulness of a Local Journal in so populous and wealthy a district as that of Conception-Bay. That is admitted by every one. But it is necessary to state the political principles which shall guide such a Journal.

1st.—The Conception-Bay Man, shall be a strong advocate for the perpetuation of the true principles of Responsible Government.

2ndly.—Equality of political rights and privileges among all religious creeds.

3rdly.—We shall maintain Native Rights above all other, when character and qualification are equal.

4thly.—This Journal shall be the strenuous advocate, first, of the Fisheries—next of Agriculture.

5thly.—It shall in all matters of local interest, maintain a perfectly independent course.

Its Motto shall be TRUTH.
"Truth ever lovely since the world began,"
"The foe of Tyrants and the friend of Man."

We shall attack no party unless we ourselves are assailed—we shall enunciate our views of Constitutional Responsible Government and if these views be not in accordance with the views of others, we shall endeavor to defend them in the spirit of free discussion—but no interest shall cause us to blink the grand end of responsible rule.

"The greatest happiness of the greatest number."

We shall endeavor by every means in our power to make the Conception-Bay Man an interesting weekly visitor, a political Instructor to the rising genius of the colony, and a welcome moral miscellany.

As an advertising medium, it will offer great advantages, circulating as it will a few hours after publication among a population of upwards of 50,000 people.

The price of the Conception-Bay Man will be fifteen shillings, per annum, half in advance.

It will be published on a demy sheet, and will contain sixteen columns.

The first number will be generally distributed, and those who feel desirous to support the establishment of a newspaper in Conception-Bay, by becoming SUBSCRIBERS, will please notify the undersigned, now, or after they shall have received the first number, their intention of doing so, and to whom all correspondence must be addressed.

We are promised considerable support in St. John's, and anticipate nothing like disappointment.

GEORGE WEBBER,
CHRISTOPHER COYELL,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
BEGS to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has commenced business in the above line, in the shop formerly occupied by Messrs. N. & J. J. Hill, and opposite the premises of Messrs. P. & M. Mann, and having received thorough instructions in several of the principal cities of America, feels confident in warranting that all garments made by him will give general satisfaction to those who may favour him with their patronage. All orders from the suburbs attended to with neatness and dispatch.

Harbour Grace, Sept. 17, 1856.

(From Willmer & Smith's European Times, September 27.)

MEMOIR OF THE LATE LORD HARDINGE.

It is with very sincere regret that we have to record the death of Field-Marshal Lord Hardinge, which took place on Wednesday the 24th inst., at his country seat near Tunbridge Wells.

Few officers have served so long and with so many opportunities of distinction, and of Lord Hardinge it must be said that in the field he was ever found equal to the occasion.

We do not claim for the gallant soldier who has just departed from amongst us the praise of military genius of the highest order. He was neither a Marlborough, a Napoleon, nor a Wellington, but the work which he had to do he always performed efficiently and well.

From the lowest grade he rose to the very highest rank in the British army by his own deserts. He was not connected by birth with any noble family, nor with any influential clique in military circles; and yet he became Commander-in-Chief. Slender indeed was the chance that Henry Hardinge, the son of a clergyman in the north of England, who entered the army as ensign in the year 1793, should have attained the dignities of Governor-General of British India and of Commander-in-Chief. It may be said that the accidents of life were on his side, but they were no more so than in case of a thousand others who have passed away, their names unknown.

The very turning point of his career affords evidence that he was a man destined to conquer in the battle of life. Lord Hardinge used frequently to tell the story how after the battle of Corunna, when the English troops were hurrying on board ship, a staff officer was anxious to gain the friendly shelter of the English fleet.

The keen eye of Marshal Beresford, who was superintending the embarkation, detected the vigor and capacity of a young officer who was employing himself most zealously in the discharge of his duty.

That young officer was Henry Hardinge, and from that moment his fortune was made. He was required to act in the place of the expedition's staff officer, and Lord Beresford never forgot his activity and zeal.

At a subsequent period, when Beresford was charged with the important duty of preparing the Portuguese forces to take an active share in the contest with the veteran troops of Napoleon, he remembered the young officer who had done such good service on the beach at Corunna, and summoned him to his aid.

He gave him a brigade in the Portuguese service before he was 25, and after a time his foreign grade was commuted for British rank. But for this fortunate accident as Lord Hardinge used to call it, his fate might have been, according to his own opinion, that of a hundred others. He might have died a colonel on half-pay, after thirty years of hard service in every corner of the British empire.

We doubt if this would have been the case. For men of so energetic a stamp, so unfitted by nature for the career on which they have entered, acci-

dents are ever occurring which they are prepared to turn to account.

To give but a suggestion of the actions in which this brave soldier was engaged is to recall the leading events of the most glorious and successful war in which the British arms have been engaged since the days of Marlborough.

During the whole of the Peninsular contest he acted as Deputy Quartermaster General of the Portuguese army. He was wounded at Vimiera; he was present at Rolei; we have already mentioned the distinction he obtained at Corunna.

When Wellesley entered on the scene as acknowledged chief we find him at the passage of the Douro, at the Battle of Busaco, and actively engaged in organising the defence behind the memorable lines of Torres Vedras.

He was present at the three sieges and at the final capture of Badajoz, and at the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. It was, however, at the battle of Albuera that Lord Hardinge performed the chief feat of his military career.

That battle, as is well known, was offered to Soult by Beresford with more valour than discretion. During the progress of it Beresford as ever, distinguished himself by the greatest personal courage; but the fortune of the day was turned by a happy manoeuvre, executed by young Hardinge without orders, and on his own responsibility.

The battle was one of the most bloody on record in proportion to the number of the combatants. As General Napier writes:—"The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and 1,500 unwounded men, the remnant of 6,000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

It is thus that the historian of the Peninsular war describes the attack made by Hardinge during that fearful day upon a French division posted upon an eminence formidable for defence:—"Myers was killed; Cole himself and Colonels Ellis, Blackeney, and Hawkshawe fell, badly wounded, and the whole brigade, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships."

Suddenly recovering, however, they closed on their terrible enemy; and then was seen with what a strength and majesty a British soldier fights.

In vain did Soult by voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded column, sacrifice their lives to gain time and space for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately on friends and foes, while the horsemen, hovering on the flanks, threatened to charge the advancing line.

Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the furthest

edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavoring to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion; and the mighty mass, at length giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent."

Hardinge fought at Salamanca; he was severely wounded at Vittoria; he was at Pamplona; he crossed the Pyrenees with the conquering British army; he was at Nivelle, at Nive, at Orthes.

After the return of Napoleon from Elba he again entered upon active service, and was attached as Commissioner to the Prussian army. He lost a hand under Bucher at Ligny, and this was his share in the Waterloo campaign.

When peace was restored to the world he did not retire into inactivity, but continued in one important post or another in the service of his country.

We do not here pretend to give a catalogue of the successive offices which he held. He was successively Secretary at War, Secretary for Ireland, Master General of the Ordnance, and, finally, in the year 1844 he was raised to the high dignity of Governor-General of India.

The four years during which he held the reins of government in that distant region were memorable even in the eventful history of British India. The events of the Sikh campaign are too fresh in the public recollection to need recapitulation here.

No one has forgotten, when the storm of war suddenly broke upon the north-western frontier of our Indian possession, with what energy the brave old soldier hurried to the scene of action, with what disinterested feeling the Governor-General postponed all questions of dignity, and acted as second in command during the fiery days of Moodkee, of Ferozeshah, and of Soobraon.

Independently of these great military achievements, the Indian administration of Lord Hardinge was in other respects crowned with success. It was he who originated the policy with regard to the kingdom of Oude, which Lord Dalhousie, at a subsequent period, had the nerve and intelligence to carry out to its legitimate fulfilment.

In October, 1852, four years after the expiration of his Indian government, Lord Hardinge was raised to the highest post within the ambit of a military man—he was appointed Commander-in-Chief to succeed the Duke of Wellington. This important post he held until a very recent period, and throughout the eventful epoch of the Russian War.

Few men have actually seen war upon so great a scale, or been concerned in directing operations of such magnitude at home. It was not Lord Hardinge's fault, nor can it be imputed as blame to him, that he inherited the traditions and practices of a glorious period in the military annals of Great Britain, which had served their turn full well, but were no longer applicable to the exigencies of modern warfare.

There must have been some extraordinary qualities in a man who could rise to such eminent employments without ever having had—save the memorable instance of Albuera—the chief direction of any great military achievement in the field.

In the Peninsula Lord Hardinge was